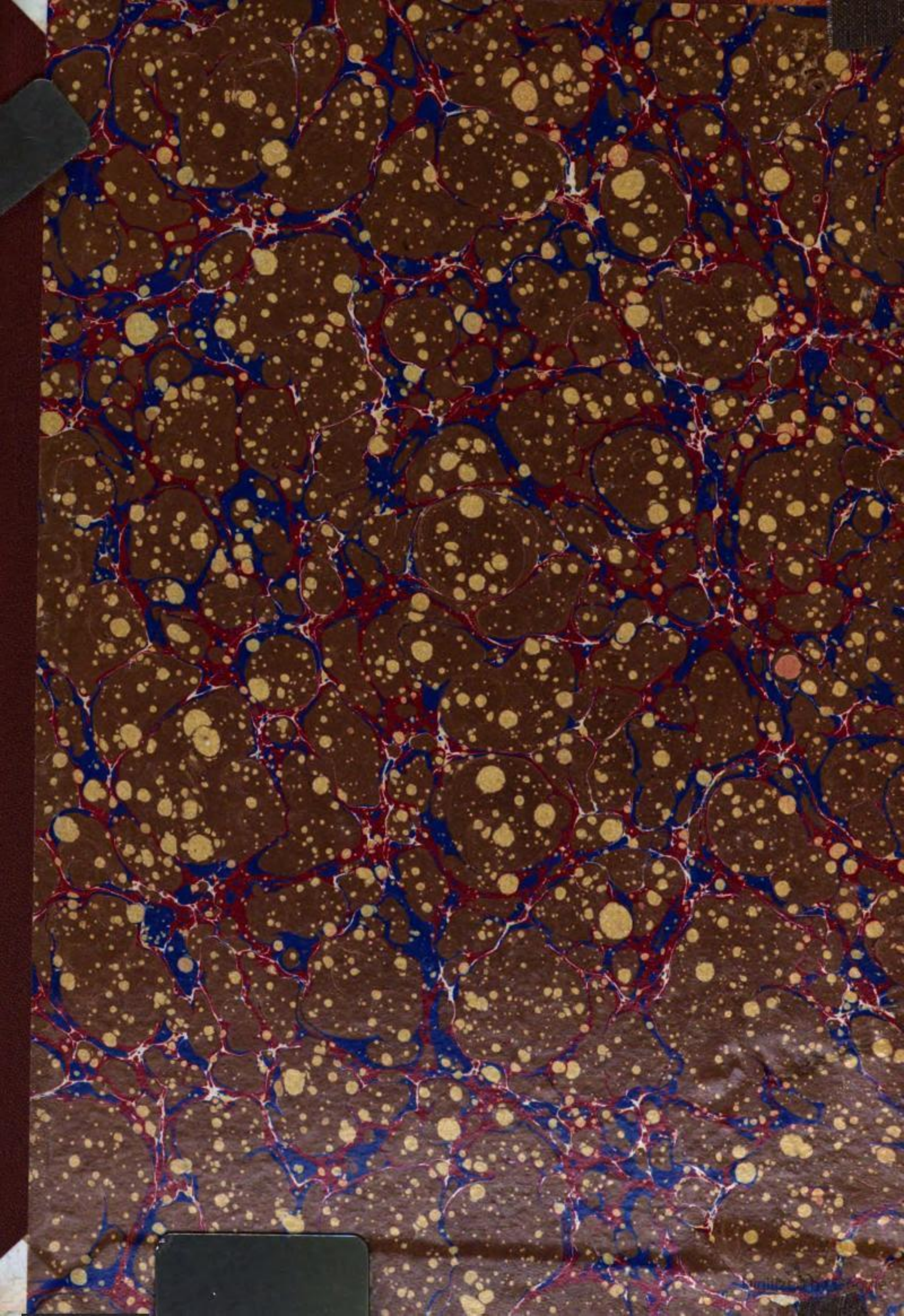
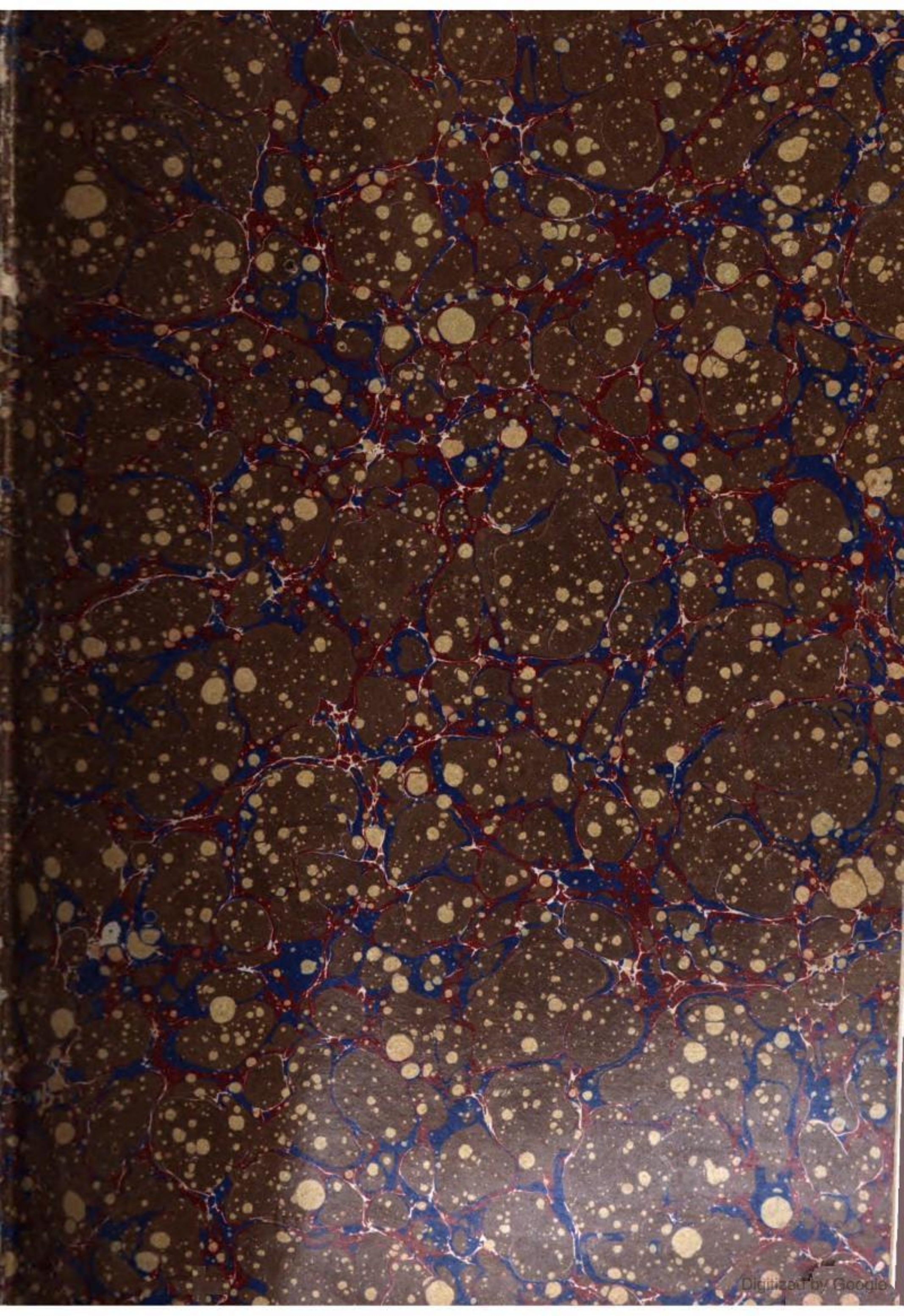




McClure's Magazine ...





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RUDYARD KIPLING : THE DESTROYERS
A POEM OF TORPEDOES AND TORPEDO BOATS

6800-2075
MCCLURE'S
MAGAZINE
FOR MAY



Matchless for the Complexion



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Whose witching charms e'en Old Time spares—
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Within the soap—of course its PEARS'

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lasts longest, and it is "a balm :
of people use it.

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ILLUSTRATED

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MARK TWAIN SITTING FOR HIS PORTRAIT, MARCH, 1898.

From a recent photograph by Ch. Scolik, Vienna. Mark Twain is here shown sitting to Miss Theresa Feodorowna Ries, a young Russian sculptress of rising fame, who has just completed very successfully the bust of Mark Twain that appears in the picture as in course of modeling.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1898.

No. 1.

THE POLAR ZONE.

A STORY BY JOHN A. HILL.



VERY few of my friends know me for a seafaring man, but I sailed the salt seas, man and boy, for nine months and eighteen days, and I know just as much about sailing the hereinbefore mentioned salt seas as I ever want to.

Ever so long ago, when I was young and tender, I used to have fits of wanting to go into business for myself. Along about the front edge of the seventies, pay for "toting" people and "truck" over the eastern railroads of New England was not of sufficient plenitude to worry a man as to how he would invest his pay check—it was usually invested before he got it. One of my periodical fits of wanting to go into business for myself came on suddenly one day, when I got home and found another baby in the house. I was right in the very worst spasms of it when my brother Enoch, whom I hadn't seen for seventeen years, walked in on me.

Enoch was fool enough to run away to sea when he was twelve years old—I suppose he was afraid he would get the chance to do something besides whaling. We were born down New Bedford way, where another boy and myself were the only two fellows in the district, for over forty years, who didn't go hunting whales, icebergs, foul smells, and scurvy, up in King Frost's bailiwick, just south of the Pole.

Enoch had been captain and part owner of a Pacific whaler; she had recently burned at Honolulu, and he was back home now to

buy a new ship. He had heard that I, his little brother John, was the best locomotive engineer in the whole world, and had come to see me—partly on account of relationship, but more to get my advice about buying a steam whaling-ship. Enoch knew more about whales and ships and such things than you could put down in a book, but he had no more idea *how* steam propelled a ship than I had what a "skivvie tricer" was.

Well, before the week was out, Enoch showed me that he was pretty well fixed in a financial way, and as he had no kin but me that he cared about, he offered me an interest in his new steam whaler, if I would go as chief engineer with her to the North Pacific.

The terms were liberal and the chance a good one, so it seemed, and after a good many consultations, my wife agreed to let me go for *one* cruise. She asked about the stops to be made in going around the Horn, and figured mentally a little after each place was named—I believe now, she half expected that I would desert the ship and walk home from one of these stops, and was figuring on the time it would take me.

When the robins were building their nests, the new steam whaler, "Champion," left New Bedford for parts unknown (*via* the Horn), with the sea-sickest chief engineer that ever smelt fish oil. The steam plant wasn't very much—two boilers and a plain twenty-eight by thirty-six double engine, and any amount of hoisting rigs, blubber-boilers, and other paraphernalia. We refitted in San Francisco, and on a clear summer morning turned the white-painted figure-head of the

"Champion" toward the north and stood out for Behring Sea. But, while we lay at the mouth of the Yukon River, up in Alaska, getting ready for a sally into the realm of water above the Straits, a whaler, bound for San Francisco and home, dropped anchor near us, the homesickness struck in on me, and—never mind the details now—your Uncle John came home without any whales, and was mighty glad to get on the extra list of the old road.

The story I want to tell, however, is another man's story, and it was while lying in the Yukon that I heard it. I was deeply impressed with it at the time, and meant to give it to the world as soon as I got home, for I set it all down plain then, but I lost my diary, and half forgot the story—who wouldn't forget a story when he had to make two hundred and ten miles a day on a locomotive and had five children at home? But now, after twenty years, my wife turns up that old diary in the garret this spring while house-cleaning. Fred had it and an old Fourth-of-July cannon put away in an ancient valise, as a boy will treasure up useless things.

Under the head of October 12th, I find this entry:

"At anchor in Yukon River, weather fair, recent heavy rains; set out packing and filed main-rod brasses of both engines. Settled with Enoch to go home on first ship bound south. Demented white man brought on board by Indians, put in my cabin."

In the next day's record there appears the

following: "Watched beside sick man all night; in intervals of sanity he tells a strange story, which I will write down to-day."

The 14th has the following:

"Wrote out story of stranger. See the back of this book."

And at the back of the book, written on paper cut from an old log of the "Champion," is the story that now, more than twenty-five years later, I tell you here:

On the evening of the 12th, I went on deck to smoke and think of home, after a hard day's work getting the engines in shape for a siege. The ship was very quiet, half the crew being ashore, and some of the rest having gone in the boat with Captain Enoch to the "Enchantress," homeward bound and lying about half a mile below us. I am glad to say that Enoch's principal business aboard the "Enchantress" is to get me passage to San Francisco. I despise this kind of dreariness—rather be in State prison near the folks.

I sat on the rail, just abaft the stack, watching some natives handle their big canoes, when a smaller one came alongside. I noticed that one of the occupants lay at full length in the frail craft, but paid little attention until the canoe touched our side. Then the bundle of skins and Indian clothes bounded up, almost screamed, "At last!" made a spring at the stays, missed them, and fell with a loud splash into the water.

The Indians rescued him at once, and in a few seconds he lay like one dead on the deck. I saw at a glance that the stranger in Indian clothes was a white man and an American.

A pretty stiff dram of liquor brought him to slightly. He opened his eyes, looked up at the rigging, and, closing his eyes, he murmured: "Thank God!—'Frisco—Polaria!"

I had him undressed and put him into my berth. He was shaking as with an ague, and when his clothes were off we plainly saw the reason—he was a skeleton, starving. I went on deck at once to make some inquiry of the Indians about our strange visitor, but their boat was just disappearing in the twilight.



"The Indians rescued him at once."

The man gained strength, as we gave him nourishment in small, frequent doses, and talked in a disjointed way of everything under the sun. I sat with him all night. Toward morning he seemed to sleep longer at a time, and in the afternoon of yesterday fell into a deep slumber, from which he did not waken for nearly twenty hours.

When he did waken, he took nourishment in larger quantities, and then went off into another long sleep. The look of pain on his face lessened, a healthy glow appeared on his cheek, and he slept so soundly that I turned in—on the floor.

I was awake along in the small hours of the morning, and heard my patient stirring, so I got up and drew the little curtain over the bulls-eye port—it was already daylight. I gave him a drink and a biscuit, and told him I would go to the cook's galley and get him some broth, but he begged to wait until breakfast time—said he

felt refreshed, and would just nibble a sea biscuit. Then he ate a dozen in as many minutes.

"Did you take care of my pack?" he said eagerly, throwing his legs out of the berth, and looking wildly at me.

"Yes, it's all right; lie down and rest," said I; for I thought that to cross him would set him off his head again.

"Do you know that dirty old pack contains more treasures than the mines of Africa?"

"It don't look it," I answered, and laughed to get him in a pleasant frame of mind—for I hadn't seen nor heard of his pack.

"Not for the little gold and other valuable things, but the proofs of a discovery as great as Columbus made, the discovery of a

new continent, a new people, a new language, a new civilization, and riches beyond the dreams of a Solomon——"

He shut his eyes for a minute, and then continued: "But beyond Purgatory, through Death, and the other side of Hell——"

Just here Enoch came in to inquire after his health, and sat down for a minute's chat. Enoch is first, last, and all the time captain of a whaler; he knows about whales and whale-hunters just as an engineer on the road knows every speck of scenery along the line, every man, and every engine. Enoch

couldn't talk ten minutes without being "reminded" of an incident in his whaling life; couldn't meet a whale-man without "yarning" about the whale business. He lit his pipe and asked: "Been whaling, or hunting the North Pole?"

"Well, both."

"What ship?"

"The 'Duncan McDonald.'"

"The—the 'McDonald!'

—why, man,

we counted her lost these five years; tell me about her, quick. Old Chuck Burrows was a particular friend of mine—where is he?"

"Captain, Father Burrows and the 'Duncan McDonald' have both gone over the unknown ocean to the port of missing ships."

"Sunk?"

"Aye, and crushed to atoms in a frozen hell."

Enoch looked out of the little window for a long time, forgot his pipe, and at last wiped a tear out of his eye, saying, as much to himself as to us: "George Burrows made me first mate of the first ship he ever sailed. She was named for his mother, and we left her in the ice away up about the seventy-third parallel. He was made of the salt of



"... Leaving him with his arms around his 'sacred' package"



"What seemed to be a giant iceberg . . ."

the earth—a sailor and a nobleman. But he was a dare-devil—didn't know fear—and was always venturing where none of the rest of us would dare go. He bought the 'McDonald,' remodeled and refitted her after he got back from the war—she was more than a whaler, and I had a feeling that she would carry Burrows and his crew away forever—"

Eight bells rung just here, and Enoch left us, first ordering breakfast for the stranger, and saying he would come back to hear the rest after breakfast.

As I was going out, a sailor came to the door with a flat package, perhaps six inches thick and twelve or fourteen square, covered with a dirty piece of skin made from the intestines of a whale, which is used by the natives of this clime because it is light and waterproof.

"We found this in a coil of rope, sir; it must belong to him. It must be mostly lead."

It was heavy, and I set it inside the door, remarking that here was his precious pack.

"Precious! aye, aye, sir; precious don't describe it. Sacred, that's the word. That package will cause more excitement in the world than the discovery of gold in California. This is the first time it's been out of my sight or feeling for months and months; put it in the bunk here, please."

I went away, leaving him with his arms around his "sacred" package.

After breakfast, Enoch and I went to the little cabin to hear the stranger's story, and I, for one, confess to a great deal of curiosity. Our visitor was swallowing his last bowl of coffee as we went in. "So you knew Captain Burrows and the 'Duncan McDonald,'" said he. "Let me see, what is your name?"

"Alexander, captain of the 'Champion,' at your service, sir."

"Alexander; you're not the first mate, Enoch Alexander, who sat on a dead whale all night, holding on to a lance staff, after losing your boat and crew?"

"The same."

"Why, I've heard Captain Burrows speak of you a thousand times."

"But you were going to tell us about the 'Duncan McDonald.' Tell us the whole cruise from stem to stern."

"Let's see, where shall I begin?"

"At the very beginning," I put in.

"Well, perhaps you've noticed, and perhaps you have not, but I'm not a sailor by inclination or experience. I accidentally went out on the 'Duncan McDonald.' How old would you take me to be?"

"Fifty or fifty-five," said Enoch.

"Thanks, Captain, I know I must look all of that; but, let me see, forty-five, fifty-five, sixty-five, seventy—seventy—what year is this?"

"Seventy-three."

"Seventy-three. Well, I'm only twenty-eight now."

"Impossible! Why, man, you're as gray as I am, and I'm twice that."

"I was born in forty-five, just the same. My father was a sea captain in the old clipper days, and a long time after. He was in the West India trade when the war broke out, and as he had been educated in the navy, enlisted at once. It was on one of the gun-boats before Vicksburg that he was killed. My mother came of a well-to-do family of merchants, the Clarks of Boston, and—to make a long story short—died in sixty-six, leaving me considerable money."

"An itching to travel, plenty of money, my majority, and no ties at home, sent me away from college to roam, and so one spring morning in sixty-seven found me sitting lazily in the stern of a little pleasure boat off Fort Point in the Golden Gate, listlessly watching a steam whaler come in from the Pacific. My boatman called my attention to her, remarking that she was spick-and-span new, and the biggest one he ever saw, but I took very little notice of the ship until, in tacking across her wake, I noticed her name in gold letters across the stern—'Duncan McDonald.' Now that is my own name, and was my father's; and try as I would, I could not account for this name as a coincidence, common as the name might

be in the highlands of the home of my ancestors; and before the staunch little steamer had gotten a mile away, I ordered the boat to follow her. I intended to go aboard and learn, if possible, something of how her name originated."

"As she swung at anchor, off Goat Island, I ran my little boat alongside of her and asked for a rope. 'Rope?' inquired a Yankee sailor, sticking his nose and a clay pipe overboard; 'might you be wantin' to come aboard?'"

"'Yes, I want to see the captain!'"

"'Well, the cap'en's jest gone ashore; his gig is yonder now, enemost to the landin'. You come out this evenin'. The cap'en's particular about strangers, but he's always to home of an evenin'.'"

"'Who's this boat named after?'"

"'The Lord knows, stranger; I don't. But I reckon the cap'en ken tell; he built her.'"

"I left word that I would call in the evening, and at eight o'clock was alongside again. This time I was assisted on board and shown to the door of the captain's cabin; the sailor knocked and went away. It was a full minute I stood there before the knock was answered, and then from the inside, in a voice like the roar of a bull, came the call: 'Well, come in!'"

"I opened the door on a scene I shall never forget. A bright light swung from



"The long-boat landed our little party of six men and seven dogs."



"We could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals, and some other animals."

the *basma alere*, and under it sat a giant of the sea Captain Burrows. He had the index finger of his right hand resting near the North Pole of an immense globe; there were many books about, rolls of charts, firearms, instruments, clothing, and apparent disorder everywhere. The cabin was large, well-furnished, and had something striking about it. I looked around in wonder, without saying a word. Captain Burrows was the finest-looking man I ever saw—six feet three, straight, muscular, with a pleasant face; but the keenest, steadiest blue eye you ever saw. His hair was white, but his long flowing beard had much of the original yellow. He must have been sixty. But for all the pleasant face and kindly eye, you would notice through his beard the broad, square chin that proclaimed the decision and staying qualities of the man."

"That's George Burrows, stranger, to the queen's taste—just as good as a photograph," broke in Enoch.

"Well," continued the stranger, "he let me look for a minute or two, and then said: 'Was it anything particular?'"

"I found my tongue then, and answered: 'I hope you'll excuse me, sir; but I must confess it is curiosity. I came on board out of curiosity to—'"

"Reporter, hey?" asked the captain.

"No, sir; the fact is that your ship has an unusual name, one that interests me, and I wish to make so bold as to ask how she came to have it."

"Any patent on the name?"

"Oh, no, but I——"

"Well, young man, this ship—by the way, the finest whaler that was ever stuck together—is named for a friend of mine; just such a man as she is a ship—the best of them all."

"Was he a sailor?"

"Aye, aye, sir, and such a sailor. Fight! why, man, fighting was meat and drink to him——"

"Was he a whaler?"

"No, he wa'n't; but he was the best man I ever knew who wa'n't a whaler. He was a navy sailor, he was, and a whole ten-pound battery by hisself. Why, you jest ort to see him waltz his old tin-clad gun-boat up agin one of them reb forts—jest naturally skeered 'em half to death before he commenced shooting at all."

"Wasn't he killed at the attack on Vicksburg?"

"Yes, yes; you knowed him, didn't you? He was a——"

"He was my father."

"What? Your father?" yelled Captain Burrows, jumping up and grasping both my hands. "Of course he was; darn my lubberly wit that I couldn't see that before!" Then he hugged me as if I was a ten-year-old girl, and danced around me like a maniac.

"By all the gods at once, if this don't seem like Providence—yes, sir, old man Providence himself! What are you a-doin'?"

When did you come out here? Where be you goin', anyway?"

"I found my breath, and told him briefly how I was situated. 'Old man Providence has got his hand on the tiller of this craft or I'm a grampus! Say! do you know I was wishin' and waitin' for you? Yes, sir; no more than yesterday, says I to myself, Chuck Burrows, says I, you are gettin' long too fur to the wind'ard o' sixty fur this here trip all to yourself. You ort to have young blood in this here enterprise; and then I just clubbed myself for being a lubber and not getting married young and havin' raised a son that I could trust. Yes, sir, jest nat'rally cussed myself from stem to stern, and never onct thought as mebbe my old messmate, Duncan McDonald, might 'a'done suthin' for his country afore that day at Vicks—say! I want to give you half this ship. Mabee I'll do the square thing and give you the whole of the tub yet. All I want is for you to go along with me on a voyage of discovery—be my helper, secretary, partner, friend—anything. What de ye say? Say!' he yelled again, before I could answer, 'tell ye what I'll do! Bless me if—if I don't adopt ye; that's what I'll do. Call me pop from this out, and I'll call you son. *Son!*' he shouted, bringing his fist down with a bang on the table. '*Son!* that's the stuff! By the bald-headed Abraham, who says Chuck Burrows ain't got no kin? The 'Duncan McDonald,' Burrows & Son, owners, captain, chief cook, and blubber cooker. And who says they ain't?"

"And the old captain glared around as if he defied anybody and everybody to question the validity of the claims so excitedly made.

"Well, gentlemen, of course there was much else said and done, but that announcement stood; and to the day of his death I always called the captain Father Burrows, and he called me 'son,' always addressing me so when alone, as well as when in the company of others. I went every day to the ship, or accompanied Father Burrows on some errand into the city, while the boat was being refitted and prepared for a three-years' cruise.

"Every day the captain let me more and more into his plans, told me interesting things of the North, and explained his theory of the way to reach the Pole, and what could be found there; which fascinated me. Captain Burrows had spent years in the North, had noted that particularly open seasons occurred in what appeared cycles of a given number of years, and proposed to go above the eightieth parallel and wait for an open season. That, according to his figuring, would occur the following year.

"I was young, vigorous, and of a venturesome spirit, and entered into every detail with a zest that captured the heart of the old sailor. My education helped him greatly, and new books and instruments were added to our store for use on the trip. The crew knew only that we were going on a three-years' cruise. They had no share in the profits, but were paid extra big wages in gold, and were expected to go to out-of-the-way places and further north than usual. Captain Burrows and myself only knew that there was a brand-new twenty-foot silk flag rolled up in oil-skin in the cabin, and that Father Burrows had declared: 'By the hoary-headed Nebblekenizer, I'll put them stars and stripes on new land, and mighty near to the Pole, or start a butt a-trying.'

"In due course of time we were all ready, and the 'Duncan McDonald' passed out of the Golden Gate into the broad Pacific, drew her fires, and stopped her engines, reserving this force for a more urgent time. She spread her ample canvas, and stood away toward Alaska and the unknown and undiscovered beyond.



"... The frozen carcass of an immense mastodon."

"The days were not long for me, for they were full of study and anticipation. Long chats with the eccentric but masterful man whose friendship and love for my father had brought us together were the entertainment and stimulus of my existence—a man who knew nothing of science, except that he was master of it in his own way; who knew all about navigation, and to whom the northern seas were as familiar as the contour of Boston Common was to me; who had more stories of whaling than you could find in print, and better ones than can ever be printed.

"I learned first to respect, then to admire, and finally to love this old salt. How many times he told me of my father's death, and how and when he had risked his life to save the life of Father Burrows or some of the rest of his men. As the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, Captain Burrows and myself became as one man.

"I shall never forget the first Sunday at sea. Early in the morning I heard the captain order the boatswain to pipe all hands to prayers. I had noticed nothing of a religious nature in the man, and, full of curiosity, went on deck with the rest. Captain Burrows took off his hat at the foot of the mainmast, and said:

"My men, this is the first Sunday we have all met together; and as some of you are not familiar with the religious services on board the 'Duncan McDonald,' I will state that, as you may have noticed, I asked no man about his belief when I employed him—I hired you to simply work this ship—but on Sundays it is our custom to meet here in friendship, man to man, Protestant and Catholic, Mohammedan, Buddhist, Fire-worshiper, and pagan, and look into our own hearts, worshiping God as we know him, each in his own way. If any man has committed any offense against his God, let him make such reparation as he thinks will appease that God; but if any man has committed an offense against his fellow-man, let him settle with that man now and here, and not worry God with the details. Religion is goodness and justice and honesty; no man needs a sky-pilot to lay a course for him, for he alone knows where the channel, and the rocks, and the bar of his own heart are—look into your hearts."

"Captain Burrows stood with his hat in his hand, and bowed as if in prayer, and all the old tars bowed as reverently as if the most eloquent divine was exhorting an unseen power in their behalf. The new men

followed the example of the rest. It was just three minutes by the wheel-house clock before the captain straightened up and said 'Amen,' and the men turned away about their tasks.

"Beats mumblin' your words out of a book, like a Britisher," said the captain to me; 'can't offend no man's religion, and helps every one on 'em.'

"Long months after, I attended a burial service conducted in the same way—in silence.

"In due course of time we anchored in Norton Sound, and spent the rest of the winter there; and in the spring of sixty-eight, we worked our way north through the ice. We passed the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude on July 4th. During the summer we took a number of whales, storing away as much oil as the captain thought necessary, as he only wanted it for fuel and our needs, intending to take none home to sell unless we were unsuccessful in the line of discovery—in that event he intended to stay until he had a full cargo."

Here our entertainer gave out, and had to rest; and while resting he went to sleep, so that he did not take up his story until the next day.

In the morning our guest expressed a desire to be taken on deck; and, dressed in warm sailor clothes, he rested his hand on my shoulder, and slowly crawled on deck and to a sheltered corner beside the captain's cabin. Here he was bundled up; and again Enoch and I sat down to listen to the strange story of the wanderer.

"I hope it won't annoy you, gentlemen," said he, "but I can't settle down without my pack; I find myself thinking of its safety. Would you mind sending down for it?"

It was brought up, and set down beside him; he looked at it lovingly, slipped the rude strap-loop over his arm, and seemed ready to take up his story where he left off. He began:

"I don't remember whether I told you or not, but one of the objects of Captain Burrows's trip was to settle something definite about the location of the magnetic pole, and other magnetic problems, and determine the cause of some of the well-known distortions of the magnetic needle. He had some odd, perhaps crude, instruments, of his own design, which he had caused to be constructed for this purpose, and we found them very efficient devices in the end. Late in July, we found much open water, and steamed steadily in a northwesterly course. We

would find a great field of icebergs, then miles of floe, and then again open water. The aurora was seen every evening, but it seemed pale and white.

"Captain Burrows brought the 'Duncan McDonald's' head around to the west in open water, one fine day in early August, and cruised slowly; taking a great many observations, and hunting, as he told me, for floating ice—he was hunting for a current. For several days we kept in the open water,

will go to the northern shore of this open water, be it one mile or one thousand, and there—well, hunt again.'

"Well, it was in September when we at last got to what seemed the northern shore of this open sea. We had to proceed very slowly, as there were almost daily fogs and occasional snow-storms; but one morning the ship rounded to, almost under the shadow of what seemed to be a giant iceberg. Captain Burrows came on deck, rubbing his hands in glee.



"We were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite."

but close to the ice, until one morning the captain ordered the ship to stand due north across the open sea.

"He called me into his cabin, and with a large map of the polar regions on his table, to which he often referred, he said: 'Son, I've been hunting for a current; there's plenty of 'em in the Arctic Ocean, but the one I want ain't loafing around here. You see, son, it's currents that carries these icebergs and floes south; I didn't tell you, but some days when we were in those floes, we lost as much as we gained. We worked our way north through the floe, but not on the surface of the globe; the floe was taking us south with it. Maybe you won't believe it, but there are currents going north in this sea; once or twice in a lifetime, a whaler or passage-hunter returns with a story of being drifted *north*—now that's what I want, I am hunting for a northern current. We

"'Son,' said he, 'that is no iceberg; that's ancient ice, perpetual ice, the great ice-ring—palæocrystic ice, you scientific fellows call it. I saw it once before, in thirty-seven, when a boy; that's it, and, son, beyond that there is something. Take notice that that is ice; clear, glary ice. You know a so-called iceberg is really a snowberg; it's three-fourths under water. Now, it may be possible that, that being ice which will float more than half out of water, the northern currents may go under it—but I don't believe it. Under or over, I am going to find one of 'em, if it takes till doomsday.'

"We sailed west, around close to this great wall of ice, for two weeks, without seeing any evidence of a current of any kind, until there came on a storm from the northwest that drove a great deal of ice around the great ring; but it seemed to keep rather clear of the great wall of ice and to go off

in a tangent toward the south. The lead showed no bottom at one hundred fathoms, even within a quarter of a mile of the ice.

"It was getting late in the season, the mercury often going down to fifteen below zero, and every night the aurora became brighter. We sailed slowly around the open water, and finally found a place where the sheer precipice of ice disappeared and the shore sloped down to something like a beach. Putting out a sea-anchor, the 'Duncan McDonald' kept within a half-a-mile of this

of five men and seven dogs. We had food and drink for a two weeks' trip, were well armed, and carried some of our instruments. It appeared to be five or six miles to the top of the mountain, but it proved more than thirty. We were five days in getting there, and did so only after a dozen adventures that I will tell you at another time.

"We soon began to find stones and dirt in the ice, and before we had gone ten miles, found the frozen carcass of an immense mastodon—its great tusks only show-



"There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down."

icy shore. The captain had determined to land and survey the place, which far away back seemed to terminate in mountain peaks of ice.

"That night the captain and I sat on the rail of our ship, talking over the plans for to-morrow's expedition, when the ship slowly but steadily swung around her stern to the mountain of ice—the engines had been moving slowly to keep her head to the wind. Captain Burrows jumped to his feet in joy. 'A current!' he shouted; 'a current, and toward the north, too—old man Providence again, son; he allus takes care of his own!'

"Some staves were thrown overboard, and, sure enough, they floated toward the ice; but there was no evidence of an opening in the mighty ring, and I remarked to Captain Burrows that the current evidently went under the ice.

"'It looks like it did, son; it looks like it did; but if it goes under, we will go over.'

"After we had taken a few hours of sleep, the long-boat landed our little party

ing above the level; but its huge, woolly body quite plainly visible in the ice. The ice was melting, and there were many streams running towards the open water. It was warmer as we proceeded. Dirt and rocks became the rule, instead of the exception, and we were often obliged to go around a great boulder of granite. While we were resting, on the third day, for a bite to eat, one of the men took a dish, scooped up some sand from the bottom of the icy stream, and 'panned' it out. There was gold in it: gold enough to pay to work the ground. About noon of the fifth day, we reached the summit of the mountain, and from there looked down the other side—upon a sight the like of which no white men had ever seen before.

"From the very summits of this icy-ring mountain the northern side was a sheer precipice of more than three thousand feet, and was composed of rocks, and rocks only, the foot of the mighty crags being washed by an open ocean; and this was lighted up by a peculiar crimson glow. Great white

whales sported in the waters; huge sea-birds hung in circles high in the air; yet below us, and with our glasses, we could see, on the rocks at the foot of the crags, seals and some other animals that were strange to us. But follow the line of beetling crags and mountain peaks where you would, the northern side presented a solid blank wall of awful rocks, in many places the summit overhanging and the shore well under in the mighty shadow. Nothing that any of us had ever seen in nature before was so impressive, so awful. We started on our return, after a couple of hours of the awe-inspiring sight beyond the great ring, and for full two hours not a man spoke.

“‘Father Burrows,’ said I, ‘what do you think that is back there?’

“‘No man knows, my son, and it will devolve on you and me to name it; but we won’t unless we get to it and can take back proofs.’

“‘Do you think we could get down the other side?’

“‘No, I don’t think so, and we seem to have struck it in the lowest spot in sight. I’d give ten years of my life if the “Duncan McDonald” was over there in that duck pond.’

“‘Captain,’ said Eli Jeffries, the second mate, ‘do you know what I’ve been thinkin’? I believe that ’ere water we seen is an open

passage from the Behring side of the frozen ocean over agin’ some of them ’ere Roosian straits. If we could get round to the end of it, we’d sail right through the great Northwest Passage.’

“‘You don’t think there is land over there somewhere?’

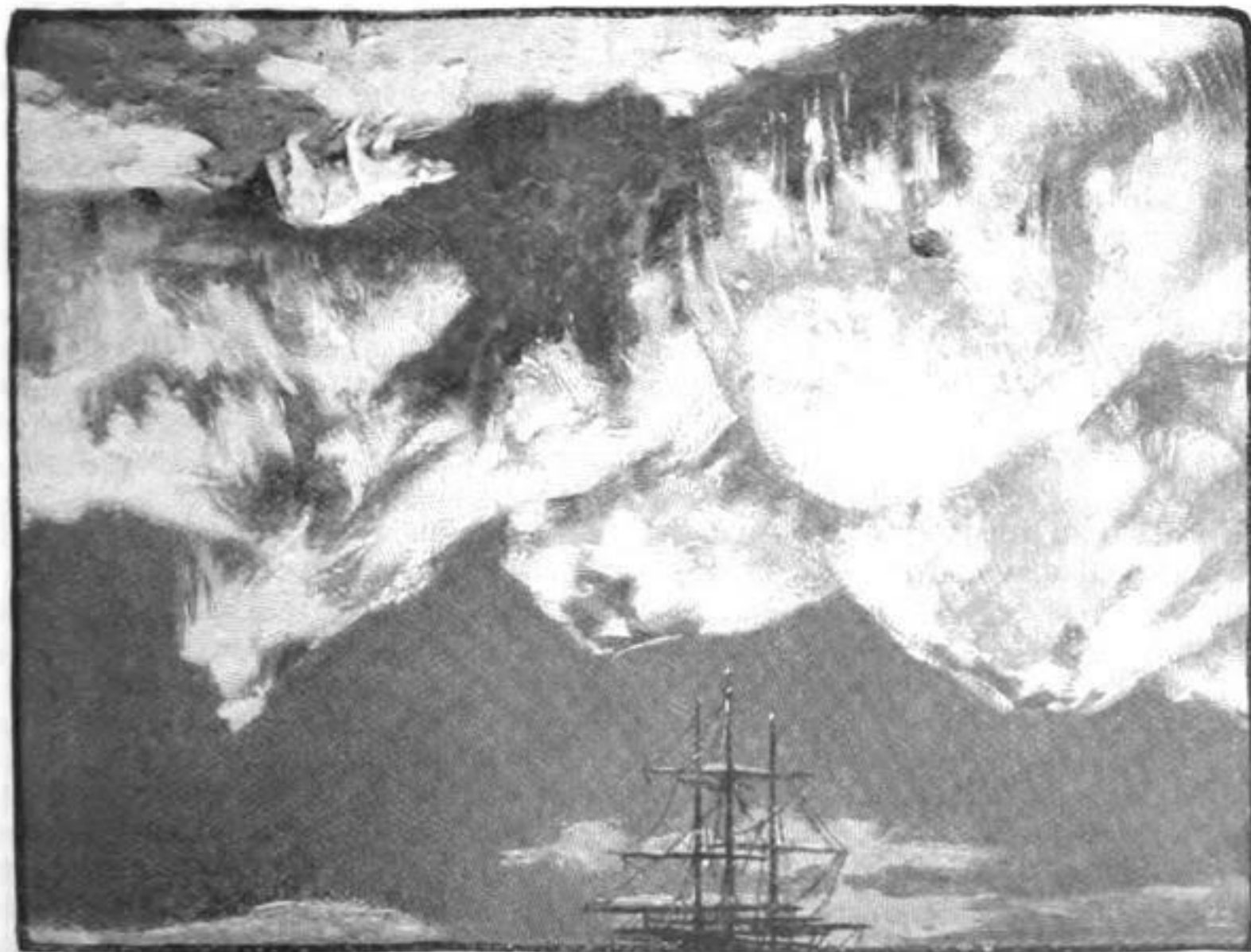
“‘Nope.’

“‘Didn’t take notice that the face of your “passage” was granite or quartz rocks, hey? Didn’t notice all them animals and birds, hey?—’

“‘Look out!’ yelled the man ahead with the dog-sledge.

“A strange, whirring noise was heard in the foggy light, that sounded over our heads. We all dropped to the ground, and the noise increased, until a big flock of huge birds passed over us in rapid flight north. There must have been thousands of them. Captain Burrows brought his shot-gun to his shoulder and fired. There were some wild screams in the air, and a bird came down to the ice with a loud thud. It looked very large a hundred feet away, but sight is very deceiving in this white country in the semi-darkness. We found it a species of duck, rather large and with gorgeous plumage.

“‘Goin’ north, to Eli’s “passage” to lay her eggs on the ice,’ said the captain, half sarcastically.



“It looked very near, and . . . we could distinguish polar bears on the ice crags.”

"We reached the ship in safety, and the captain and I spent long hours in trying to form some plan for getting beyond the great ice-ring.

"If it's warm up there, and everything that we've seen says it is, all this cold water that's going north gets warm and goes out some place; and rest you, son, wherever it goes out, there's a hole in the ice."

"Here we were interrupted by the mate, who said that there were queer things going on overhead, and some of the sailors were ready to mutiny unless the return trip was commenced at once. Captain Burrows went on deck at once, and you may be sure I followed at his heels.

"What's wrong here?" demanded the captain, in his roaring tone, stepping into the midst of the crew.

"A judgment against this prying into God's secrets, sir," said an English sailor, in an awe-struck voice. "Look at the signs, sir," pointing overhead.

"Captain Burrows and I both looked over our heads, and there saw an impressive sight, indeed. A vast colored map of an unknown world hung in the clouds over us—a mirage from the aurora. It looked very near, and was so distinct that we could distinguish polar bears on the ice-crag. One man insisted that the mainmast almost touched one snowy peak, and most of them actually believed that it was an inverted part of some world, slowly coming down to crush us. Captain Burrows looked for several minutes before he spoke. Then he said: 'My men, this is the grandest proof of all that Providence is helping us. This thing that you see is only a picture; it's a mirage, the reflection of a portion of the earth on the sky. Just look, and you will see that it's in the shape of a crescent, and we are almost in the center of it; and, I tell you, it's a picture of the country just in front of us. See this peak? See that low place where we went up? There is the great wall we saw, the open sea beyond it, and, bless me, if it don't look like something green over in the middle of that ocean! See, here is the "Duncan McDonald," as plain as A, B, C, right overhead. Now, there's nothing to be afraid of in that; if it's a warning, it's a good one—and if any one wants to go home to his mother's, and is old enough, *he can walk!*'

"The captain looked around, but the sailors were as cool as he was—they were reassured by his honest explanation. Then he took me by the arm, and, pointing to the

painting in the sky, said: 'Old man Providence again, son, sure as you are born; do you see that lane through the great ring? There's an open, fairly straight passage to the inner ocean, except that it's closed by about three miles of ice on our side; see it there, on the port side?'

"Yes, I could see it, but I asked Captain Burrows how he could account for the open passages beyond and the wall of ice in front; it was cold water going in.

"It's strange," he answered, shading his eye with his hand, and looking long at the clear passage, like a great canal between the beetling cliffs. All at once, he grasped my arm and said in excitement, pointing towards the outer end of the passage: 'Look!'

"As I looked at the mirage again, the great mass of ice in front commenced to slowly turn over, outwardly.

"It's an iceberg, sir, only an iceberg!" said the captain, excitedly, "and she is just holding that passage because the current keeps her up against the hole; now, she will wear out some day, and then—in goes the "Duncan McDonald"!"

"But there are others to take its place," and I pointed to three other bergs, apparently some twenty miles away, plainly shown in the sky; "they are the reinforcements to hold the passage."

"Looks that way, son, but by the great American buzzard, we'll get in there somehow, if we have to blow that berg up."

"As we looked, the picture commenced to disappear, not fade, but to go off to one side, just as a picture leaves the screen of a magic lantern. Over the inner ocean there appeared dark clouds; but this part was visible last, and the clouds seemed to break at the last moment, and a white city, set in green fields and forests, was visible for an instant, a great golden dome in the center remaining in view after the rest of the city was invisible.

"A rainbow of promise, son," said the captain.

"I looked around. The others had grown tired of looking, and were gone. Captain Burrows and myself were the only ones that saw the city.

"We got under way for an hour, and then stood by near the berg until eight bells the next morning; but you must remember it was half dark all the time up there then. While Captain Burrows and myself were at breakfast, he cudgled his brains over ways and means for moving that ice, or prevent-



"A white city . . . was visible for an instant."

ing other bergs from taking its place. When we went on deck, our berg was some distance from the mouth of the passage, and steadily floating away. Captain Burrows steamed the ship cautiously up toward the passage; there was a steady current coming out.

" 'I reckon,' said Eli Jeffries, 'they must have a six-months' ebb and flow up in that ocean.' "

" 'If that's the case,' said Captain Burrows, 'the sooner we get in, the better;' and he ordered the 'Duncan McDonald' into the breach in the world of ice.

"Gentlemen, suffice it to say that we found that passage perfectly clear, and wider as we proceeded. This we did slowly, keeping the lead going constantly. The first mate reported the needle of the compass working curiously, dipping down hard, and sparking—something he had never seen. Captain Burrows only said: 'Let her spark!'

"As we approached the inner ocean, as we called it, the passage was narrow; it became very dark and the waters roared ahead. I feared a fall or rapid, but the 'Duncan McDonald' could not turn back.

The noise was only the surf on the great crags within. As the ship passed out into the open sea beyond, the needle of the compass turned clear around and pointed back. 'Do you know, son,' said Captain Burrows, 'that I believe the so-called magnetic pole is a great ring around the true Pole, and that we just passed it there? The whole inside of this mountain looks to me like rusted iron instead of stone, anyhow.' "

Here our story-teller rested and dozed for a few minutes; then rousing up, he said: "I'll tell you the rest to-morrow; yes, to-morrow; I'm tired now. To-morrow I'll tell you about a wonderful country; wonderful cities; wonderful people! I'll show you solar pictures such as you never saw, of scenes, places, and people you never dreamed of. I will show you implements that will prove that there's a country where gold is as common as tin at home—where they make knives and forks and stew-pans of it! I'll show you writing more ancient and more interesting than the most treasured relics in our Sanscrit libraries. I'll tell you of the two years I spent in another world. I'll tell you of the precious cargo that went to the bottom of the frozen ocean with the staunch

little ship, 'Duncan McDonald'; of the bravest, noblest commander, and the sweetest angel of a woman that ever breathed and lived and loved. I'll tell you of my escape and the hell I've been through. To-morrow——"

He dozed off for a few moments again.

"But I've got enough in this pack to turn the world inside out with wonder—ah, what a sensation it will be, what an educational feature! It will send out a hundred harum-scarum expeditions to find Polaria—but there are few commanders like Captain Burrows; he could do it, the rest of 'em will die in the ice. But when I get to San Fran——. Say, Captain, how long will it take to get there, and how long before you start?"

Enoch and I exchanged glances, and Enoch answered: "We wa'n't goin' to 'Frisco."

"Around the Horn, then?" inquired the stranger, sitting up. "But you will land me in 'Frisco, won't you? I can't wait, I must——"

"We're goin' in," said Enoch; "goin' north, for a three-years' cruise."

"North!" shouted the stranger, wildly. "Three years in that hell of ice. Three years! My God! North! North!"

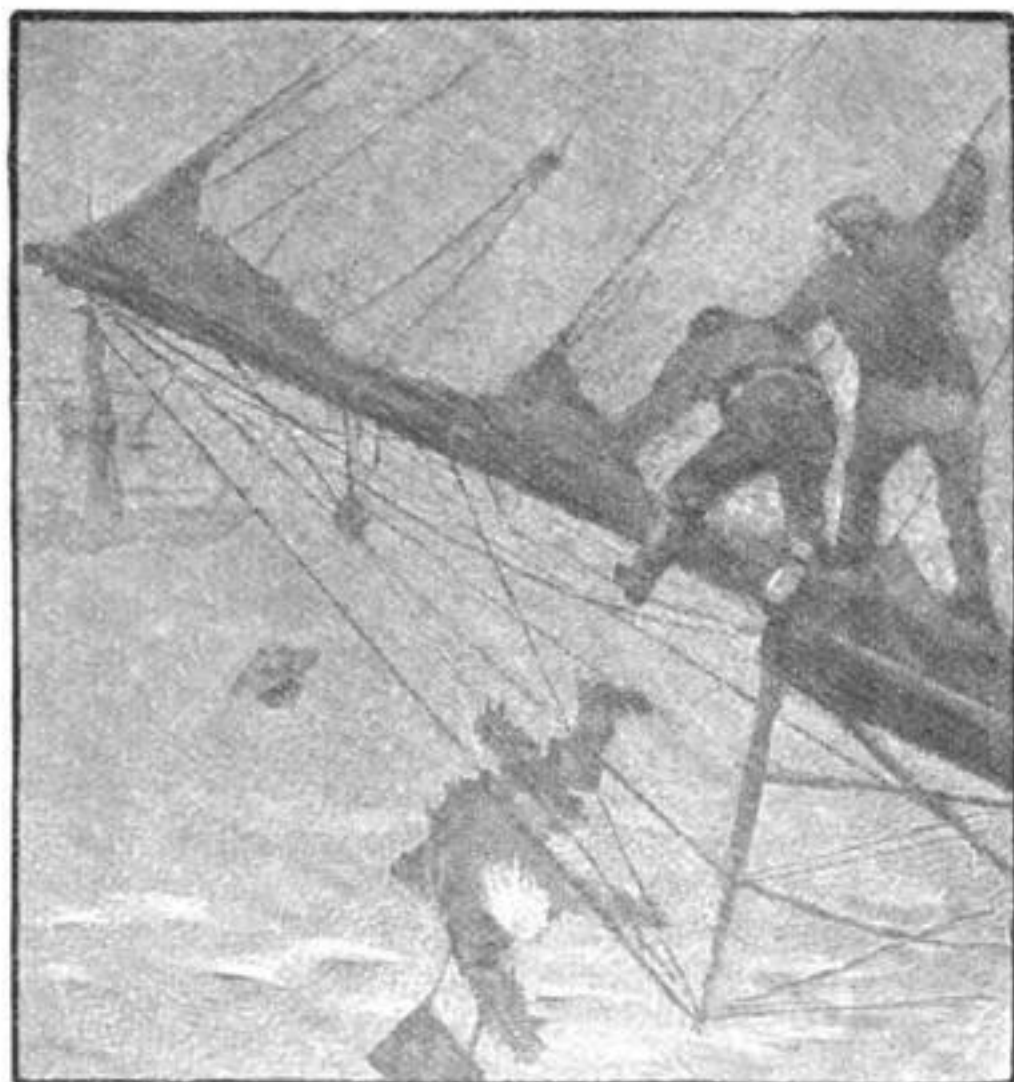
He was dancing around the deck like a maniac, trying to put his pack-loop over his head. Enoch went toward him, to tell him how he could go on the "Enchantress," but he looked wildly at him, ran forward and sprang out on the bowsprit, and from there to the jib. Enoch saw he was out of his mind, and ordered two sailors to bring him in. As they sprang on to the bow, he stood up and screamed:

"No! No! No! Three years! Three lives! Three hells! I never——"

One of the men reached for him here, but he kicked at the sailor viciously, and turning sidewise, sprang into the water below.

A boat, already in the water, was manned instantly; but the worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone to the sands of the bottom where so many others have gone before; evidently his heavy pack had held him down, there to guard the story it could tell—in death as he had in life.

"The worn-out body of another North Pole explorer had gone."



EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Polar Zone" is the first of a number of short stories written by Mr. John A. Hill that are to appear in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*. This story is of the sea; but, as the story itself discloses, Mr. Hill is a railroad man, and the succeeding stories will treat of railroad life, which Mr. Hill has known in its most adventurous and romantic phases. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal; but they have perhaps more interest for the general public even than for railroad people, and their extraordinary quality fully warrants their republication.

Professor Milne's house at Shide, Isle of Wight.



JOHN MILNE; OBSERVER OF EARTHQUAKES.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IN AN EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.—PLOTTING THE GREATER HOLLOW OF THE SEA.



At the very center of the Isle of Wight, in a little place called Shide, that most people in England never heard of, lives a scientist who probably knows more about earthquakes than any one else in the world—John Milne, member of learned societies, late professor of seismology at the University of Tokio, and a charming man into the bargain. His house looks down upon the roads where the Queen drives daily while at Osborne, and not far distant rise the towers of Carisbrooke Castle, where Charles I. was a prisoner.

Here, on a quiet hill, grown over with old trees and banks of ivy, away from all rush and noise, Professor Milne may be found, as I found him, working among strange instruments of his own devising, operated by clockwork and electricity, and possessing such sensitiveness that an earth-

quake shock in Borneo will set them swinging for hours. With these wonderful pendulums, of which I shall speak presently, the Professor watches throbbings and quiverings of the earth that are unfelt by our unaided senses, and draws conclusions to serve the needs of men.

It is Professor Milne to whom London editors despatch hurrying reporters when news comes from Japan of another earthquake calamity, and he usually corrects their information—as in June, 1896, when Shide was besieged by newspaper men.

"This earthquake happened on the 17th," said they, "and the whole eastern coast of Japan was overwhelmed with tidal waves, and 30,000 lives were lost."

"That last is very probable," answered the Professor, "but the earthquake happened on the 15th, not on the 17th;" and then he gave them the exact hour and minute when the shocks began and ended.

"But our cables put it on the 17th."



GIFU, JAPAN, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF 1891.

This and the pictures following on pages 19, 20, 21 are from Japanese photographs reproduced in "The Great Earthquake in Japan, 1891," by John Milne and W. K. Burton.

"Your cables are mistaken."

And, sure enough, later despatches came with information that the destructive earthquake had occurred on the 15th, within half a minute of the time Professor Milne had specified. There had been some error of transmission in the earlier despatches.

Again, a few months later, the newspapers published cablegrams to the effect that there had been a severe earthquake at Kobe, with great injury to life and property.

"That is not true," said Professor Milne. "There may have been a slight earthquake at Kobe, but nothing that need cause alarm."

And the mail reports a few weeks later confirmed his reassuring statement, and showed that the previous sensational despatches had been grossly exaggerated.

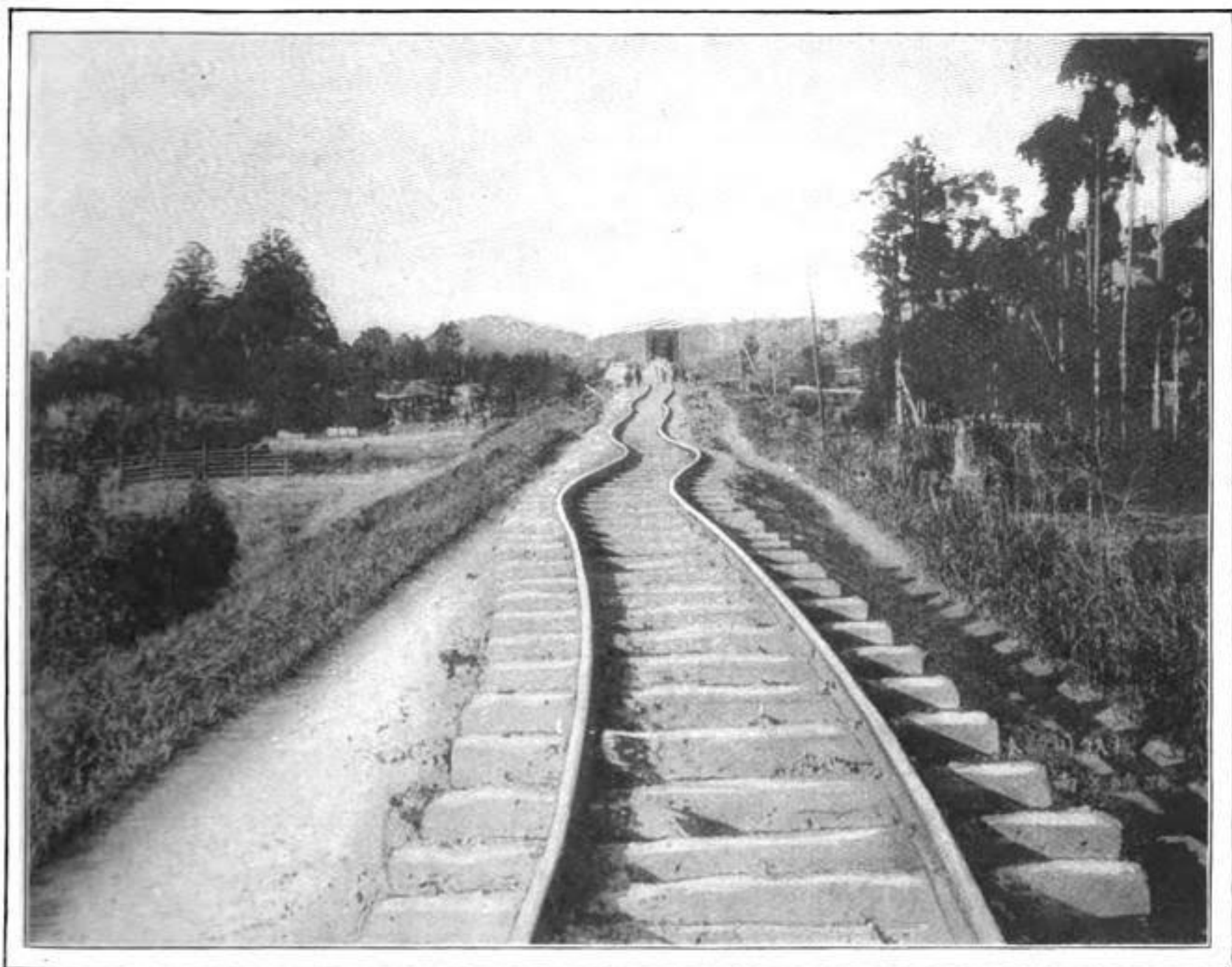
Professor Milne is also the man to whose words cable companies lend anxious ear; for what he says often means thousands of pounds to them. Early in January, 1898, it was officially reported that two West Indian cables had broken on December 31, 1897.

"That is very unlikely," said Professor Milne; "but I have a seismogram showing

that these cables may have broken at 11.30 A.M. on December 29, 1897." And then he located the break at so many miles off the coast of Haiti.

This sort of thing, which is constantly happening, would look very much like magic if Professor Milne had kept his secrets to himself; but he has given them freely to all the world, and for a year or more has been making every effort, with the encouragement of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, to have earthquake observatories established at various points on the earth's surface, with instruments similar to his own, so that by comparison of records, fuller knowledge may be had of movements in the earth's crust and changes in the ocean's bed.

And various governments, universities, and learned societies, quick to see the importance of such knowledge, have sent favorable replies, so that now Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, has its own earthquake observatory; Yerkes Observatory at Williams' Bay, Wisconsin, is expected to have one shortly; New Zealand is putting up



RAILROAD TRACK TWISTED BY THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE IN JAPAN IN 1891.

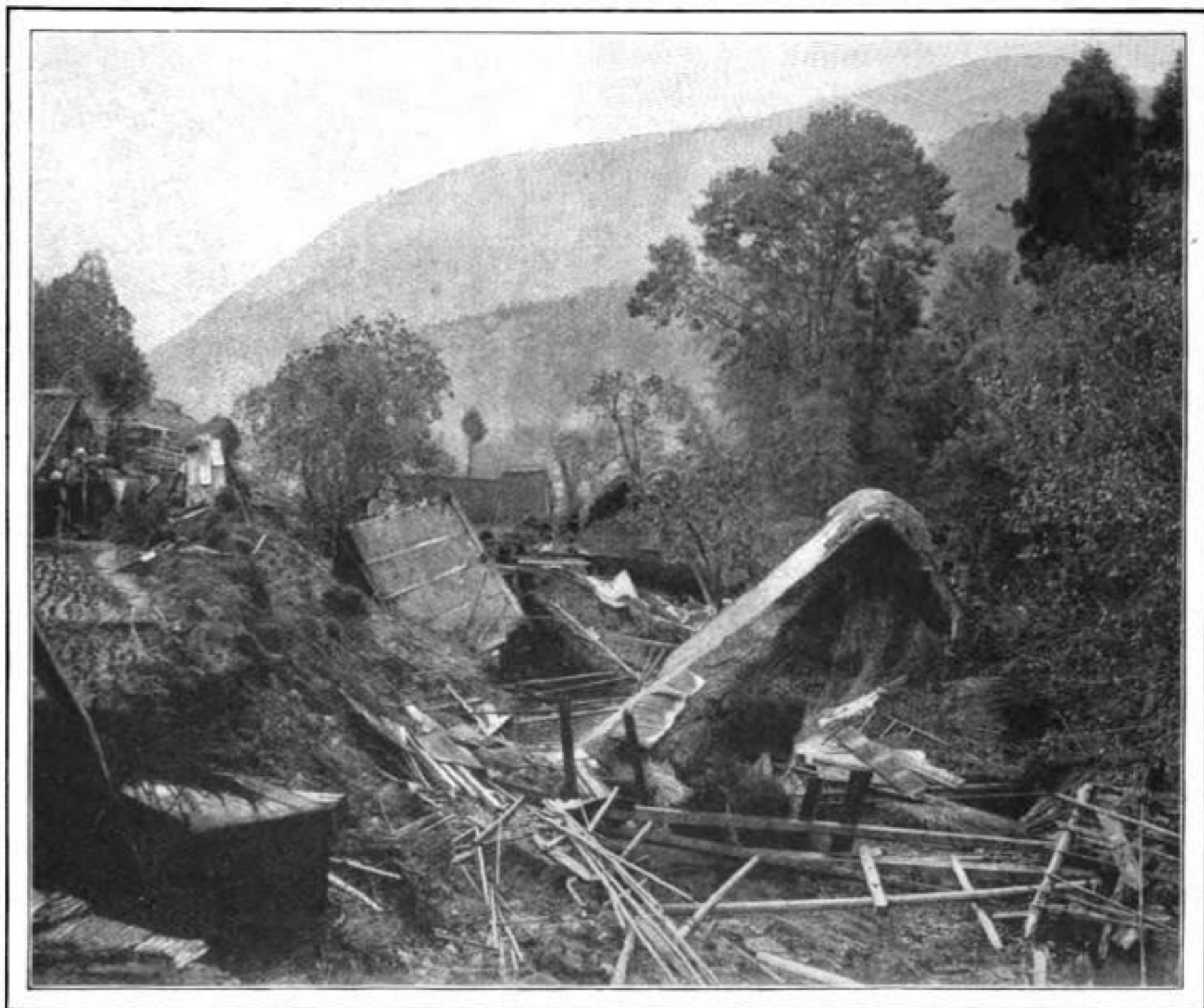
two; South Africa has one, at Cape Town; Toronto, Canada, has one; India has three; Japan has one; Mauritius has one; South America has one, in Argentina; Beirut, in Syria, is in correspondence for one, and so also is Siberia.

In short, there seems to be little doubt that within a few months no fewer than twenty of these seismic stations will be in operation in different parts of the globe, all equipped with the Milne instruments, and all in regular communication with the head, or central, station at Shide. It is taken as certain that a comparison of records from all these earthquake observatories will make it impossible for an important seismic disturbance to occur anywhere, whether on land or under the sea, without its precise location being immediately known, as well as all essential facts regarding it. And when it is borne in mind that at present seventy-five per cent. of the whole number of earthquakes occur in the bed of the ocean, the value of such statistics to cable companies (and what country is not interested in the proper working of ocean cables?) is at once apparent.

Twice, for instance, it has happened in Australia (in 1880 and 1888) that the whole island has been thrown into excitement and alarm, the reserves called out, and other measures taken, because the sudden breaking of cable connections with the outside world has led to the belief that military operations against the country were preparing by some foreign power. A Milne pendulum at Sydney or Adelaide would have made it plain in a moment that the whole trouble was due to a submarine earthquake occurring at such a time and such a place. As it was, Australia had to wait in a fever of suspense (in one case there was a delay of nineteen days) until steamers arriving brought assurances that neither Russia nor any other possibly unfriendly power had begun hostilities by tearing up the cables.

PROFESSOR MILNE'S LIFE AND EXPERIMENTS IN JAPAN.

Before explaining the workings of these wonderful seismic instruments which are to do the world such famous service, I will tell how it happened that Professor Milne be-



THE WORK OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 IN NEO VALLEY, JAPAN.

came a student of earthquakes; for, unlike poetry, seismology is not a career that men are born to. In the Professor's own words: "It was Japan that did it, and that famous cable-laying American, Cyrus Field." Mr. Field heard of Milne back in the seventies, when the young Lancashireman had just finished his studies at King's College, London, and the School of Mines, and was casting about him for such work as the world might have for him to do. He had no more idea then of becoming an earthquake specialist in Japan than he had of hunting pigs in Borneo. Yet he lived to do both. Mr. Field had inquired at the School of Mines for a bright, competent young man who could go out to Newfoundland in the service of the cable company and locate some coal fields for them. Milne was selected, and told to report at a certain office in the city.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said the millionaire, when Milne was shown in. "We want to know if you can sail for Newfoundland on Tuesday next?" This in the most

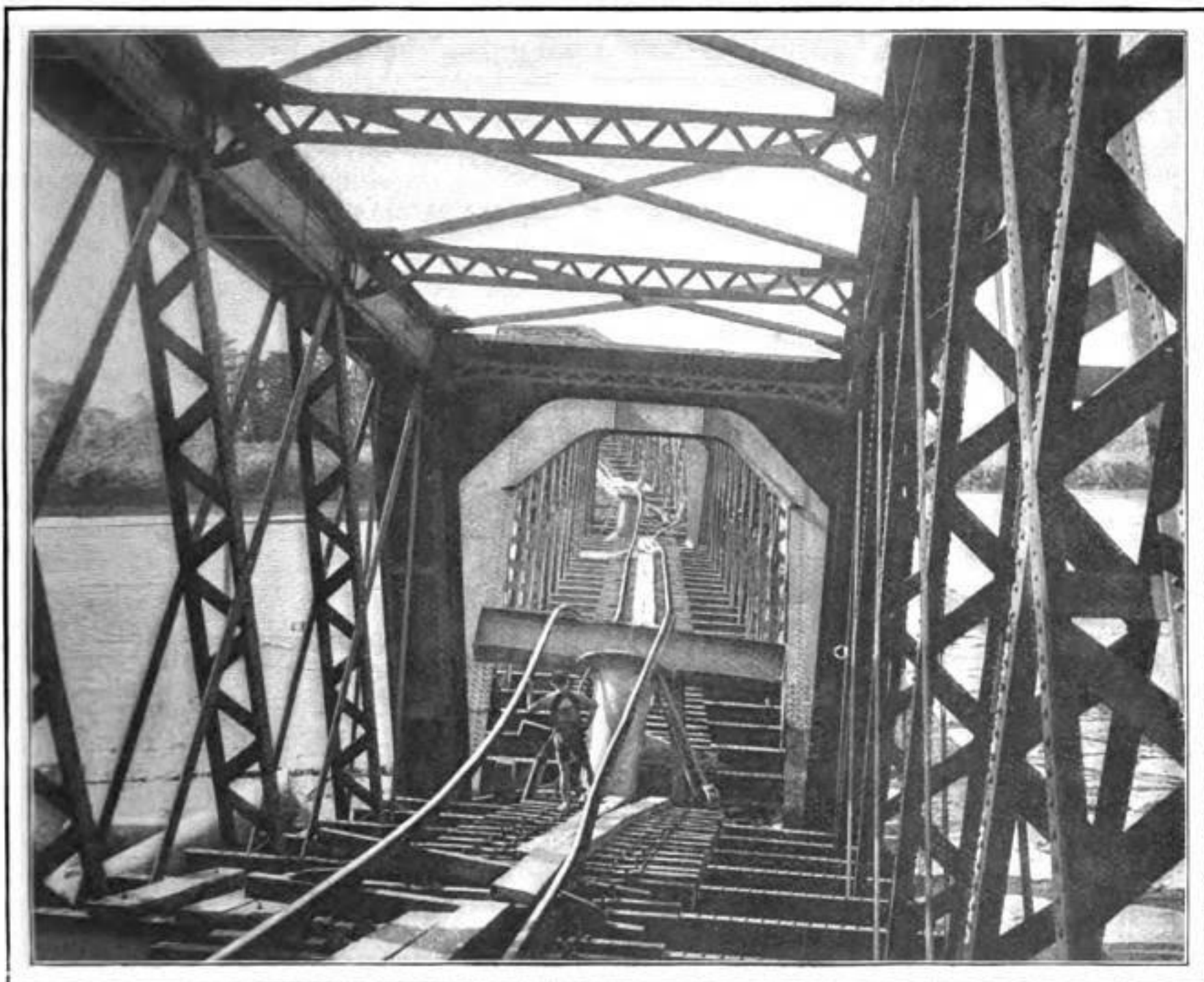
matter-of-fact tone and with scarcely any prelude.

Milne was fairly at a loss for words; he was barely twenty-one, and had but small experience in business matters. Finally he managed to ask about compensation.

"There will be no trouble on that point," said Mr. Field; "you can leave a memorandum on Monday of what you want for your services; I dare say it will be satisfactory. The point is now, can you sail on Tuesday?"

That was Friday, and Milne pointed out that the shops closed early on Saturdays, and on Sunday he could get nothing, so he was uncertain whether he could be ready in time.

At this, Mr. Field leaned forward on his desk, and said, with a look half serious, half quizzical, that Milne never forgot: "My young friend, I suppose you have read that the world was made in six days. Now do you mean to tell me that, if this whole world was made in six days, you can't get together the few things you need in four?"



EFFECT OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1891 ON THE NAGARA GAWA RAILWAY BRIDGE, JAPAN.

Milne was silent a moment, and then said: "I'll be ready, sir, on Tuesday." And so he sailed for Newfoundland—and what he did there is a separate chapter. But it was all to his credit, for soon came an offer from the Japanese Government, intent upon getting the best brains in Europe to assist in the nation's development, inviting Milne to join its service, at a handsome salary, in the department of mines and public works.

So it came about, twenty-five years ago, that this young Englishman took up his abode in Tokio, and in due course turned his attention to earthquakes. This happens quite naturally when one finds oneself in a country where there are two or three earthquakes a day on an average, counting small and large, throughout the year, and where in many instances a single one of these earthquakes has been a more serious matter to Japan in loss of life, and almost as serious a matter in resulting expenditure, as her recent war with China.

Under such circumstances, it was not difficult for a keenly interested and scientifically-trained European to develop into an

earthquake enthusiast; and Milne was soon putting forth seismic theories with the best of them, and trying experiments with rough-and-ready seismoscopes and seismometers, which were sometimes rows of pins propped up in a certain way, so that in falling they would give indications as to wave direction, or sometimes bits of string with weights at the end designed to act as recording pendulums; or, again, gravestones tumbled over on their sides in the hope that by their slide or shifting they would show the line and intensity of the earthquake movement.

He produced plans of earthquake-proof houses: houses with roof-timbers running down to the floor sills, which was equivalent, practically, to having the roof rest on the ground. He also showed the Japanese engineers how to build bridges with parabolic piers, so that at any horizontal section they offer equal resistance to effects of momentums applied at the base.

And, as the value of his conclusions became apparent through actual tests, the Japanese Government, properly grateful, established a chair of seismology at the uni-

versity, and picked Milne out as the one best qualified to fill it; which meant that here was a young man, fresh from a country where there are no earthquakes, officially appointed to teach people who had lived among earthquakes all their lives what earthquakes are, and what measures should be taken against them—in short, the whole business of seismology.

Then began an interesting set of experiments, carried on for years by Professor Milne, with artificial earthquakes, which he could turn on at will by touching an electric button. Dynamite was used here, buried in the ground, and exploded when the seismograph was ready. Sometimes he would set off five or six of these little earthquakes at one time, and take the records with a like number of seismographs placed at different distances, and connected electrically, so as to show the rate of wave transmission. Once the Professor, in his eagerness to watch the seismograph at the very moment of shock, placed himself within twenty feet of a mine, his position being barricaded by earthworks, with an old door over the top to keep off falling stones.

When all was ready, he waved his hand to an assistant who stood at some distance ready to send the current. Bang! went the dynamite like a broadside of heavy cannon, and the Professor had scarcely fixed his eyes upon the moving smoked-glass disk with the little recording fingers on it, when about a ton of earth came smashing down upon the door, flattening out man and instrument, and bringing that experiment to an untimely end.

On another occasion, at the command of the emperor, a seismic exhibition was organized in the palace yard, where a number of miniature towns and villages had been laid out neatly for the purpose of being blown up and shaken down when his majesty should touch the button. Everything went off perfectly, and the courtiers were delighted. For twenty years Professor Milne carried on his experiments, and success seldom failed him. Then he returned to England.

Coming now to Professor

Milne's instruments and their work at Shide, I will repeat what may have been already understood, that they are designed to record movements in the earth coming from distant, not near-by, centers of disturbance; they would be of no more service for an earthquake within a hundred miles of them

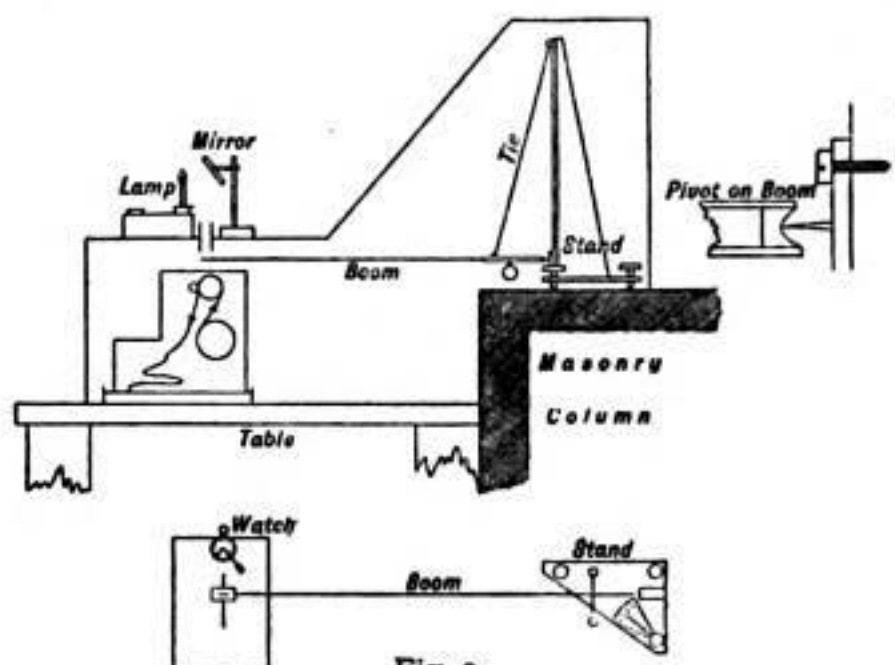
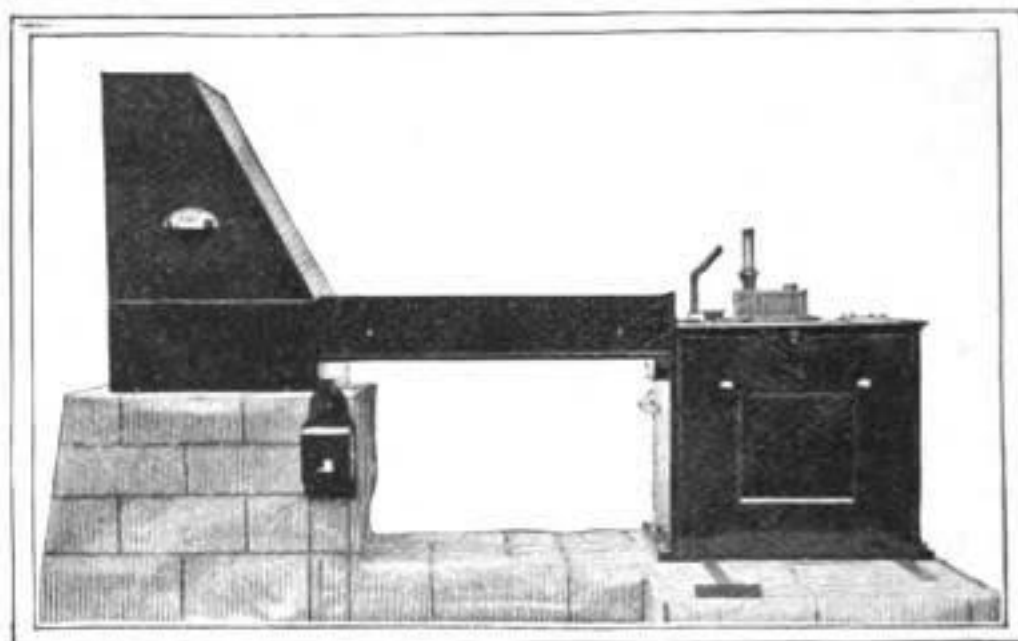
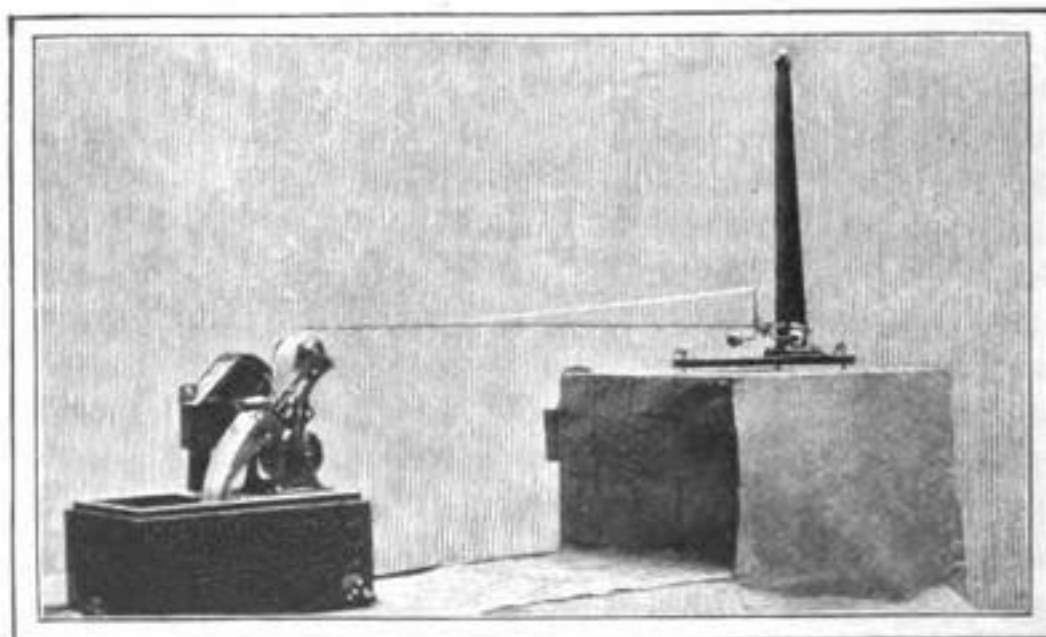


Fig. 3

DIAGRAM SHOWING VERTICAL AND HORIZONTAL SECTIONS OF THE MORE SENSITIVE OF PROFESSOR MILNE'S TWO PENDULUMS, OR SEISMOGRAPHS.



PROFESSOR MILNE'S SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS ENCLOSED IN ITS PROTECTING BOX.



THE SENSITIVE PENDULUM, OR SEISMOGRAPH, AS IT APPEARS WITH THE PROTECTING BOX REMOVED.

than a telescope would be at the theatre. The seismographs used all over Japan record earthquakes that can be felt; the Milne horizontal pendulums record earthquake waves that cannot be felt. After years given to the practical side of seismology, Professor Milne is now studying its theoretical side, although, as has been seen, much practical good is resulting from his investigations.

THE EARTHQUAKE OBSERVATORY.

My first view of the instruments was at night. Professor Milne walked beside me, carrying a lantern, and his Japanese assistant, Shinobo Hirota, who is nicknamed "Snow" on the Isle of Wight, went ahead to open the doors of the strong-walled little houses where the pendulums were guarded. There are two of these pendulums, both constructed on the same principle, but the one more sensitive than the other. "Snow" showed us the sensitive one first; and when I saw it, I saw only a little lamp burning on a red box with steps to it. The box covered the pendulum. The whole place suggested some silent altar with undying flame. I could hear a clock ticking inside the box.

"What is the lamp for?" I asked.

"To photograph the end of the boom," said the Professor. "It lets a point of light down through that slit. When the earth moves, the boom swings."

"Oh," said I. "And what is the clock for?"

"The clock works the machinery. I'll explain it in the morning, and show you how 'Snow' develops the seismograms."

"Snow" looked pleased, and led the way to the other little house. Here we found a pendulum that was not covered up. It rested on a heavy column of masonry, and one end of it pressed a tiny silver needle against a vertical band of smoked paper that moved slowly between two rollers. There was

a clock ticking here also, but no little lamp.

"This," said the Professor, "is an everyday pendulum, to let us know if anything is happening. If there is, then we look at the other pendulum for fuller details. The other one is not so easy to get at. Just glance along that paper band and you can see if there has been an earthquake anywhere in the last twenty-four hours. No, there has been nothing; the line is straight; see—that long white line—the needle makes it as the band turns."

"Suppose there had been an earthquake?"

"I'll show you what would have happened. Come around here; that's right. Now press against the column, not hard, just with your hand. There it goes. See?"

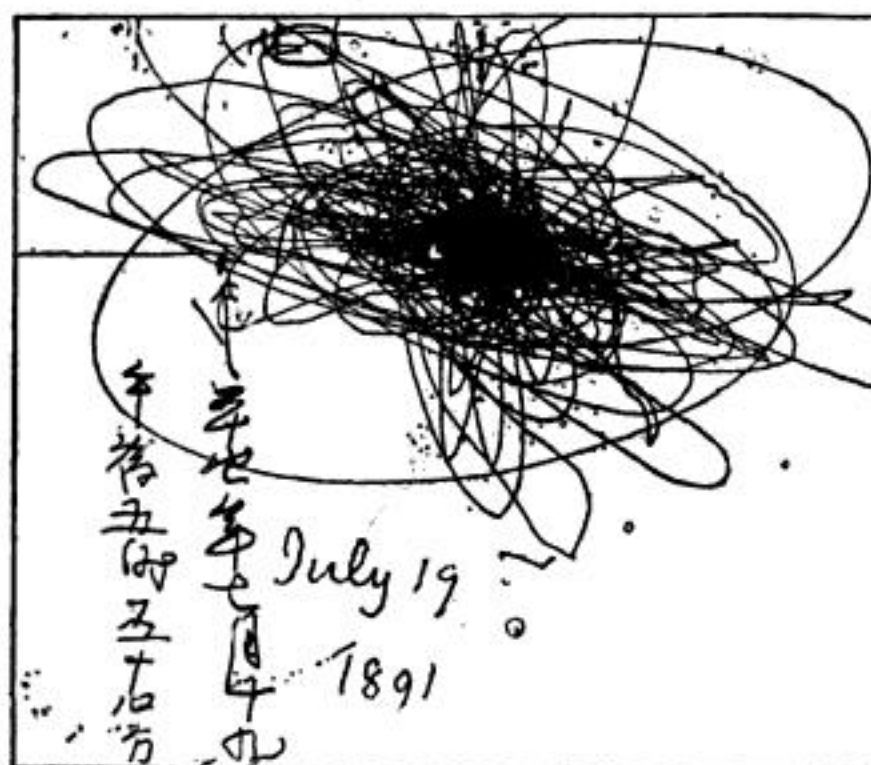
It was like pressing against a chimney, but the boom of the pendulum responded instantly, and the needle swerved out on the paper and then back again, marking a narrow loop.

"You tipped the column and altered its level just as an earthquake wave from Japan or Borneo would have done. That is the whole purpose of these instruments, to indicate slight changes of level. They are sensitive to a differ-

ence in level of one inch in ten miles. That's not a very steep grade, is it?"

And then he went on to tell how a pair of these pendulums, placed on two buildings at opposite sides of a city thoroughfare, would show that the buildings literally lean toward each other during the heavy traffic period of the day, dragged over from their level by the load of vehicles and people pressing down upon the pavement.

"All these tons of weight make the earth's surface contract between the two rows of buildings, and that tips them together just as you tipped this column. You see the earth is so elastic that a comparatively small impetus will set it vibrating. Why, even two



RECORD MADE ON A STATIONARY SURFACE BY THE VIBRATIONS OF THE JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE OF JULY 19, 1891.

Showing the complicated character of the motion (common to most earthquakes), and also the course of a point at the center of disturbance.

hills tip together when there is a heavy load of moisture in a valley between them. And then when the moisture evaporates in a hot sun, they tip away from each other. These pendulums show that."

I listened in wonder, and presently we went back into the house, which is a real corner of Japan, with a Japanese servant salaaming about and bringing in pleasant things to drink, and the Professor's wife, a Japanese lady, doing the honors with all the grace of her own country.

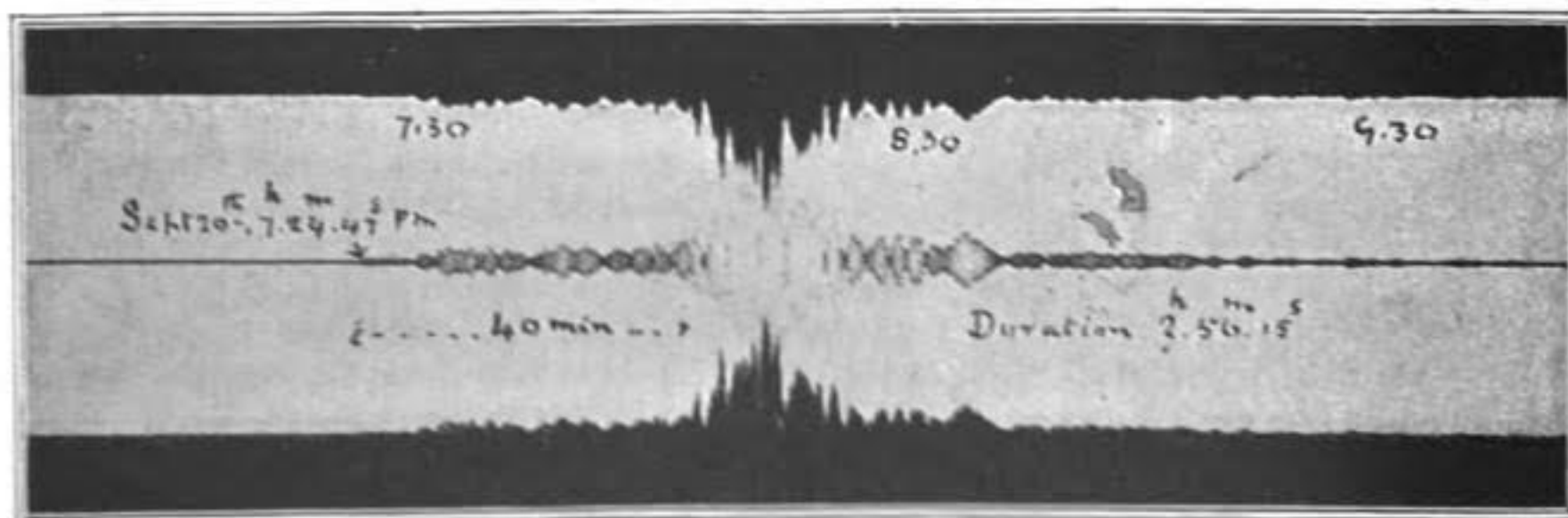
And the Professor gave some amusing reminiscences of their troubles in getting the instruments properly set up. To begin with, there were imperceptible air currents that would set the booms swinging in a most perplexing way; and when these were disposed of, there came the ghost of Charles I. out of its dungeon and blew the little lamp out, being displeased, so the neighbors declared, at their invading old Carisbrooke Castle (as they did) with such unholy contrivances. After much vain conjecture over this lamp incident, "Snow" finally discovered that it was the doing of a small beetle, which had managed to drop down the tiny glass chimney from the castle ceiling and get himself burned to ashes before extinguishing the flame.

Next there appeared upon the scene—or rather made himself felt—a little gray "money-spinner," that managed to hide inside the red box and would come out nights for experiments of his own. This little spider knew nothing about earthquakes, but took the greatest interest in the swinging of the boom, and soon began to join in the game himself. He would catch the end of the boom with his feelers and tug it over to one side as far as ever he could. Then he would anchor himself there and hold on like grim death until the boom slipped away. Then he would run after it, and tug it over to the

other side, and hold it there until his strength failed again. And so he would keep on for an hour or two until quite exhausted, enjoying the fun immensely, and never dreaming that he was manufacturing wonderful seismograms to upset the scientific world, since they seemed to indicate shocking earthquake disasters in all directions.

Such yarns as these the Professor spun for me that evening in his charming Japanese-English home, and he showed me photographs of earthquakes in Japan, taken by himself and his friend Professor Burton, and pictures of volcanoes blowing their heads off, and he told me of exciting adventures crossing Iceland with a remarkable man named Watts, who would jump across yawning chasms just to see if he could do it. Finally, we went to bed.

The next day gave me a better understanding of the instruments, and a good idea of the regular routine of work in an earthquake observatory. I followed "Snow" through his ordinary round in the little houses, saw him wind the clocks that keep the record bands moving, glance through the slit in the red box to make sure that the boom was swinging free, fill the lamp, see that the watch which marks the hours on the band was right to the second, mix some fresh developer for the films, and then, for my especial benefit, draw the red window, and develop the accumulation of four days, a strip about fifteen feet long, which might have on it a record of earthquake horrors, or might have nothing. You can never tell until the end of the week, when in the ordinary course a batch of seven days' films is developed. In this case there was nothing, only a straight line down the length of the band. The earth had been behaving itself. But they showed me other films from other weeks that indicated a very different state of things.



SEISMOGRAM OF A BORNEO EARTHQUAKE THAT OCCURRED SEPTEMBER 20, 1897.

As for the instruments, I saw that they are simple enough in principle, though most admirable in perfection of adjustment and delicacy of working. Beautiful devices they are, to do for our sense of level, if I may so express it, what the microscope does for our eyesight. A horizontal pendulum, or boom, poised against a knife edge at the base of a mast, that is the essential feature. A wire stay from the masthead supports the far end of the boom, and a weight hung from it keeps everything taut.

Then two backscrews allow either leg of the supporting tripod to be raised or lowered by the thickness of a spider's web, and even so small a change of level as that disturbs the end of the boom. And that makes the point of light move on the band of paper, and that movement is photographed, so that the record shows a slight loop. As nothing is allowed to disturb the boom, once the pendulum is adjusted, it follows that if the record band shows loops and curves instead of a straight line, it is because the earth's surface has moved underneath the supporting column and changed its level.

As a matter of fact, the earth's surface moves very frequently with tremors like a creature of life, and with long heavings caused by distant seismic disturbances. And for each of these movements the pendulums give an individual record with characteristic waverings and loops on the band, and queer ups and downs that mean nothing to the inexperienced eye, but everything to the seismologist. When "Snow" brings in news of something on the band, there is excitement in that quiet house at Shide as among waiting tiger hunters at a crashing in the jungle.

In each of these records the time is marked in hours along the edge of the band, this being done automatically by hourly passage of the long hand of the watch over the slit in the red box, that shuts off the light for an instant and makes a line on the photographic film.

When a man finds himself in the midst of such an unfamiliar subject as earthquake shocks that cannot be felt, he naturally asks questions, and I asked a great many during my stay at Shide. For instance:

"Does the ground really move, Professor, when these waves come from the other side of the earth?"

"Undoubtedly; it rises and falls just as the ocean does. You see, the earth's crust is very elastic; it is constantly quivering and pulsatory, I might almost say breathing."

"How much does the ground rise and fall with one of these waves?"

"Oh, about three inches."

"What! the solid earth comes up three inches right under us and then goes down three inches?"

"Certainly, it does that very frequently."

"But why don't we see it or feel it?"

"Because it moves so slowly and evenly; fifteen seconds, perhaps, for the lift, and as many more for the descent. And then the waves are so long—several miles between two crests—that everything about us rises and falls together; half of all London heaves

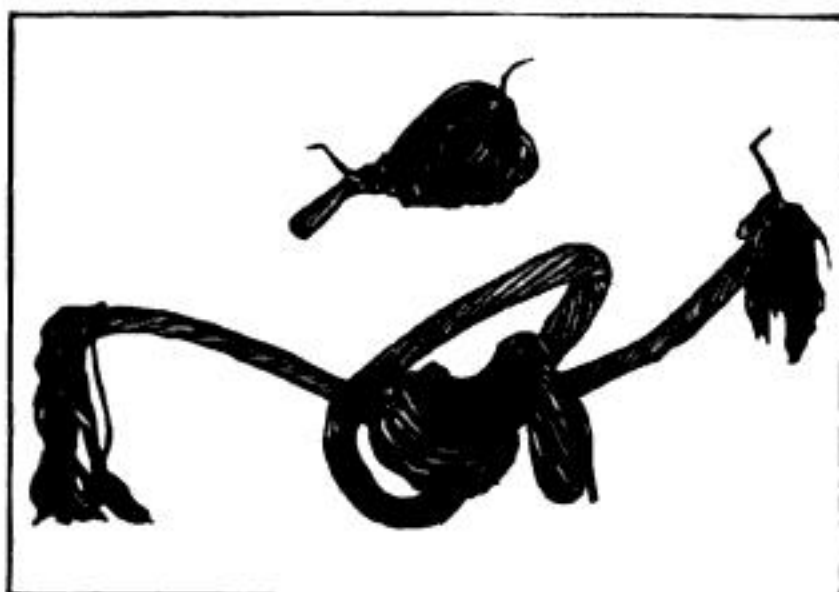
up and settles down with a single breathing."

"And how long does it take these waves to travel around the earth, say from Japan?"

"They don't travel around the earth—they travel through the earth; that is one of the most important discoveries we have made. If they were transmitted in the earth's crust around the circumference we should get two records for every earthquake—one coming the shortest way round, the other coming the longest way; for, of course, these wave-movements would be propagated in both directions. Waves through the air, for instance, from volcanic explosions, always come to us both ways around the earth, the one being recorded after the other. Do you see that?"

"Yes."

"Well, we never get two records of earthquakes, we only get one; so we conclude



PIECES OF A SUBMARINE CABLE PICKED UP IN THE GULF OF MEXICO IN 1888. THE KINKS ARE CAUSED BY SEISMIC DISTURBANCES, AND THEY SHOW HOW MUCH DISTORTION A CABLE CAN SUFFER AND STILL REMAIN IN GOOD ELECTRICAL CONDITION, AS THIS WAS FOUND TO BE.

from this and other reasons, that the transmission is straight through the earth. Do you understand?"

"You mean that these waves come to us along the chord of the arc instead of along the arc itself," I ventured, recalling my geometry.

"Exactly, and now I come to the most important thing: we find that all these waves from distant earthquakes reach Shide in practically the same number of minutes, no matter where the earthquakes occur. They come from Japan in sixteen minutes, from South America in sixteen minutes, from Java in sixteen minutes, and so on as far as our data extend. When all the stations are working, we shall be able to verify this conclusion; but it certainly looks already as if the period of wave transmission through the earth was uniform."

"I don't see, Professor, if all these different earthquake waves get here in the same time, how you can tell one from the other, or know that this one started in South America and that one in South Africa, and so on?"

"I may say in a general way," he replied, "that we know them by their signatures, just as you know the handwriting of your friends; that is, an earthquake wave which has traveled 3,000 miles makes a different record in the instruments from one that has traveled 5,000 miles, and that again a different record from one that has traveled 7,000 miles, and so on. Each one writes its name in its own way, as you have seen on the bands. It's a fine thing, isn't it, to have the earth's crust harnessed up so that it is forced to mark down for us on paper a diagram of its own movements!"

"Are these differences in the wave signatures due to differences in the distance traveled?"

"Exactly. See here, I can make it plain to you in a moment."

He took pencil and paper again, and dashed off an earthquake wave like this:



"There you have the signature of an earthquake wave which has traveled only a short distance, say 3,000 kilometers; but here is the signature of the very same wave after traveling, say, 9,000 kilometers.



"You see the difference at a glance; the second seismogram (that is what we call these records) is very much more stretched out than the first, and a seismogram taken at 12,000 kilometers from the start would be more stretched out still. This is because the waves of transmission grow longer and longer, and slower and slower, the further they spread from the source of disturbance. In both figures, the point A, where the straight line begins to waver, marks the beginning of the earthquake; the rippling line AB shows the preliminary tremors which always precede the heavy shocks, marked C; and D shows the dying away of the earthquake in tremors similar to AB.

"Now it is chiefly in the preliminary tremors (we call them the P.T.'s) that the various earthquakes reveal their identity. The slower waves come, the longer it takes to record them, and the more stretched out they become in the seismograms. And by carefully noting these differences, especially those in time, we get our information. Suppose we have an earthquake in Japan. If you were there in person you would feel the preliminary tremors very fast, five or ten in a second, and their whole duration before the heavy shocks would not exceed ten or twenty seconds. But these preliminary tremors, transmitted to the Isle of Wight, would keep the pendulums swinging from thirty to thirty-two minutes before the heavy shocks, and each vibration would occupy five seconds.

"There would be similar differences in the duration of the heavy vibrations; in Japan they would come at the rate of about one a second, here at the rate of about one in twenty or forty seconds. It is the time, then, occupied by the preliminary tremors that tells us the distance of the earthquake. Earthquakes in Borneo, for instance, give P. T.'s occupying about forty-one minutes, in Japan about half an hour, in the earthquake region east of Newfoundland about eight minutes, in the disturbed region of the West Indies about nineteen or twenty minutes, and so on."

"Then, really, the information you get from the seismogram is simply that an earthquake has occurred somewhere at a certain distance from the instrument?"

"Yes; but that is quite sufficient to locate the earthquake with absolute precision,

since the other stations working with us have similar information. So many miles from Shide, and so many miles from Batavia, and so many miles from Argentina, and we must, with the help of a pair of compasses on the map, fix the place beyond question. And that is why it is desirable to have as many observatories as possible in different parts of the earth. Who can say, for instance, what great sums might be saved cable companies if they knew the precise boundaries of danger regions in the ocean's bed?"

"Are such regions well marked?"

"So well marked that a blind man could pick them out by running his fingers over a map of the ocean's bottom made in relief. Wherever he found sudden slopes going down from hundreds to thousands of fathoms, he could say with confidence, 'There is one.' We know in a general way some of these dangerous regions — there is one off the west coast of South America from Ecuador down; there is one in the mid-Atlantic, about the

in a moment. And the great majority of breaks in the North Atlantic cables have occurred at the place just indicated, where there are two slopes, one from 708 to 2,400 fathoms in a distance of sixty miles, and the other from 275 to 1,946 fathoms within thirty miles. On October 4, 1884, three cables, lying about ten miles apart, broke simultaneously at the spot. The significance of such breaks is greater when you bear in mind that cables frequently lie uninjured for many years on the great level plains of the ocean bed, where seismic disturbances are infrequent."

Then the Professor went on to explain in detail how the cables are broken by these submarine earthquakes, the two chief causes being landslides, where enormous masses of earth plunge from a higher to a lower level, and in so doing crush down upon the cable, and "faults," that is, subsidences of great areas, which occur on land as well as at the bottom of the sea, and which in the latter case may drag down imbedded cables with them. Statistics



PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE.

From a photograph by S. Suzuki, Kudanzaka, Tokio.

show that fifteen breaks in Atlantic cables between 1884 and 1894 cost the companies about \$3,000,000, and it is estimated that if the whole coast line of the world was looped with cables, as may be the case some day, there would be not less than three hundred interruptions annually from seismic disturbances.

It is evident, then, that as the laying of ocean cables increases, it is of the first importance that cable companies be in possession of the best available knowledge as to the more dangerous regions in the ocean's bed and the safer regions. This knowledge can come only through the study of such phenomena as are being investigated now at the earthquake observatories of the world.

"There have been submarine earthquakes here, like that of June 15, 1896, that have shaken the earth from pole to pole; and more than once different cables from Java have been broken simultaneously, as in 1890, when the three cables to Australia snapped

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VII.

WITH GRANT AND HIS GENERALS IN THE MARCH TO PETERSBURG.
—IN THE PANIC AT WASHINGTON RAISED BY EARLY.

THE Army of the Potomac, to which I went in May, 1864, at Mr. Lincoln's request, was composed of the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth Army Corps, and of one cavalry corps. In command of the army was Major-General George G. Meade. He was a tall, thin man, rather dyspeptic, I should suppose, from the fits of nervous irritation to which he was subject. He was totally lacking in cordiality with those with whom he had business, and, as a consequence, was generally disliked by his subordinates. With General Grant, Meade got along perfectly, because he had the first virtue of a soldier—that is, obedience to orders. He was an intellectual man, agreeable to talk to when his mind was free; but silent and indifferent to everybody when he was occupied with that which interested him.

As a commander, Meade seemed to me to lack the boldness that was necessary to bring the war to a close; he lacked self-confidence and tenacity of purpose; and he had not the moral authority that Grant had attained from his grand successes in other fields. As soon as Meade had a commander, he was all right; but when he himself was the commander, he began to hesitate. Meade had entirely separate headquarters and a separate staff, and Grant sent his orders to him.

THE CORPS COMMANDERS.

In command of the Second Army Corps was Major-General W. S. Hancock. He was a splendid fellow, a brilliant man, as brave as Julius Cæsar, and always ready to obey orders, especially if they were fighting orders. He had more of the aggressive

spirit than almost anybody else in that army. Major-General G. K. Warren, who commanded the Fifth Army Corps, was an accomplished engineer.

Major-General John Sedgwick, who commanded the Sixth Army Corps, I had known for over twenty years. Sedgwick graduated at West Point in 1837, and was appointed a second lieutenant in the Second Artillery. At the time of the Mackenzie rebellion in Canada, Sedgwick's company was stationed at Buffalo, New York, a considerable length of time. I was living at Buffalo then, and in this rebellion the young men of the town organized a regiment of city guards, and I was a sergeant in one of those companies; so that I became quite familiar with all the military movements then going on. Then it was that I got acquainted with Sedgwick. He was a very solid man; no flummery about him; you could always tell where he was to be found, and in a battle that was apt to be where the hardest fighting was. He was not an ardent, impetuous man, like Hancock, but was steady and sure.

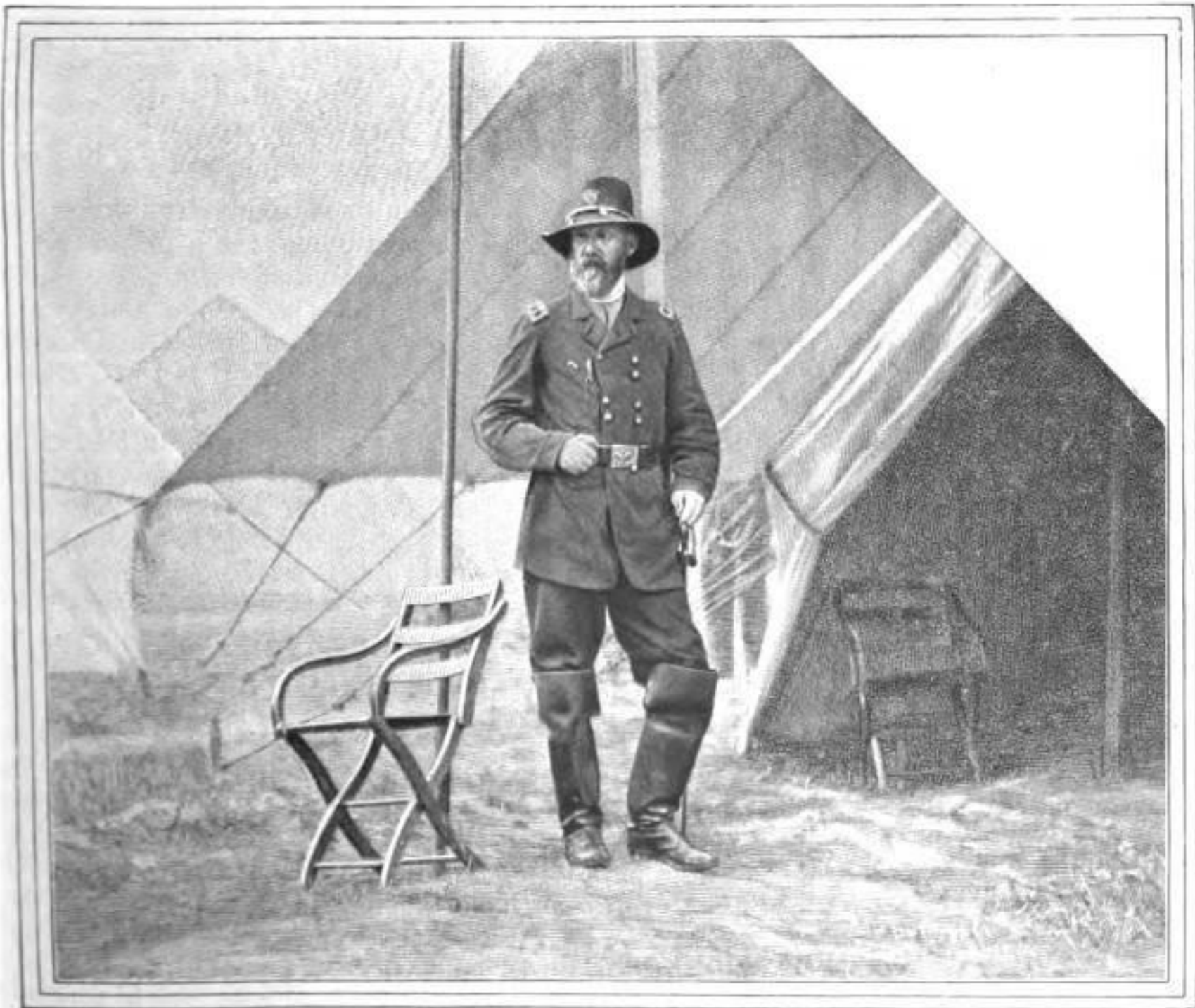
Two days after I reached the army, on May 9th, not far from Spotsylvania Court House, Sedgwick was killed. He had gone out in the morning to inspect his lines, and, getting beyond the point of safety, was struck in the forehead by a sharpshooter and instantly killed. The command of the Sixth Corps was given to General H. G. Wright. Wright was another engineer officer, well educated, of good, solid intellect, with capacity for command, but no special predilection for fighting. From the moment Meade assumed command of the army, two days before Gettysburg, the engineers rapidly came to

the front; for Meade had the pride of corps strongly implanted in his heart.

Major-General A. E. Burnside, whom I had last seen at Knoxville, in December, was in command of the Ninth Army Corps. Immediately after the siege of Knoxville, at his own request, Burnside had been relieved of the command in East Tennessee by Major-General John G. Foster. The President, somehow, always showed Burnside great respect and good will. After Grant's plans for the spring campaign were made known, the Ninth Corps was moved by rail to Annapolis, where it was recruited up to about 25,000 men. As the time for action neared, it was set in motion, and by easy marches reached and reinforced the Army of the Potomac on the morning of the 6th of May, in the midst of the battle of the Wilderness. It was not formally incorporated with that army until later; but, by a sort of fiction, was held as a distinct army, Burnside acting in concert with Grant, and receiving his orders directly from him, as did Meade. These two armies were the excuse for Grant's

personal presence without actually superseding Meade.

In my opinion, the great soldier of the Army of the Potomac was General Humphreys. He was the chief of staff to General Meade, and was a strategist, a tactician, and an engineer. Humphreys was a fighter, too, and in this an exception to most engineers. He was a very interesting figure. He used to ride about in a black felt hat, the brim of which was turned down all around, making him look like a Quaker. He was very pleasant to deal with, unless you were fighting against him, and then he was not so pleasant. He was one of the loudest swearers that I ever knew. The men of distinguished and brilliant profanity in the war were General Sherman and General Humphreys—I could not mention any others to be classed with them. General Logan was a strong swearer, but he was not a West Pointer: he was a civilian. Sherman and Humphreys would swear to make everything blue, when some despatch had not been delivered correctly, or they were provoked.



GENERAL GEORGE GORDON MEADE, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC FROM JUNE 28, 1863, UNTIL THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

Humphreys was a very charming man, and quite destitute of vanity. I think he had consented to go and serve with Meade as chief of staff out of pure patriotism. He preferred an active command, and, eventually, on the eve of the end, succeeded to the command of the Second Corps, and bore a conspicuous part in the Appomattox campaign.

GRANT'S PLAN OF CAMPAIGN IN 1864.

Meade was in command of the Army of the Potomac, but it was Grant, the Lieutenant-General of the Armies of the United States, who was really directing its movements. The central idea of the campaign had not developed to the army when I reached headquarters, but it was soon clear to everybody. Grant's great operation was the endeavor to interpose the Federal army between Lee's army and Richmond, so as to cut Lee off from his base of supplies. He meant to get considerably in advance of Lee—between him and Richmond—thus compelling Lee to leave his intrenchments and hasten southward. If in the collision thus forced Grant found that he could not smash Lee, he meant to make another move to get behind his army. That was to be the strategy of the campaign of 1864. That was what Lee thwarted, though he had a narrow escape more than once.

The previous history of the Army of the Potomac had been to advance and fight a battle, then either to retreat or lie still, and finally to go into winter quarters. The men had become so accustomed to this that few, if any, of them believed that the new commander-in-chief would be able to do differently from his predecessors. I remember distinctly the sensation in the ranks when the rumor first went around that our position was south of Lee's. It was the morning of May 8th. The night before, the army had made a forced march on Spotsylvania Court House. There was no indication the next morning that Lee had moved in any direction. As the army began to realize that we were really moving south, and at that moment were probably much nearer Richmond than was our enemy, the spirits of men and officers rose to the highest pitch of animation. On every hand I heard the cry, "On to Richmond."

But there were to be a great many more obstacles to our reaching Richmond than General Grant himself, I presume, realized on May 8, 1864. We met one that very

morning: for when our advance reached Spotsylvania Court House, it found Lee's troops there, ready to dispute the right of way with us, and two days later Grant was obliged to fight the battle of Spotsylvania before we could make another move south. It is no part of my present plan to go into detailed description of the battles of this campaign, but rather to recall incidents and deeds which impressed me most deeply at the moment. In the battle of Spotsylvania, a terrific struggle, with many dramatic features, there is nothing I remember more distinctly than a little scene in General Grant's tent between him and a captured Confederate officer, General Edward Johnson. The battle had begun on the morning of May 10th, and had continued all day. On the 11th the armies had rested, but at half-past four on the morning of the 12th, fighting had been begun by an attack by Hancock on a rebel salient. Hancock attacked with his accustomed impetuosity, storming and capturing the enemy's fortified line, with some 4,000 prisoners and twenty cannon. The captures included nearly all of Major-General Edward Johnson's division, together with Johnson himself and General George H. Stuart.

CURIOUS MEETING OF GRANT AND JOHNSON.

I was at Grant's headquarters when General Johnson was brought in a prisoner. He was a West Pointer, had been a captain in the old army before secession, and was an important officer in the Confederate service, having distinguished himself in the Valley in 1863, and at Gettysburg. Grant had not seen him since they had been in Mexico together. The two men shook hands cordially, and at once began a brisk conversation, which was very interesting to me, because nothing was said in it on the subject in which they were both most interested just then, that is, the fight that was going on and the surprise that Hancock had effected. It was the past alone of which they talked.

It was quite early in the morning when Hancock's prisoners were brought in. The battle raged without cessation throughout the day. The results of the struggle were that we crowded the enemy out of some of his most important positions and weakened him by losses of between 6,000 and 7,000 men killed, wounded, and captured, besides taking many battle flags and much artillery, and that our troops rested upon the ground they had fought for.

ON THE SPOTSYLVANIA BATTLE-FIELD.

After the battle was over and firing had nearly ceased, Rawlins and I went out to ride over the field. We went first to the salient which Hancock had attacked in the morning. The two armies had struggled for hours for this point, and the loss had been so terrific that the place has always been known since as the "Bloody Angle." The ground around the salient had been trampled and cut in the struggle until it was almost impassable for one on horseback; so Rawlins and I dismounted, and climbed up the bank, over the outer line of the rude breastworks. Within we saw a fence over which earth evidently had been banked, but which now was bare and half down. It was here the fighting had been fiercest. We picked our way to this fence, and stopped to look over the scene. The night was coming on, and, after the horrible din of the day, the silence was intense: nothing broke it but distant and occasional firing, or the low groans of the wounded. I remember that as I stood there I was almost startled to hear a bird twittering in a tree. All around us the underbrush and trees had been riddled and burnt. The ground was

thick with dead and wounded men, among whom the relief corps was at work. The earth, which was soft from the heavy rains we had been having before and during the

battle, had been trampled by the fighting of the thousands of men until it was soft like thin hasty pudding. Beyond the fence against which we leaned lay a great pool of this mud, its surface as smooth as that of a pond. As we stood there looking silently down at it, of a sudden the leg of a man was lifted up from the pool, and the mud dripped off his boot. It was so unexpected, so horrible, that for a moment we were stunned. Then we pulled ourselves together and called to some soldiers near by to rescue the owner of the leg. They pulled him out with but little trouble, and discovered that he was not dead, only wounded. He was taken to the hospital, where he got well, I believe.

The first news which passed through the ranks the morning after the battle of Spotsylvania was that Lee had abandoned his position during the night. Though our army was greatly fatigued from the enormous efforts of the day before, the news of Lee's departure in-

spired the men with fresh energy, and everybody was eager to be in pursuit. Our skirmishers soon found the enemy along the whole



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA FROM JUNE 1, 1862, TO THE CLOSE OF THE WAR. BORN, 1807; DIED, 1870.



GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, COMMANDER OF THE SECOND CORPS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, IN 1864.
BORN, 1824; DIED, 1886.

line, however, and the conclusion was that their retrograde movement had been made to correct their position after the loss of the key-points taken from them the day before, and that they were still with us, in a new line as strong as the old one. Of course, we could not determine this point without a battle, and nothing was done that day to provoke one. It was necessary to rest the men.

The two armies were then lying in a semi-circle, the Federal left well around to the

south. We were concentrated to the last degree, and, so far as we could tell, Lee's forces were equally compact. On the 15th, 16th, and 17th, we lay in about the same position. This inactivity was caused by the weather: a pouring rain had begun on the 11th, and had continued until the morning of the 16th; the mud was so deep that any offensive operation, however successful, could not be followed up. There was nothing to do but lie still and wait for better weather and drier roads.

While waiting for the rain to stop, we had time to consider the field returns of losses which were handed in. The army had left winter quarters at Culpeper Court House on May 4th, and on May 16th the total of killed, wounded, and missing in the Army of the Potomac and the Ninth Corps amounted to a little over 33,000 men. The missing alone numbered 4,900, but some of these were in fact killed or wounded. When Grant looked over the returns, he expressed great regret at the loss of so many men. Meade, who was with him, remarked, I remember, "Well, General, we can't do these little tricks without losses."

OUT-MANŒUVRING LEE.

By the afternoon of May 17th, the weather was splendid, and the roads were rapidly becoming dry, even where the mud was worst. Grant determined to engage Lee, and orders for a decisive movement of the army were issued, to be executed during the night. The attempt was a failure. Lee was not to be ousted; and Grant, convinced of it, issued orders for another movement, which he had had in contemplation for several days, but which he did not wish to try till after a last attempt to get the enemy out of his stronghold. This was nothing less than to slip away from Lee and march on to Richmond again.

The new movement was begun on the night of the 20th. We had anticipated that Lee, discovering our plans, would try to stop our advance, or at least attack our rear; but he did nothing of the kind. The army was withdrawn absolutely without interruption, and by the morning of the 22d the whole force was south of the Mattaponi River. We were now in a fine, clear country, good to move and fight in, and the advance of the 22d was most successful. The operations of the next day were much embarrassed by our ignorance of the road and the entire incorrectness of our maps. Nevertheless, by one o'clock in the afternoon, our right wing reached the North Anna. The rest of the army was soon up, and concerted effort was making to cross the stream, which was soon effected. But now, for the first time, Lee blocked our southward march.

By the morning of the 25th, Grant was sure that Lee was before him and strongly intrenched. He soon determined on a new move. This was to withdraw his whole army as quickly as possible, and, before Lee discovered his intention, to move it southeast,

across the Pamunkey, and perhaps on across the Chickahominy and the James. The orders for the new move were received with the best spirits by the army, in spite of the fact that the men were much jaded.

Indeed, one of the most important results of the campaign thus far was the entire change which had taken place in the feelings of the armies. The Confederates had lost all confidence, and were already morally defeated. Our army had learned to believe that it was sure of ultimate victory. Even our officers had ceased to regard Lee as an invincible military genius. On the part of the enemy this change was evinced, not only by their not attacking, even when circumstances seemed to invite it, but by the unanimous statements of prisoners taken from them. I never saw more discouraged men than some of those we captured in our efforts to get across the North Anna. Lee had deceived them, they said, and they declared that his army would never fight again except behind breastworks.

The morning after we began to move from our position on the North Anna, I was so confident that I wrote Mr. Stanton: "Rely upon it, the end is near as well as sure."

It was on the night of the 26th that our army was withdrawn from the North Anna. By midnight of the 28th, the troops were all across the Pamunkey and occupying a new position of great strength. The movement had been executed with admirable celerity, and officers and men were in high spirits. The question now was, Where is Lee? By the 30th, we discovered that he was close at hand and strongly intrenched. General Grant wanted to fight, but he declared he would not run his head against heavy works, and so on that day he began to push his lines ahead. This southward move drew Lee out of his breastworks, but we did not succeed in bringing on a battle. There was fighting, to be sure, and we suffered heavy losses; but before we were ready for a general engagement, Lee was again concentrated and intrenched on our front.

The battle Grant sought did not come until June 3d—that of Cold Harbor. Then, by his order, an early morning attack was made on Lee's line. From half-past four in the morning until half-past one in the afternoon, the struggle to break the rebel line continued, with fearful loss to our army. When convinced that success was impossible, Grant ordered the movement suspended, and the army settled back into position. Again it was evident that Lee

was not to be driven from his position. And again a flank movement was decided upon, this time south of the James River. But this movement was much more difficult than those from Spotsylvania and the North Anna, and Grant would not move until his preparations were complete. The result was that we lay for nine days where we had fought.

During this time the opposing lines were very close together, and on our side the troops made regular siege approaches to the rebel works. The days passed quietly, with no fighting except an occasional rattle of musketry and now and then a cannon shot. There was frequently a scare on the line, for the enemy was so near that in the dark our men often thought he was coming out to attack; but it never amounted to anything. As a rule, everything was quiet except the picket firing, which could not be prevented when the men were so close together. The only time when this ceased was during the truces to bury the dead.

While we lay at Cold Harbor, as when we had been at Spotsylvania, the principal topic of conversation was the losses of the army. The discussion has never ceased. There are still many persons who bitterly accuse Grant of butchery in this campaign. As a matter of fact, Grant lost fewer men in his successful effort to take Richmond and end the war than his predecessors lost in making the same attempt and failing. An official table showing the aggregate of the losses sustained by the armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, Butler, and Ord, in the effort to capture the Confederate capital, is here published. It shows exactly what Richmond cost us from May 24, 1861, when McDowell crossed the Potomac into Virginia, to Lee's surrender at Appomattox; and it proves that Grant in eleven months secured the prize with less loss than his predecessors suffered in failing to win it after a struggle of three years.*

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT OF THE LOSSES

Sustained in action by the Army of Northeastern Virginia, the Army of the Potomac, and the Army of Virginia, under command of Generals McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade, from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864, and the Army of the Potomac (Meade) and the Army of the James (Butler and Ord), constituting the armies operating against Richmond under General Grant, from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865 :

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	CAPTURED OR MISSING.	AGGREGATE.
Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864 :				
McDowell, May 24 to August 19, 1861	493	1,176	1,342	3,011
McClellan, August 20, 1861, to April 4, 1862.....	80	268	815	1,163
McClellan, April 5 to August 8, 1862	3,263	13,868	7,317	24,448
Pope, June 26 to September 2, 1862.....	2,065	9,908	4,982	16,955
McClellan, September 3 to November 14, 1862.....	2,716	11,979	13,882	28,577
Burnside, November 15, 1862, to January 25, 1863.....	1,296	9,642	2,276	13,214
Hooker, January 26 to June 27, 1863.....	1,955	11,160	11,912	25,027
Meade, June 28, 1863, to May 4, 1864.....	3,877	18,078	9,575	31,530
Total.....	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Grant's losses from May 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865 :				
May 5 to June 24, 1864—Army of the Potomac, from the Rappahannock to the James.....	7,621	38,339	8,966	54,926
May 5 to June 14—Army of the James, south of James River ...	634	3,903	1,678	6,215
June 15 to July 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,928	13,743	6,265	22,936
Aug. 1 to Dec. 31—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James	2,172	11,138	11,311	24,621
Jan. 1 to April 9, 1865—Army of the Potomac and Army of the James and Sheridan's cavalry.....	1,784	10,625	3,283	15,692
Total.....	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
SUMMARY :				
Armies of McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and Meade	15,745	76,079	52,101	143,925
Armies under Grant.....	15,139	77,748	31,503	124,390
Grand Aggregate.....	30,884	153,827	83,604	268,315
Aggregate of Losses from May 24, 1861, to May 4, 1864.....				143,925
Aggregate of Losses from May 4, 1864, to April 9, 1865				124,390
Difference in Grant's favor.....				19,535

* This is the first complete table ever published of the losses of the armies named ; but the comparison was first suggested in the New York " Sun " and other newspapers, some years ago, by Leslie J. Perry, of the War Records Commission.—EDITOR.

TROUBLE WITH NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

While we were encamped at Cold Harbor, General Meade was very much disturbed by a letter published in a Cincinnati paper saying that, after the battle of the Wilderness, he counseled retreat, a course which would have destroyed the nation, but which Grant prohibited. This was entirely untrue. Meade had not shown any weakness since moving from Culpeper, nor once intimated doubt as to the successful issue of the campaign. Nor had he intimated that any other plan or line would be more likely to win. The correspondent who was responsible was with us, and Meade ordered that, as a punishment, he should be paraded through the lines and afterward expelled from the army. This was done on June 8th, the correspondent being led through the army on horseback by the provost-marshal guard. On his back and breast were tacked placards inscribed, "Libeler of the Press."

It was not often, considering the conditions, that correspondents got into trouble in the army. As a rule they were discreet. Besides this case of Meade, I remember now only one other in which I was actively interested; that was a few months later, after I had returned to the Department. Mr. Stanton was annoyed by a telegram which had been published about Sherman's movements, and ordered me to send it to the General, so that we might know how much truth there was in it. I wired him as follows:

WAR DEPARTMENT, November 9, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN,
KINGSTON, GEORGIA.

Following, copied from evening papers, is sent for your information:

"CINCINNATI, November 9, 1864.

"Yesterday's Indianapolis 'Journal' says: 'Officers from Chattanooga report that Sherman returned to Atlanta early last week with five corps of his army, leaving two corps in Tennessee to watch Hood. He destroyed the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and is sending the iron into the former place. Atlanta was burned, and Sherman is now marching for Charleston, South Carolina.'"

Sherman sent back two characteristic despatches. The first ran:

KINGSTON, GEORGIA,
November 10, 1864.

HON. C. A. DANA.

Despatch of 9th read. Can't you send to Indianapolis and catch that fool, and have him sent to me to work on the forts? All well.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

The second:

KINGSTON, GEORGIA,
November 10, 1864.

HON. C. A. DANA,
ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

If indiscreet newspaper men publish information too near the truth, counteract its effect by publishing other paragraphs calculated to mislead the enemy, such as "Sherman's army has been much reinforced, especially in the cavalry, and he will soon move several columns in circuit, so as to catch Hood's army;" "Sherman's destination is not Charleston, but Selma, where he will meet an army from the Gulf," etc.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

So I telegraphed to Indianapolis, to General A. P. Hovey, who was stationed there:

WAR DEPARTMENT, November 10, 1864.

MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. HOVEY,
INDIANAPOLIS.

In compliance with the request of Major-General Sherman, the Secretary of War directs that you ascertain what persons furnished the information respecting Sherman's alleged movement, published in the Indianapolis "Journal" of the 8th inst. You will arrest them and send them under guard to such point in the Department of the Cumberland as Major-General Thomas may prefer, where they will be employed in hard labor upon the fortifications until General Sherman shall otherwise order.

General Hovey never found the man, however.

MOVING SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

By the morning of the 12th of June, Grant was ready for his last flank movement of the campaign. Our army at that time, including Sheridan's cavalry, consisted of approximately 115,000 fighting men. The plan for moving this great body was as follows: The Eighteenth Corps was to move to White House without baggage or artillery, and there embark for City Point. The Fifth Corps was to cross the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, and take up position to secure the passage of the remainder of the army, after which it was to cover the rear. The Second, Sixth, and Ninth Corps were to cross in two columns at Long Bridge and Jones's Bridge.

The Fifth Corps having prepared the way, the whole army left the lines about Cold Harbor on schedule time, just as soon after nightfall on the 12th as its movements would be concealed from the observation of the enemy. It was in drawing orders for such complicated movements as these, along different roads and by different crossings, that the ability of General Humphreys, the chief of staff, was displayed. Everything went

perfectly from the start. That evening at seven o'clock, when I reached Moody's, four miles from Long Bridge, Warren's (the Fifth) corps was moving rapidly past us. Our cavalry advance, under General Wilson, who had also been transferred to the East, had previously taken Long Bridge and laid a pontoon bridge in readiness for its crossing, so that by nine o'clock that evening the Fifth Corps was south of the Chickahominy, well out toward and covering the approaches from Richmond. All day on the 13th, the army was hurrying toward the James. By night the Sixth Corps had reached the river, and the rest of the troops were on the march between there and the Chickahominy, which was our rear.

When I reached the James, early the next day (the 14th), large numbers of men were hard at work on the pontoon bridge and its approaches, by which it was intended that the artillery and trains should be crossed. It was a pretty heavy job to corduroy the marsh, which was fully half a mile wide and quite deep. The bridge of itself was unprecedented in military annals, except perhaps by that of Xerxes, being nearly 700 yards long.

All day on the 14th, everything went like a miracle. The pontoon bridge was finished at two A.M. on the 15th, and the cavalry of Wilson's leading brigade, followed by the artillery trains, instantly began crossing. By ten o'clock that day, Hancock's corps had been ferried over, and he was off toward Petersburg to support Smith, who had taken the Eighteenth Corps around by water from White House, and had been ordered to attack Petersburg that morning. All the news we had that night at City Point, where headquarters had been set up, was that Smith had assaulted and carried the principal line of the enemy before Petersburg.

The next morning early I was off for the heights southeast of the town. Smith's success appeared to be of the most important kind. He had carried heights which were defended by very formidable works. He thought, and indeed we all thought for the moment, that his success gave us perfect command of the city and railroad. I went over the conquered lines with General Grant and the engineer officers, and they all agreed that the works were of the very strongest kind; more difficult even to take than Missionary Ridge, at Chattanooga.

General Smith told us that the negro troops fought magnificently, the hardest

fighting being done by them. The forts they stormed were, I think, the worst of all. After the affair was over, General Smith went to thank them, and tell them he was proud of their courage and dash. He said they had no superiors as soldiers, and that hereafter he should send them into a difficult place as readily as the best white troops. They captured six out of the sixteen cannon which he took.

It soon appeared, however, that Smith was far from having captured points which commanded Petersburg. His success had but little effect in determining the final result. He had stopped his advance a few minutes and a considerable space too soon, because, as he subsequently alleged, it was too dark and his men were too much fatigued for further operations, and he feared Lee had already reinforced the town.

On June 16th, the day after Smith's attack, more of the troops arrived before Petersburg. General Meade also arrived on the ground, and the job of capturing Petersburg was now taken up in earnest by the whole Army of the Potomac. It was no longer a mere matter of advancing eighty or one hundred rods, as on the night previous, for meanwhile the enemy had been largely and rapidly reinforced. Much time and many thousands of valuable lives were to be expended in getting possession of this vital point, which had really been in our grasp on the evening of the 15th. That afternoon commenced a series of assaults on the works of the enemy. The fighting lasted all night, the moonlight being very clear. Our loss in these attacks was heavy.

The next day (the 17th) another attack was made at Petersburg. It was long persisted in, but Meade found that his men were so worn out with marching, fighting, and digging that they must have rest, and so laid off until noon of the 18th, when, all of the army being up, a general assault was ordered. Nothing important was gained, and General Grant directed that no more assaults should be made. He said that after this he should maneuver to get possession of Petersburg.

LEE LOSES GRANT.

During all this period, from Cold Harbor to Petersburg, we knew nothing of Lee. In making the disposition for this great and successful movement—a far more brilliant evolution than McClellan's "change of base," two years before, over the same

roads almost—an eye was had, of course, to deceiving Lee as to the ultimate direction of the army. The design succeeded beyond Grant's most sanguine hopes. As soon, on the morning of the 13th, as the Confederate chieftain discovered our withdrawal, he moved his army across the Chickahominy in hot haste, flinging it between his capital and the foe supposed to be advancing on a new line between the James and Chickahominy. He held and fortified a line from White Oak Swamp to Malvern Hill, and he remained stock still for four days, wondering what had become of Grant.

He had been completely deceived, and could not be made to believe by Beauregard, on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, that Grant's whole army had turned up before Petersburg. His troops, as we know now, did not cross the James, to go to the relief of Beauregard, until the 17th. He was caught napping, and but for mistakes by subordinates in carrying out Grant's plans, Lee's cause would have been lost. In the operations from the night of the 12th, when Grant changed his line and base, with an army of 115,000 men and all its vast trains and artillery, crossing a wide and deep river on a temporary bridge, until June 18th, when at last Lee awoke to the situation, General Beauregard shines out on the Confederate side far more brilliantly than the general-in-chief. He unquestionably saved Petersburg, and probably (for the time) the Confederacy itself; but for him, Lee had at that time lost the game.

THE FIRST WEEKS BEFORE PETERSBURG.

Grant had decided against a further direct attack on the works of Petersburg, but he was by no means idle. He sent out expeditions to break up the railroads leading into the town. He began extending his lines around to the south and southwest, so as to make the investment as complete as possible. Batteries were put in place, weak spots in the fortifications were felt for, and regular siege works were begun. Indeed, by July 1st, the general opinion seemed to be that the only way we should ever gain Petersburg would be by a systematic siege.

Before the army had recovered from its long march from Cold Harbor and the failure to capture the town, there was an unusual amount of controversy going on among the officers. Smith was being berated generally for failing to complete his attack on June 15th, and subsequently he and Han-

cock had a bitter controversy about the responsibility for the failure. Butler and "Baldy" Smith were deep in a controversial correspondence, and Meade and Warren were so at loggerheads that Meade notified Warren on the 20th that he must either ask to be relieved as corps commander or he (Meade) would prefer charges against him. It seemed as if Meade grew more unpopular every day after we reached Petersburg. Finally, the difficulties between him and his subordinates became so serious that a change in the commander of the Army of the Potomac seemed probable. Grant had great confidence in Meade, and was much attached to him personally; but the almost universal dislike of Meade which prevailed among officers of every rank who came in contact with him, and the difficulty of doing business with him, felt by every one except Grant himself, so greatly impaired his capacity for usefulness, and rendered success under his command so doubtful, that Grant seemed to be coming to the conviction that he must be relieved.

I had long known Meade to be a man of the worst possible temper, especially toward his subordinates. I think he had not a friend in the whole army. No man, no matter what his business or his service, approached him without being insulted in one way or another; and his own staff officers did not dare to speak to him unless first spoken to, for fear of either sneers or curses. The latter, however, I had never heard him indulge in very violently; but he was said to apply them often without occasion and without reason. At the same time—as far as I was able to ascertain—his generals had lost their confidence in him as a commander. His orders for the last series of assaults upon Petersburg, in which we lost 10,000 men without gaining any decisive advantage, were, in effect, that he had found it impracticable to secure the coöperation of corps commanders, and that, therefore, each one was to attack on his own account and do the best he could by himself. The consequence was that each gained some advantage of position, but each exhausted his own strength in so doing; while for the want of a general purpose and a general commander to direct and concentrate the whole, it all amounted to nothing but heavy loss to ourselves.

The first week of July, the subject came to pretty full discussion at Grant's headquarters, on occasion of a correspondence between Meade and Wilson. The Richmond

"Examiner" had charged Wilson's command with stealing, not only negroes and horses, but silver plate and clothing, on a raid he had just made against the Danville and Southside railroads; and Meade, taking up the statement of the "Examiner" for truth, read Wilson a lecture, and called on him for explanations. Wilson denied the charge, and said he hoped Meade would not condemn his command because its operations had excited the ire of the public enemy. Meade replied that Wilson's explanation was satisfactory; but this correspondence started a conversation in which Grant expressed himself quite frankly as to the general trouble with Meade and his fear that it would become necessary to relieve him. In that event, he said it would be necessary to put Hancock in command.

About the only pleasant incident which relieved all this disputing was a visit the President made us on June 21st. As soon as he arrived, he wanted to visit the lines before Petersburg. General Grant, Admiral Lee, myself, and several others went with him. I remember that, as we passed along the lines, Mr. Lincoln's high hat was brushed off by the branch of a tree. There were a dozen young officers whose duty it was to get it and give it back to the President; but Admiral Lee was off his horse before any of these young chaps, and recovered the hat for the President. Admiral Lee must have been forty-five or fifty years old. It was his agility that impressed me so much.

As we came back, we passed through the division of colored troops which had so greatly distinguished itself under Smith on the 15th. They were drawn up in double lines on each side of the road, and welcomed the President with hearty shouts. It was a memorable thing to behold him whose fortune it was to represent the principle of emancipation, passing bareheaded through the enthusiastic ranks of those negroes armed to defend the integrity of the nation.

EARLY'S RAID ON WASHINGTON.

In the first days of July, we began to get inquiries at City Point from Washington concerning the whereabouts of the Confederate Generals Early and Ewell. It was reported in the capital, our despatches said, that they were moving down the Shenandoah Valley. We seemed to have pretty good evidence that Early was with Lee, defending Petersburg, and so I wired the Secretary on July 3d. The next day we felt less positive. A

deserter came in on the morning of the 4th, and said that it was reported in the enemy's camp that Ewell had gone into Maryland with his entire corps. Another twenty-four hours, and Meade told me that he was at last convinced that Early and his troops had gone down the Valley. In fact, Early had been gone three weeks. He left Lee's army near Cold Harbor on the morning of the 13th of June, when we were on the march to the James. Hunter's defeat of Jones near Staunton had forced Lee to divide his army, in order to stop Hunter's dangerous advance on Lynchburg.

On the 6th, General Grant was convinced that Washington was the objective. The raid threatened was sufficiently serious to compel the sending of troops to its defence, and a body of men immediately embarked. Three days later, I started myself to Washington, in order to keep Grant informed of what was going on. When I arrived, I found both Washington and Baltimore in a state of great excitement; and both cities filled with people who had fled from the enemy. The damage to private property done by the invaders was said to have been almost beyond calculation. Mills, workshops, and factories of every sort were reported destroyed, and from twenty-five to fifty miles of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad torn up.

During my first day in town (July 11th), all sorts of rumors came in. General Lew Wallace, in command at Baltimore, sent us word that a large force of the enemy had been seen that morning near Baltimore. The Confederate generals were said to have dined together at Rockville a day or two before. The houses of Governor Bradford and Francis P. Blair, Sr., and his son Montgomery, the Postmaster-General, were reported burned. We could see from Washington clouds of dust in several quarters around the city which we believed to be raised by bodies of hostile cavalry. There was some sharp skirmishing that day, too, on the Tennallytown road, as well as later in front of Fort Stevens, and at night the telegraph operators at the latter place reported a considerable number of camp-fires visible in front of them.

I found that the Washington authorities had utilized every man in town for defense. Some fifteen hundred employees of the quartermaster's department had been armed and sent out; the veteran reserves about Washington and Alexandria had likewise been sent to the front. General Augur, commanding the defenses of Washington, had also

drawn from the fortifications on the south side of the town all the men that in his judgment could possibly be spared. To this improvised force were added that day some six boat-loads of troops which General Grant had sent from the Army of the Potomac. These troops went at once to Fort Stevens.

With the troops coming from Grant, there was force enough to save the capital; but I soon saw that nothing could possibly be done toward pursuing or cutting off the enemy, for want of a commander. General Hunter and his forces had not yet returned from their swing around the circle. General Augur commanded the defenses of Washington, with A. McD. McCook and a lot of brigadier-generals under him, but he was not allowed to go outside. Wright only commanded his own corps. General Gillmore had been assigned to the temporary command of those troops of the Nineteenth Corps just arrived from New Orleans and all other troops in the Middle Department, leaving Wallace to command Baltimore alone. But there was no head to the whole. General Halleck would not give orders, except as he received them from Grant; the President would give none; and until Grant directed positively and explicitly what was to be done, everything was practically at a standstill. Things, I saw, would go on in the deplorable and fatal way in which they had been going for a week. Of course, this want of head was causing a great deal of sharp comment on all sides. Postmaster-General Blair was particularly incensed, and indeed with real cause, for he had lost his house at Silver Springs. Some of his remarks reached General Halleck, who immediately wrote Mr. Stanton the following letter:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, July 13, 1864.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

Sir: I deem it my duty to bring to your notice the following facts: I am informed by an officer of rank and standing in the military service that the Hon. M. Blair, Postmaster-General, in speaking of the burning of his house in Maryland, this morning, said, in effect, that the officers in command about Washington are poltroons; that there were not more than 500 rebels on the Silver Springs road, and we had 1,000,000 of men in arms; that it was a disgrace; that General Wallace was in comparison with them far better, as he would at least fight. As there have been for the last few days a large number of officers on duty in and about Washington who have devoted their time and energies, night and day, and have periled their lives in the support of the Government, it is due to them, as well as to the War Department, that it should be known whether such wholesale denouncement and accusation

by a member of the Cabinet receives the sanction and approbation of the President of the United States. If so, the names of the officers accused should be stricken from the rolls of the Army; if not, it is due to the honor of the accused that the slanderer should be dismissed from the Cabinet.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

H. W. HALLECK,
Major-General and Chief of Staff.

The very day on which Halleck wrote this letter, we had evidence that the enemy had taken fright at the arrival in Washington of the troops sent by Grant and were moving off toward Edwards Ferry. It was pretty certain that they were carrying off a large amount of cattle and other plunder with them. By the end of another day, there seemed no doubt that Early had got the main body of his command across the river with his captures. What they were, it was impossible to say precisely. One herd of cattle was reported as containing 2,000 head, and the number of horses and mules taken from Maryland was reported as about 5,000. This, however, was probably somewhat exaggerated.

The veterans, of course, moved out at once to attempt to overtake the enemy. The irregulars were withdrawn from the fortifications, General Meigs marching his division of quartermaster's clerks and employees back to their desks; and Admiral Goldsborough, who had marshaled the marines and sailors, returning to smoke his pipe on his own doorstep.

The pursuit of Early proved, on the whole, an egregious blunder, relieved only by a small success at Winchester, in which four guns and some prisoners were captured. Wright accomplished nothing, and drew back as soon as he got where he might have done something worth while. As it was, Early got off with the whole of his plunder.

One of the best letters Grant sent me during the War was at the time of this Early raid on Washington. When the alarms of invasion first came, Grant ordered Major-General David Hunter, then stationed at Parkersburg, West Virginia, to take direction of operations against the enemy's forces in the Valley. Hunter did not come up to Mr. Stanton's expectations in this crisis, and when I reached Washington, the Secretary told me to telegraph Grant that, in his opinion, Hunter ought to be removed. Three days later, I repeated in my despatch to Grant certain rumors about Hunter that had reached the War Department. The substance of them was that Hunter had been

engaged in an active campaign against the newspapers in West Virginia, and that he had horsewhipped a soldier with his own hand. I received an immediate reply.

CITY POINT, VA., July 15, 1864.—8 P.M.

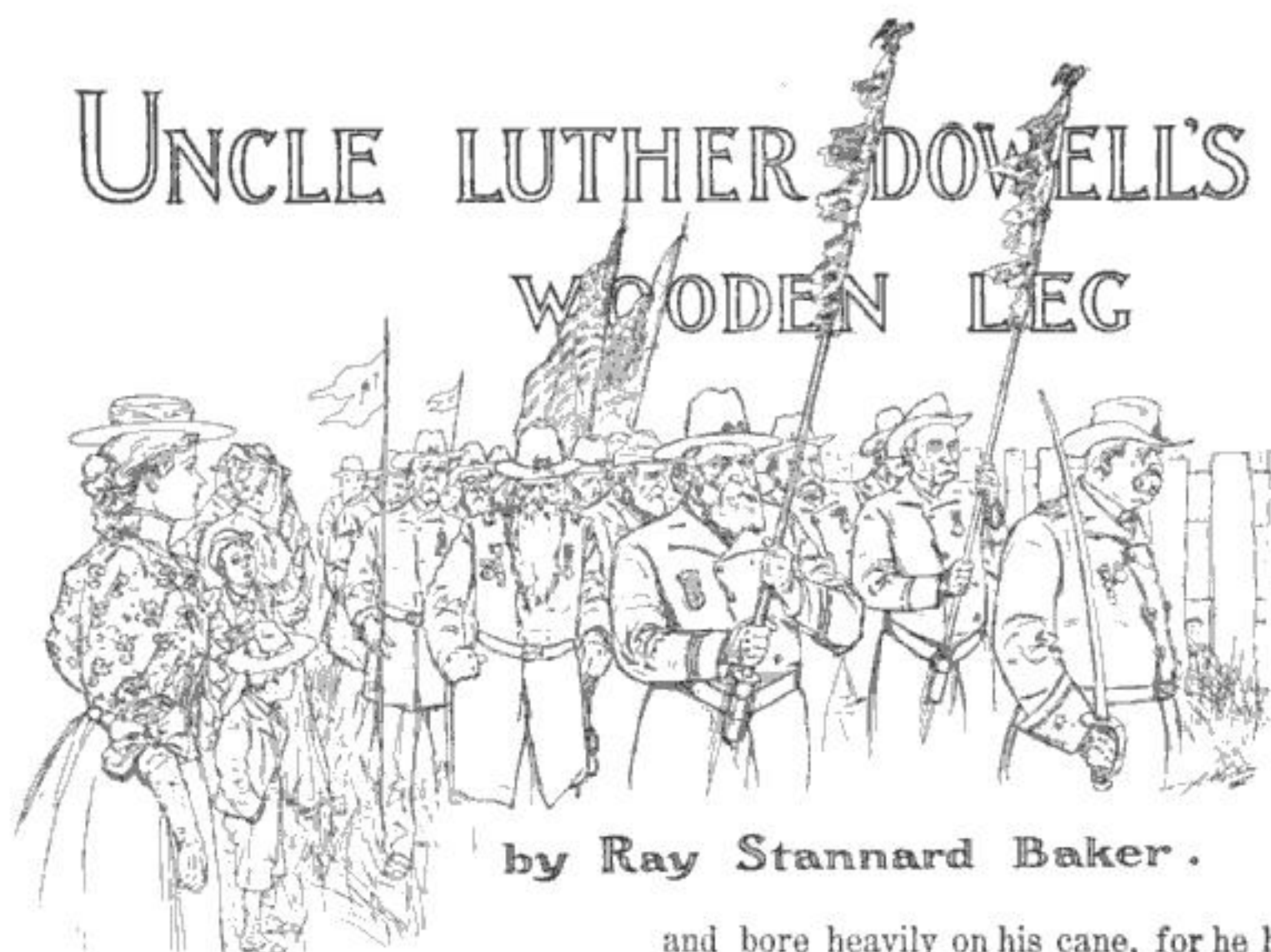
C. A. DANA,

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR.

I am so sorry to see such a disposition to condemn so brave an old soldier as General Hunter is known to be, without a hearing. He is known to have advanced into the enemy's country toward their main army, inflicting a much greater damage upon them than they have inflicted upon us with double his force, and mov-

ing directly away from our main army. Hunter acted, too, in a country where he had no friends; whilst the enemy have only operated in territory where, to say the least, many of the inhabitants are their friends. If General Hunter has made war upon the newspapers in West Virginia, probably he has done right. In horsewhipping a soldier he has laid himself subject to trial; but, nine chances out of ten, he only acted on the spur of the moment, under great provocation. I fail to see yet that General Hunter has not acted with great promptness and great success. Even the enemy give him great credit for courage, and congratulate themselves that he will give them a chance of getting even with him.

U. S. GRANT,
Lieutenant-General.



by Ray Stannard Baker.

UNCLE TOMMY DOWELL and Uncle Luther Dowell were twins only in age and patriotism. In everything else they were as different as black and white or hot and cold. Uncle Tommy was short, and puffy, and bald of head, with a reminiscent twinkle in his blue eye, and a certain sprightliness in his step that quite belied his age. Also, he had two good, stout, stubby legs, although they were a bit bowed and stiff, so that he thumped smartly with his heels when he walked.

What Uncle Tommy lacked of reaching nature's standard of a man, Uncle Luther made up. He was gaunt and stooping, and so spare that one almost expected to hear him rattle in his old blue clothes like withered peas in a pod. Fine trouble lines mapped his forehead, and his beard was thin and gray. When he walked, he lurched at every step

and bore heavily on his cane, for he had left his good right leg on the bloody slopes at Chickamauga, and for nearly thirty years he had stumped painfully about on a wooden leg.

Uncle Tommy was bluff and prosperous. He lived in a comfortable house in West Alden, and when all of his children came home for Thanksgiving dinner, Uncle Tommy's wife put all the spare leaves in the dining-table and carved two turkeys.

Uncle Luther had a little one-story shop, across the county line in the adjoining town of Amery, where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks. It was next the lane, in the farther corner of his son Jonathan's land, and he made up his own bed and cooked his meals in the little room in the rear. He seemed at least twenty years older than Uncle Tommy, and he had become querulous and quavery, so that Jonathan and his thrifty wife groaned under the responsibility of looking after him.

And that shows how two brothers, who have been boys together, men together, and soldiers together, may drift apart. For years Uncle Tommy and Uncle Luther had not met, except at gatherings of old soldiers, and these were not pleasant meetings. For the two little towns, albeit they lay out on the wide Minnesota prairie, with only an imaginary line between them, could not agree. It was the kind of dissension that grows rank and strong in little communities where there are few outside interests to occupy the intervals of attention. And the old soldiers took it up, and fought it out as valiantly as they had marched on Vicksburg. They might have had a Grand Army post, with reminiscent camp-fires, and they might have had Fourth of July celebrations and Memorial Day parades; but as certainly as Uncle Tommy led the hosts of West Alden in one direction, Amery and Captain Enoch Bradley could be depended upon to march in exactly the opposite direction.

As for Uncle Luther, he always followed Uncle Tommy's procession, wherever it might lead. Again and again the old soldiers of the two towns met in the interests of harmony. Uncle Tommy would come to preside, and Uncle Luther would second the motions, and then they all would slump off into the quagmire of dissension. At such times the fires of a stirring past would blaze up in Uncle Luther's faded eyes, his stooped shoulders would stiffen back, a faint flush would steal into his cheeks, and he would nod his old gray head as if in time to martial music that none but he could hear. Sometimes the tears came up to his eyes, and the boy who was fortunate enough to hear him talk thrilled with the quick pride of strife, and longed to shoulder a carbine and march away to the music of fife and drum.

For two years the towns had held Memorial Day services, but they had been mournfully dispirited. Uncle Tommy, by sheer force of character, had been marshal of the day, and Uncle Luther and a few stragglers from Amery had marched with the parade; but Captain Enoch and his supporters stood by with gloomy forbearance, and offered no word of encouragement. There was really little need of Memorial Day services, except in the abstract. The cemetery, where the discord of the two towns was buried, lay on a bare prairie knoll, set around with precise rows of spindling cottonwoods that languished half the summer with thirst and whipping winds and dust—and it contained no soldiers' graves. But Uncle Tommy's parades marched up the road to the cemetery gate and back again, and Uncle Luther

felt that the country's dead, wherever they might lie, had been honored.

On the third year the old soldiers met again, thoroughly determined to be harmonious. In ten minutes' time Uncle Tommy was thumping on the pine table with his cane, and several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails, while the two men glared and threatened. And then Captain Enoch executed a well-planned flank movement, routed Uncle Tommy, and ran

up the Amery colors. A few minutes later his faction, acting with the right of might, had decided upon all the important features of the parade. And to further rout Uncle Tommy and his retainers, they appointed Uncle Luther to the honored position of marshal of the day.

At first Uncle Luther was dumb with astonishment. He had as good right to be marshal as Uncle Tommy. They had be-



"Where he soldered leaky milk pans and tinkered clocks."

longed to the same regiment, and both had reached the rank of corporal, Uncle Luther on one leg and Uncle Tommy on two. But Uncle Luther always had deferred to Uncle Tommy as if he had been an older brother, and it seemed to him hardly short of sacrilege to appear as Uncle Tommy's rival. So he struggled to his feet, and held up a lean finger to catch Captain Enoch's eye.

"I rather have Tommy have the place," he faltered; "he's better fitted for it than I be."

But Uncle Tommy was storming down the room.

"Keep it," he roared, and he went out, slamming the door after him.

Uncle Luther followed him a few steps, wistfully, and then he dropped back in his seat, and listened dumbly while Captain Enoch and the exultant revolvers planned the details of the parade.

"It's Amery's turn this year," gloated Captain Enoch.

Uncle Luther walked up the road alone. His step was brisker than usual, and there was a brighter gleam in his eye. He could not help feeling proud that he had been honored. There were other men in Amery who would have served better in his place—he knew that well enough, for he was old, and he

didn't walk easily—but he was glad with the joy of appreciation. For so many years he had been an unnoticed, crippled tinker, and when at last recognition came to him, even at the expense of his more fortunate brother, he could not help exulting.

"Well, I fought fer it," he mumbled; "an' I bled fer it. I'd a-given both my legs, if necessary—they know that." Then, after a pause, he said aloud: "But I wisht Tommy'd got it."

He opened the door of his little shop, and went in. His eyes swept the familiar disorder of the room, the rusty tools hanging on the wall, the bleary-faced old clocks, the pots and pans, all the toys of a second childhood. He was glad to be at home again, for he was worn out and trembling with the unwonted excitement of the meeting. Outside, the sun shone on the green prairies, and there was warm, puddly dust in the road; but Uncle Luther's blood was thin and cold, and he shivered in the damp interior of the shop. So he brought his soldering brazier from the corner and stirred the coals into a bright glow. Then he bent over to warm his hands.

Jonathan Dowell came down the lane between his prosperous fields, on his way to town. Little Dick was with him. When Uncle Luther saw them, he went to the door and beckoned.

"Come in, Jonathan, come in," he called.

His face shone with pride, and he told with feverish eagerness of the new honor which the day had brought him.

"Nonsense," interrupted Jonathan, testily; "don't you know, father, that you're gettin' too old an' feeble to take part in such things? You ain't able to walk to the graveyard an' back, an' you're only stirrin' up trouble between the



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gether.

"Jus' like Tommy, exactly," he said, half aloud, gazing fondly at the little fellow. Then he bent over stiffly and beckoned.
"Come see gran'pa," he said, smiling enticingly.

Dick crossed his hands behind his back, and looked at Uncle Luther soberly. He was a sunny-haired little fellow, with blue eyes and puckery red lips, and he stood full in the bright May sunshine. Uncle Luther regarded him seriously.

"I told 'em I didn't want to march," he said protestingly. "I said Tommy'd do it better'n I could; but Captain Enoch, ner any of 'em, wouldn't listen to me. Don't go 'way, Dicky, don't go 'way, an' leave gran'pa," beseechingly.

But the little boy was edging away; he didn't understand, and he was afraid.

"Don't go 'way," said Uncle Luther, eagerly; "come an' see what gran'pa's got for Dicky."

He turned, and hobbled painfully across his shop. He put on his spectacles, and opened a drawer in his work-bench, and in its depths he found a stick of horehound candy. Dick stood with one pudgy hand resting on the door frame, peering into the shop with wide eyes.

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"Ain't you goin' to kis gran'pa?" he asked eagerly.

But the little boy wriggled away, and ran out of the door. Uncle Luther watched him loit-
ering up the lane in the sunshine, sucking his candy, until the vis-
ion blurred in his dim old eyes. Then he returned to his brazier. He sat down, and drew his chair almost over it. He bent double, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, and there he sat alone for a long time. Finally he straightened up. The subtle warmth of the fire had stolen through all his body. He leaned back in his chair, his head drooped over to one side, and his work-worn old hands lay palm upward on his knees. He was fast asleep.

The brazier under him continued to glow, and send its cheery comfort stealing up around his chair. It had a friendliness and hearty warmth that were more than the kind-
ness of many of the old man's friends.

The dusk of evening came down, and filled the corners with shadows. And presently a glow that was not all in the brazier began to illumine the cen-
ter of the room. A thin, wavering mist of smoke curled up around the old man, and crept silently along the dingy ceiling. A moment later there was a sharp burst of flame, that disappeared as sud-
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"Several of the other old soldiers were clinging to Captain Enoch's coat-tails."

families. Uncle Tommy'll never forgive nearer, glancing from the candy to his grandfather's wrinkled face. Uncle Luther waved you."

"I know it," he faltered; "I know it, the stick like a wizard's wand, and lured Jonathan. Tommy'd ought to have it. I Dick nearer and nearer until a dirty little told 'em so. I said Tommy'd ought to have it."

The end of the lane was the end of Dick's little world, and he turned and loitered back, humming a tune to himself, as a child will. Uncle Luther stood in the doorway, and watched him wistfully. Of a sudden he recalled how Uncle Tommy had looked when they were boys together.

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Dick drew a little



"Dick crossed his hands behind his back."

hand closed over the candy. Then he reached out slyly and cautiously, and gathered Dick in his arms.

"Ain't you goin' to kiss gran'pa?" he asked eagerly.

But the little boy wriggled away, and ran out of the door. Uncle Luther watched him loitering up the lane in the sunshine, sucking his candy, until the vision blurred in his dim old eyes. Then he returned to his brazier. He sat down, and drew his chair almost over it. He bent double, with his elbows on his knees and his head resting on his hands, and there he sat alone for a long time. Finally he straightened up. The subtle warmth of the fire had stolen through all his body. He leaned back in his

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"To examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg."

But Uncle Luther slept on, wholly unconscious of his danger.

Jonathan Dowell, returning from the village, saw a sinister glare in the shop windows. He rushed into the room, seized the old man, and lifted him swiftly to one side. Then he beat out the fire with a gunny sack.

Uncle Luther sat up, trembling and terrified. His wooden leg was gone. It had burned almost to the stump, and the charred remains were still smoking.

Jonathan Dowell's voice rang with anger.

"What won't you do next, father?" he said. "You've set yourself on fire, and nearly burned up the shop. That wooden leg of yours cost me just fifty dollars, and it'll be a long time before I can afford another."

And then he saw dimly the agony in his father's face, and he softened. He was not a bad man, nor even a harsh man—only thoughtless. "You must learn to be more careful, father," he said gently, and yet insistently, as if he talked to a child.

Uncle Luther was glad when his son went away. He crept to his little back room like a wounded dog, and lay down on the bed. Old age had made him slow, and he could not realize at first the full magnitude of his disaster; but he knew that he had deeply angered his son.

"Too bad to trouble Jonathan an' his wife," he muttered. "Cory is so thrifty an' partic'lar. I'm careless, I know it. I'm gettin' old." And then after a time his mind reverted to the earlier interests of the day, and he said aloud: "I wisht Tommy'd got it."

News travels quickly in a small town, and the next morning the sympathetic and the curious came to condole with Uncle Luther, and to examine the remains of the fifty-dollar leg, and to point out where the fire had charred the chair. They went about sol-

emnly, as at a funeral, glancing sideways from the corners of their eyes, and yet not missing anything.

Among the very first to call was Captain Enoch Bradley, who was a hearty, warm-blooded, irascible old fellow, and his bluff sympathy went far toward solacing Uncle Luther in his affliction.

"'Twan't so bad as if you hadn't lost it before," he comforted.

But Uncle Luther had no mind for treating his loss frivolously. The years had crushed all of the humor out of him, and left him only tragedy.

"I was thinkin'," he said, "that now I can't march, p'raps you—p'raps Amery—might let Tommy have it——"

Captain Enoch frowned darkly, but Uncle Luther hurried on:

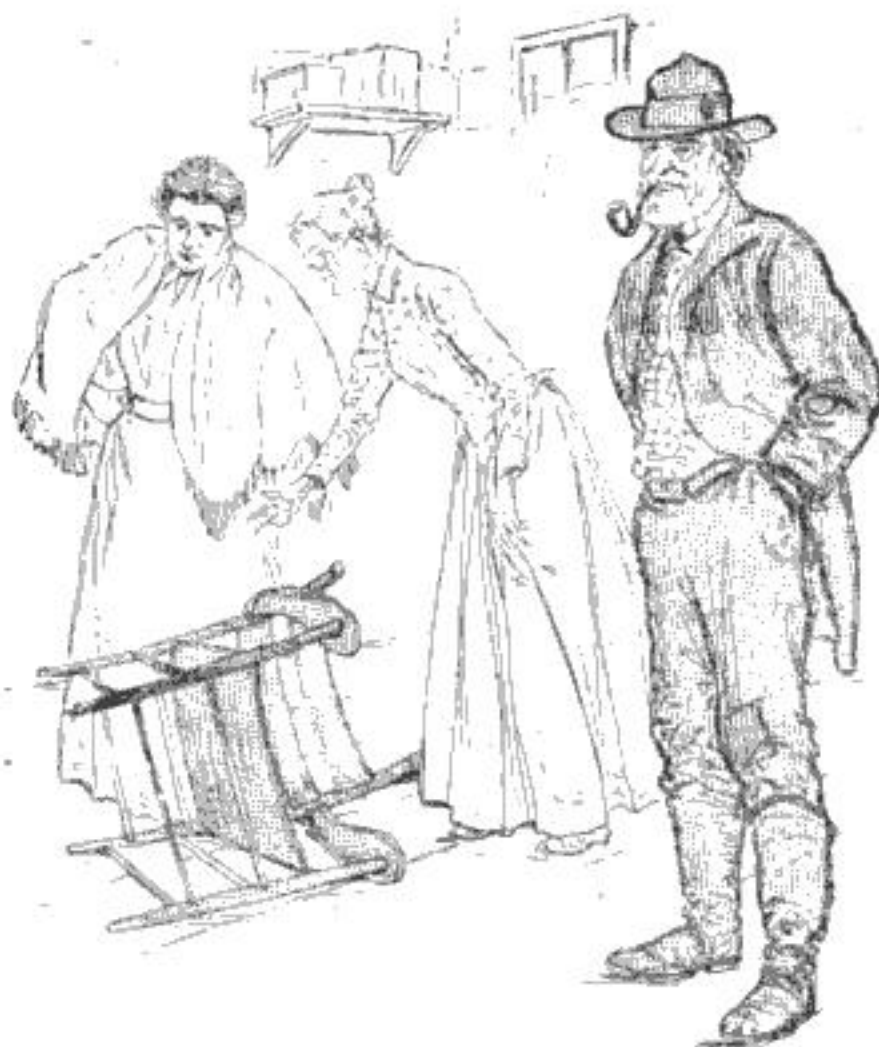
"He's more commandin' than I be, er ever was, er ever will be, an' he's had practice——"

"Oh, you'll be ready to march by Decoration Day," interrupted Captain Enoch.

"It's good of you to say so," said Uncle Luther, "but I jus' can't do it. Tommy's the man;" and then he added wistfully, "I wisht I could see Tommy."

But Uncle Tommy did not come. Uncle Luther heard, however, that Uncle Tommy had been appointed marshal of the parade, and he was glad of it. For himself, he was busied after the first day or two with a stout piece of ash, which he slowly whittled down with a draw-shave to the proportions of a wooden leg. It would not do as well as a regu-

lar artificial leg, such as the one he had been wearing, but he hoped that it would serve him for the Memorial Day exercises. He still cherished a desire to march with the parade, although he knew that



"To point out where the fire had charred the chair."

Jonathan would not approve of it. He was afraid of Jonathan. But whole days slipped by when he was not strong enough to work, and yet he clung to the task with feverish eagerness. The man within him protested that he was still good for something, that old age had not robbed him of everything.

On the morning of Memorial Day the whittling was all finished, but there remained the task of attaching the straps, and Uncle Luther knew that he could not hope to complete the leg in time for the exercises. So he laid it away, and toward noon he dressed up in his best blue clothes, and put on his wide-brimmed black hat with the gold cord around the crown. Then he hobbled out of the door, and dropped down on a box by the fence, with his back resting against a post. It was a fresh, clear May morning. During the night there had been a shower, and the grass at the roadside stood up green and dewy. The fields of waving wheat-blades spread away for miles before him, dotted here and there with houses and red barns, and straight rows of Lombardy poplars and cottonwoods. Where Uncle Luther sat he could look up the yellow stretch of roadway, and he knew that he could see the parade almost as soon as it left the town. It would pass the end of the lane on its way to the cemetery, and he hoped, with the vague optimism of the very old and the very young, that it would come back by the same road. Seeing it was next to marching with it.

Uncle Luther put on his long-distance glasses, and he saw a blur of blue moving along the road from the village. Above it there was a blur of red and white. A moment later they resolved themselves into a knot of old soldiers, with the flag flapping above them. Uncle Luther took a long breath, and his eyes shone. Suddenly a band began to play the stirring music of "Marching through Georgia."

"They've got the band," exclaimed Uncle Luther, in a voice that choked with ecstasy.

Unconsciously he rose on his one good foot and took off his hat. His eyes dimmed, and as the enlivening strains of the music came up to him, another picture formed on his misty glasses. He saw the boys in blue—not a meager handful of gray and stooping remnants, but boys, with fresh young faces, and broad shoulders, and proud chins. They were muddy to the knees with marching, they were ragged and tattered, but they swept by to the drums and fifes, regiment after regiment and brigade after brigade;



"Enoch Bradley . . . a hearty, warm-blooded, irascible old fellow."

and orderlies clattered up and down with yellow envelopes stuck in their belts; and the shells were screeching from the rebel heights. He saw the companies wheel and deploy; he saw them strip down and form in line at "Charge bayonets." The big, black guns were leaping the ruts in the road, with the gunners clinging desperately to the caissons. Then he saw the long line of gray rise up over the hill, and pour itself down the slope. He saw the ragged, mile-long flash of the carbines—and he would have leaped forward to the charge, if for a single moment he had heard the bugle's shrill summons.

Uncle Luther's spectacles were dimmed. He polished them off with shaky fingers, and looked again. Behind the band there was a stretch of white that seemed to nod and twinkle in the sunshine.

"They've got the children, too," he faltered.

Then the old fellows in blue swung at the corner; they were keeping military line, and something of the old spirit had thrilled their steps into an unwonted precision. The band, wheeling with them, swept into "Rally Round the Flag, Boys." Uncle Luther leaped forward on his one good leg, waved his hat around his head, and shouted, "Hurrah, hurrah!" His head was thrown back, his eyes flashed, his breath came quick and hot.

"Down with the traitor, up with the star," he chanted in his thin, quavery old voice.

Now they had reached the end of the

lane, and Uncle Luther could make out the full length of the parade. It was by far the greatest celebration that the town ever had known, and his heart swelled with pride at the thought. Not once did he recall his own disappointment and sorrow; it was all for the glory of the day.

Suddenly Uncle Luther shrunk back. What were they trying to do? He felt an impulse to run forward and tell them that they had missed the way to the cemetery, and that the lane ran only as far as Jonathan Dowell's house. But before he could decide what to do the old soldiers stopped almost in front of his own little shop. The band had swung out to one side. It was playing

"America," and the sweet, shrill voices of the children rose and fell with the music. Uncle Luther sank back on his box, trembling. Through a mist of great happiness he saw Uncle Tommy and Captain Enoch advancing toward him side by side. He couldn't believe it at first; he didn't pretend to believe it.

"I'm gettin' old," he muttered, "an' I'm not steady in my mind."

But he rose to meet them. Uncle Tommy

carried an odd-shaped package in his arms, and when he was near to Uncle Luther, he stopped and cleared his throat. Every one was silent, listening.

"I calc'lated to make a speech," he stammered; "but—we thought we'd decorate the livin' this year. Luther, here's a new leg."

He held out the odd-shaped package helplessly. Uncle Luther did not seem to see it at all. He reached forward and put his hands on his brother's shoulders,

and the leg fell down unheeded between the two old men.

Uncle Luther strapped on the leg with trembling, inefficient fingers, and then Captain Enoch and Uncle Tommy marched him out between them. Uncle Tommy's own horse and buggy, decorated with ribbons and flowers, stood in front of the shop.

"You're goin' to be the marshal of the day," said Captain Enoch.

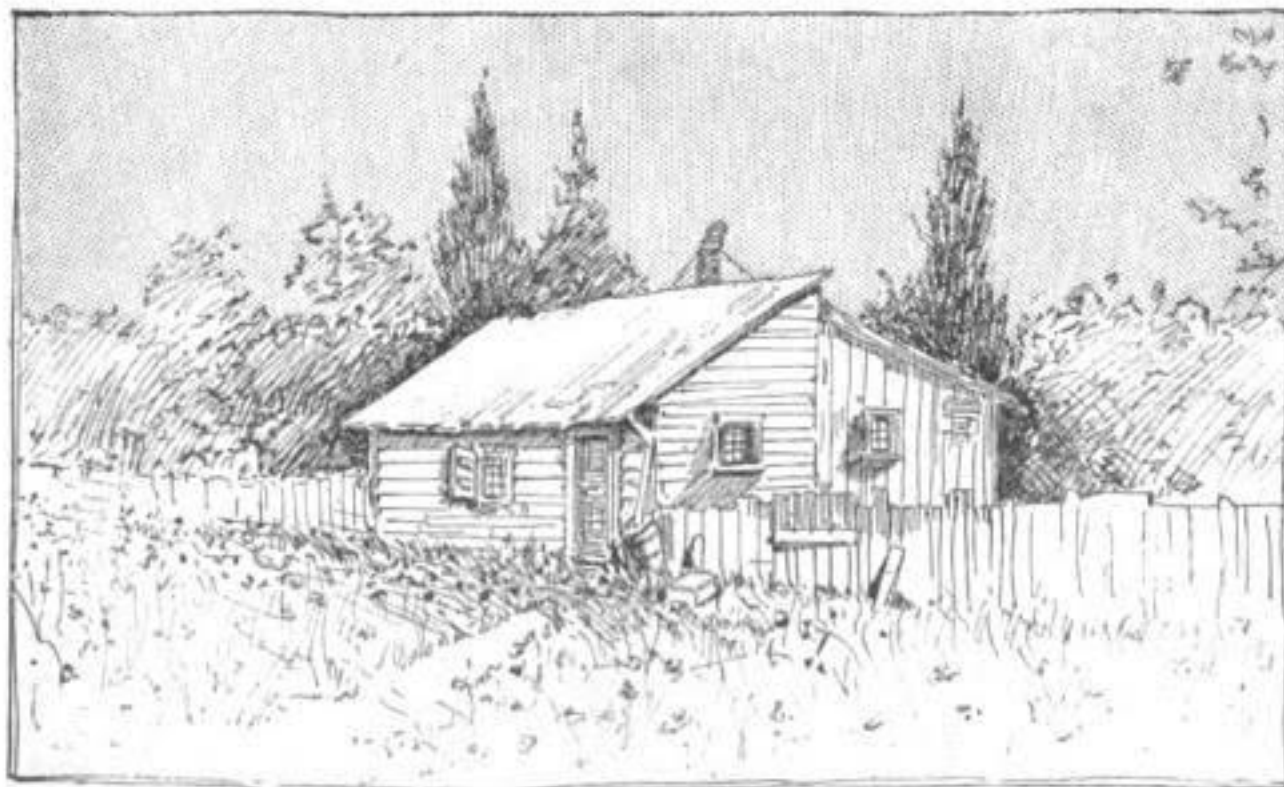
"But—Tommy——"

"Get in," commanded Uncle Tommy, in a voice that was not to be disputed.

Uncle Luther, sitting as straight as a trooper, drove out at the head of the procession, while the band, with a rattle of drums, swept into "Hail, Columbia, Happy Land."



"Waved his hat around his head, and shouted, 'Hurrah, hurrah!'"



LIFE PORTRAITS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743. Died at Monticello, Virginia, July 4, 1826.

WITH NOTES AND AN INTRODUCTION BY CHARLES HENRY HART.



THOMAS JEFFERSON has had more ardent followers, and more ardent opponents, than perhaps any other patriot in American history. The cause of this is that he was essentially a strong man, and no one can follow the lines of his face without seeing this.

In MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE for October, 1897, was presented the life mask of Thomas Jefferson, taken by J. H. I. Browere, in 1825, when Jefferson was eighty-two years old. In relation to this, Jefferson said: "I now bid adieu forever to busts and even portraits." It was two-score years earlier that Jefferson sat to Mather Brown for the first portrait that we know of him, and which is the first portrait here reproduced. Others follow by Houdon (1789), Gilbert Stuart (1800), Rembrandt Peale (1803), George Miller (1803), St. Mémin (1805), and Thomas Sully (1821). These portraits, covering a period of thirty-five years, are selected as among the best and most characteristic to which we have access.

When Jefferson was in France, John Trumbull was there, and at the minister's house at Chaillot, in the autumn of 1787, he painted Jefferson's portrait for his picture "The Declaration of Independence." It was one of those small cabinet portraits, on panel, for which Trumbull is so justly celebrated, and is now owned by Mrs. John W. Burke, of Alexandria, Va. The head of Jefferson in the "Declaration of Independence" picture is not a close copy of the original. Charles Willson Peale, to whom Americans are under lasting obligations for preserving authentic portraits of the public men of the Revolutionary epoch, painted a portrait of Jefferson in 1791, which belongs to the city of Philadelphia and is a most interesting delineation of him. James Sharples made a pastel portrait of Jefferson in 1798, which is also owned by the city of Philadelphia, but it is deficient in character and individuality.

A number of portraits of Jefferson were

made that cannot be traced, which is the more to be regretted as some of them were by skillful artists. Jefferson took an intelligent interest in art, and posed as a profound connoisseur. He numbered among his personal intimates, Richard and Maria Cosway, Trumbull, Peale, Houdon, Ceracchi, and most of the foreign contingent that emigrated to these shores. It was chiefly due to his instrumentality that George Hadfield, the brother of Maria Cosway, came from England as assistant architect of the Capitol at Washington, and that Cardelli and Persico came from Italy to do the carvings. Jefferson was an amateur of some ability, especially in the not easy field of architecture. The University of Virginia, which he designed, would do no discredit to a professional of recognized experience. Jefferson showed himself to be a man of excellent æsthetic taste, and with an actual knowledge of the subject far beyond the general cultivation of his time. His correspondence teems with suggestions and reflections on design and decoration, showing an understanding of the subject, and not merely idle thoughts bestowed on an ephemeral fad.

Perhaps the most important of the lost portraits of Jefferson is the bust made by Ceracchi, which was destroyed with the burning of the library of Congress, December 24, 1851, and of which there seems to be neither replica or copy. Dr. William Thornton, the first Commissioner of Patents, and an amateur artist of decided proficiency, calls it, in writing to Jefferson, a "superb bust, one of the finest I ever beheld." Jefferson paid Ceracchi \$1,500 for the original marble, that being the amount of tax the disgruntled Italian levied upon all those persons whom he had besought to sit to him as a favor, when his scheme for a national monument fell through and he prepared to leave the country.

William J. Coffee, an Englishman, who modeled small busts in terra cotta, made a bust of Jefferson in April, 1818, as also busts of his daughter Mrs. Randolph and granddaughter Ellen, for the three of which

Jefferson paid \$105. In commending the sculptor to Madison as "really able in his art," Jefferson said he gave "less trouble than any artist, painter, or sculptor I have ever submitted myself to." This bust is also among the missing, although those of Mrs. Randolph and Ellen are at Edgehill. Pietro Cardelli modeled a bust of Jefferson in 1819, but it is unknown, although a number of plaster copies were subscribed for by disciples of the statesman. It is highly improbable that Jefferson could have been, as he was, on terms of familiar intimacy with Richard and Maria Cosway, each of them skilled miniature painters, and that neither of them should have painted his portrait. Yet such a portrait is not known, any more than the miniature that was painted of him by Thomas Gimbrede, and engraved by the painter for "State Papers and Publick Documents," published in 1815. Another unknown portrait is recorded in Jefferson's financial diary under July 12, 1792: "Paid Williams for drawing my portrait, 14 D."

Jefferson seems to have approved of his own profile. In April, 1789, when in France, he had two profiles made, for one of which he paid six francs, and for the other, thirty francs; and early in 1804, Amos Doolittle, an engraver from Connecticut, appears to have made several of him. His profile was also cut at Peale's Museum about this time. The next year Gilbert Stuart painted his famous profile in monochrome. There are a number of these so-called Stuart profiles, but the identity of the original by Stuart is undetermined. Hon. T. J. Coolidge of Boston, great-grandson of Jefferson, claims to own it; but his is painted in oil color, while Jefferson writes to Joseph Delaplaine, in 1813, that it is "in water color"; and six years later writes to General Dearborn that Stuart did it "on paper with crayon." Dr. Thornton, to whom Jefferson lent it to copy, calls it a "drawing," as does also Jefferson, which would imply that it was either in crayon or water color. Dr. Thornton made his copy in Swiss crayon, which would indicate that to be the medium of the original he was copying. For the original Jefferson paid Stuart \$100, June 18, 1805, covering the payment in the following note: "Mr. Jefferson presents his compliments to Mr. Stewart, and begs leave to send him the inclosed for the trouble he gave him in taking the head *a la antique*. Mr. Stewart seemed to contemplate having an engraving made either from that or the first portrait; he is free to use the one or the other at his

choice; the one not proposed to be used I will be glad to receive at Mr. Stewart's convenience; the other when he shall be done with it." This Stuart profile was so popular that William Birch copied it in enamel, and also employed Edwin to engrave it, that he might give the prints away and a proper likeness of Jefferson be circulated.

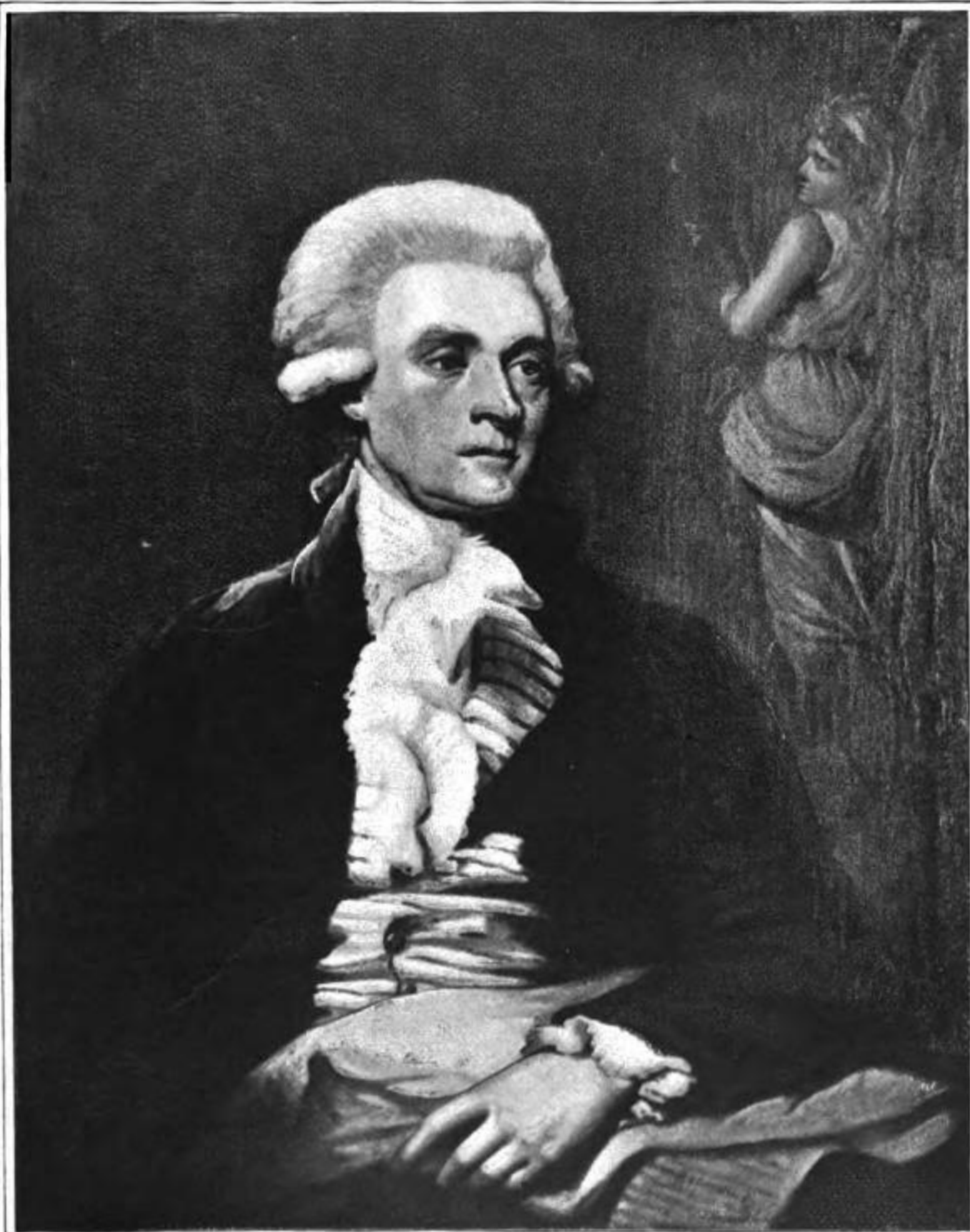
Bass Otis, a very indifferent painter, made a portrait of Jefferson in the summer of 1816, for Delaplaine's gallery, which was engraved by Nagle, and the original is now owned by Mr. W. J. Campbell of Philadelphia. Relative to this portrait Dr. Thornton writes to Jefferson, July 20, 1816: "Never was such injustice done to you except by sign painters and General Kosciuszko, than which last nothing can be so bad, and when I saw it I did not wonder that he lost Poland—not that it is necessary that a general should be a painter, but he should be a man of such sense as to discover that he is not a painter." The profile of Jefferson by Kosciuszko is nothing less than a grotesque caricature. The original drawing was destroyed, but it is preserved, as an iconographic curiosity, in a fac-simile aquatint in colors, by Ml. Sokolnicki.

Charles Peale Polk, who was a nephew, pupil, and imitator of Charles Willson Peale, painted a portrait of Jefferson from life, about 1800, which, if it is, as I think it is, the picture owned by Mrs. F. A. March of Easton, Pennsylvania, exhibits some marked characteristics of the original, but very crudely rendered. Edward Savage painted and engraved in mezzotinto a portrait of Jefferson, and introduced an admirable whole-length figure of Jefferson, in profile, when completing Pine's picture of "The Congress voting Independence," which highly interesting and important painting is owned by the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

Jefferson's figure was commanding, six feet two and a half inches in height, well formed, neither stout nor thin, indicating strength, activity, and robust health. His carriage was erect, and his step firm and elastic, which he preserved till his death. His hair was of a reddish cast, his complexion sandy, and his eyes, blue when young, changed to a hazel gray as he advanced in years. When he died, at the age of eighty-four, he had not lost a tooth, nor had he a defective one.

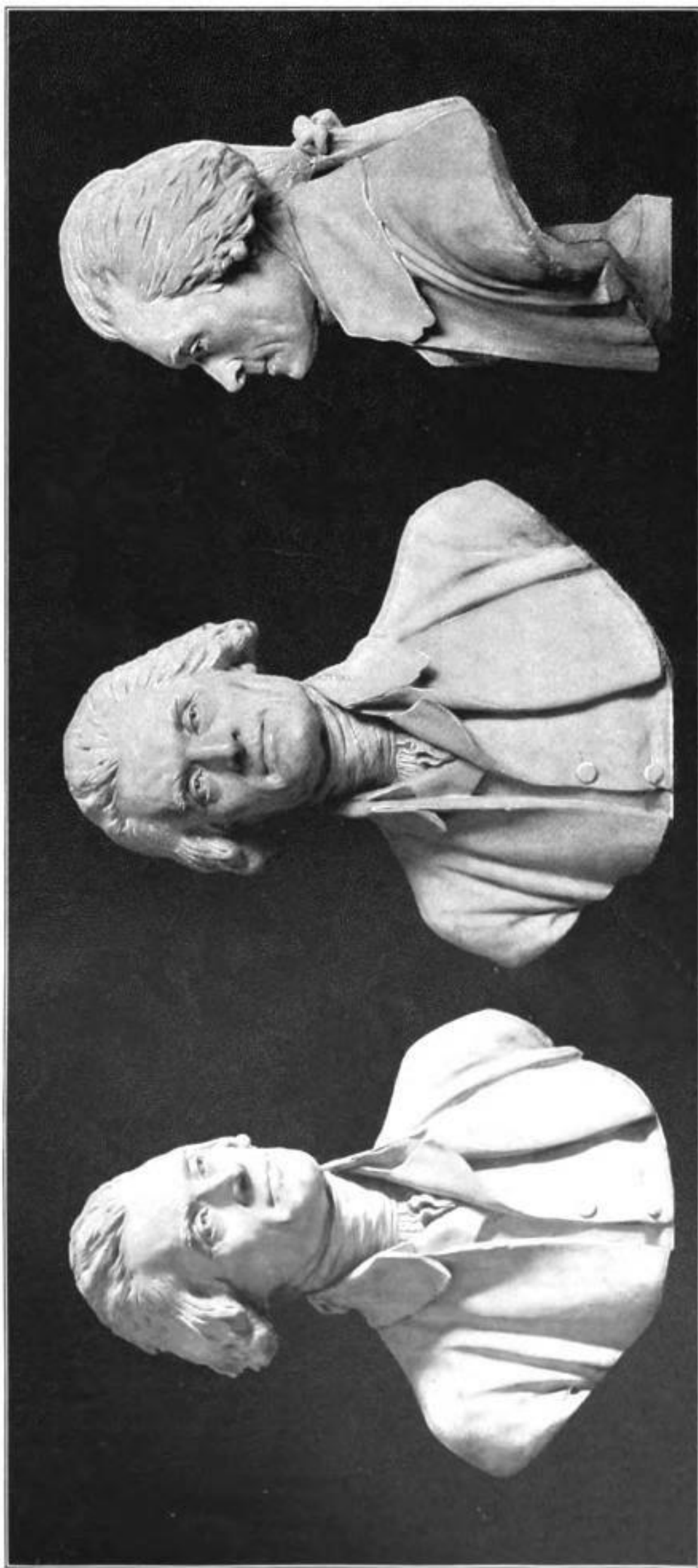
There is no known portrait of Martha Wayles, who became the wife of Thomas Jefferson on New Year's Day, 1772, and died September 6, 1782, at the age of thirty-four.

LIFE PORTRAITS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.



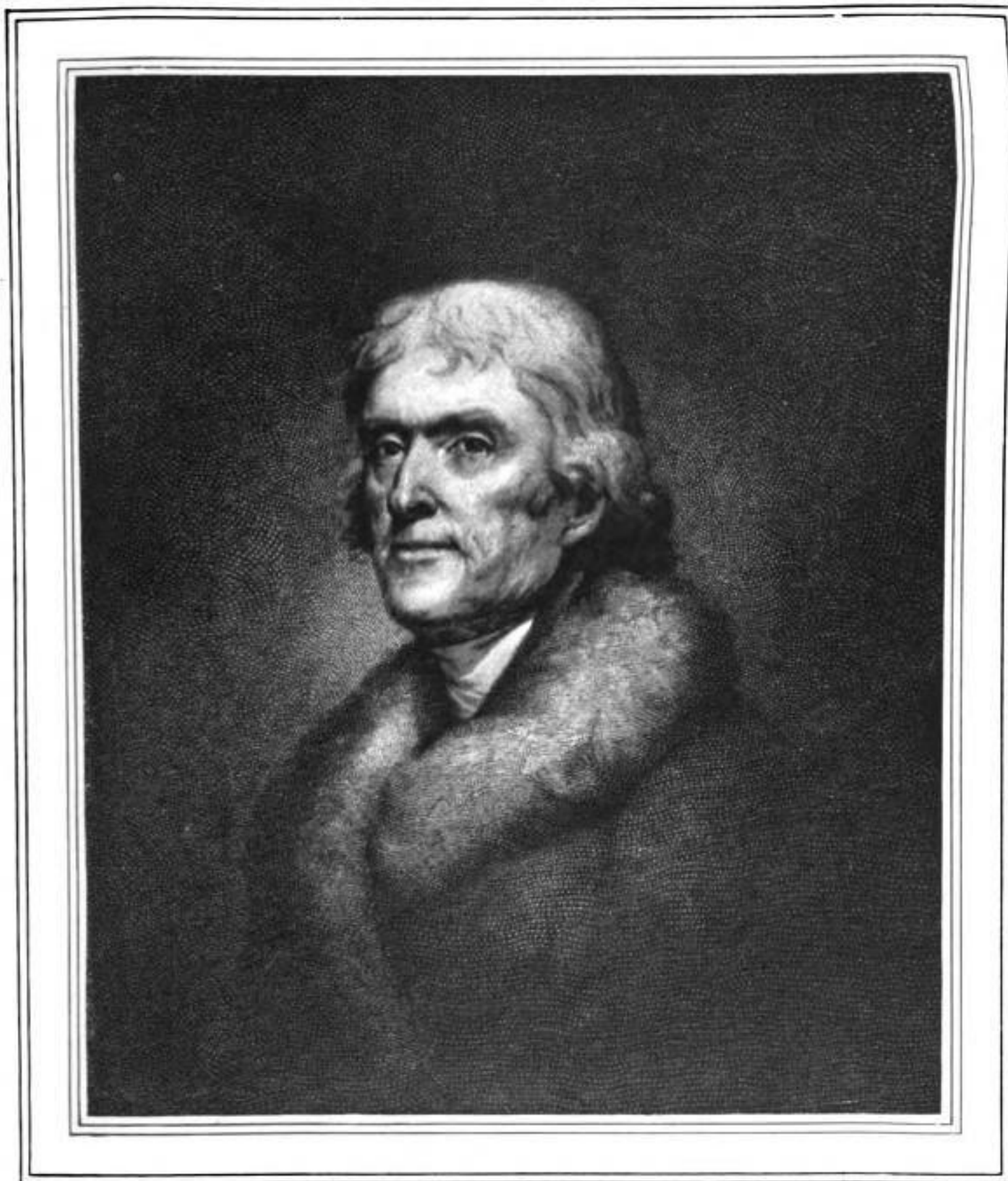
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1786. AGE 43. PAINTED BY MATHER BROWN. THE EARLIEST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON KNOWN.

From the original portrait painted by Mather Brown ; now owned by Mr. Henry Adams, Washington, D. C. Canvas, 28 by 36 inches. Mather Brown died in London, May 25, 1831, at an advanced age and very poor. He was a native of Boston and a grandson of the famous Tory clergyman Mather Byles. He went to London and had some instruction from West, and at one time held a prominent position there, as a portrait painter. The portrait of Jefferson here reproduced was painted, in London, for John Adams, and the artist's receipt for the price of the picture is attached to the back of the canvas : "London May 12, 1786, Rec'd of his Excellency John Adams Esq Six Guineas for a kit-kat portrait of Mr. Jefferson." A replica was painted for Jefferson, and Brown also painted a portrait of John Adams for his famous colleague, which picture, with the Jefferson replica and one of Thomas Paine, which Brown also painted for Jefferson, has disappeared. Trumbull wrote from London to Jefferson at Paris, "Brown is busy about the pictures. Mr. Adams is like—yours I do not think so well of." The portrait has, however, considerable historical importance as being the earliest delineation of Jefferson that has come down to us.



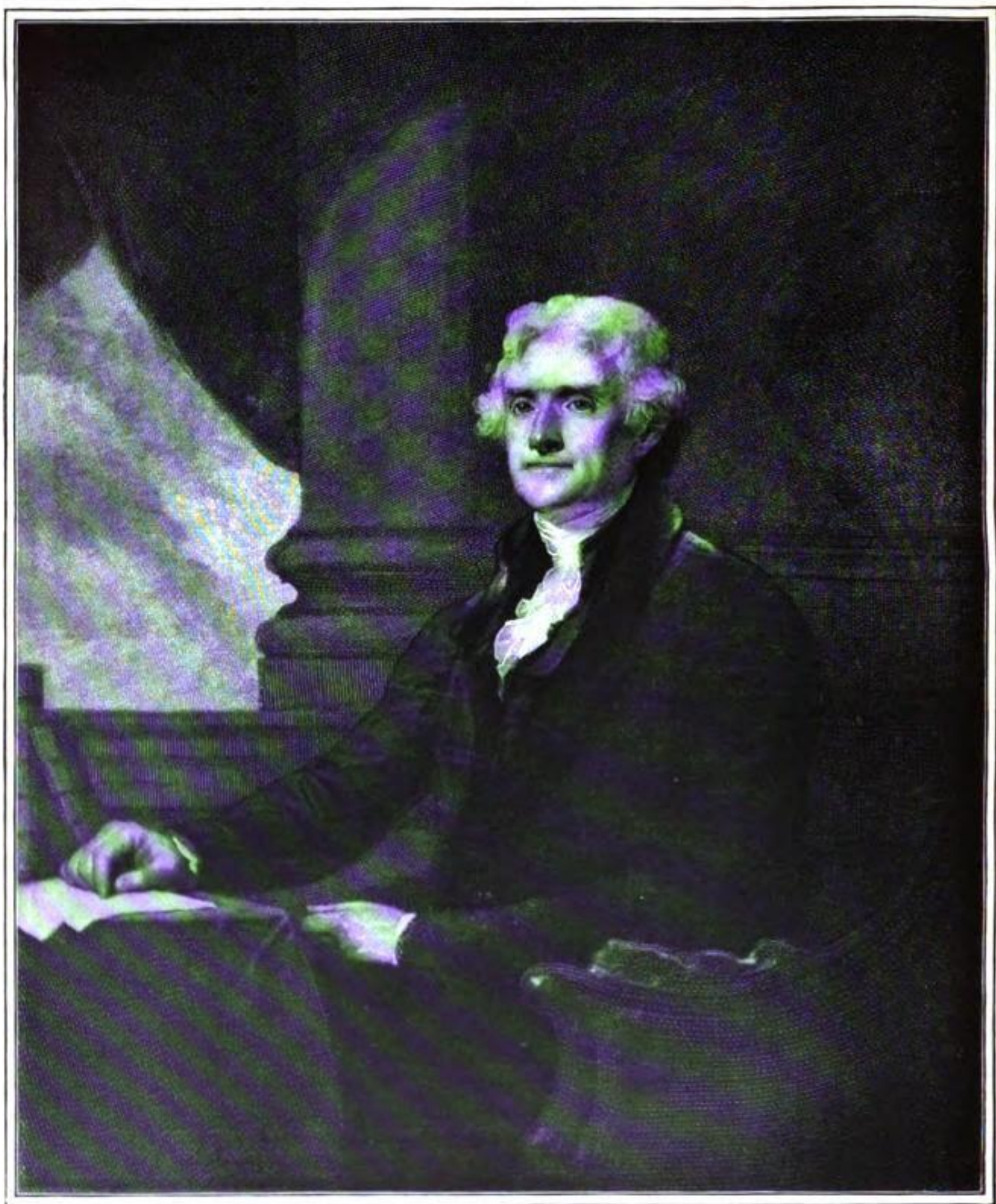
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1789. AGE 46. MODELED BY HOUDON.

From a plaster cast of the bust modeled by Houdon, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Jefferson's relations with the great French sculptor, Houdon, were of the closest personal and official character, Jefferson having been charged with the commission to engage the sculptor to execute the statue of Washington for the State of Virginia. It can readily be understood, therefore, that Houdon's bust of the author of the Declaration of Independence was no perfunctory piece of modeling. Houdon took a mask of Jefferson's face; and for the bust in marble, Jefferson paid Houdon, July 3, 1789, one thousand francs. This same year it was exhibited in the Salon, where it masqueraded, according to the catalogue, as "M. Sesserson, envoyé des Etats de la Virginie." Unfortunately, the original marble was destroyed, by the carelessness of workmen, at Monticello, during Jefferson's lifetime. But there are two signed plaster casts of it; the one in the rooms of the New York Historical Society, New York City, and the other in the hall of the American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia. The latter was given by Jefferson to David Rittenhouse, and was engraved by Longacre, for Tucker's "Life of Jefferson." Its characterization is very fine, and although decidedly French in its contour, it gives an aspect of Jefferson's face which is perfectly natural.



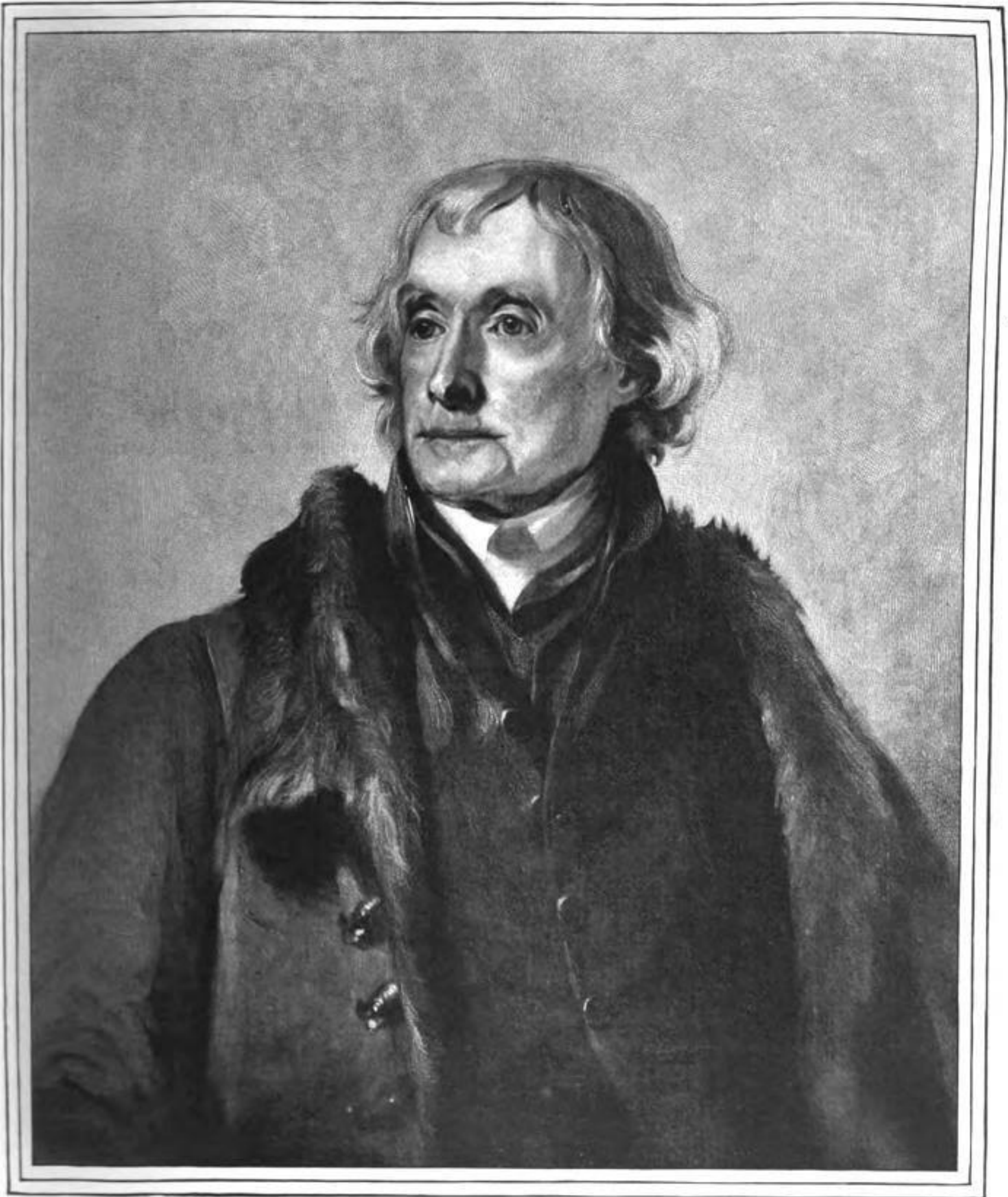
THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1803. AGE 60. PAINTED BY REMBRANDT PEALE.

From the original portrait painted by Rembrandt Peale, now owned by the New York Historical Society. Canvas, 24 by 30 inches. Rembrandt Peale, the second son of Charles Willson Peale, was born February 22, 1778, and died October 3, 1860. There are at least two portraits of Jefferson painted at the beginning of the century by "R." Peale which are known at the present day only through contemporary copper-plate engravings by David Edwin and Cornelius Tiebout. It is true that both Rembrandt and his elder brother, Raffaele, were painting at this time, but as Raffaele is known only as a painter of still-life and a few miniatures, the initial "R" on these engraved portraits of Jefferson must stand for Rembrandt. The earliest print, by Edwin, was published by J. Savage in 1800; and Tiebout's plate bears the imprint of Matthew Carey, Feb. 20, 1801. Early in this year Peale went abroad, and doubtless took with him impressions of Tiebout's plate; for in August there was published, in Paris, an engraving by Desnoyers from a drawing of the Tiebout print by Bouch, which has been repeatedly engraved on the other side, and is the Frenchman's portrait of Jefferson. These "R." Peale portraits of Jefferson have a special interest from the frequency with which they were engraved during Jefferson's lifetime. One of them, "Engraved by Harrison Junr.," was used in the Philadelphia edition (1801) of "Notes on Virginia," thus giving it the mark of Jefferson's approval. This, however, may not be of much value, in view of what Jefferson wrote to Joseph Delaplaine,— "There is nothing to which a man is so incompetent, as to judge of his own likeness." Peale returned home in 1803, and almost his first work after his return seems to have been to paint the portrait of Jefferson here reproduced. This picture shows plainly the benefit he derived from his experience abroad, for it is a beautifully painted portrait, being indeed the best example of Rembrandt Peale's work that I know. It was painted for the Peale Museum, and there it remained until the public sale of the collection in 1854, when it was bought by Mr. Thomas Jefferson Bryan, of Philadelphia, for \$135. Later Mr. Bryan presented it, with his important collection of pictures, to the New York Historical Society.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1800. AGE 57. PAINTED BY GILBERT STUART.

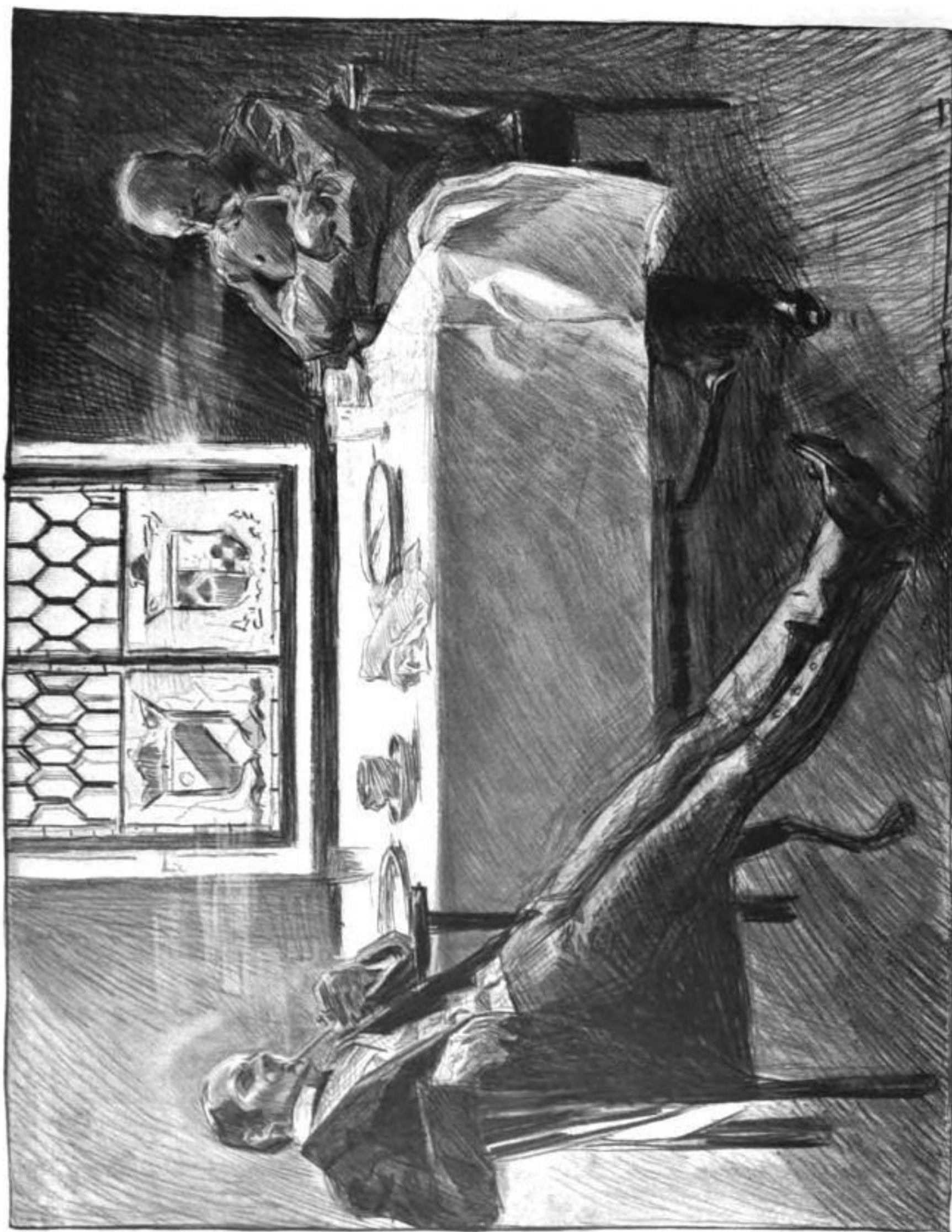
From the original portrait painted by Gilbert Stuart, now owned by Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine. Canvas, 41 by 49 inches. The history of Stuart's portraits of Jefferson cannot be written in a brief note. There has been endless controversy as to how many times and when Jefferson sat to Stuart, and which pictures are the original portraits painted from life. The entire story is an interesting one, throwing strong side lights upon the characters of painter and subject. Suffice it to say that Stuart painted Jefferson's portrait from life three times. The first was painted in May, 1800, at Philadelphia, and the second and third in 1805, at Washington. The result of the first sitting is the elaborate and superb picture here reproduced. The second sitting gave the portrait that Jefferson finally obtained from the painter after much difficulty, in the summer of 1821; and the third sitting produced the profile *à la antique* spoken of in the introduction. Jefferson preferred the first picture, and for it he paid the painter \$100. But it was no uncommon thing with Stuart to get pay for a picture that he never delivered, or did not deliver until he was paid for it a second time. Thus Stuart parted with the first portrait to the Hon. James Bowdoin, who subsequently bequeathed it to the college that bears his name. He then put Jefferson off with trifling excuses and prevarications until it is extremely doubtful if the portrait finally sent to Jefferson was even the original of the second sitting; it is more probably a late replica. It is now at Edgehill, near Charlottesville, Virginia, the home of the Randolphs, where the writer saw it in September, 1897.



THOMAS JEFFERSON IN 1821. AGE 78. PAINTED BY THOMAS SULLY. THE LAST LIFE PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

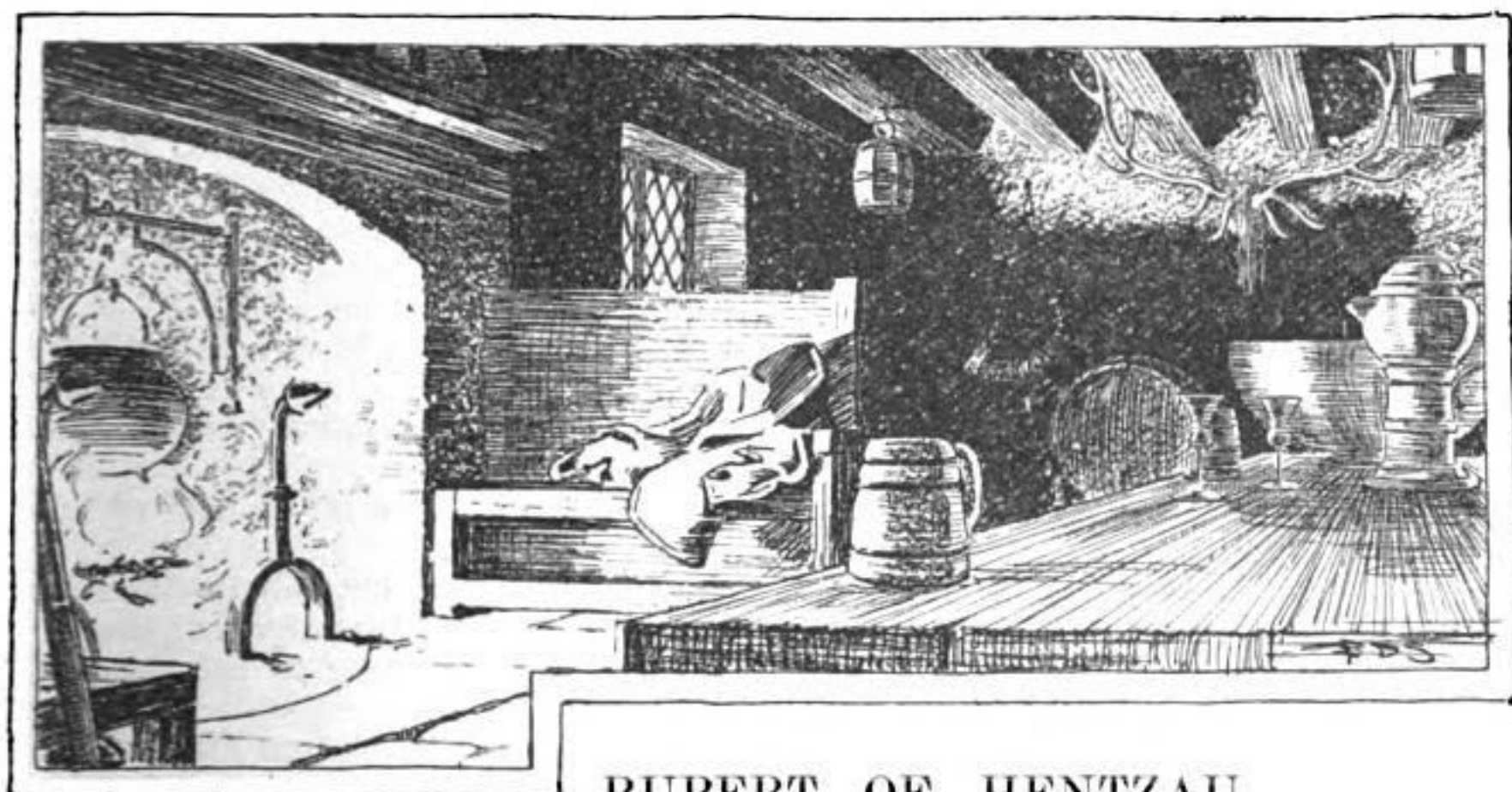
From the original portrait painted by Thomas Sully, now owned by the American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia. Canvas, 25 by 30 inches. Thomas Sully was born in Horncastle, Lincolnshire, England, June 8, 1783, and died in Philadelphia November 5, 1872. He was brought to this country when a child, and having adopted art as his profession, settled in Philadelphia, where for many years he was a much respected citizen and the leading portrait painter in the community. Persons who are not familiar with Sully's early work, and know him only by his artificial, romantic portraits of women, have no idea how masterful a painter he was. A scrutiny of his portraits of George Frederic Cooke, as Richard III., painted in 1811, and of Senator James Ross, painted in 1814, both in the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia, will well repay any one interested in the history and traditions of our home art. At the request of the professors of the United States Military Academy at West Point, Jefferson consented to sit to Sully for a portrait for that institution, and in March, 1821, the artist visited Monticello and painted the portrait here reproduced. From it he painted the whole-length picture now at West Point, for which he was paid \$500. It is the last portrait of Jefferson painted from life, and is a good example of Sully's higher qualities as a painter. The canvas is endorsed by Sully, "From Jefferson 1821, completed 1830."

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"What may you be thinking about, friend James?" See page 58.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Rassendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their

power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night, when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to the queen and Rassendyll, who are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. At Strelsau are also Bernenstein, the queen's adherent, and Rischenheim, the adherent of Rupert. In public, Rassendyll is everywhere taken for the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake, though it causes difficult complications.

CHAPTER XV.

A PASTIME FOR COLONEL SAPT.

THE Constable of Zenda and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, sat at breakfast in the hunting-lodge. They were in the small room which was ordinarily used as the bedroom of the gentleman in attendance on the king: they chose it now because it commanded a view of the approach. The door of the house was securely fastened; they were prepared to refuse admission; in case refusal was impossible, the preparations for concealing the king's body and that of his

hunterman Herbert were complete. Inquirers would be told that the king had ridden out with his huntsman at daybreak, promising to return in the evening but not stating where he was going; Sapt was under orders to await his return, and James was expecting instructions from his master the Count of Tarlenheim. Thus armed against discovery, they looked for news from me which should determine their future action.

Meanwhile there was an interval of enforced idleness. Sapt, his meal finished, puffed away at his great pipe; James, after much pressure, had consented to light a small black clay, and sat at his ease with

his legs stretched before him. His brows were knit, and a curious half-smile played about his mouth.

"What may you be thinking about, friend James?" asked the constable between two puffs. He had taken a fancy to the alert, ready little fellow.

James smoked for a moment, and then took his pipe from his mouth.

"I was thinking, sir, that since the king is dead——" He paused.

"The king is no doubt dead, poor fellow," said Sapt, nodding.

"That since he's certainly dead, and since my master, Mr. Rassendyll, is alive——"

"So far as we know, James," Sapt reminded him.

"Why, yes, sir, so far as we know. Since, then, Mr. Rassendyll is alive and the king is dead, I was thinking that it was a great pity, sir, that my master can't take his place and be king." James looked across at the constable with an air of a man who offers a respectful suggestion.

"A remarkable thought, James," observed the constable with a grin.

"You don't agree with me, sir?" asked James deprecatingly.

"I don't say that it isn't a pity, for Rudolf makes a good king. But you see it's impossible, isn't it?"

James nursed his knee between his hands, and his pipe, which he had replaced, stuck out of one corner of his mouth.

"When you say impossible, sir," he remarked deferentially, "I venture to differ from you."

"You do? Come, we're at leisure. Let's hear how it would be possible."

"My master is in Strelsau, sir," began James.

"Well, most likely."

"I'm sure of it, sir. If he's been there, he will be taken for the king."

"That has happened before, and no doubt may happen again, unless——"

"Why, of course, sir, unless the king's body should be discovered."

"That's what I was about to say, James."

James kept silence for a few minutes. Then he observed,

"It will be very awkward to explain how the king was killed."

"The story will need good telling," admitted Sapt.

"And it will be difficult to make it appear that the king was killed in Strelsau; yet if my master should chance to be killed in Strelsau——"

"Heaven forbid, James! On all grounds, Heaven forbid!"

"Even if my master is not killed, it will be difficult for us to get the king killed at the right time, and by means that will seem plausible."

Sapt seemed to fall into the humour of the speculation.

"That's all very true. But if Mr. Rassendyll is to be king, it will be both awkward and difficult to dispose of the king's body and of this poor fellow Herbert," said he, sucking at his pipe.

Again James paused for a little while before he remarked:

"I am, of course, sir, only discussing the matter by way of passing the time. It would probably be wrong to carry any such plan into effect."

"It might be, but let us discuss it—to pass the time," said Sapt; and he leant forward, looking into the servant's quiet, shrewd face.

"Well, then, sir, since it amuses you, let us say that the king came to the lodge last night, and was joined there by his friend Mr. Rassendyll."

"And did I come too?"

"You, sir, came also, in attendance on the king."

"Well, and you, James? You came. How came you?"

"Why, sir, by the Count of Tarlenheim's orders, to wait on Mr. Rassendyll, the king's friend. Now, the king, sir . . . This is my story, you know, sir, only my story."

"Your story interests me. Go on with it."

"The king went out very early this morning, sir."

"That would be on private business?"

"So we should have understood. But Mr. Rassendyll, Herbert, and ourselves remained here."

"Had the Count of Hentzau been?"

"Not to our knowledge, sir. But we were all tired and slept very soundly."

"Now did we?" said the constable, with a grim smile.

"In fact, sir, we were all overcome with fatigue—Mr. Rassendyll like the rest—and full morning found us still in our beds. There we should be to this moment, sir, had we not been suddenly aroused in a startling and fearful manner."

"You should write story books, James. Now what was this fearful manner in which we were aroused?"

James laid down his pipe, and, resting his hands on his knees, continued his story.

"This lodge, sir, this wooden lodge—for the lodge is all of wood, sir, without and within."

"This lodge is undoubtedly of wood, James, and, as you say, both inside and out."

"And since it is, sir, it would be mighty careless to leave a candle burning where the oil and firewood are stored."

"Most criminal!"

"But hard words don't hurt dead men; and you see, sir, poor Herbert is dead."

"It is true. He wouldn't feel aggrieved."

"But we, sir, you and I, awaking——"

"Aren't the others to awake, James?"

"Indeed, sir, I should pray that they had never awaked. For you and I, waking first, would find the lodge a mass of flames. We should have to run for our lives."

"What! Should we make no effort to rouse the others?"

"Indeed, sir, we should do all that men could do; we should even risk death by suffocation."

"But we should fail, in spite of our heroism, should we?"

"Alas, sir, in spite of all our efforts we should fail. The flames would envelop the lodge in one blaze; before help could come, the lodge would be in ruins, and my unhappy master and poor Herbert would be consumed to ashes."

"Hum!"

"They would, at least, sir, be entirely unrecognizable."

"You think so?"

"Beyond doubt, if the oil and the firewood and the candle were placed to the best advantage."

"Ah, yes. And there would be an end of Rudolf Rassendyll?"

"Sir, I should myself carry the tidings to his family."

"Whereas the King of Ruritania——"

"Would enjoy a long and prosperous reign, God willing, sir."

"And the Queen of Ruritania, James?"

"Do not misunderstand me, sir. They could be secretly married. I should say re-married."

"Yes, certainly, re-married."

"By a trustworthy priest."

"You mean by an untrustworthy priest?"

"It's the same thing, sir, from a different point of view." For the first time James smiled a thoughtful smile.

Sapt in his turn laid down his pipe now, and was tugging at his moustache. There

was a smile on his lips too, and his eyes looked hard into James's. The little man met his glance composedly.

"It's an ingenious fancy, this of yours, James," the constable remarked. "What, though, if your master's killed too? That's quite possible. Count Rupert's a man to be reckoned with."

"If my master is killed, sir, he must be buried," answered James.

"In Strelsau?" came in quick question from Sapt.

"He won't mind where, sir."

"True, he won't mind, and we needn't mind for him."

"Why, no, sir. But to carry a body secretly from here to Strelsau——"

"Yes, that is, as we agreed at the first, difficult. Well, it's a pretty story, but—your master wouldn't approve of it. Supposing he were not killed, I mean."

"It's waste of time, sir, disapproving of what's done: he might think the story better than the truth, although it's not a good story."

The two men's eyes met again in a long glance.

"Where do you come from?" asked Sapt, suddenly.

"London, sir, originally."

"They make good stories there?"

"Yes, sir, and act them sometimes."

The instant he had spoken, James sprang to his feet and pointed out of the window.

A man on horseback was cantering towards the lodge. Exchanging one quick look, both hastened to the door, and, advancing some twenty yards, waited under the tree on the spot where Boris lay buried.

"By the way," said Sapt, "you forgot the dog." And he pointed to the ground.

"The affectionate beast will be in his master's room and die there, sir."

"Eh, but he must rise again first!"

"Certainly, sir. That won't be a long matter."

Sapt was still smiling in grim amusement when the messenger came up and, leaning from his horse, handed him a telegram.

"Special and urgent, sir," said he.

Sapt tore it open and read. It was the message that I sent in obedience to Mr. Rassendyll's orders. He would not trust my cipher, but, indeed, none was necessary. Sapt would understand the message, although it said simply, "The king is in Strelsau. Wait orders at the lodge. Business here in progress, but not finished. Will wire again."

Sapt handed it to James, who took it with a respectful little bow. James read it with attention, and returned it with another bow.

"I'll attend to what it says, sir," he remarked.

"Yes," said Sapt. "Thanks, my man," he added to the messenger. "Here's a crown for you. If any other message comes for me and you bring it in good time, you shall have another."

"You shall have it quick as a horse can bring it from the station, sir."

"The king's business won't bear delay, you know," nodded Sapt.

"You shan't have to wait, sir," and, with a parting salute, the fellow turned his horse and trotted away.

"You see," remarked Sapt, "that your story is quite imaginary. For that fellow can see for himself that the lodge was not burnt down last night."

"That's true; but, excuse me, sir——"

"Pray go on, James. I've told you that I'm interested."

"He can't see that it won't be burnt down to-night. A fire, sir, is a thing that may happen any night."

Then old Sapt suddenly burst into a roar, half-speech, half-laughter.

"By God, what a thing!" he roared; and James smiled complacently.

"There's a fate about it," said the constable. "There's a strange fate about it. The man was born to it. We'd have done it before if Michael had throttled the king in that cellar, as I thought he would. Yes, by heavens, we'd have done it! Why, we wanted it! God forgive us, in our hearts both Fritz and I wanted it. But Rudolf would have the king out. He would have him out, though he lost a throne—and what he wanted more—by it. But he would have him out. So he thwarted the fate. But it's not to be thwarted. Young Rupert may think this new affair is his doing. No, it's the fate using him. The fate brought Rudolf here again, the fate will have him king. Well, you stare at me. Do you think I'm mad, Mr. Valet?"

"I think, sir, that you talk very good sense, if I may say so," answered James.

"Sense?" echoed Sapt with a chuckle. "I don't know about that. But the fate's there, depend on it!"

The two were back in their little room now, past the door that hid the bodies of the king and his huntsman. James stood by the table, old Sapt roamed up and down,

tugging his moustache, and now and again sawing the air with his sturdy hairy hand.

"I daren't do it," he muttered: "I daren't do it. It's a thing a man can't set his hand to of his own will. But the fate'll do it—the fate'll do it. The fate'll force it on us."

"Then we'd best be ready, sir," suggested James quietly.

Sapt turned on him quickly, almost fiercely.

"They used to call me a cool hand," said he. "By Jove, what are you?"

"There's no harm in being ready, sir," said James, the servant.

Sapt came to him and caught hold of his shoulders.

"Ready?" he asked in a gruff whisper.

"The oil, the firewood, the light," said James.

"Where, man, where? Do you mean, by the bodies?"

"Not where the bodies are now. Each must be in the proper place."

"We must move them then?"

"Why, yes. And the dog too."

Sapt almost glared at him; then he burst into a laugh.

"So be it," he said. "You take command. Yes, we'll be ready. The fate drives."

Then and there they set about what they had to do. It seemed indeed as though some strange influence were dominating Sapt; he went about the work like a man who is hardly awake. They placed the bodies each where the living man would be by night—the king in the guest-room, the huntsman in the sort of cupboard where the honest fellow had been wont to lie. They dug up the buried dog, Sapt chuckling convulsively, James grave as the mute whose grim doings he seemed to travesty: they carried the shot-pierced, earth-grimed thing in, and laid it in the king's room. Then they made their piles of wood, pouring the store of oil over them, and setting bottles of spirit near, that the flames having cracked the bottles, might gain fresh fuel. To Sapt it seemed now as if they played some foolish game that was to end with the playing, now as if they obeyed some mysterious power which kept its great purpose hidden from its instruments. Mr. Rassendyll's servant moved and arranged and ordered all as deftly as he folded his master's clothes or stropped his master's razor. Old Sapt stopped him once as he went by.

"Don't think me a mad fool, because

I talk of the fate," he said, almost anxiously.

"Not I, sir," answered James, "I know nothing of that. But I like to be ready."

"It would be a thing!" muttered Sapt.

The mockery, real or assumed, in which they had begun their work, had vanished now. If they were not serious, they played at seriousness. If they entertained no intention such as their acts seemed to indicate, they could no longer deny that they had cherished a hope. They shrank, or at least Sapt shrank, from setting such a ball rolling; but they longed for the fate that would give it a kick, and they made smooth the incline down which it, when thus impelled, was to run. When they had finished their task and sat down again opposite to one another in the little front room, the whole scheme was ready, the preparations were made, all was in train; they waited only for that impulse from chance or fate which was to turn the servant's story into reality and action. And when the thing was done, Sapt's coolness, so rarely upset, yet so completely beaten by the force of that wild idea, came back to him. He lit his pipe again and lay back in his chair, puffing freely, with a meditative look on his face.

"It's two o'clock, sir," said James. "Something should have happened before now in Strelsau."

"Ah, but what?" asked the constable.

Suddenly breaking on their ears came a loud knock at the door. Absorbed in their own thoughts, they had not noticed two men riding up to the lodge. The visitors wore the green and gold of the king's huntsmen; the one who had knocked was Simon, the chief huntsman, and brother of Herbert, who lay dead in the little room inside.

"Rather dangerous!" muttered the Constable of Zenda as he hurried to the door, James following him.

Simon was astonished when Sapt opened the door.

"Beg pardon, Constable, but I want to see Herbert. Can I go in?" And he jumped down from his horse, throwing the reins to his companion.

"What's the good of your going in?" asked Sapt. "Herbert's not here."

"Not here? Then where is he?"

"Why, he went with the king this morning."

"Oh, he went with the king, sir? Then he's in Strelsau, I suppose?"

"If you know that, Simon, you're wiser than I am."

"But the king is in Strelsau, sir."

"The deuce he is! He said nothing of going to Strelsau. He rose early and rode off with Herbert, merely saying they would be back to-night."

"He went to Streslau, sir. I am just from Zenda, and his Majesty is known to have been in town with the queen. They were both at Count Fritz's."

"I'm much interested to hear it. But didn't the telegram say where Herbert was?"

Simon laughed.

"Herbert's not a king, you see," he said. "Well, I'll come again to-morrow morning, for I must see him soon. He'll be back by then, sir?"

"Yes, Simon, your brother will be here to-morrow morning."

"Or what's left of him after such a two-days of work," suggested Simon jocularly.

"Why, yes, precisely," said Sapt, biting his moustache and darting one swift glance at James. "Or what's left of him, as you say."

"And I'll bring a cart and carry the boar down to the castle at the same time, sir. At least, I suppose you haven't eaten it all?"

Sapt laughed; Simon was gratified at the tribute, and laughed even more heartily himself.

"We haven't even cooked it yet," said Sapt, "but I won't answer for it that we shan't have by to-morrow."

"All right, sir; I'll be here. By the way, there's another bit of news come on the wires. They say Count Rupert of Hentzau has been seen in the city."

"Rupert of Hentzau? Oh, pooh! Nonsense, my good Simon. He daren't show his face there for his life."

"Ah, but it may be no nonsense. Perhaps that's what took the king to Strelsau."

"It's enough to take him if it's true," admitted Sapt.

"Well, good day, sir."

"Good day, Simon."

The two huntsmen rode off. James watched them for a little while.

"The king," he said then, "is known to be in Strelsau; and now Count Rupert is known to be in Strelsau. How is Count Rupert to have killed the king here in the forest of Zenda, sir?"

Sapt looked at him almost apprehensively.

"How is the king's body to come to the forest of Zenda?" asked James. "Or how is the king's body to go to the city of Strelsau?"

"Stop your damned riddles!" roared Sapt. "Man, are you bent on driving me into it?"

The servant came near to him, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"You went into as great a thing once before, sir," said he.

"It was to save the king."

"And this is to save the queen and yourself. For if we don't do it, the truth about my master must be known."

Sapt made him no answer. They sat down again in silence. There they sat, sometimes smoking, never speaking, while the tedious afternoon wore away, and the shadows from the trees of the forest lengthened. They did not think of eating or drinking; they did not move, save when James rose and lit a little fire of brushwood in the grate. It grew dusk, and again James moved to light the lamp. It was hard on six o'clock, and still no news came from Strelsau.

Then there was the sound of a horse's hoofs. The two rushed to the door, beyond it, and far along the grassy road that gave approach to the hunting-lodge. They forgot to guard the secret, and the door gaped open behind them. Sapt ran as he had not run for many a day, and outstripped his companion. There was a message from Strelsau!

The constable, without a word of greeting, snatched the envelope from the hand of the messenger and tore it open. He read it hastily, muttering under his breath "Good God!" Then he turned suddenly round and began to walk quickly back to James, who, seeing himself beaten in the race, had dropped to a walk. But the messenger had his cares as well as the constable. If the constable's thoughts were on a crown, so were his. He called out in indignant protest:

"I have never drawn rein since Hofbau, sir. Am I not to have my crown?"

Sapt stopped, turned, and retraced his steps. He took a crown from his pocket. As he looked up in giving it, there was a queer smile on his broad, weather-beaten face.

"Aye," he said, "every man that deserves a crown shall have one, if I can give it him."

Then he turned again to James, who had now come up, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Come along, my king-maker," said he.

James looked in his face for a moment. The constable's eyes met his; and the constable nodded.

So they turned to the lodge where the dead king and his huntsman lay. Verily the fate drove.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CROWD IN THE KÖNIGSTRASSE.

THE project that had taken shape in the thoughts of Mr. Rassendyll's servant, and had inflamed Sapt's daring mind as the dropping of a spark kindles dry shavings, had suggested itself vaguely to more than one of us in Strelsau. We did not indeed coolly face and plan it, as the little servant had, nor seize on it at once with an eagerness to be convinced of its necessity, like the Constable of Zenda; but it was there in my mind, sometimes figuring as a dread, sometimes as a hope, now seeming the one thing to be avoided, again the only resource against a more disastrous issue. I knew that it was in Bernenstein's thoughts no less than in my own; for neither of us had been able to form any reasonable scheme by which the living king, whom half Strelsau now knew to be in the city, could be spirited away, and the dead king set in his place. The change could take place, as it seemed, only in one way and at one cost: the truth, or the better part of it, must be told, and every tongue set wagging with gossip and guesses concerning Rudolf Rassendyll and his relations with the queen. Who that knows what men and women are would not have shrank from that alternative? To adopt it was to expose the queen to all or nearly all the peril she had run by the loss of the letter. We indeed assumed, influenced by Rudolf's unhesitating self-confidence, that the letter would be won back, and the mouth of Rupert of Hentzau shut; but enough would remain to furnish material for eager talk and for conjectures unrestrained by respect or charity. Therefore, alive as we were to its difficulties and its unending risks, we yet conceived of the thing as possible, had it in our hearts, and hinted it to one another—my wife to me, I to Bernenstein, and he to me—in quick glances and half-uttered sentences that declared its presence while shunning the open confession of it. For the queen herself I cannot speak. Her thoughts, as I judged them, were bounded by the longing to see Mr. Rassendyll again, and dwelt on the visit that he promised as the horizon of hope. To Rudolf we had dared to disclose nothing of the part our imaginations set him to play: if he were

to accept it, the acceptance would be of his own act, because the fate that old Sapt talked of drove him, and on no persuasion of ours. As he had said, he left the rest, and had centered all his efforts on the immediate task which fell to his hand to perform, the task that was to be accomplished at the dingy old house in the Königstrasse. We were indeed awake to the fact that even Rupert's death would not make the secret safe. Rischenheim, although for the moment a prisoner and helpless, was alive and could not be mewed up for ever; Bauer was we knew not where, free to act and free to talk. Yet in our hearts we feared none but Rupert, and the doubt was not whether we could do the thing so much as whether we should. For in moments of excitement and intense feeling a man makes light of obstacles which look large enough as he turns reflective eyes on them in the quiet of after days.

A message in the king's name had persuaded the best part of the idle crowd to disperse reluctantly. Rudolf himself had entered one of my carriages and driven off. He started not towards the Königstrasse, but in the opposite direction: I supposed that he meant to approach his destination by a circuitous way, hoping to gain it without attracting notice. The queen's carriage was still before my door, for it had been arranged that she was to proceed to the palace and there await tidings. My wife and I were to accompany her; and I went to her now, where she sat alone, and asked if it were her pleasure to start at once. I found her thoughtful but calm. She listened to me; then, rising, she said, "Yes, I will go." But then she asked suddenly, "Where is the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

I told her how Bernenstein kept guard over the count in the room at the back of the house. She seemed to consider for a moment, then she said:

"I will see him. Go and bring him to me. You must be here while I talk to him, but nobody else."

I did not know what she intended, but I saw no reason to oppose her wishes, and I was glad to find for her any means of employing this time of suspense. I obeyed her commands and brought Rischenheim to her. He followed me slowly and reluctantly; his unstable mind had again jumped from rashness to despondency: he was pale and uneasy, and, when he found himself in her presence, the bravado of his bearing, maintained before Bernenstein, gave place to a

shamefaced sullenness. He could not meet the grave eyes that she fixed on him.

I withdrew to the farther end of the room; but it was small, and I heard all that passed. I had my revolver ready to cover Rischenheim in case he should be moved to make a dash for liberty. But he was past that: Rupert's presence was a tonic that nerved him to effort and to confidence, but the force of the last dose was gone and the man was sunk again to his natural irresolution.

"My lord," she began gently, motioning him to sit, "I have desired to speak with you, because I do not wish a gentleman of your rank to think too much evil of his queen. Heaven has willed that my secret should be to you no secret, and therefore I may speak plainly. You may say my own shame should silence me; I speak to lessen my shame in your eyes, if I can."

Rischenheim looked up with a dull gaze, not understanding her mood. He had expected reproaches, and met low-voiced apology.

"And yet," she went on, "it is because of me that the king lies dead now; and a faithful humble fellow also, caught in the net of my unhappy fortunes, has given his life for me, though he didn't know it. Even while we speak, it may be that a gentleman, not too old yet to learn nobility, may be killed in my quarrel; while another, whom I alone of all that know him may not praise, carries his life lightly in his hand for me. And to you, my lord, I have done the wrong of dressing a harsh deed in some cloak of excuse, making you seem to serve the king in working my punishment."

Rischenheim's eyes fell to the ground, and he twisted his hands nervously in and out, the one about the other. I took my hand from my revolver: he would not move now.

"I don't know," she went on, now almost dreamily, and as though she spoke more to herself than to him, or had even forgotten his presence, "what end in Heaven's counsel my great unhappiness has served. Perhaps I, who have place above most women, must also be tried above most; and in that trial I have failed. Yet, when I weigh my misery and my temptation, to my human eyes it seems that I have not failed greatly. My heart is not yet humbled, God's work not yet done. But the guilt of blood is on my soul—even the face of my dear love I can see now only through its scarlet mist; so that if what seemed my perfect joy were now granted me, it would come spoilt and stained and blotched!"

She paused, fixing her eyes on him again; but he neither spoke nor moved.

"You knew my sin," she said, "the sin so great in my heart; and you knew how little my acts yielded to it. Did you think, my lord, that the sin had no punishment, that you took it in hand to add shame to my suffering? Was Heaven so kind that men must temper its indulgence by their severity? Yet I know that because I was wrong, you, being wrong, might seem to yourself not wrong, and in aiding your kinsman might plead that you served the king's honour. Thus, my lord, I was the cause in you of a deed that your heart could not welcome nor your honour praise. I thank God that you have come to no more hurt by it."

Rischenheim began to mutter in a low thick voice, his eyes still cast down: "Rupert persuaded me. He said the king would be very grateful, and—would give me—" His voice died away, and he sat silent again, twisting his hands.

"I know—I know," she said. "But you wouldn't have listened to such persuasions if my fault hadn't blinded your eyes."

She turned suddenly to me, who had been standing all the while aloof, and stretched out her hands towards me, her eyes filled with tears.

"Yet," said she, "your wife knows, and still loves me, Fritz."

"She should be no wife of mine, if she didn't," I cried. "For I and all of mine ask no better than to die for your Majesty."

"She knows, and yet she loves me," repeated the queen. I loved to see that she seemed to find comfort in Helga's love. It is women to whom women turn, and women whom women fear. "But Helga writes no letters," said the queen.

"Why, no," said I, and I smiled a grim smile. Well, Rudolf Rassendyll had never wooed my wife.

She rose, saying: "Come, let us go to the palace."

As she rose, Rischenheim made a quick impulsive step towards her.

"Well, my lord," said she, turning towards him, "will you also go with me?"

"Lieutenant von Bernenstein will take care—" I began. But I stopped. The slightest gesture of her hand silenced me.

"Will you go with me?" she asked Rischenheim again.

"Madame," he stammered, "Madame—"

She waited. I waited also, although I had no great patience with him. Suddenly

he fell on his knee, but he did not venture to take her hand. Of her own accord she came and stretched it out to him, saying sadly: "Ah, that by forgiving I could win forgiveness!"

Rischenheim caught at her hand and kissed it.

"It was not I," I heard him mutter. "Rupert set me on, and I couldn't stand out against him."

"Will you go with me to the palace?" she asked, drawing her hand away, but smiling.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim," I made bold to observe, "knows some things that most people do not know, madame."

She turned on me with dignity, almost with displeasure.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim may be trusted to be silent," she said. "We ask him to do nothing against his cousin. We ask only his silence."

"Aye," said I, braving her anger, "but what security shall we have?"

"His word of honor, my lord." I knew that a rebuke to my presumption lay in her calling me "my lord," for, save on formal occasions, she always used to call me Fritz.

"His word of honor!" I grumbled. "In truth, madame—"

"He's right," said Rischenheim; "he's right."

"No, he's wrong," said the queen, smiling. "The count will keep his word, given to me."

Rischenheim looked at her and seemed about to address her, but then he turned to me, and said in a low tone:

"By heaven, I will, Tarlenheim. I'll serve her in everything."

"My lord," said she most graciously, and yet very sadly, "you lighten the burden on me no less by your help than because I no longer feel your honour stained through me. Come, we will go to the palace." And she went to him, saying, "We will go together."

There was nothing for it but to trust him. I knew that I could not turn her.

"Then I'll see if the carriage is ready," said I.

"Yes, do, Fritz," said the queen. But as I passed she stopped me for a moment, saying in a whisper, "Show that you trust him."

I went and held out my hand to him. He took and pressed it.

"On my honor," he said.

Then I went out and found Bernenstein

sitting on a bench in the hall. The lieutenant was a diligent and watchful young man; he appeared to be examining his revolver with sedulous care.

"You can put that away," said I rather peevishly—I had not fancied shaking hands with Rischenheim. "He's not a prisoner any longer. He's one of us now."

"The deuce he is!" cried Bernenstein, springing to his feet.

I told him briefly what had happened, and how the queen had won Rupert's instrument to be her servant.

"I suppose he'll stick to it," I ended; and I thought he would, though I was not eager for his help.

A light gleamed in Bernenstein's eyes, and I felt a tremble in the hand that he laid on my shoulder.

"Then there's only Bauer now," he whispered. "If Rischenheim's with us, only Bauer!"

I knew very well what he meant. With Rischenheim silent, Bauer was the only man, save Rupert himself, who knew the truth, the only man who threatened that great scheme which more and more filled our thoughts and grew upon us with an increasing force of attraction as every obstacle to it seemed to be cleared out of the way. But I would not look at Bernenstein, fearing to acknowledge even with my eyes how my mind jumped with his. He was bolder, or less scrupulous—which you will.

"Yes, if we can shut Bauer's mouth——" he went on.

"The queen's waiting for the carriage," I interrupted snappishly.

"Ah, yes, of course, the carriage," and he twisted me round till I was forced to look him in the face. Then he smiled, and even laughed a little. "Only Bauer now!" said he.

"And Rupert," I remarked sourly.

"Oh, Rupert's dead bones by now," he chuckled, and with that he went out of the hall door and announced the queen's approach to her servants. It must be said for young Bernenstein that he was a cheerful fellow-conspirator. His equanimity almost matched Rudolf's own; I could not rival it myself.

I drove to the palace with the queen and my wife, the other two following in a second carriage. I do not know what they said to one another on the way, but Bernenstein was civil enough to his companion when I rejoined them. With us my wife was the principal speaker: she filled up, from what

Rudolf had told her, the gaps in our knowledge of how he had spent his night in Strelsau, and by the time we arrived we were fully informed in every detail. The queen said little. The impulse which had dictated her appeal to Rischenheim and carried her through it seemed to have died away; she had become again subject to fears and apprehension. I saw her uneasiness when she suddenly put out her hand and touched mine, whispering:

"He must be at the house by now."

Our way did not lie by the house, and we came to the palace without any news of our absent chief (so I call him—as such we all, from the queen herself, then regarded him). She did not speak of him again; but her eyes seemed to follow me about as though she were silently asking some service of me; what it was I could not understand. Bernenstein had disappeared, and the repentant count with him: knowing they were together, I was in no uneasiness; Bernenstein would see that his companion contrived no treachery. But I was puzzled by the queen's tacit appeal. And I was myself on fire for news from the Königstrasse. It was now two hours since Rudolf Rassendyll had left us, and no word had come of him or from him. At last I could bear it no longer. The queen was sitting with her hand in my wife's; I had been seated on the other side of the room, for I thought that they might wish to talk to one another; yet I had not seen them exchange a word. I rose abruptly and crossed the room to where they were.

"Have you need of my presence, madame, or have I your permission to be away for a time?" I asked.

"Where do you wish to go, Fritz?" the queen asked with a little start, as though I had come suddenly across her thoughts.

"To the Königstrasse," said I.

To my surprise she rose and caught my hand.

"God bless you, Fritz!" she cried. "I don't think I could have endured it longer. But I wouldn't ask you to go. But go, my dear friend, go and bring me news of him. Oh, Fritz, I seem to dream that dream again!"

My wife looked up at me with a brave smile and a trembling lip.

"Shall you go into the house, Fritz?" she asked.

"Not unless I see need, sweetheart," said I.

She came and kissed me. "Go, if you are

wanted," she said. And she tried to smile at the queen, as though she risked me willingly.

"I could have been such a wife, Fritz," whispered the queen. "Yes, I could."

I had nothing to say; at the moment I might not have been able to say it if I had. There is something in the helpless courage of women that makes me feel soft. We can work and fight; they sit and wait. Yet they do not flinch. Now I know that if I had to sit and think about the thing I should turn cur.

Well, I went, leaving them there together. I put on plain clothes instead of my uniform, and dropped my revolver into the pocket of my coat. Thus prepared, I slipped out and made my way on foot to the Königstrasse.

It was now midday. Many folks were at their dinner and the streets were not full. Two or three people recognized me, but I passed by almost unnoticed. There was no sign of stir or excitement, and the flags still floated high in the wind. Sapt had kept his secret; the men of Strelsau thought still that their king lived and was among them. I feared that Rudolf's coming would have been seen, and expected to find a crowd of people near the house. But when I reached it there were no more than ten or a dozen idle fellows lounging about. I began to stroll up and down with as careless an air as I could assume.

Soon, however, there was a change. The workmen and business folk, their meal finished, began to come out of their houses and from the restaurants. The loafers before No. 19 spoke to many of them. Some said, "Indeed!" shook their heads, smiled and passed on: they had no time to waste in staring at the king. But many waited; lighting their cigars or cigarettes or pipes, they stood gossiping with one another, looking at their watches now and again, lest they should overstay their leisure. Thus the assembly grew to the number of a couple of hundred. I ceased my walk, for the pavement was too crowded, and hung on the outskirts of the throng. As I loitered there, a cigar in my mouth, I felt a hand on my shoulder. Turning round, I saw the lieutenant. He was in uniform. By his side was Rischenheim.

"You're here too, are you?" said I. "Well, nothing seems to be happening, does it?"

For No. 19 showed no sign of life. The shutters were up, the door closed; the little shop was not open for business that day.

Bernenstein shook his head with a smile.

His companion took no heed of my remark; he was evidently in a state of great agitation, and his eyes never left the door of the house. I was about to address him, when my attention was abruptly and completely diverted by a glimpse of a head, caught across the shoulders of the bystanders.

The fellow whom I saw wore a brown wide-awake hat. The hat was pulled down low over his forehead, but nevertheless beneath its rim there appeared a white bandage running round his head. I could not see the face, but the bullet-shaped skull was very familiar to me. I was sure from the first moment that the bandaged man was Bauer. Saying nothing to Bernenstein, I began to steal round outside the crowd. As I went, I heard somebody saying that it was all nonsense; the king was not there: what should the king do in such a house? The answer was a reference to one of the first loungers; he replied that he did not know what the devil the king did there, but that the king or his double had certainly gone in, and had as certainly not yet come out again. I wished I could have made myself known to them and persuaded them to go away; but my presence would have outweighed my declarations, and been taken as a sure sign that the king was in the house. So I kept on the outskirts and worked my way unobtrusively towards the bandaged head. Evidently Bauer's hurt had not been so serious as to prevent him leaving the infirmary to which the police had carried him: he was come now to await, even as I was awaiting, the issue of Rudolf's visit to the house in the Königstrasse.

He had not seen me, for he was looking at No. 19 as intently as Rischenheim. Apparently neither had caught sight of the other, or Rischenheim would have shown some embarrassment, Bauer some excitement. I wormed my way quickly towards my former servant. My mind was full of the idea of getting hold of him. I could not forget Bernenstein's remark, "Only Bauer now!" If I could secure Bauer we were safe. Safe in what? I did not answer to myself, but the old idea was working in me. Safe in our secret and safe in our plan—in the plan on which we all, we here in the city, and those two at the hunting-lodge, had set our minds! Bauer's death, Bauer's capture, Bauer's silence, however procured, would clear the greatest hindrance from its way.

Bauer stared intently at the house; I crept cautiously up behind him. His arm was in his trousers' pocket; where the curve of the

elbow came there was a space between arm and body. I slipped in my left arm and hooked it firmly inside his. He turned round and saw me.

"Thus we meet again, Bauer," said I.

He was for a moment flabbergasted, and stared stupidly at me.

"Are you also hoping to see the king?" I asked.

He began to recover himself. A slow, cunning smile spread over his face.

"The king?" he asked.

"Well, he's in Strelsau, isn't he? Who gave you the wound on your head?"

Bauer moved his arm as though he meant to withdraw it from my grasp. He found himself tightly held.

"Where's that bag of mine?" I asked.

I do not know what he would have answered, for at this instant there came a sound from behind the closed door of the house. It was as if some one ran rapidly and eagerly towards the door. Then came an oath in a shrill voice, a woman's voice, but harsh and rough. It was answered by an angry cry in a girl's intonation. Full of eagerness, I drew my arm from Bauer's and sprang forward. I heard a chuckle from him and turned round, to see his bandaged head retreating rapidly down the street. I had no time to look to him, for now I saw two men, shoulder to shoulder, making their way through the crowd, regardless of any one in their way, and paying no attention to abuse or remonstrances. They were the lieutenant and Rischenheim. Without a moment's hesitation I set myself to push and battle a way through, thinking to join them in front. On they went, and on I went. All gave place before us in surly reluctance or frightened willingness. We three were together in the first rank of the crowd when the door of the house was flung open, and a girl ran out. Her hair was disordered, her face pale, and her eyes full of alarm. There she stood on the doorstep, facing the crowd, which in an instant grew as if by magic to three times its former size, and, little knowing what she did, she cried in the eager accents of sheer terror.

"Help, help! The king! The king!"

CHAPTER XVII.

YOUNG RUPERT AND THE PLAY-ACTOR.

THERE rises often before my mind the picture of young Rupert, standing where

Rischenheim left him, awaiting the return of his messenger and watching for some sign that should declare to Strelsau the death of its king which his own hand had wrought. His image is one that memory holds clear and distinct, though time may blur the shape of greater and better men, and the position in which he was that morning gives play enough to the imagination. Save for Rischenheim, a broken reed, and Bauer, who was gone, none knew where, he stood alone against a kingdom which he had robbed of its head, and a band of resolute men who would know no rest and no security so long as he lived. For protection he had only a quick brain, his courage, and his secret. Yet he could not fly—he was without resources till his cousin furnished them—and at any moment his opponents might find themselves able to declare the king's death and raise the city in hue and cry after him. Such men do not repent; but it may be that he regretted the enterprise which had led him on so far and forced on him a deed so momentous; yet to those who knew him it seems more likely that the smile broadened on his firm full lips as he looked down on the unconscious city. Well, I daresay he would have been too much for me, but I wish I had been the man to find him there. He would not have had it so; for I believe that he asked no better than to cross swords again with Rudolf Rassendyll and set his fortunes on the issue.

Down below, the old woman was cooking a stew for her dinner, now and then grumbling to herself that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was so long away, and Bauer, the rascal, drunk in some pothouse. The kitchen door stood open, and through it could be seen the girl Rosa, busily scrubbing the tiled floor; her color was high and her eyes bright; from time to time she paused in her task, and, raising her head, seemed to listen. The time at which the king needed her was past, but the king had not come. How little the old woman knew for whom she listened! All her talk had been of Bauer—why Bauer did not come and what could have befallen him. It was grand to hold the king's secret for him, and she would hold it with her life; for he had been kind and gracious to her, and he was her man of all the men in Strelsau. Bauer was a stumpy fellow; the Count of Hentzau was handsome, handsome as the devil; but the king was her man. And the king had trusted her; she would die before hurt should come to him.

There were wheels in the street—quick-

rolling wheels. They seemed to stop a few doors away, then to roll on again past the house. The girl's head was raised; the old woman, engrossed in her stewing, took no heed. The girl's straining ear caught a rapid step outside. Then it came—the knock, the sharp knock followed by five light ones. The old woman heard now: dropping her spoon into the pot, she lifted the mess off the fire and turned round, saying: "There's the rogue at last! Open the door for him, Rosa."

Before she spoke Rosa had darted down the passage. The door opened and shut again. The old woman waddled to the threshold of the kitchen. The passage and the shop were dark behind the closed shutters, but the figure by the girl's side was taller than Bauer's.

"Who's there?" cried Mother Holf sharply. "The shop's shut to-day: you can't come in."

"But I am in," came the answer, and Rudolf stepped towards her. The girl followed a pace behind, her hands clasped and her eyes alight with excitement. "Don't you know me?" asked Rudolf, standing opposite the old woman and smiling down on her.

There, in the dim light of the low-roofed passage, Mother Holf was fairly puzzled. She knew the story of Mr. Rassendyll; she knew that he was again in Ruritania, it was no surprise to her that he should be in Strelsau; but she did not know that Rupert had killed the king, and she had not seen the king close at hand since his illness and his beard impaired what had been a perfect likeness. In fine, she could not tell whether it were indeed the king who spoke to her or his counterpart.

"Who are you?" she asked, curt and blunt in her confusion.

The girl broke in with an amused laugh.

"Why, it's the——" She paused. Perhaps the king's identity was a secret.

Rudolf nodded to her. "Tell her who I am," said he.

"Why, mother, it's the king," whispered Rosa, laughing and blushing. "The king, mother."

"Aye, if the king's alive, I'm the king," said Rudolf. I suppose he wanted to find out how much the old woman knew.

She made no answer, but stared up at his face. In her bewilderment she forgot to ask how he had learnt the signal that gained him admission.

"I've come to see the Count of Hentzau,"

Rudolf continued. "Take me to him at once."

The old woman was across his path in a moment, all defiant, arms akimbo.

"Nobody can see the count. He's not here," she blurted out.

"What, can't the king see him? Not even the king?"

"King!" she cried, peering at him. "Are you the king?"

Rosa burst out laughing.

"Mother, you must have seen the king a hundred times," she laughed.

"The king, or his ghost—what does it matter?" said Rudolf lightly.

The old woman drew back with an appearance of sudden alarm.

"His ghost? Is he——?"

"His ghost!" rang out in the girl's merry laugh. "Why, here's the king himself, mother. You don't look much like a ghost, sir."

Mother Holf's face was livid now, and her eyes staring fixedly. Perhaps it shot into her brain that something had happened to the king, and that this man had come because of it—this man who was indeed the image, and might have been the spirit, of the king. She leant against the door post, her broad bosom heaving under her scanty stuff gown. Yet still—was it not the king?

"God help us!" she muttered in fear and bewilderment.

"He helps us, never fear," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "Where is Count Rupert?"

The girl had caught alarm from her mother's agitation.

"He's upstairs in the attic at the top of the house, sir," she whispered in frightened tones, with a glance that fled from her mother's terrified face to Rudolf's set eyes and steady smile.

What she said was enough for him. He slipped by the old woman and began to mount the stairs.

The two watched him, Mother Holf as though fascinated, the girl alarmed but still triumphant: she had done what the king bade her. Rudolf turned the corner of the first landing and disappeared from their sight. The old woman, swearing and muttering, stumbled back into her kitchen, set her stew on the fire, and began to stir it, her eyes set on the flames and careless of the pot. The girl watched her mother for a moment, wondering how she could think of the stew, not guessing that she turned the spoon without a thought of what she did; then she began to crawl, quickly but

noiselessly, up the staircase in the track of Rudolf Rassendyll. She looked back once: the old woman stirred with a monotonous circular movement of her fat arm. Rosa, bent half-double, skimmed upstairs, till she came in sight of the king whom she was so proud to serve. He was on the top landing now, outside the door of a large attic where Rupert of Hentzau was lodged. She saw him lay his hand on the latch of the door; his other hand rested in the pocket of his coat. From the room no sound came; Rupert may have heard the step outside and stood motionless to listen. Rudolf opened the door and walked in. The girl darted breathlessly up the remaining steps, and, coming to the door, just as it swung back on the latch, crouched down by it, listening to what passed within, catching glimpses of forms and movements through the chinks of the crazy hinge and the crevices where the wood of the panel sprung and left a narrow eyehole for her absorbed gazing.

Rupert of Hentzau had no thought of ghosts; the men he killed lay still where they fell, and slept where they were buried. And he had no wonder at the sight of Rudolf Rassendyll. It told him no more than that Rischenheim's errand had fallen out ill, at which he was not surprised, and that his old enemy was again in his path, at which (as I verily believe) he was more glad than sorry. As Rudolf entered, he had been half-way between window and table; he came forward to the table now, and stood leaning the points of two fingers on the unpolished dirty-white deal.

"Ah, the play-actor!" said he, with a gleam of his teeth and a toss of his curls, while his second hand, like Mr. Rassendyll's, rested in the pocket of his coat.

Mr. Rassendyll himself has confessed that in old days it went against the grain with him when Rupert called him a play-actor. He was a little older now, and his temper more difficult to stir.

"Yes, the play-actor," he answered, smiling. "With a shorter part this time, though."

"What part to-day? Isn't it the old one, the king with a pasteboard crown?" asked Rupert, sitting down on the table. "Faith, we shall do handsomely in Ruritania: you have a pasteboard crown, and I (humble man though I am) have given the other one a heavenly crown. What a brave show! But perhaps I tell you news?"

"No, I know what you've done."

"I take no credit. It was more the dog's

doing than mine," said Rupert carelessly. "However, there it is, and dead he is, and there's an end of it. What's your business, play-actor?"

At the repetition of this last word, to her so mysterious, the girl outside pressed her eyes more eagerly to the chink and strained her ears to listen more sedulously. And what did the count mean by the "other one" and "a heavenly crown"?

"Why not call me king?" asked Rudolf.

"They call you that in Strelsau?"

"Those that know I'm here."

"And they are——?"

"Some few score."

"And thus," said Rupert, waving an arm towards the window, "the town is quiet and the flags fly?"

"You've been waiting to see them lowered?"

"A man likes to have some notice taken of what he has done," Rupert complained. "However, I can get them lowered when I will."

"By telling your news? Would that be good for yourself?"

"Forgive me—not that way. Since the king has two lives, it is but in nature that he should have two deaths."

"And when he has undergone the second?"

"I shall live at peace, my friend, on a certain source of income that I possess." He tapped his breast-pocket with a slight, defiant laugh. "In these days," said he, "even queens must be careful about their letters. We live in moral times."

"You don't share the responsibility for it," said Rudolf, smiling.

"I make my little protest. But what's your business, play-actor? For I think you're rather tiresome."

Rudolf grew grave. He advanced towards the table, and spoke in low, serious tones.

"My lord, you're alone in this matter now. Rischenheim is a prisoner; your rogue Bauer I encountered last night and broke his head."

"Ah, you did?"

"You have what you know of in your hands. If you yield, on my honor I will save your life."

"You don't desire my blood, then, most forgiving play-actor?"

"So much, that I daren't fail to offer you life," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. "Come, sir, your plan has failed: give up the letter."

Rupert looked at him thoughtfully.

"You'll see me safe off if I give it you?" he asked.

"I'll prevent your death. Yes, and I'll see you safe."

"Where to?"

"To a fortress, where a trustworthy gentleman will guard you."

"For how long, my dear friend?"

"I hope for many years, my dear Count."

"In fact, I suppose, as long as——?"

"Heaven leaves you to the world, Count. It's impossible to set you free."

"That's the offer, then?"

"The extreme limit of indulgence," answered Rudolf.

Rupert burst into a laugh, half of defiance, yet touched with the ring of true amusement. Then he lit a cigarette and sat puffing and smiling.

"I should wrong you by straining your kindness so far," said he; and in wanton insolence, seeking again to show Mr. Rassendyll the mean esteem in which he held him, and the weariness his presence was, he raised his arms and stretched them above his head, as a man does in the fatigue of tedium. "Heigho!" he yawned.

But he had overshot the mark this time. With a sudden swift bound Rudolf was upon him; his hands gripped Rupert's wrists, and with his greater strength he bent back the count's pliant body till trunk and head lay flat on the table. Neither man spoke; their eyes met; each heard the other's breathing and felt the vapor of it on his face. The girl outside had seen the movement of Rudolf's figure, but her cranny did not serve her to show her the two where they were now; she knelt on her knees in ignorant suspense. Slowly and with patient force Rudolf began to work his enemy's arms towards one another. Rupert had read his design in his eyes and resisted with tense muscles. It seemed as though his arms must crack; but at last they moved. Inch by inch they were driven closer; now the elbows almost touched; now the wrists joined in reluctant contact. The sweat broke out on the count's brow, and stood in large drops on Rudolf's. Now the wrists were side by side, and slowly the long sinewy fingers of Rudolf's right hand, that held one wrist already in their vise, began to creep round the other. The grip seemed to have half numbed Rupert's arms, and his struggles grew fainter. Round both wrists the sinewy fingers climbed and coiled; gradually and timidly the grasp of the other hand was relaxed and withdrawn.

Would the one hold both? With a great spasm of effort Rupert put it to the proof. The smile that bent Mr. Rassendyll's lips gave the answer. He could hold both, with one hand he could hold both: not for long, no, but for an instant. And then, in the instant, his left hand, free at last, shot to the breast of the count's coat. It was the same that he had worn at the hunting-lodge, and was ragged and torn from the boarhound's teeth. Rudolf tore it further open, and his hand dashed in.

"God's curse on you!" snarled Rupert of Hentzau.

But Mr. Rassendyll still smiled. Then he drew out a letter. A glance at it showed him the queen's seal. As he glanced Rupert made another effort. The one hand, wearied out, gave way, and Mr. Rassendyll had no more than time to spring away, holding his prize. The next moment he had his revolver in his hand—none too soon, for Rupert of Hentzau's barrel faced him, and they stood thus, opposite to one another, with no more than three or four feet between the mouths of their weapons.

There is, indeed, much that may be said against Rupert of Hentzau, the truth about him well-nigh forbidding that charity of judgment which we are taught to observe towards all men. But neither I nor any man who knew him ever found in him a shrinking from danger or a fear of death. It was no feeling such as these, but rather a cool calculation of chances, that now stayed his hand. Even if he were victorious in the duel, and both did not die, yet the noise of the firearms would greatly decrease his chances of escape. Moreover, he was a noted swordsman, and conceived that he was Mr. Rassendyll's superior in that exercise. The steel offered him at once a better prospect for victory and more hope of a safe fight. So he did not pull his trigger, but, maintaining his aim the while, said:

"I'm not a street bully, and I don't excel in a rough-and-tumble. Will you fight now like a gentleman? There's a pair of blades in the case yonder."

Mr. Rassendyll, in his turn, was keenly alive to the peril that still hung over the queen. To kill Rupert would not save her if he himself also were shot and left dead, or so helpless that he could not destroy the letter; and while Rupert's revolver was at his heart he could not tear it up nor reach the fire that burnt on the other side of the room. Nor did he fear the result of a trial with steel, for he had kept himself in prac-

tice and improved his skill since the days when he came first to Strelsau.

"As you will," said he. "Provided we settle the matter here and now, the manner is the same to me."

"Put your revolver on the table, then, and I'll lay mine by the side of it."

"I beg your pardon," smiled Rudolf, "but you must lay yours down first."

"I'm to trust you, it seems, but you won't trust me!"

"Precisely. You know you can trust me; you know that I can't trust you."

A sudden flush swept over Rupert of Hentzau's face. There were moments when he saw, in the mirror of another's face or words, the estimation in which honorable men held him; and I believe that he hated Mr. Rassendyll most fiercely, not for thwarting his enterprise, but because he had more power than any other man to show him that picture. His brows knit in a frown, and his lips shut tight.

"Aye, but though you won't fire, you'll destroy the letter," he sneered. "I know your fine distinctions."

"Again I beg your pardon. You know very well that, although all Strelsau were at the door, I wouldn't touch the letter."

With an angry muttered oath Rupert flung his revolver on the table. Rudolf came forward and laid his by it. Then he took up both, and, crossing to the mantelpiece, laid them there; between them he placed the queen's letter. A bright blaze burnt in the grate; it needed but the slightest motion of his hand to set the letter beyond all danger. But he placed it carefully on the mantelpiece, and, with a slight smile on his face, turned to Rupert, saying: "Now shall we resume the bout that Fritz von Tarlenheim interrupted in the forest of Zenda?"

All this while they had been speaking in subdued accents, resolution in one, anger in the other, keeping the voice in an even, deliberate lowness. The girl outside caught only a word here and there; but now suddenly the flash of steel gleamed on her eyes through the crevice of the hinge. She gave a sudden gasp, and, pressing her face closer to the opening, listened and looked. For Rupert of Hentzau had taken the swords from their case and put them on the table. With a slight bow Rudolf took one, and the two assumed their positions. Suddenly Rupert lowered his point. The frown vanished from his face, and he spoke in his usual bantering tone.

"By the way," said he, "perhaps we're

letting our feelings run away with us. Have you more of a mind now to be King of Ruritania? If so, I'm ready to be the most faithful of your subjects."

"You honor me, Count."

"Provided, of course, that I'm one of the most favored and the richest. Come, come, the fool is dead now; he lived like a fool and he died like a fool. The place is empty. A dead man has no rights and suffers no wrongs. Damn it, that's good law, isn't it? Take his place and his wife. You can pay my price then. Or are you still so virtuous? Faith, how little some men learn from the world they live in! If I had your chance——"

"Come, Count, you'd be the last man to trust Rupert of Hentzau."

"If I made it worth his while?"

"But he's a man who would take the pay and betray his associate."

Again Rupert flushed. When he next spoke his voice was hard, cold, and low.

"By God, Rudolf Rassendyll," said he, "I'll kill you here and now."

"I ask no better than that you should try."

"And then I'll proclaim that woman for what she is in all Strelsau." A smile came on his lips as he watched Rudolf's face.

"Guard yourself, my lord," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"Aye, for no better than——. There, man, I'm ready for you." For Rudolf's blade had touched his in warning.

The steel jangled. The girl's pale face was at the crevice of the hinge. She heard the blades cross again and again. Then one would run up the other with a sharp, grating slither. At times she caught a glimpse of a figure in quick forward lunge or rapid wary withdrawal. Her brain was almost paralyzed. Ignorant of the mind and heart of young Rupert, she could not conceive that he tried to kill the king. Yet the words she had caught sounded like the words of men quarreling, and she could not persuade herself that the gentlemen fenced only for pastime. They were not speaking now; but she heard their hard breathing and the movement of their unresting feet on the bare boards of the floor. Then a cry rang out, clear and merry with the fierce hope of triumph:

"Nearly! nearly!"

She knew the voice for Rupert of Hentzau's, and it was the king who answered calmly, "Nearly isn't quite."

Again she listened. They seemed to have paused for a moment, for there was no

sound, save of the hard breathing and deep-drawn pants of men who rest an instant in the midst of intense exertion. Then came again the clash and the slitherings; and one of them crossed into her view. She knew the tall figure and she saw the red hair: it was the king. Backward step by step he seemed to be driven, coming nearer and nearer to the door. At last there was no more than a foot between him and her; only the crazy panel prevented her putting out her hand to touch him. Again the voice of Rupert rang out in rich exultation, "I have you now! Say your prayers, King Rudolf!"

"Say your prayers!" Then they fought. It was earnest, not play. And it was the king—her king—her dear king, who was in great peril of his life. For an instant she knelt, still watching. Then with a low cry of terror she turned and ran headlong down the steep stairs. Her mind could not tell what to do, but her heart cried out that she must do something for her king. Reaching the ground floor, she ran with wide-open eyes into the kitchen. The stew was on the hob, the old woman still held the spoon, but she had ceased to stir and fallen into a chair.

"He's killing the king! He's killing the king!" cried Rosa, seizing her mother by the arm. "Mother, what shall we do? He's killing the king!"

The old woman looked up with dull eyes and a stupid, cunning smile.

"Let them alone," she said. "There's no king here."

"Yes, yes. He's upstairs in the count's room. They're fighting, he and the Count

of Hentzau. Mother, Count Rupert will kill him!"

"Let them alone. He the king? He's no king," muttered the old woman again.

For an instant Rosa stood looking down on her in helpless despair. Then a light flashed into her eyes.

"I must call for help," she cried.

The old woman seemed to spring to sudden life. She jumped up and caught her daughter by the shoulder.

"No, no," she whispered in quick accents. "You—you don't know. Let them alone, you fool! It's not our business. Let them alone."

"Let me go, mother, let me go! Mother, I must help the king!"

"I'll not let you go," said Mother Holf.

But Rosa was young and strong; her heart was fired with terror for the king's danger.

"I must go," she cried; and she flung her mother's grasp off from her so that the old woman was thrown back into her chair, and the spoon fell from her hand and clattered on the tiles. But Rosa turned and fled down the passage and through the shop. The bolts delayed her trembling fingers for an instant. Then she flung the door wide. A new amazement filled her eyes at the sight of the eager crowd before the house. Then her eyes fell on me where I stood between the lieutenant and Rischenheim, and she uttered her wild cry, "Help! The king!"

With one bound I was by her and in the house, while Bernenstein cried, "Quicker!" from behind.

(To be continued.)



THE DESTROYERS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.

In a word, the torpedo has brought into the navy a fresh zest, a new romance, and possibilities more brilliant than were existent before its adoption.—*Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels*—LIEUTENANT G. E. ARMSTRONG.

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That seek the single goal—
The line that holds the signalled course,
The hate that swings the whole :
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,
Half guessed and gone again—
The brides of death that wait the groom—
The Choosers of the Slain !*

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
In rain, the daylight dies ;
The sullen, shouldering swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Darkling and desperate we dare
The blind-fold game of war.

Nearer the wheeling beams that spell
The council of our foes ;
Clearer the anxious guns that tell
Their scattered flank to close.

Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
From ports for this unbarred.
Quiet, and count our fatted prey,
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their sweeping lights along. . . .
Not here, not here your danger lies—
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
The lit cliffs give no sign.

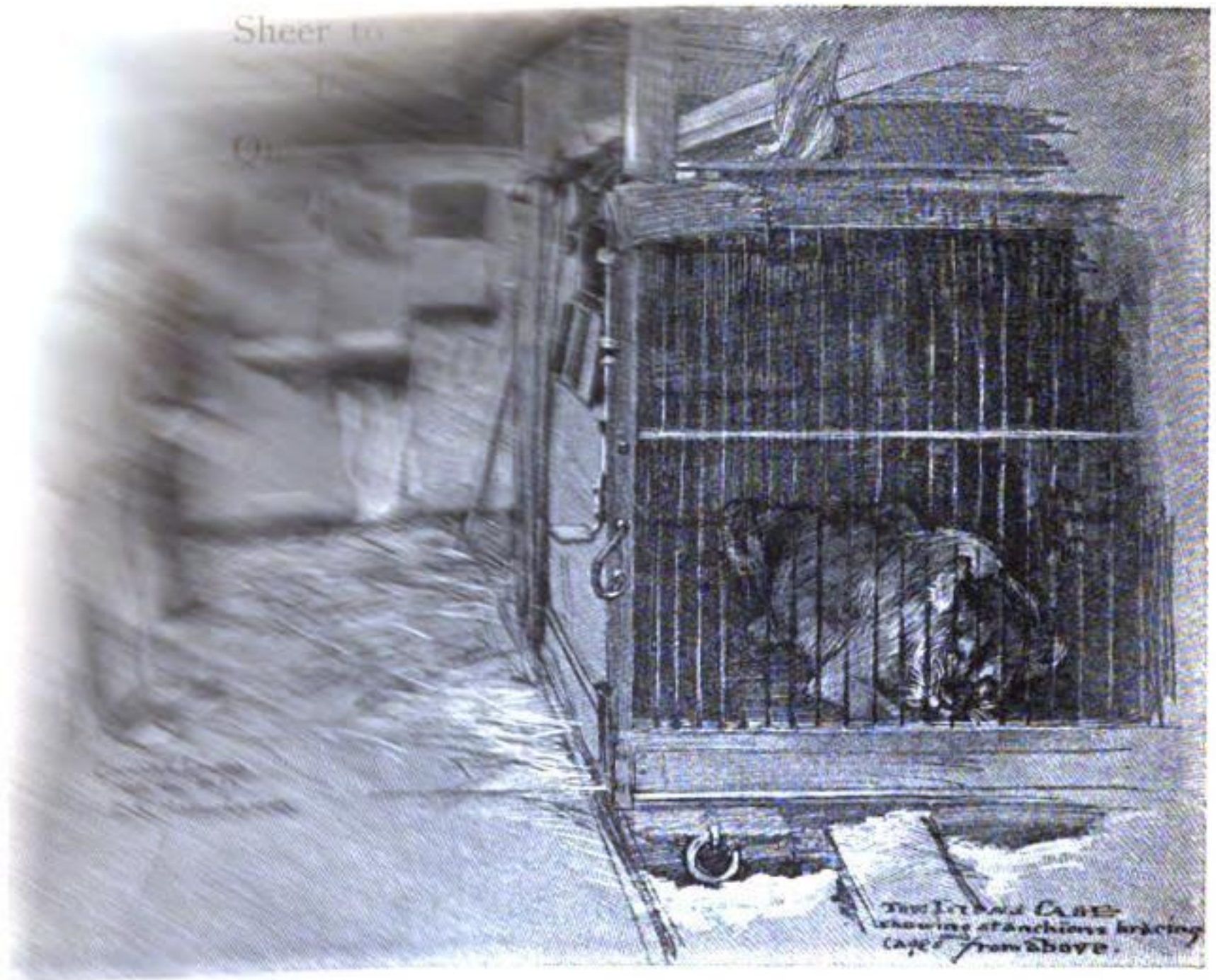
Therefore—to break the rest ye seek
The Narrow Seas to clear—
Hark to the syren's whimpering shriek—
The driven death is here!
Look to your van a league away,—
What midnight terror stays
The bulk that checks against the spray
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit and hard hit! The blow went home
The muffled, knocking stroke—
The steam that over-runs the foam—
The foam that thins to smoke —
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil—
The deep that chokes her throes
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
Long since her slayer fled :
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave
Astern, abeam, ahead !
Panic that shells the drifting spar,
Loud waste with none to check,
Mad fear that rakes the low-hung star
Or sweeps a consort's deck.

Now while their silly smoke hangs thick
Now ere their wits they find
Lay in and lance them to the quick—
Our gallied whales are blind.
Good luck to those that see the end
Goodbye to those that drown—
For each his chance as chance shall send—
And God for all ! *Shut down !*

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
That serve the one command :
The hand that heaves the headlong force
The hate that backs the hand :
The doom-bolt in the darkness freed—
The mine that splits the main—
The white-hot wake, the 'wilderer speed—
The Choosers of the Slain !*



AT SEA WITH THE CIRCUS.

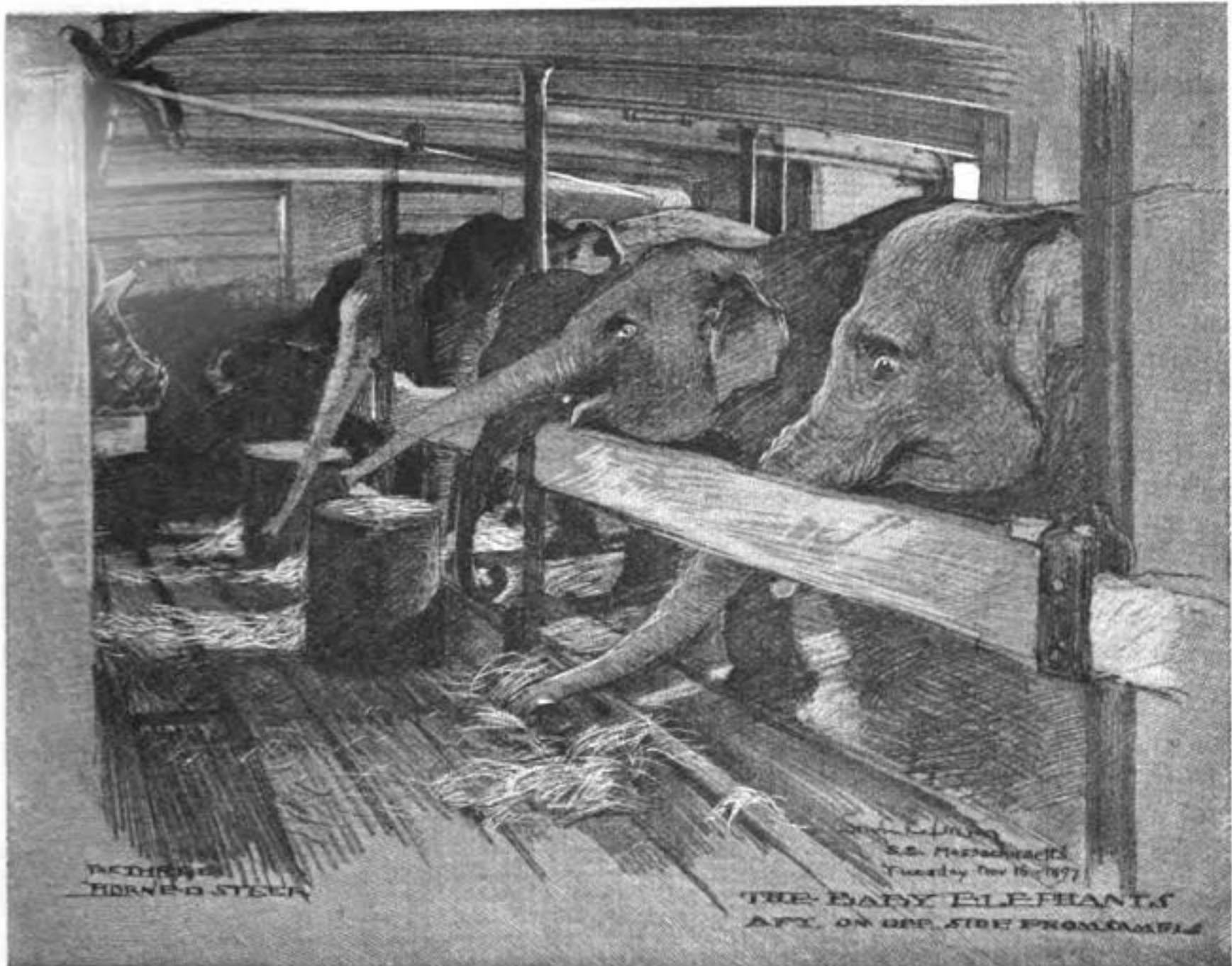
BY CHARLES THEODORE MURRAY.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY C. K. LINSON.

It is not only those who go to sea with the circus and have wild beasts for company who certainly enjoy a novel and interesting experience. The novelty begins at once, with the loading of the ship. When I was notified to be on board the "Massachusetts," bound for the Atlantic Transport line at the foot of Houston street, I went in the morning, to find the ship crowded with a great circus, and to suppose that the ship would be in the morning tide. But I found the deck still littered with red boxes, trunks, baggage, horses, elephants, and a brace and menagerie of all kinds. The loading had been going on for two days. Yet the great Chapman steamer still floated alongside, and heavy red

cages, covered with protecting canvas, were dangling in the air, or being ranged on deck. The little elephants had gaily trotted over the gang-plank, holding by each other's tails in the most comical manner, and were already safely installed below; but the big fellows, each in a stout cage of iron-bound planking, had to be swung over by means of the derrick, and lashed securely fore and aft. Horses were being led in by the hundred. The great forty-horse team that had thrilled millions of people in the street parades during the summer, was marched to a quarter of its own; and the seventy Kentucky thoroughbreds that appear in a single act in the ring were still more particularly housed.

All day the members of the circus company gather and huddle about the decks, and saunter up and down the dock, bidding friends good-by so many times that both



sides are heartily bored and wish to goodness the ship would pull out and get away. Our saloon list is composed of fifty persons—the limit of our cabin capacity—being the heads of the various departments of the big show, the “bosses” of this and the assistant “bosses” of that, and a few performers, male and female. The wives and children of the principal officials accompany them. Nearly every one of the passengers knows all the rest; and, in that respect, a more congenial company never assembled for a sea voyage. There is a marked *esprit de corps* among circus people; and it is at once apparent here. These doormen and ticket sellers, private secretaries, superintendents, animal experts, master mechanics, owners of trained animals, layers-out, are typical showmen, mostly veterans in the business. Performers are inclined to waive circus etiquette, and join social forces with them for the trip. But the performers are few—most of them having gone on ahead from week to week. Two lithe, young equestriennes, as many male riders, a charming young woman charioteer, some Arab acrobats, men and women with trained dogs, pigs, monkeys, geese, and seals—these are all.

All of the summer circus outfit—forty-

eight wagons with tents, horses, men, and so on—is to follow us in February. They are not needed during the London engagement. The total of wagons runs up to ninety-six, and of people to 474. The rest of the men required will be hired over the water. Seven more elephants are booked for the next vessel, for lack of room here.

We finally say good-by for good and all—about the dusk of the evening—and pull out into the Hudson, to the tune of “Mr. Johnson, Turn me Loose,” executed by the side-show band. This is not “sprung” on us until it is too late to go ashore; but our friends on the dock, who have been knocking about all day half frozen, look so glad to see us go! We take the band with us.

How beautiful the lights of New York look when one is about to leave them behind indefinitely! Round the sweep of Sandy Hook they become merged in one vast red aurora of the North. We are at sea. The swell raises the deck under our feet, and the ship becomes a sentient thing. The pilot-boat, hovering near us the while, puts out a small boat to take off our pilot. The frail shell, with its two hardy sailors, dances up and down in the darkness like a leaf. We watch the red lantern until it drifts under

our quarter. Then there is a wait, and presently a rushing to and fro on our bridge; then the clang of the engine bells, and the ship is brought to, lying idly rocking there for the next hour.

And then it is whispered about that the little pilot-boat was swamped, and that two more lives were given to the ocean's insatiate maw. And the news goes softly from deck to deck, and from cabin to cabin, and from hold to hold, until the ragged and grizzled animal man, between the cages far down forward, has heard it, and roused his mate from the straw to impart the sad intelligence.

Meanwhile the ship is once more heading for the open sea, and the handle of the little dipper shines invitingly beyond the foremast.

THE DEATH OF THE GIRAFFE.

The third day out, we are startled by the announcement that our giraffe is dead. Poor "Daisy" was found doubled up in her roomy cage, under the forward hatch, with her neck broken in two places. She had evidently pitched forward in the heavy sea running the night before, and lost her balance. She had last been seen alive on Sunday, her keeper having made his usual inspection with some anxiety, owing to the

rough weather. An hour later, he saw her down and congratulated himself on the animal's good sense. The next morning, at eight o'clock, he found her doubled up in the same position. She was dead. The catastrophe was especially depressing to the managers, for "Daisy" was one of their leading attractions. She belonged to a rare species, and one growing rarer year by year. She was the last giraffe in America, and had been heavily "billed" for London.

All hands and the cook gathered on deck to witness the burial of the dead giraffe. By means of a block and tackle rigged to a boom, the body was raised to the deck, and thence swung to the top of the elephants' cages. Here the animal was stripped of her beautiful hide. Then the sailors began to struggle with the denuded carcass. "Catch 'old of 'er rudder, you bloomin' lubber!" sang out the big boatswain's mate, a man with rings in his ears and a knife between his teeth. And overboard went all that remained of unfortunate "Daisy," the boatswain's mate saying tenderly, as she went, "Good-by, old sport!"

AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.

The smaller elephants are ranged in narrow stalls in a row, on the side of the ship, aft, opposite the camels. There is just enough room for them to lie down, in elephant fashion, and, with their trunks, they can reach across the narrow passageway. Whenever the voice of Mr. Conklin, the elephant man, is heard, they set up a chorus of trumpeting. And, when he makes his appearance in the



passage, they seek to caress him with their trunks. There is a tender glance for him in every eye. No little children ever showed more unmistakable signs of pleasure at a mother's appearance than these unemotional-looking creatures display at every coming of the keeper.

The larger elephants are housed in special cages, arranged facing each other, on either side of the forward and after hatchways. The space between the cages (about eight feet square) was at first left open to the sky, but the second day out found the two elephants on the after starboard side drenched with salt water. They trumpeted loudly against this treatment.

The rolling of the ship started one of the cages from its position, and, had it continued in the direction it started, it would soon have gone crashing down into the hold, elephant and all. The elephant himself gave the first warning of the danger. The instincts of an elephant are keenest when he comes to any uncertainty as to his footing. Conscious of his own weight, he is slow to believe any structure safe until its safety is actually demonstrated. This is why, in preparing for the present voyage, it was considered useless to try to get the larger elephants aboard by driving them over a gang-plank. In the case of the slipping of the cage, the man on watch found the elephant, late one night, showing pitiful signs

of fear and distress; but was unable to discover the cause. He examined the lashings of the cage, and found them apparently all right. He watched the elephant carefully, and he noted that he tried to brace backward, with his full weight, every time the rolling vessel keeled to starboard, and at the same time trumpeted loudly, as if in special fear. When the watchman sought shelter from the weather by standing near the cage, the elephant would thrust his long trunk through the openings between the planks of the cage and wrap it round the watchman, as if to hold on, like a child clutching to an apron string. When daylight came, a closer examination revealed the fact that the cage had slipped about two inches. Workmen came and doubly braced it with stout stan-

chions, and the elephant wagged his head in manifest satisfaction, and the neighboring elephants seemed to share this pleasure with him.

Two elephants evidently suffered, for the first forty-eight hours out, with sea-sickness. One of these was the most unhappy-looking object ever seen. Mucus dropped from his mouth and trunk, and tears rolled at intervals from his watery eyes. He would curl his trunk around the lower bar of his cage and let it hang there up side down, wrong side outward. Sometimes he placed his ponderous jaw on the rail and wept. Then he permitted his proboscis to lie in the hay, "any old way," for some minutes at a time. He would pluck up a little now and then, and make a

feint of eating a mouthful of hay; but it was "no go"—he rolled the morsel up carefully and put it away with a deep groan. If an animal suffers in proportion to its size, how he must have felt! The way in which he rolled his swimming eyes up to me, standing above him, was touching. The two rivulets of brine that furrowed down his massive cheeks reminded me of the tear-tracks on a dirty-faced boy.

FRIENDS



A FINE



Occasionally, too, he whimpered like a boy. Oh, he did look so sick—and I know from experience, that he wished he was dead! Three or four days later, however, I saw him with clear eyes, swinging head, and an appetite that threatened to clear the ship out of baled hay.

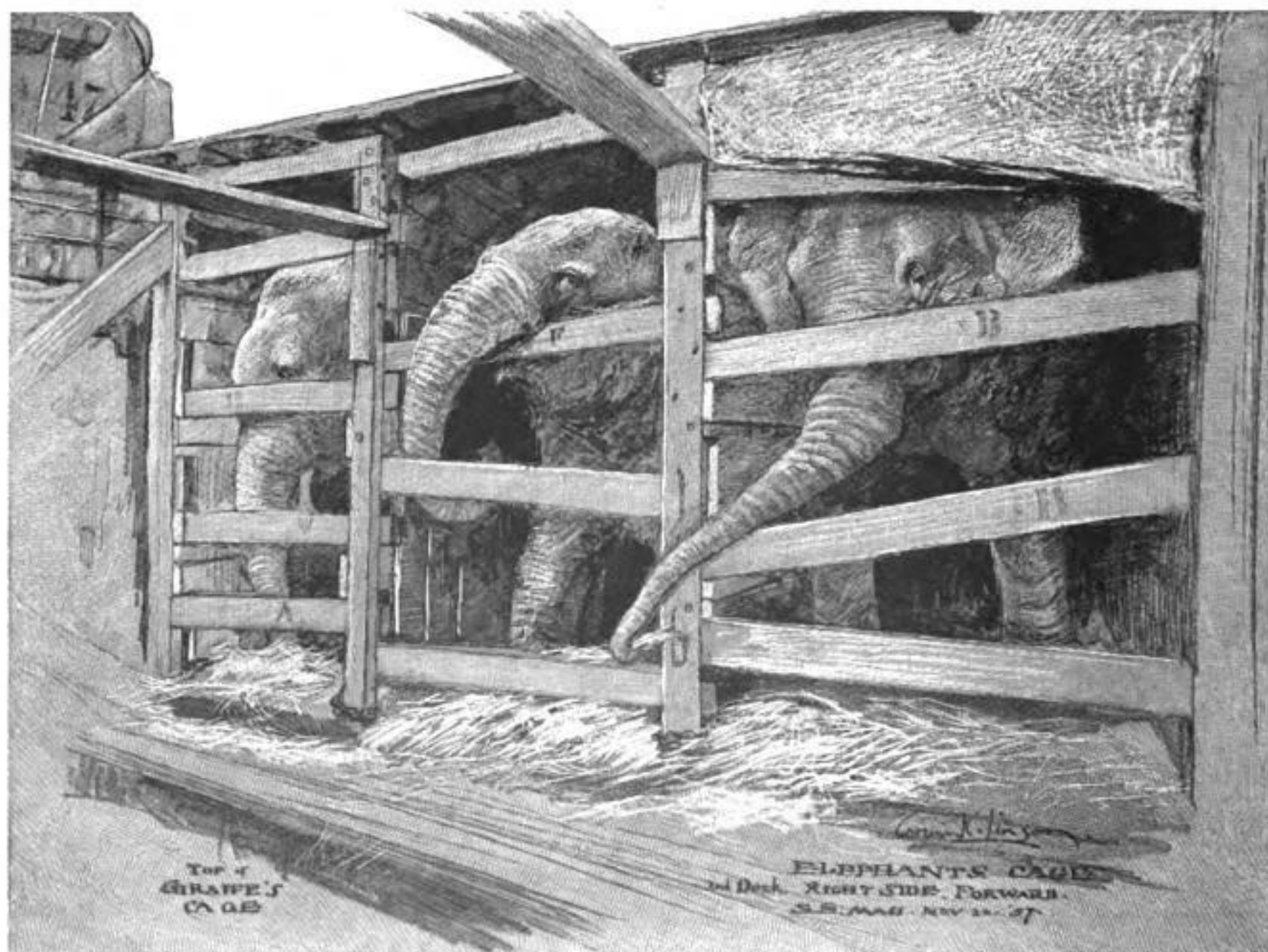
"My monks down there could stand a little more light," said an animal man, in charge of the monkeys. "A monk is all right as long as he can see what's going on. Shut him up long and, like a bird under similar conditions, he will soon die. People who crowd around the monks at the show amuse the little chaps." This is the other way of putting it.

One day, one of the "little chaps" got out, and amused himself at the expense of the keepers. He leaped upon the tigers' cage, and disappeared in the gloom of the hold, chattering joyfully the while. Everybody in sight started for him, or called to him, for it was "Philip," the pet. But Philip merely grinned, and chattered in his own language, and dodged from cage to cage. He seemed to delight in letting some one get close to him and then jumping away, to laugh at his would-be captor's discomfiture. It was not till dinner-time that Philip consented to come back to camp. When

it became a question between liberty and dinner, it was easily and satisfactorily settled.

THE DISPOSITION OF PASSENGERS AND CARGO.

The decks of the "Massachusetts" resemble more the back door of a circus than they do the visible area of an ocean-going steamer outward bound. Red wagons, white wagons, chariots of gold, wardrobe vans, fairy floats, canvas-covered cages, and other circus equipage fill all available space. And among these effects, and below, forward and aft, somewhere—heaven only knows just where—are stowed 186 people, exclusive of the ship's crew. They are canvas men, railroad men, animal men, mechanics, property men, hostlers, grooms, and jockeys. Down in the bowels of the big ship are hundreds of horses, camels, elephants, zebras, lions, tigers, and curious cattle and savage beasts of every variety and clime. They are confined in rows of stalls, or in groups of cages—the ordinary circus cage removed from its running-gear, and placed flat on the deck, and securely braced from the beams above. The only animals on the exposed deck are the polar bears, the sea-lions, and the trained



pigs and dogs—cold-weather beasts. Yes, rels of apples, 700 pounds of fish, seven there is the hippopotamus, too, which can carry tons of hay, two cases of wine, 2,000 scarcely be called a cold-weather animal, bushels of oats, one case of eggs, three though traces of his kind have been discovered almost anywhere between the equator and the eternal snows.

Our total in wagons, animals, and food is something enormous; for, unlike the circus on land, the circus at sea cannot secure material from day to day. There are 324 horses, nineteen elephants, thirty-two "led animals," such as camels, zebras, and three-horned oxen, and twenty-five ponies. We have, therefore, between decks some 600 animals to be properly cared for during a twelve or fourteen days' sea-voyage, and to be safely debarked at the end of the trip. If it were simply feeding and caring for 600 animals of a single species, the problem would be a very simple

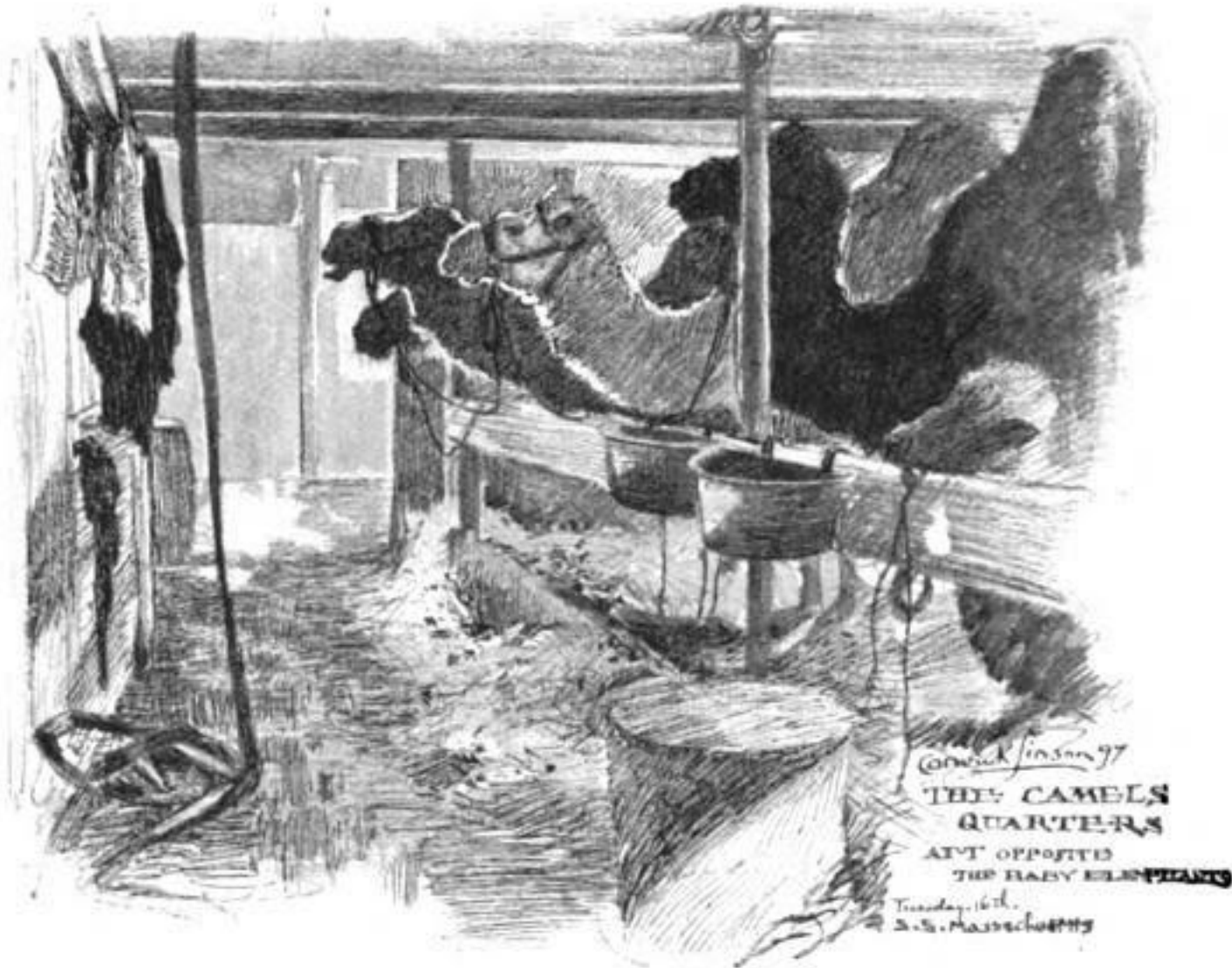
one. But when it is remembered that here horses are of high and low degree, and are we have a great variety of species, each not all to be approached, cared for, fed, requiring different food and special treatment, it will be seen that the problem is complicated enough to be interesting. Even of one species, all can not be dealt with alike. Take the horses: the delicate thoroughbred of the ring cannot be treated as "baggage stock."

The task could never be accomplished, of course, but for the skill acquired in long, intelligent experience. How, otherwise, could it be known that our savage collection will require 2,700 pounds of beef? Or that 100 cabbages go with seventy pounds of bread daily; and with six bar-

on. When I was a farmer's boy, my father used to say that not more than one man in a hundred who owned horses knew how to take care of a horse—a common, every-day horse. Think what must it mean to get proper care taken of the 600 horses of a great circus, whether at sea or on land! In the first place, for show purposes, horses are not bought young. The baggage stock—those great, powerful, sleek-looking fellows—are from seven to twenty-five years old. Poor "Pilot," the big white baggage horse that we buried the second day out, had drawn a cage with seven others of his patient kind for the last

eighteen years. In the next place, these horses are of high and low degree, and are not all to be approached, cared for, fed,





coaxed, or driven in the same way. Each must have, in some measure, a special treatment; and that they all have it shows what a wonderful organization the great circus is.

A VISIT TO THE WILD ANIMALS.

Down in the forward hold of the ship, braced with stout stanchions to the iron beams above, and arranged in any way to preserve the economy of space, are the cages of the wild animals. The gloom is scarcely penetrated by the dimly shining lanterns, swinging here and there in the narrow ways. There is just room to pass beyond the reach of savage claws through the open front of one cage, by rubbing along the unopened back of another. Every lurch of the ship threatens to throw you up against the iron bars, through which you see faint outlines of a crouching or uneasily moving form, illuminated by a pair of round, unwinking orbs that seem to glow and burn as if of red molten metal. To slip here may mean a clawing that shreds the arm, or a stroke that smites a bone from its socket or crushes the skull. Yet, with that species of idiocy which seems to attack everybody on shipboard, I began to steady myself as I passed along, by holding on to the bars of a lion's cage. My blood stood still, though, when I caught sight of "Nellie," the lioness who has killed two keepers and maimed half a dozen men



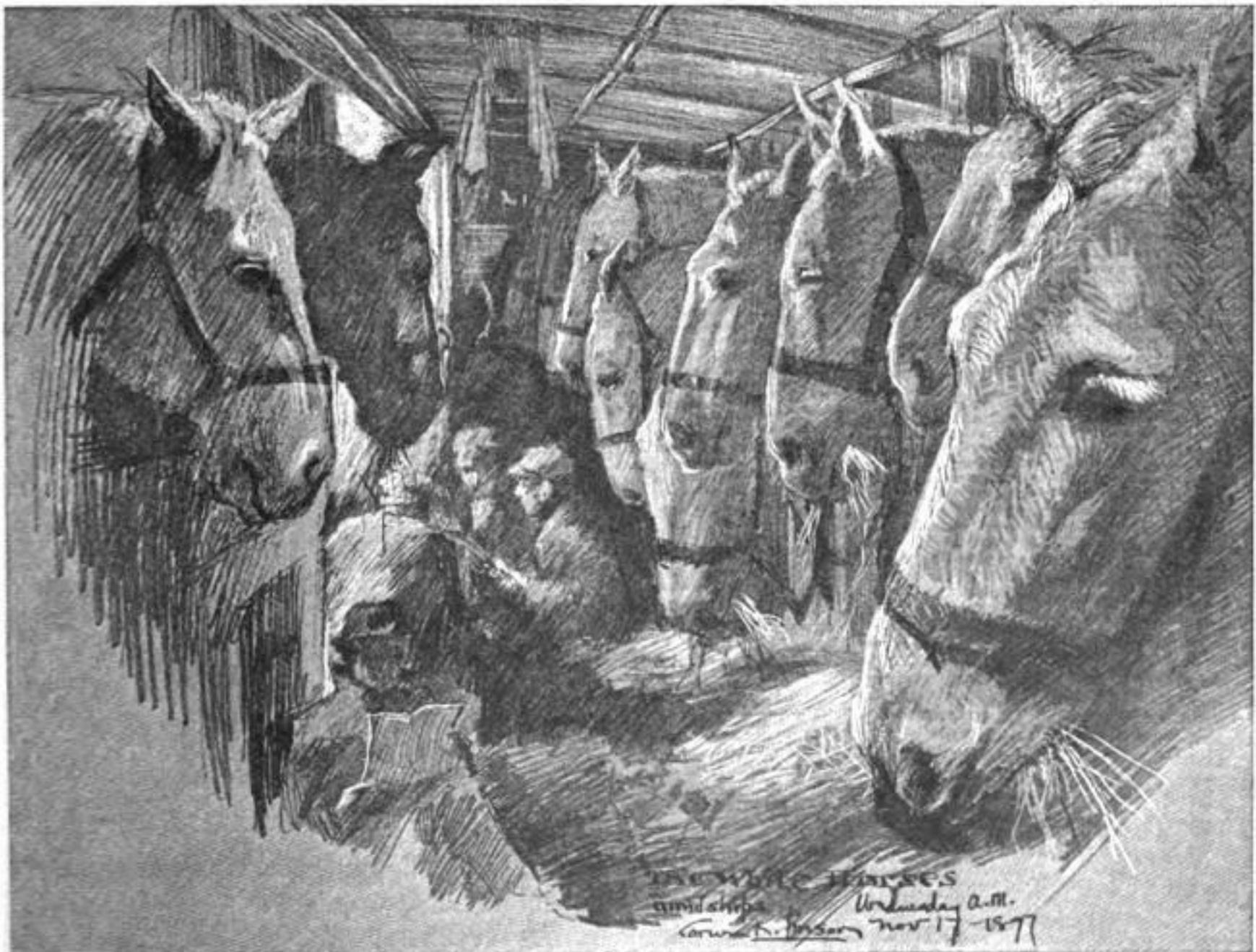
for life. She seemed too much dazed at my impudence to resent it; but the incident made such an impression on my nerves that, a few minutes later, when a pelican reached out in the darkness and nipped me on the leg, I almost fainted from fright. The opportune break of a wave over the cages on deck sent an icy shower down into the hold, drenching both Mr. Linson and myself, and so brought speedy recovery; but it ruined a very clever sketch of Nellie that the artist had nearly finished.

On a Monday we went down to see them feed the wild animals. Those of the cat kind are never fed on Sunday; that is how they know it is Sunday. Nobody seems to know who invented this custom; its beginning falls in that dim time whereof "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary."

The mere smell of the meat, as it is lowered into the hold, drives the animals crazy this morning. It is chopped up on a cutting table, between the cages, by a stalwart keeper in a butcher's apron. The ship rolls and pitches to an extent that makes an unsupported footing precarious. The ears are assailed by a combination of sounds: the roar of the raging sea is drowned by the bel-
lowing of the king of beasts, the snapping

and snarling of the pumas, the impatient growl of the Bengal tiger. And now and then, from out the darkness forward, comes the unearthly shriek of the hyenas, sinking all the rest. The darkness, the flashing eyes, the pent-up uncertainty, the creaking of ship's timbers, the low moans that rise to a human whine and explode in wild, hysterical laughter—no madhouse could inspire such terrors. Under the dim light of a lantern, two men go from cage to cage. One brandishes an iron bar, while the other quickly thrusts a chunk of meat beneath the foot-board. Then follows the flash of two lightning paws, and then a low growl or a loud purr of content as the morsel is crunched between the powerful jaws.

Poor Johanna! Johanna is the famous gorilla. A lantern swings in front of her cage, just forward of the lion's noisy den. By its fitful gleams, I saw her leaning disconsolately in a corner. She had been very sea-sick. On our second day out, her indefatigable keeper, McKay, gave her hot lemonade and occasionally a stiff snifter of whisky, and ran back and forth between her cage and the cook's galley, bringing dainties of fruit and chicken, and hot broths and the like. No royal sea-sick lady could have been more ardently served in her distress.



Our circus family amuse themselves on deck with the side-show band, the mandolins, and the guitars; pitching pennies; watching ships and porpoises. Madam Hodji Tahar, a pretty Arabian acrobat, with the smoothest of dark olive complexions, black eyes, and hair of midnight, entertains us—occasionally—with a wild Spanish dance. Penny-ante in the smoking-room seems “on” night and day unceasingly. Our indefatigable artist passes his day among the animals between decks, and gathers an interested circle of mothers and children about him in the cabin in the evening. And there also, at the piano, sits Oxford, warbling in a low sweet tenor, songs in French, Italian, Spanish, and the four or five other languages he knows. And the bright eyes of the little Moorish woman who also speaks half a dozen languages, but can neither read nor write any of them, swim with pleasure, and her hands and feet and swaying figure describe the time of the castanets and ankle bells. Everybody shouts across the cabin, calling everybody else by his or her first name. It is “George,” and “John,” and “Charlie,” and “Bill,” and “Emma,” and “Lizzie,”

and “Jennie.” And so the circus family, below and above, get on happily together from start to finish.

In the very face of the Bishop Rock light we bury “Eagle,” the beautiful black stallion whose particular accomplishment it was to dance the couchee-couchee with John O’Brien on his back. Eagle was thirty-six years old, and came from Hamburg. He had been with the show since 1869, and was probably one of the most intelligent, as well as beautiful, horses that ever appeared in the ring. They buried him by the dim light of a lantern in British waters—“darkly at dead of night”—and his groom stood by in the shadow of a wardrobe wagon and wept alone. Another horse, a baggage horse, died soon after, and was buried in the English Channel.

Up the Channel we steam, through the fog, that is the wonted foretaste of London, to the ominous screech of the siren; with the rattle of chains and the creaking of blocks; with all the steam windlasses going fore and aft, and the men all busy removing the lashings of the cages, and getting everything ready for a quick unloading to-morrow. And so ends the voyage.

A PORTRAIT BY BURNE-JONES.

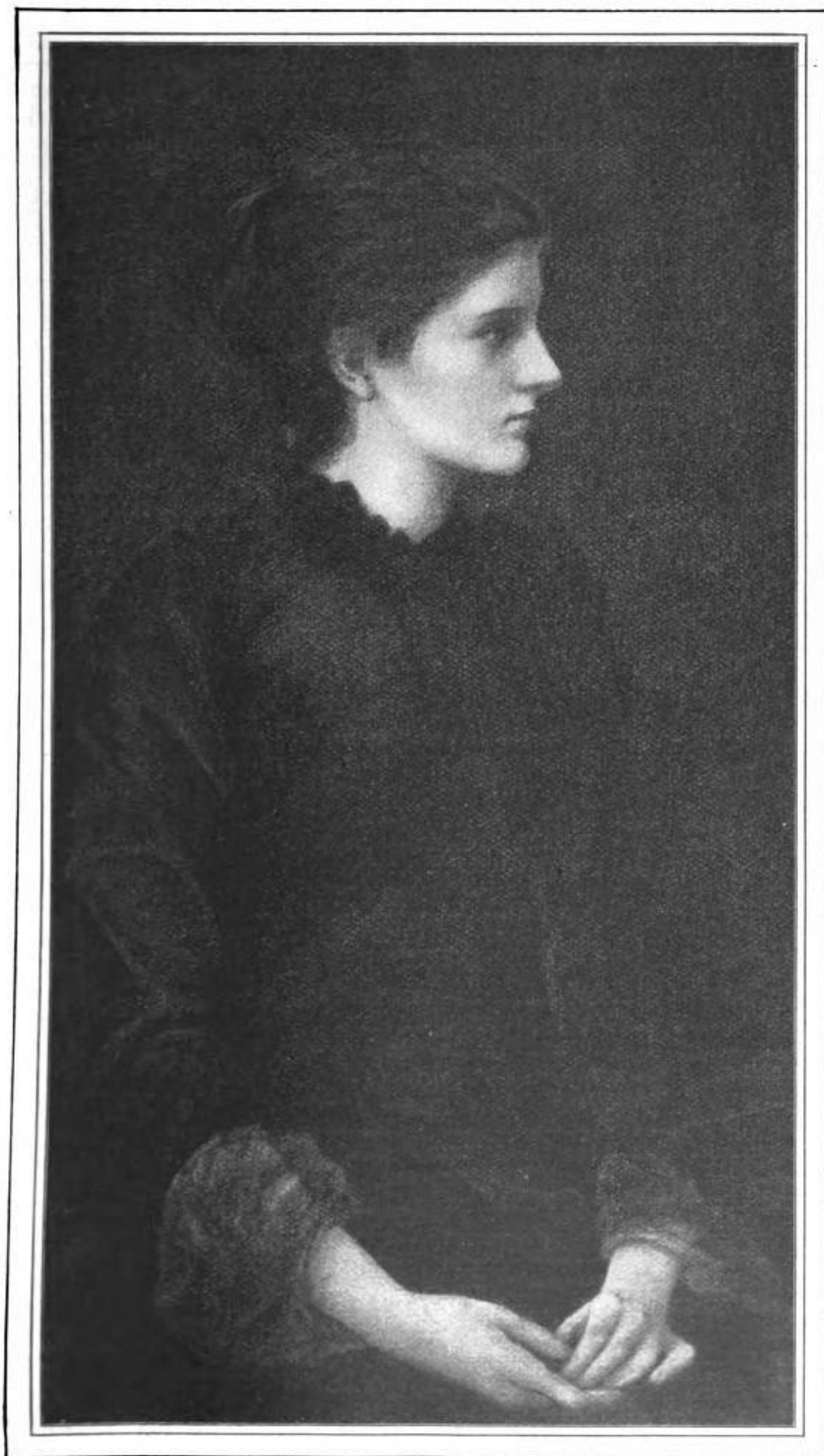
BY M. L. VAN VORST.

THE shadows fold her 'round
And sink profound
Into intense blackness of background,
Against which, lily white,
Pure as a sun's ray, she springs to light.

And she sits there, still, so still
That I can hear the far-off call of thrushes
On summer mornings from the hawthorn bushes
Or orchards full of mellow sound.

Thus I fill
Another canvas with tall trees abloom,
And the chaste blue of English skies
Over an English home.

As clear streams,
Untroubled to their sweet depths, are her eyes.
What warm surprise
Will make her red who pale
Now reads life to a limit, and there stops?
One shall part the veil;
And open vistas of fair years to be,
And little forms that cling about the knee
Shall steal, dear guests, unlooked for, silently
Into the virgin spirit of her dreams.



A PORTRAIT.

PAINTED BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting.



ULYSSES GRANT—HIS LAST YEAR.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

ON the first day of June, 1884, General Grant's physical condition, as well as his financial situation, was deplorable. He was still lame from the effects of a fall suffered some months before; he was sixty-two years of age, without a profession, and unfitted for business, both by ill health and by education. Having been an actor in more dramatic events than any other American that ever lived; having been Lieutenant-General of the United States Armies, and for two terms President of the United States, it now seemed as if nothing more remained for him but to slowly slip down into the decrepitude, comparative obscurity, and despair of an idle old age. This feeling, as much as any other cause, sapped his vitality and his resolution. He saw nothing more for him to do. A special fund donated to him by citizens of New York and invested in stock at the Wallack Runway was decreasing in value, and seemed likely to de-

crease further. He was threatened with actual need. His fellow citizens were harshly critical, and he was charged with bringing the whole of his financial trouble upon himself by undue greed. It was a time which taxed his resources to the utmost.

Before the failure of the firm of Grant and Ward, which occurred in May, 1884, the editors of the "Century Magazine" had approached Grant with a proposal to write an article on the battle of Shiloh, which was still being hotly contested on writing-tables North and South. But the old general was as little inclined to write as to make a speech, and bluntly refused to undertake the task.

But now the conditions had changed; and when, after the Grant and Ward failure, the editors again approached him, he consented. He began at once an article on Shiloh. He had always held in reverence commanders like Halleck and McClellan, who

could write a book, and considered himself the last man in the world to attempt anything more than a report. The article grew in his hands from a dry statement of facts to a very full account, with which the editors were delighted. From regarding it as a laborious task, he became deeply interested in it, and readily consented to continue his work by an article on Vicksburg. It took his mind off his troubles, and carried him back amid the splendid and dramatic events of 1862 and 1863.

The second article was even more successful than the first, being less controversial in effect. And now the publishers of the country, hearing that Grant was writing his memoirs, made him the most liberal offers for a book. Then it was that he realized his power to earn not merely money for his daily needs, but to provide a competency for his wife, if he should die before her. This consideration decided him to set to work in earnest upon the retrospect of his life. He had secretly resigned himself to the thought that he was an old man and an infirm man, and that any work he had to do must be done quickly.

He called in General Adam Badeau, his military biographer, and began writing with his usual single-hearted intensity upon the account of his school-days. He worked five or six hours each day, at his house in Sixty-sixth Street, not far from the Park. He did not venture down town, and the men of Wall Street never saw him again. He was done with business, and the pleasures of his life were found in the glow of his own fire, in an occasional drive, and in the light of his grandchildren's faces. He wrote busily with his own hand, and handed the manuscript over to his son and General Badeau for revision and preparation for the printer. He was a ready and fluent writer, and little change was necessary.

BEGINNING OF GRANT'S LAST ILLNESS.

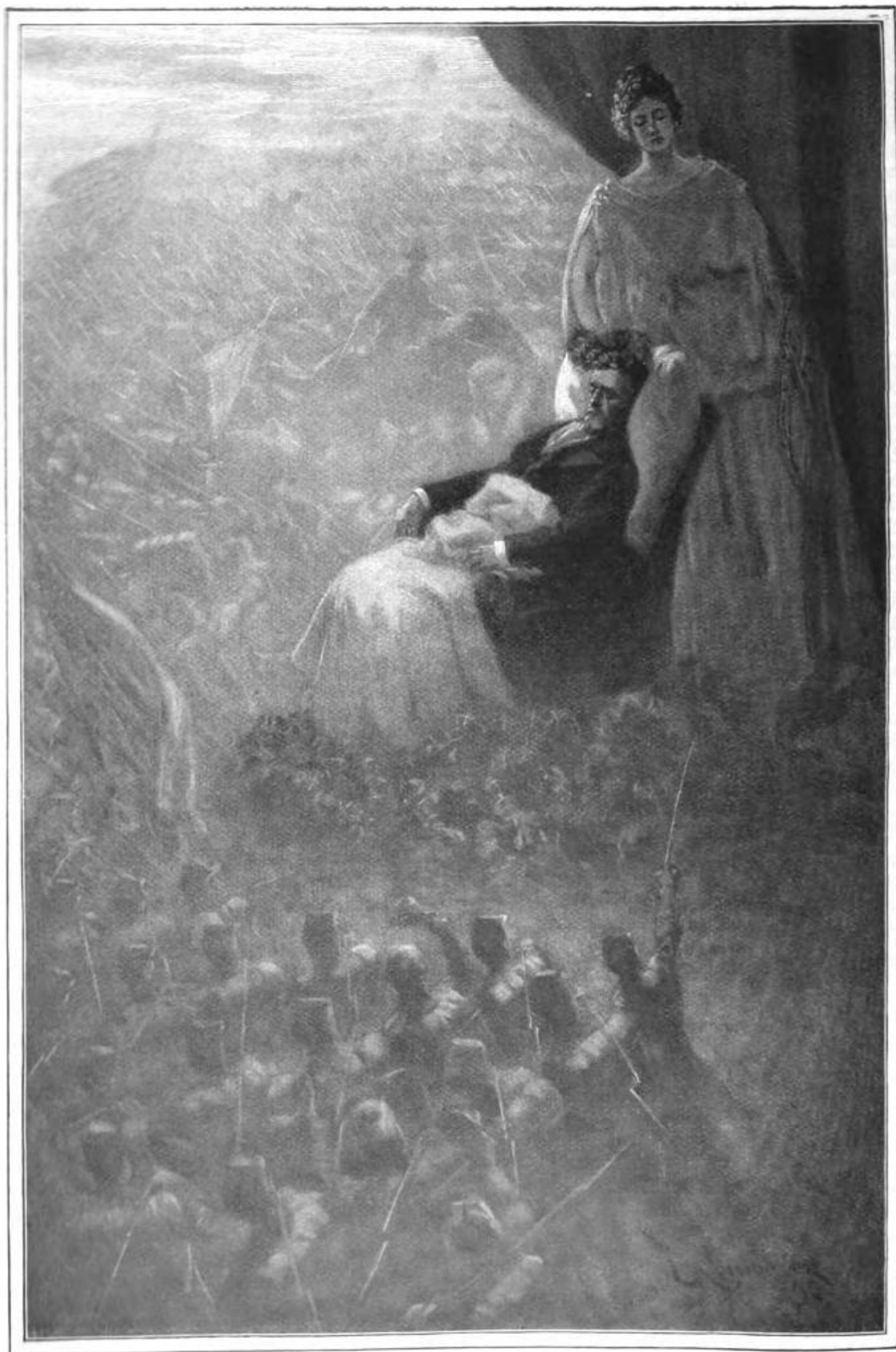
One day in the early autumn, 1884, after eating a peach, General Grant complained of pain in his throat. The pain was slight, but it returned again when he swallowed solid food. Thereafter, eating grew each day more painful; but as the spasm passed quickly away after each effort, he gave little thought to it until there came an exterior swelling of the throat that increased perceptibly. Then the seriousness of the case became apparent to Mrs. Grant. She insisted upon his calling upon Dr. Barker, the family physician. Dr.

Barker considered it serious enough to advise the care of a specialist, and suggested Dr. J. H. Douglas. Dr. Douglas made an examination, and prescribed certain lotions and gargles, and the General went back to his work, in which he was now completely absorbed. He worked five or six hours each day, and his mind was deep in the past. He was resolute to complete his book during the winter. The publishers foresaw the great value of the book, and made him feel it, in order to encourage him to proceed.

He went every day to see his physician, using the street cars from motives of economy. But notwithstanding all the lotions and alleviating washes, the pains in the throat increased, till eating became an agony which even Grant's iron will could not conceal from the watchful eyes of Mrs. Grant. Solid foods at last became impossible to him. He kept his place at the table, but seldom had a part in the meal.

In such wise the winter wore on. Steadfast friends occasionally called. Old army officers, being in the city, dropped in to see "the old commander," and neighbors from Galena or Georgetown always found a welcome. Nevertheless, Grant's life would have been very irksome had it not been for the writing which filled much of his time and nearly all of his thoughts. He was now practically unregarded by the great world of commerce and business. His friends in Congress were trying to help him by means of a bill restoring him to his rank as General of the Army and retiring him on full pay; but each attempt met with bitter opposition. The bill had been once defeated in 1881. Since then the matter had rested. A pension had been suggested, but this the General steadily refused to consider.

There now arose a new occasion of distress to him. Some of the small creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward were attempting to levy on the souvenirs and tokens which General Grant had made over to Mr. William K. Vanderbilt in security for a loan procured by General Grant in the interest of Grant and Ward. General Grant was poor, but he was not abject. He wrote to Mr. Vanderbilt and requested him to offer for sale all the property he held, including the souvenirs and trophies of peace and war. To this Mr. Vanderbilt replied, expressing a willingness to turn over all the personal articles to be held in trust by Mrs. Grant and the General during their lifetime, and to become the property of the Government after



THE GENERAL'S LAST DREAM.—MOUNT MCGREGOR, JULY, 1885.

PAINTED BY B. J. ROSENMEIER.

With acknowledgments to a sketch published in "Frank Leslie's Weekly" of April 18, 1885.

their death. This General Grant declined to accept, and the articles were turned over directly to the Government, and placed in the museum at Washington.

On February 20, 1885, the first bulletin of General Grant's condition reached the public: "The action of Congress in refusing to pass the bill restoring him to his honors, has been very depressing to him," the physicians said; "but he is feeling very comfortable otherwise." They were making the best of a very bad case, for Grant was already reduced in weight from nearly two hundred pounds to barely one hundred and forty-five, though his face did not show this emaciation. By February 17th he had nearly ceased to work on his book. The first volume was finished, and the second was begun; but the resolution of even his indomitable soul could not master the growing weakness and lassitude of his body. He became silent and distraught, and sat amidst his family in abstraction which filled them with terror. When alone, he lay stretched out on his reclining-chair, facing the fire, with eyes which saw neither flame nor wall. Occasionally, when roused by some friend, he spoke of his book, and expressed a desire to finish it. He spoke of it as one might who wished to complete some task before going on an inevitable journey. He was waiting the summons of the bugle, and was ready to obey.

His activity of mind was enormous. He could do nothing but think. His great brain, filled with innumerable scenes, conceptions, plans, and deeds, kept up its ceaseless whirl, turning night into day, and day into a phantasmagoric dream of the past. The writing of the book had recalled and made present all his changeful and epic history; and as the external lost power and interest, his mind turned back upon itself.

RESTORATION TO HIS OLD RANK.

He was confined not merely to the house, but to his room. To walk around the hall and back was a long walk. Visitors were at last denied him, but he had around him nearly his entire family. His sons were with him constantly, and his daughter Nellie had been sent for. Little by little the details of the General's condition became public, and the returning regard of the world began to make itself felt. Resolutions of sympathy began to come in from State legislatures and other bodies. The Assembly of New York expressed to the New York delegation in Congress its wish that the bill in

aid of General Grant should pass, and interest was again revived in it.

At last, just in the final hour of the session, an agreement was reached whereby a vote was taken. Congressman Randall moved that, by unanimous consent, the bill be taken up, and to this the Democratic majority of the House agreed, provided a certain contested election case was taken up and voted upon. Thereupon Mr. Wilson of Iowa, the holder of the contested seat, who had thus far successfully filibustered against his opponent, generously rose and said: "In order that this Congress shall do justice to the hero of Donelson and Appomattox, I yield to the request of the gentleman from Pennsylvania." It cost him his seat and his salary, but the bill restoring Grant to his military rank and placing him on the retired list was passed. President Arthur was in the Capitol, waiting to sign the bill. He affixed his signature, the formal nomination of Grant went immediately to the Senate, and the Senate at once confirmed it.

The honor came almost too late for "the old commander." When the telegram announcing it was read to him, his eyes did not brighten, and he uttered no word of pleasure nor even of interest. He had gone beyond the reach of acts of Congress. He had loosened his hold on life. "I am a very sick man," he said to a friend; and in his eyes was the look of a hunted creature, weary and hopeless of rest.

A FATAL DIAGNOSIS.

During all this time the disease never rested. The ulcer ate its way deep into his throat, sapping his vitality and undermining his superb courage. It was recognized at last to be a very grave matter indeed, and the friends of the General began to allude to it as cancer. Up to this time the ulceration had not been considered incurable. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Barker grew alarmed at last, and called in other physicians for consultation. Even then no decision as to the character of the disease was reached. About the 10th of March a piece of the diseased tissue was placed before Dr. G. R. Elliot, an expert microscopist, who also submitted it to Dr. George F. Shrady. Dr. Shrady, who was afterwards called into the case as one of the consulting surgeons, corroborated the opinion of Dr. Elliot. Without knowing whence the tissue came nor anything of the case at the time, he made an examina-

tion, and immediately reported: "This tissue comes from the throat and base of the tongue, and is affected with cancer."

Dr. Elliot, though this was also his own conclusion, said: "This is a very important matter; are you sure?"

"Perfectly sure. The patient from whom this tissue comes has epithelial cancer."

Almost in a whisper the other said: "That tissue comes from the throat of General Grant."

Dr. Shrady replied slowly: "Then General Grant is doomed."

This appalling verdict of the men of science was made public after a consultation at General Grant's house, and the news was flashed round the world that General Grant was attacked by cancer and was fighting his last battle. The nation awoke to sympathy. All criticism of the great General was for the time laid aside, and the Christian public offered daily prayers for his recovery. But he grew daily weaker. He could not sleep without morphia, and yet he fought against its use. He feared becoming a victim to its power, and endured to the utmost the agonies of sleeplessness before asking for relief. He was the most docile of patients. "You are in command here," he would say to Dr. Shrady.

In order to take even liquid food, he was forced to fling the contents of the bowl down his throat at one gulp, before the spasm closed his throat. It required all his resolution to do this. Yet he seldom uttered a word of complaint. He never forgot to be courteous and mindful of others. He obeyed his nurses like a child, at the same time that his great brain pondered upon questions national in scope. He concealed his despondency with studied care from his wife, and was careful that she should not see him at his worst. His son Frederick and his physicians perceived the whole truth of his condition. The expediency of performing a radical surgical operation was discussed early in the case, but the surgeons considered the cancer too deeply rooted to be removed by the knife.

The anodyne and the disease combined at times to produce a dazing effect, and his mind wandered. Once he said: "I am detailed from four to six." He was back at West Point, a ruddy youth again. Once he clutched his throat, and cried out, "The cannon did it," thinking, perhaps, of the officer whose head was blown away by solid shot at Palo Alto. He longed for spring to come, and thought if he could get out

and see the green grass and the budding trees it would help him. His illness brought out the purely human side of the great historical character. He became as gentle and patient as a woman.

The 27th of March being a fine, warm day, he was taken to ride in the Park, and seemed brightened by the change. Upon his return he was met by several attorneys engaged in the trial of Fish, the former president of the Marine Bank. General Grant's testimony was needed; and though emaciated, worn with loss of sleep, and speaking with great difficulty, the General went to his duty resolutely and with a certain readiness. He told all he knew concerning the case, sparing neither Fish nor Ward. He said that he had no knowledge of any speculation in government contracts, and that he had distinctly charged Ward not to have any such business, and had informed him that if the firm of Grant and Ward was concerned in any way with such business, he must retire.

The examination occupied less than an hour, but it exhausted him, and he had a very bad night. Three days later he had a choking spell so deadly in its sudden seizure that he rose from his chair in agony, crying out to his nurse: "Oh, I can't stand it! I must die! I must go!" But the spasm passed away, and under the ministrations of the physicians he became easier.

It was now certain that General Grant was dying, and the usually quiet street swarmed with reporters and with curious and sympathetic people, who walked slowly past, looking up at the windows shining with the flare of gas-jets at full flame.

AN INSTANCE OF GRANT'S UNSELFISHNESS.

The 31st of March was made memorable by a strange incident. A professed astrologer had cast the General's horoscope, and predicted that he would die on the 31st of March. The family were anxious to keep all such matters from the General, and papers containing them were excluded from his chamber. But one morning, when the family returned to the General's room from breakfast, they found him intent on the astrologer's prediction.

They made no remark about it, but tried to keep his mind off the thought of death, and yet he seemed to dwell upon it. As the date set in the prediction drew near, he seemed to be asking very often, "What day of the month is to-day?" He sometimes

asked twice in the same day; and when his son Ulysses answered on one occasion, he said: "You told me that before."

"I know I did, father; but it was this morning."

"I had forgotten it," he replied. The anodynes had affected his memory.

The family were alarmed at his anxiety. He seemed to be dwelling on that particular day in March. At last the dreaded day came, and then it fell out that it was the day on which he was to receive his first month's pay as General Grant. He had been thinking of that, and not of the astrologer's prediction. He could scarcely wait until the money came. When it was placed in his hands, he at once made it up into rolls, which he passed to his sons and his wife, retaining only twenty-five dollars. He cared nothing for money himself, but he was eager to put it into their hands. It was the final seal upon his restoration to honor and trust. His constant reference to the 31st of March showed how deeply, after all, he appreciated the return of the nation's confidence and pride in him. His indifference had been concealment.

"He is the most suppressive man I ever knew," said one of his physicians at the time. "He is not devoid of emotional nature, but his emotions from early life have been diverted from their natural channels of expression, and have expended themselves at the vital centers. What has been called imperturbability in him is simply introversion of his feelings."

Toward the end of the day, as he grew easier, the General said reassuringly: "Yes, I am much better. I think I shall pull through after all."

To his son Ulysses he said: "I am ready to go. No Grant ever feared to die. I am not afraid to die, but your mother is not ready to let me go away. My only wish is to leave her so that she will not want."

But that night the physicians did not leave the house. They feared the worst. Some time in the early morning, Dr. Shrady, who was sleeping in a near-by room, was roused by Dr. Douglas, who called him in great excitement, saying, "Get up; the General is dying."

As the two physicians reëntered the room, the members of the family were all gathered about the General's chair. Mrs. Grant was kneeling by his side, imploring him to speak. His head was fallen upon his breast, and he was drawing his breath with

great difficulty. There was no time to be lost.

"What shall we do?" asked Dr. Douglas, who was overcome with emotion.

"Hold on; let us try some stimulants; the General is not dead yet," replied Dr. Shrady; and with Dr. Douglas's consent, he began to inject brandy into the veins of the General's wrist. In a short time after the first touch of the syringe, the pulse perceptibly improved. The stimulant was having its effect. To the weeping family, Dr. Shrady said: "Don't despair; the pulse is improving. The General must not die. We will take the last chance."

Meanwhile, the Rev. Dr. Newman appeared with a baptismal bowl filled with water, from which he solemnly and with due form baptized the unconscious and apparently dying man.

In a few minutes the General was able to speak. He wanted to know what had happened. "I am surprised," he said gently to his wife, as he comprehended the meaning of the baptismal water. He then murmured something about Hamilton Fish and his book. A little later he was able to say, "I want to live and finish my book." That seemed to be the most important thing.

A MARKED CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

A marvellous change for the better now took place in the patient's condition. The sloughing of the diseased tissue left him easier, and the gnawing of the disease seemed to stop. He swallowed with less pain than for many weeks. He relished his food, and his gain was perceptible from hour to hour. Two days after the night when he seemed to be dying, he was walking about the room, and smiling and bowing at the window to the great crowds in the street. On Easter Sunday, when a great crowd was before the house, Dr. Shrady, upon whom the writing of the daily bulletins had fallen, said: "General, there are hundreds of people in the street waiting to hear how you are this morning."

"They are very good. I am very grateful to them," Grant replied.

"What shall I say to them?"

"Say I am very comfortable."

"Why not tell me, General, what you would like to have said, and I will embody it in a special bulletin as coming from you?"

Then in faltering speech the General said: "I am very much touched—and grateful—"

for the sympathy and interest manifested in me by my friends—" he hesitated—" and by—those who have not hitherto been regarded as friends."

His inherent delicacy would not let him speak of any one as his enemy at this time. He was magnanimous beyond most men; but there were those whom he could not forgive, and to whom he never alluded.

He was still gaining miraculously on the 9th of April, the twentieth anniversary of Appomattox. The date was referred to by General Badeau, but Grant only answered with a sad smile. He had no desire to celebrate it in any way. He was still troubled about the future of his family, and as he grew stronger, the desire to finish his book came back. With that done, he would consider his work on earth finished.

Now that this sudden turn to strength took place, the papers took on an injured tone. Their sympathy had been wasted. The General was reported to be taking his meals with his family, and actually eating solid food once more. Every one was glad to have the illustrious patient recover, of course, but no one liked to be misled by a corps of doctors. Therefore, the attending physicians were denounced as men of little knowledge and of no discernment. The funny men fell upon them with a rush. Imaginary bulletins were printed, giving humorous details of the condition of the doctors, signed, "U. S. Grant." Comic head-lines abounded. "Grant Thinks the Doctors Will Pull Through." "The Doctors Still Gain Slowly." "A Bad Day for the Doctors. General Grant Watching Them Closely." Their pulse was reported as "rising almost as high as their bills." They were called "the silent men," in derision of their sudden abandonment of bulletins. Great pressure was brought to bear to get outsiders admitted to a trial of their hands upon the patient.

The General remained loyal to his physicians. He believed in them, and no pressure could move him. He said to Dr. Shrady: "Never mind what people say. You are right. Don't be afraid. I am the one to be pleased, and I am satisfied. Hold the fort."

Spring opened warm and wet, and the patient was oppressed by it. His gain was fitful. There were days when he worked, and days when he did little but sit and dream, always in that strangely suggestive attitude, propped in a reclining chair, his limbs wrapped in a gray robe, his hands folded on

his breast, his eyes looking straight ahead, searching dim seas of speculation. Sometimes he drove out for a short time, tottering to his carriage. Surrounded by the street scenes and the brisk, agile, and curious pedestrians, he seemed but the wraith of his stern, self-reliant manhood. When he felt particularly well, he dictated to a stenographer, walking painfully up and down the room, till his voice failed him; after that he whispered his words into the stenographer's ear. At last he was forced to write it all with his own hand. The malignant ulcer, like a living thing, had reached out and laid hold upon the vocal cords, and silenced the voice of The Great Commander forever. But he toiled with a desperate resolution painful to witness.

About the middle of May, interested persons spread the report that the General was not writing his book himself. This was contradicted by those who saw him working day by day, and the General himself despatched a letter to his publishers wherein he stated conclusively that the book was his own and that no one else had any claim upon it.

He took pleasure in his work, for it helped him forget his pain and weariness. "It is my life," he said to a friend. "Every day, every hour, is a week of agony. I am easier when employed."

REMOVAL TO MOUNT MCGREGOR.

As May grew old, the weather became more and more oppressive, and Grant began again to fail. Then the question of removing him to the mountains came up, and it was decided to take him out of the city at once. The press of the nation grew serious again. It was perceived that the physicians knew their business after all. A friend (Mr. Joseph W. Drexel) put his cottage on Mount McGregor at the General's service, and it was decided to accept of the offer, and June 16th was fixed upon as the day of removal. Thereafter Grant was eager to get away. He longed with ever-increasing wistfulness for the trees and the sky and the wholesome influence of nature's springtime life.

He did not deceive himself. He knew he was going away to die, but he was eager to escape the town and the close confinement of his room. When he came out to enter his carriage that beautiful June day, he was like a man walking toward his open grave. His tottering step, his emaciated limbs, and his pale and weary face were indices of the power of the dread disease. There was no

more joking on the part of the public. The crowd stood in silent awe to see him pass.

As he entered the train, some of the officials saluted him, and he disengaged his hand from his son's arm to return the salute. Some ladies bowed to him, and he returned their salutations with instant courtesy; and so he entered the car and was whirled away up the pleasant shores of the Hudson River. Naturally he thought of West Point, which had seemed so beautiful to him when he first saw it, a country youth of seventeen, and it seemed more beautiful still, now that as a dying man of three score years and three he was looking upon it for the last time. As he passed it, he turned to his wife and smiled a sad smile, and tried to speak, but could not—his voice was utterly gone.

The day after Grant's arrival at Mount McGregor was made memorable by a significant message. After returning from a walk which he seemed to enjoy, Grant grew restless and unaccountable in action. He moved to and fro in the cottage as if seeking something, and at last, by signs, he made known his wish for pencil and paper. Being furnished therewith, he sat writing busily for some time, and then handed two letters to Colonel Grant. One was addressed to Dr. Douglas; the other one bore the superscription: "Memoranda for my family."

There was something ominous in his action, and the son tore open the letter in great anxiety. It was a message of death. "I feel that I am failing," he had written; and then passed on to certain things which he wished taken care of after his death.

The family were thrown into an agony of grief, but the General sat quietly in his chair, as if resignedly waiting the end. Fear was not in his face; only weariness and lofty patience. His work was done. He had given up the fight. His invincible will to live was withdrawn; henceforward the physicians must fight alone.

The days that followed were simply days of pain and brave endurance, as his life forces slowly ebbed away. Occasionally he hobbled out into the sunshine on the piazza, but for the most part he kept to his chair and mused in statue-like immobility on incommunicable themes.

People from the surrounding country came in procession past the cottage, eager to catch a glimpse of the most renowned man of his time. The railway brought other swarms of curious or sympathetic tourists, and they stole near and gazed si-

lently upon the dying man, and then moved on. He was not annoyed as another might have been by these passing shadows. Once he wrote of them: "To pass my time pleasantly, I should like to talk with them if I could." If they bowed to him he returned their salutes; and once, when a woman passing removed her bonnet, he struggled to his feet and removed his hat in acknowledgment. His favorite seat was a willow chair which stood at the northeast corner of the veranda, and there he sat during the middle hours of each day to enjoy the sun and air; as it grew chill, he returned to his fireside. He listened as courteously to the spokesman of a troop of school children, or to a little girl presenting a bouquet, as to a delegation of leading citizens or foreign journalists.

PASSAGES FROM GRANT'S LAST CONVERSATIONS.

Toward the latter part of June, Dr. Shrady was summoned to see him. He seemed to find a pleasure in his young physician, who was a keen, alert man, military in his decision and promptness: a man of humor, also, and a certain buoyancy of spirits. With him Grant had a great deal of conversation, laborious on the latter's part, for he was obliged to write every word.

"I am having a pretty tough time, doctor," he wrote in answer to a question, "though I do not suffer so much acute pain. . . . My trouble is in getting my breath. . . . I sleep pretty well, though rarely more than an hour at a time. . . . I am growing lighter every day, although I have increased the amount of food."

Alluding to his work, he said, "I have no connected account now to write. Occasionally I see something that suggests a few remarks. . . . At times it taxes my brain to work, now it would not. If I had a chapter to write in my book, it would give me pleasure to write it. I am thankful, however, that the work is done and I am not to add to it."

Though he was pain-weary and foreboding death, he joked a little. Once he alluded to the doctor's close-cut hair, and said it was done in order that, if the doctor was stopped at Sing Sing, on his way to Mount McGregor, he would be properly clipped. During an examination of his throat, he wrote in explanation of an attempt to whisper another jocose remark: "I said if you want anything larger in the way of a spatula—is that what you call it?—I saw a man behind

the house filling a ditch with a hoe. It was larger, and I think it can be borrowed." Referring to some report in a newspaper, he wrote: "The —— has been killing me off for a year and a half. If it does not change, it will get right in time."

But these moods were few; Grant knew too well his own condition. He said also: "I have had nearly two hours, with scarcely animation enough to draw my breath. . . . I have little hope for sleep to-day. . . . I do not feel satisfied with any position. I have thirteen fearful hours before me before I can expect relief." And again: "It is postponing the event. A great number of my friends who were alive when the papers began announcing that I was dying are now in their graves. They were neither old nor infirm people either. I am ready to go at any time. I know there is nothing but suffering for me while I do live."

Dr. Shrady took leave of him after promising to be with him in the final hour, which both men knew would come soon. The General computed the time it would take for the doctor to reach his bedside, and mapped out the route and studied the various means it would be necessary to employ. He planned it as he had been used to plan his campaigns.

In a letter to Dr. Douglas he reverted again to the "providential extension" of his time, and said: "I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years ago in deadly combat. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expressions toward me in person from all parts of the country, from people of all nationalities, of all religions and of no religion, of Confederate and of National troops alike, of soldiers' organizations, of mechanical, scientific, and religious societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart, if they have not effected a cure."

HIS LIFE ROUNDING TO A NOBLE CLOSE.

As his life rounded to a close, it took on epic scope and dignity. Had he died at the end of the war, he would have been a mighty hero, but the *man* would have been unknown. Had he died after his second administration, he would have left a name at the mercy of politicians. But to die now, after his work was done, his fame secure,

was in reality glorious. He forgave the world, but there were men, old friends and subordinate officers, whom he could not invite to his side. They had broken faith with him; duplicity was to him a most hateful thing; and, being human after all, he turned his face from them. He wished them no harm, but he could not forget their perfidious deeds.

He continued to work a little on his book, for it was conceded that it could do him no harm and might relieve his suffering. The Fourth of July was a great anniversary for him. On that day he had won Vicksburg. He did not need to be reminded of it, but he did not refer to it himself; it was far from his wish to revive memories unpleasant to the people of the South. He was not of a nature to exult over the defeat of others.

A few days later there came to Mount McGregor a company of Mexican journalists, and, though suffering with special acuteness that day, the General welcomed them gladly. He received them in unwilling silence (for he could not even whisper), standing with bowed head while they said in formal terms: "We could not pass so near a great friend of Mexico without coming to pay our respects to him." They then passed before him, and were introduced. It was evident that his interest was very cordial. His face lighted up, and when they had all shaken his hand, he sat at a table and wrote this reply:

"My great interest in Mexico is dated back to the war between the United States and that country. My interest was increased when four European monarchies attempted to set up their institutions on this continent, selecting Mexico, a territory adjoining us. It was an outrage on human rights for a foreign nation to attempt to transfer her institutions and her rulers to the territory of a civilized people without their consent. They were properly punished for their crime. I hope Mexico may soon begin an upward and prosperous departure. She has the people, she has the soil, she has the climate, and she has the minerals. The conquest of Mexico will not be an easy task in the future."

In answer to a Catholic priest who called to see him, he expressed his tolerance of all creeds. When told that all denominations and sects were praying for him, he wrote: "Yes, I know, and I feel grateful. All I can do is to pray that the prayers of all these people may be answered so far as to have us all meet in another and better world." To another he wrote: "I am glad that, while there is unblushing wickedness in the world, there is compensating grandeur of soul. In my case, I have not found republics ungrateful, nor are the people."

VISITED BY GENERAL BUCKNER.

About this time General Simon Buckner paid a visit to his old classmate and conqueror. "It is a purely personal visit," he said to General Grant. "I wanted you to know that many Confederate officers sympathize with you in your sickness and trouble."

"I appreciate your calling highly," the Northern chieftain wrote in reply. "I have witnessed since my illness just what I have wished to see since the war, harmony—harmony and good will between the sections. . . . We now look forward to a perpetual peace at home and a national strength which will screen us against any foreign complication. I believe myself that the war was worth all it cost us, fearful as that was. Since it was over I have visited every state in Europe and a number in the East. I know, as I did not before, the value of our institutions."

As General Buckner passed out of the house the reporters fell upon him, eager to know what was said. "I cannot tell you," he said. "The visit was purely personal; and, besides," he added, with eyes dim with tears, "it was too sacred. Without General Grant's consent, I cannot speak."

After reaching New York, General Buckner received a despatch from General Grant permitting the interview to be made public. When it appeared that the interview might add to the harmony and good will between the North and the South, Grant was eager to have it sent far and wide. Throughout all his later life he had had two predominating desires: one, to put down the rebellion; and, when that was done, then his whole heart went out toward the task of reconstructing the nation. And so now, though having gone away into a mountain to die, he still desired that every word of his should make for a united and peaceful nation.

His wish was gratified. The words he wrote went to North and South as messengers of peace. Again he said, "Let us have peace." And, standing there on the high ground between earth and the things beyond the earth, his words had all the force of a command and a benediction.

In ever increasing calm and ever decreasing sensibility to pain, he drifted toward the shadowed world. His introspection increased, and the certainty of his speedy death grew very strong in his own mind. "I have admonitions that the doctors know

not of," he wrote slowly upon his tablet; "I think it doubtful that I shall last much longer than the end of the month." Despair had no place in the growing serenity of his manner. There was a lofty courage which laid hold upon great conceptions of human destiny. He subscribed to no creed, but he had an unspeakable faith in the integrity of the universe. He had no map of the unseen land toward which he was marching, but he believed it to be a better land than this, and that light and the guidance of reason would be present there as in the world he was leaving. He did not know, but he had no fear.

His consideration and his instant courtesy never left him. His gratitude for little kindnesses was inexpressibly touching. His physicians could look upon it only with tears.

On the 22d of July he expressed a wish to be in a bed. His bones were intolerably weary of the chair in which he had spent night and day during months of ceaseless suffering. The physicians looked at each other significantly. He was transferred to his bed, and as he stretched out his tired limbs and lay full length at last, he drew a sigh of relief and smiled. He felt the delicious restfulness of the bed as he used to do when a boy after a hard day's work. That he knew it to be his deathbed is certain; but it was none the less grateful because of that—it was the more grateful by reason of that.

"Does it seem good to be in bed?"

"So good. So good," he whispered in reply.

A deep, untroubled sleep fell upon him almost at once, but the physicians read the advance of death in the labored breathing and fluttering pulse. Slowly the blood ceased to warm the body. The lower limbs grew cold as marble, and the breathing grew ever quicker and lighter. The lower cells of the lungs were closing. Life was retreating to the brain.

The family at last were all there. The loyal wife sat often by his side, where she could touch his face and press his hand. His eldest son, erect, calm, and soldierly, scarcely relaxed his painful vigil. It was a long and terrible watch, and when midnight came, it was evident that death was present in the room at last. The great soldier lay in a doze which was the lethargy of dissolution, but still responded to the agonized words of love from his wife and daughter by opening his eyes in a peculiarly clear, wide, penetrat-

ing glance. This was only momentary. Each time it was more difficult to penetrate beneath the freezing flesh to the living soul. At two o'clock of the morning, Colonel Grant laid his hand on the dying man's forehead and said: "Father, would you like a drink of water?"

In reply, Grant whispered, "Yes."

At three o'clock Colonel Grant again approached the bedside: "Father, is there anything you want?"

"Water," whispered the dying man, and this was his last word.

He could not swallow; but when his wife placed a sponge in his mouth, he closed his lips upon it and seemed relieved by the trickling moisture.

All danger of a violent death was over. He was passing peacefully away, his face calm and unlined by pain. His body, wasted and grave-weary, composed itself for final rest. The coldness crept slowly but inexorably toward the faintly-beating heart. The birds sang outside, and the sun rose, warming the earth, but no waking and no warmth came to The Great Commander lying so small and weak beneath his coverlet.

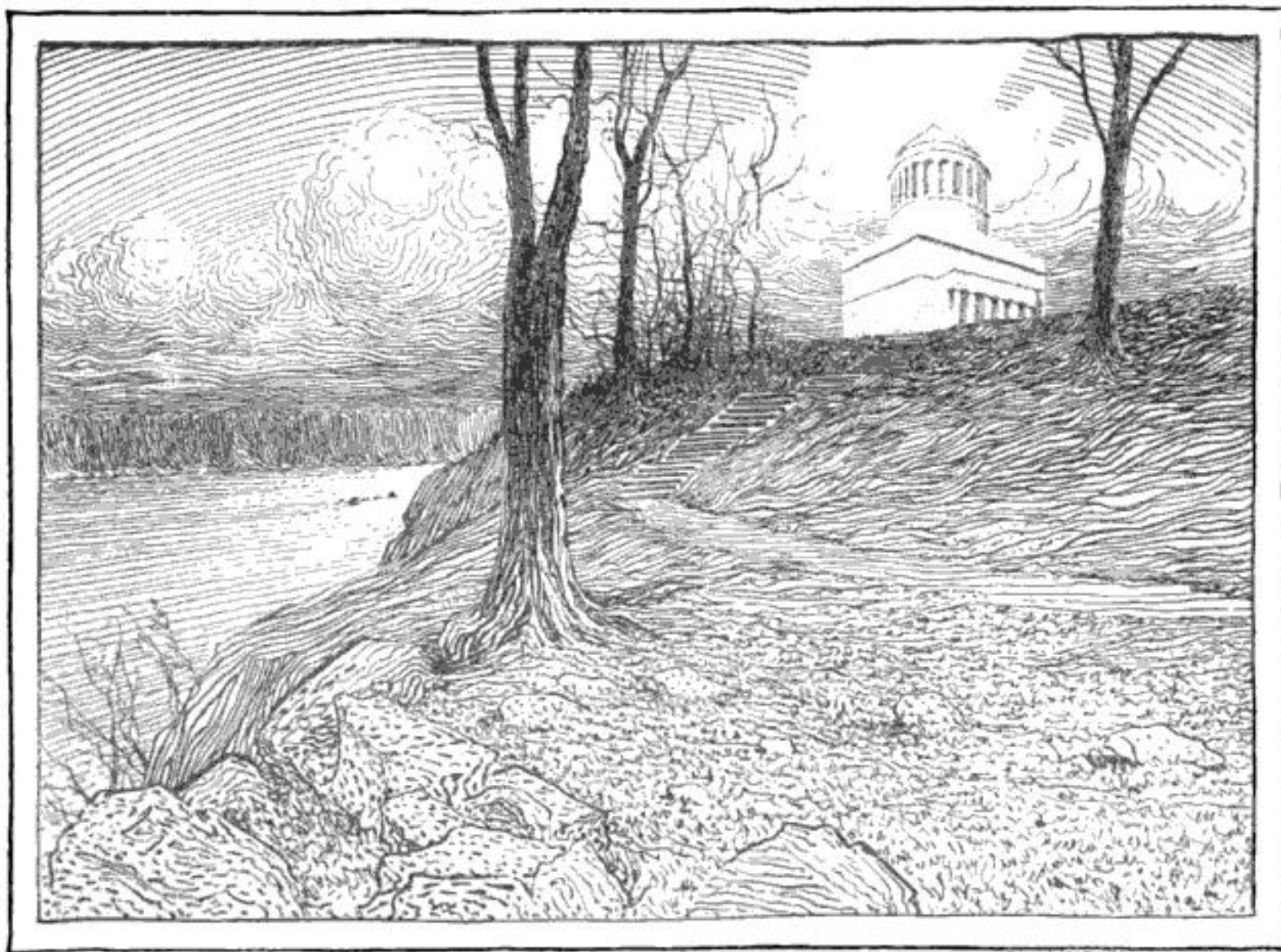
At seven minutes past eight, in the full flush of a glorious morning, he drew a deeper breath, and then uttered a long, gen-

tle sigh, like one suddenly relieved of a painful burden. In the hush which followed, the watchers waited for the next breath. It did not come. The doctor stole softly to the bedside, and listened; then rose and said in a low voice: "It is all over."

Ulysses Grant was dead.

The pomp and pageantry of the funeral which followed surpassed anything ever seen in America. The wail of bugle, the boom of cannon, the rataplan of drum, the tramp of columned men were all of martial suggestiveness—ceremony for which Grant cared little; but if his spirit was able to look back toward its outworn vesture, it must have been glad to see Joseph Johnston and Simon Buckner marching side by side with their old classmates, Philip Sheridan and William Tecumseh Sherman. Over the body of Grant, the great warrior of peace, the North and the South clasped hands in a union never again to be broken. It is well that on the majestic marble mausoleum erected to cover his dust, on a wall looking to the South, these words should be carved: LET US HAVE PEACE; for they express, more completely than any other symbols could do, the inner gentleness and patriotism of the man.

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FOR JUNE



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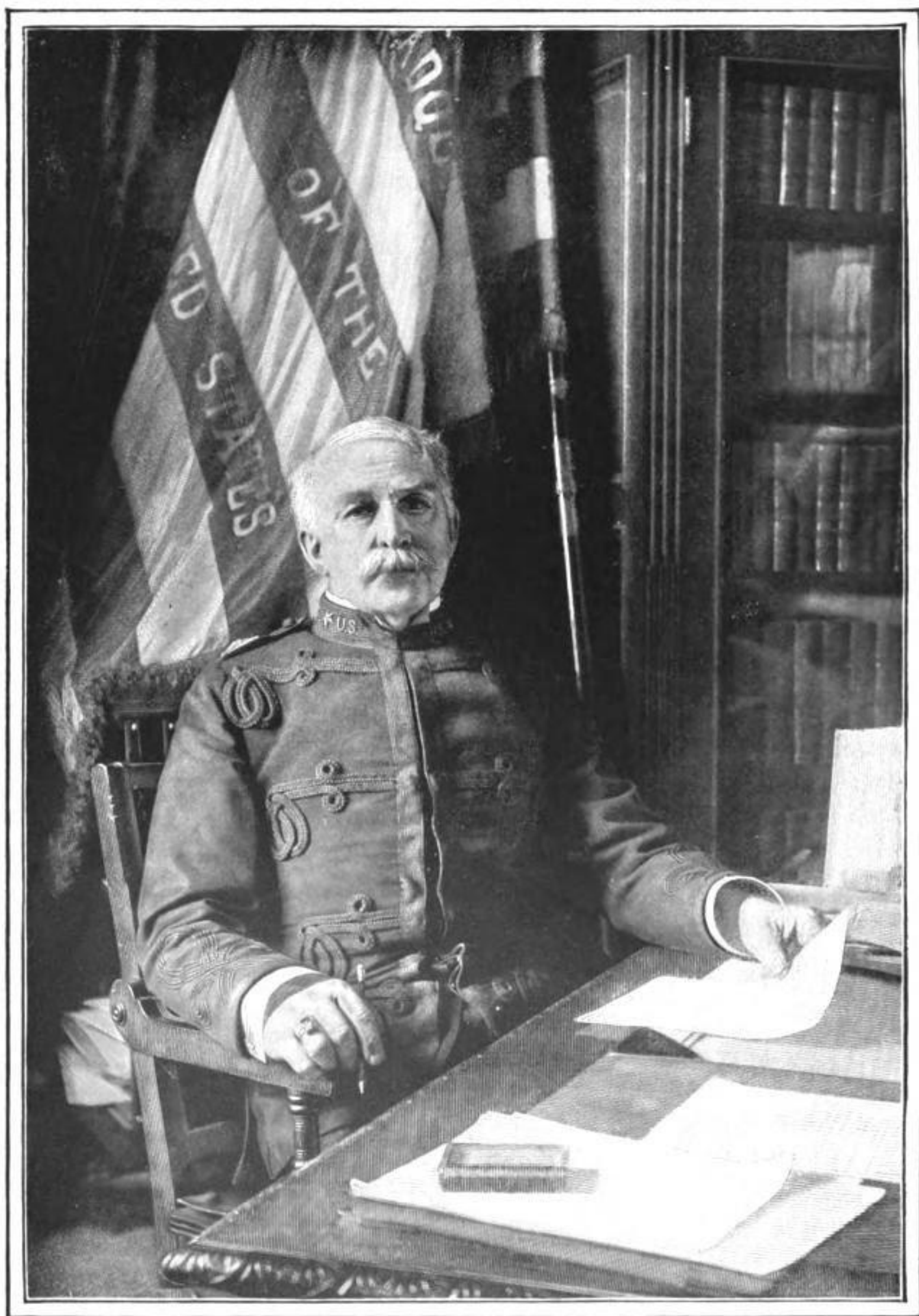
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GENERAL MILES IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

See page 129.

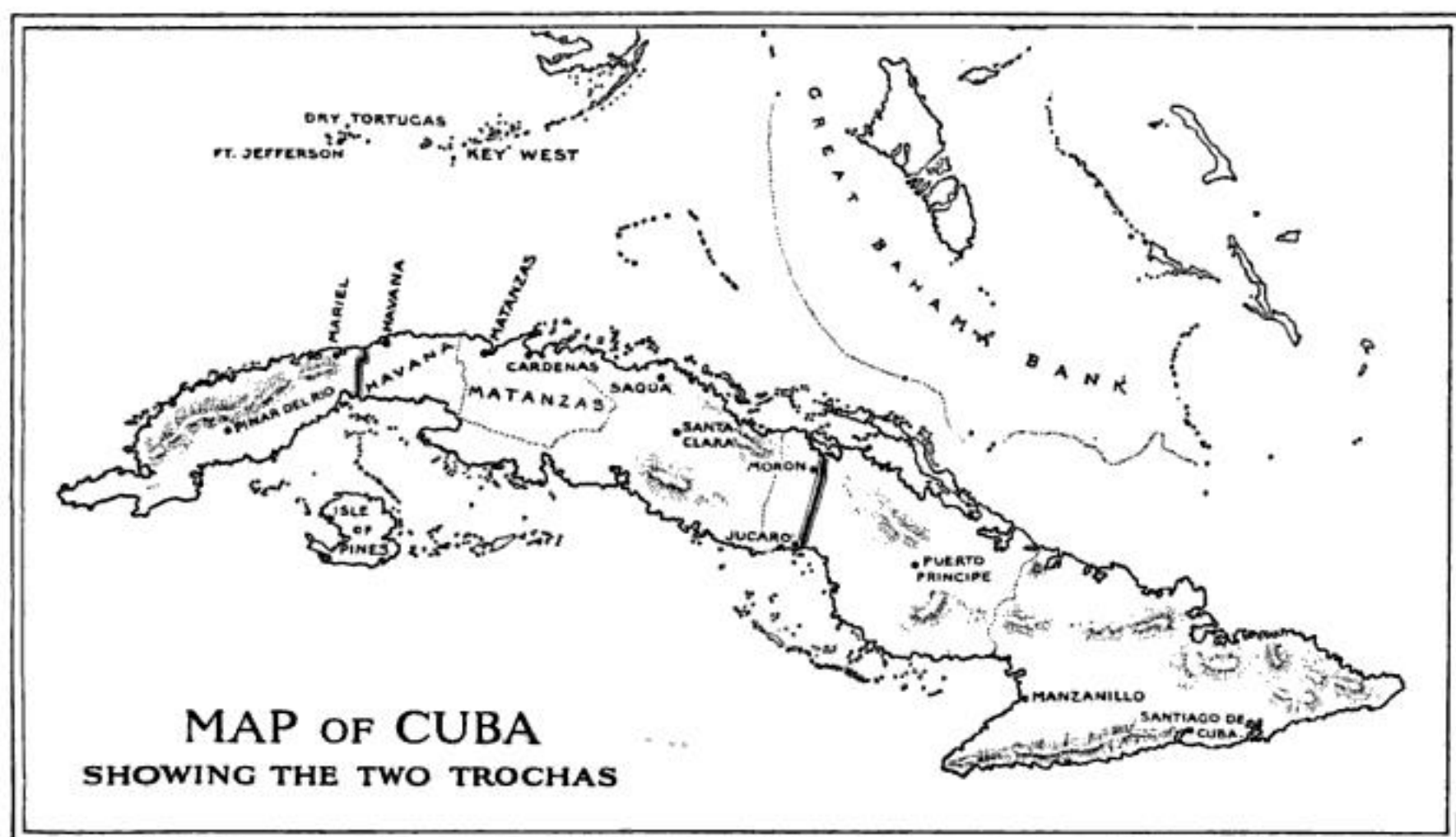
From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine April 16, 1898.

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No. 2.



CUBA UNDER SPANISH RULE.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLAND, THE PEOPLE; OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND THE WAR FOR FREEDOM.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE,

Late Consul General of the United States to Havana.

MY information about Cuba and the situation there to-day has been gathered while performing official duties, and of course belonged to the government, and has been given to it from time to time in official reports. This article necessarily traverses some of the ground gone over in detail in these reports.

Nine months previous to the expiration of the presidential term of Mr. Cleveland, at his

request I proceeded to Havana, Cuba, having been appointed United States Consul General. Resolutions recognizing the belligerent rights of the insurrectionary forces in Cuba had passed both houses of Congress, and were lying upon the President's desk for his signature. Grave doubts existed in the mind of Mr. Cleveland whether the Cuban Government, then in arms against the Spanish authority on the island of Cuba, was properly entitled to such recognition. One of the



A BLOCKHOUSE ON ONE OF THE LINE OF FORTS BUILT ACROSS THE ISLAND OF CUBA BY THE SPANIARDS AND KNOWN AS THE TROCHA (*i.e.*, TRENCH, OR TRAVERSE).

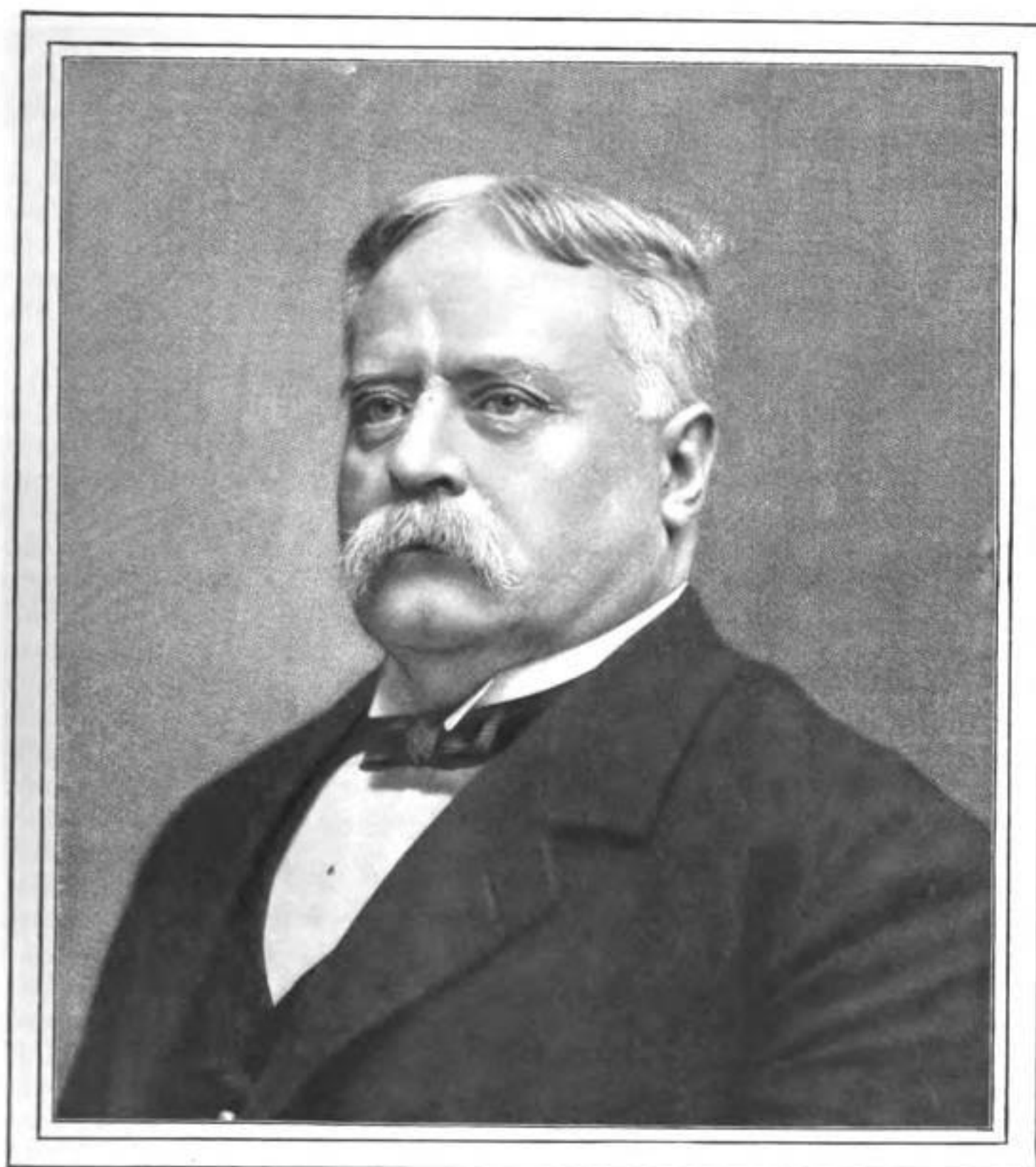
principal objects, therefore, of my mission was to ascertain and report the exact political and military conditions existing at that time in Cuba. As the President expressed it at the time, he did not "want to go into the Cuban business bow on without knowing where" he was "going."

A few weeks after my arrival in Havana, I made a report to the Secretary of State (in substance) that, in my opinion, there was no immediate prospect of the Spanish soldiers suppressing the insurrection in Cuba or of the insurrectionary troops driving the Spanish from the island, and that, therefore, without outside interference, war, with its attendant horrors, would continue for an indefinite time; that the island was being devastated and gradually being reduced to an ash pile; that property was being destroyed everywhere, fields burnt, and human life taken by both contestants under the most aggravating circumstances; and that commerce was being extinguished, entailing great loss to the United States and to the American citizens resident on the island.

A SWIFT INCREASE OF MISERY AND DESOLATION.

Should I write a report to-day of the conditions now existing on the island I would not change, in its essential features, the report written two years ago, except to say that the destruction of property and the loss of life have suffered of course a large increase, and that misery, poverty, desolation, and devastation exist now in greater degree only than at the former period. The United States, at this writing, has determined to intervene, and, with soldiers and sailors, compel the Spanish troops to depart from the island and the Spanish flag to be furled forever upon the "Gem of the Antilles."

It is most difficult to comprehend the cruelties and enormities of Spanish rule on the island—more especially within the last few years. Spain has been repeating her past history by continuing that policy which has heretofore humbled her pride and reduced her territorial possessions, and will now lose Cuba, Porto Rico, and very possibly



Fitzhugh Lee

From a recent photograph : copyright, 1898, by the International Society.

the Philippine Islands by that "barbarous persecution"—so atrocious that Motley says "it was beyond the power of man's ingenuity to add any fresh horrors to it."

Cuba, lying at the gate of the Gulf of Mexico, is, in some respects, the most fertile spot on the face of the globe. Its soil, in great part, is a rich chocolate loam, capable of producing everything that grows in tropical regions in the greatest abundance, while it stands unrivaled in the quality and quantity of its two great staple products—sugar and tobacco. It is true that, as in all tropical regions, the sun during the summer months casts heated rays upon all parts of the island; but during that period the rainy season begins, and three or four afternoons

in each week, from July to October, there is a succession of rain showers followed by the sun again, a wise provision of nature, as it results in the continued growth of grass and all plants then in the ground. In consequence, the island is ever green; and there being no winter, as fast as a crop is reaped, the ground is available for the next. As is well known, sugar-cane, when once planted, does not have to be replanted for seven or eight years; so that when it is annually cut down and ground into molasses and sugar, the planter thereafter has only to wait for a corresponding period in the next year to perform a similar operation. From Santiago de Cuba, the most eastern province, to Pinar del Rio, the most western, there is a range

of mountains varying more or less in height (the highest portion being at the eastern end of the island) which constitutes a backbone, as it were, and to which upon each of its long sides the remainder of the island seems to be securely anchored. In these mountains are found many minerals, and upon their sides grow in profusion the most valuable hard woods, the railroads using in some instances mahogany for cross-ties.

The history of the Spanish people, so far as it refers to their colonial possessions, has never kept step to the music of the march of progress or ever shown any development of interior natural resources. Here, on this favored spot where Spanish feet were planted over four centuries ago, there are no public roads or highways or even country roads; no canals; no telegraphs, except along the line of some of the railroads; and the few railroads on the island

were built by English enterprise and capital, and not by Spanish. It has ever

been the policy of the Spaniards to occupy the edges of a country and remain in and closely around the cities and towns which constitute the seaports.

THE ENMITY BETWEEN SPANIARDS AND CUBA.

Less than a half century ago the Cubans (or Insular Spaniards, as they were called) owned most of the property and wealth of the island; but it has been gradually passing away from them until to-day the Peninsular Spaniards (or the Spaniards born in Spain) have succeeded in securing possession of the commercial business, stores, and commission houses of the cities, so that they are now

the wealthy class of Cuba. A very high tariff on all goods, except those coming from Spain, has driven the inhabitants of the island to trade with Spain to a great extent, and the Spanish merchants at Barcelona and other points, preferring to have commercial relations with the Spaniards rather than the Cubans, have done much to bring about this financial change in these two classes.

This change, combined with economic questions, has been greatly widening the dividing line between the Cubans and Spaniards until it has resulted in the present existing chasm. Enmity, therefore, exists between Spaniards and Cubans, though the latter are descendants of Spaniards themselves. It is a remarkable fact that nearly every person born on the island seems to be at once instilled with a dislike for the Spaniards and their methods, and I know of no instance where chil-

dren born in Cuba of Spanish parents have not participated in this feeling. This be-



GENERAL VALERIANO WEYLER, FORMER GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CUBA.

*A Mr. Lee General y Consul de
Estados Unidos como recuerdo
de amistad y buena relacion
por Weyler*

FACSIMILE OF GENERAL WEYLER'S AUTOGRAPH, WRITTEN ON A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN BY HIM TO GENERAL LEE. THE LINES TRANSLATED READ: "TO MR. LEE, GENERAL AND CONSUL OF THE UNITED STATES, AS A REMEMBRANCE OF FRIENDSHIP AND GOOD RELATIONS."

ing true, has made it easier for the Spaniards to deprive the Cubans of all "Home Rule;" or participation in the government and its perquisites, until the last feather was added to the great pile which had been accumulating for a long number of years, and has driven the Cubans to attempt once more to throw off the Spanish yoke and seize and hold the reins of their own government.

THE SPANISH ARMY IN CUBA.

Spain, losing her power by gradual process, has seen for many years that Cuban independence is only a question of time, though the political demands on the party

in power in Madrid has made it necessary for the political life of that party to resist in every form every attempt upon the part of the Cubans to secure their liberties, and to resist all attempts of other countries to intervene in the interest of peace, progress, and humanity. Whatever else may be said of Spain and her decadence, the fact stands bravely forth that she has made a magnificent struggle to preserve this rich colonial possession. Over 200,000 soldiers (a greater number than the combined armies of Generals Grant and Lee in the war of 1861-65 in this country) have been transported, at immense expense, over 3,000 miles from her shores—the largest number of organized troops that has ever been transported so great a distance from their homes and firesides. These troops have been badly handled, and therefore have not made much of a record in strategy and tactics or for efficient service on the island of Cuba. They were principally located in the coast cities and in the larger interior towns, while the insurrectionists have been holding to a great degree the rest of the island.

The inefficiency of the Spanish soldier is due not to a want of personal courage, but because he is not properly drilled, disciplined, or organized into a fighting machine. In Cuba he has to struggle as best he can with but little or no pay—while badly clothed and fed—and is sent into the field to stand the sunshine and the storm without giving him proper protection from either. He then becomes an easy captive to climatic causes, and instead of a robust soldier crammed with fire and fight, we find a half-sick, listless man, to whom it is an effort to raise and aim a rifle.

Gomez, the leader of the rebels, whatever

else may be said about him, has fought this war in the only way he could win it, and never for one moment during the three years of strife has he departed a hair's breadth from the policy first inaugurated. He proposed to combat Spain's purse more than her soldiers; to play a waiting game and exhaust the failing financial resources of Spain.



GENERAL RAMON BLANCO.

He did not propose to fight if it could be avoided, because he could not well afford to lose a man or a cartridge, being dependent for both upon the very uncertain and devious methods of filibusterism. His army, scattered over an island some 800 miles long by an average breadth of sixty miles, if all concentrated upon a single point, would number about 35,000 men; but being entirely devoid of bases of supplies and deficient in transportation and food for men or horses, to concentrate would be to starve,

and to fight pitched battles against overwhelming numbers would result in the loss of the battle and the loss of his cause. He is a grim, resolute, honest, conscientious, grizzled old veteran, now seventy-five years old, who has thoroughly understood the tactics necessary to employ in order to waste the resources of his enemy and to prolong the war until such time as Spain would abandon the struggle as hopeless, or until it should become manifest to the United States that the contest had degenerated into a hopeless conflict.

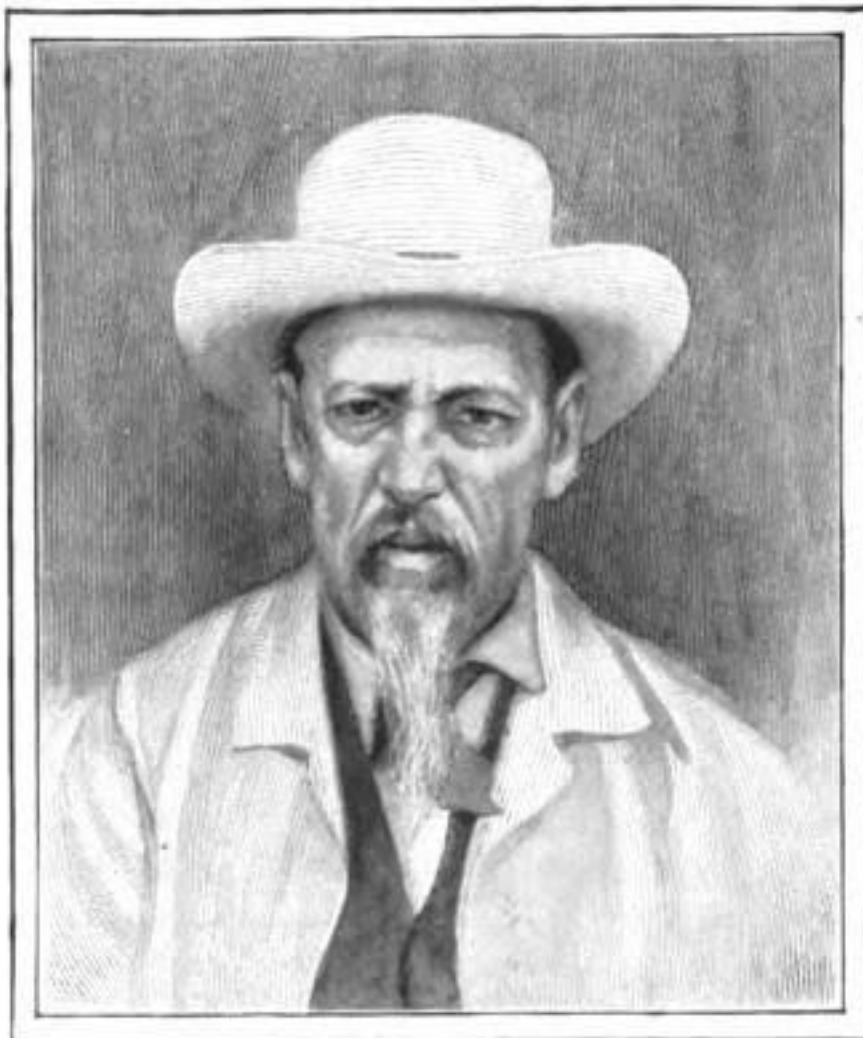
GENERAL WEYLER AND HIS POLICY.

General Weyler, the Spanish commander first charged with suppressing the insurrection, seemed to have had an idea that if he could build trochas, or ditches, across the island from north to south, and from sea to

sea, at one or two points, and have these trochas strongly held by Spanish troops, the connection of the different bodies of insurgents on the island would be severed, and that he could then pen or corral them, and afterwards march his soldiers first into one of these pens and then into another until he had captured or killed all those within who were opposed to the Spanish flag. These trochas are curious in their construction. When the ditches are dug, the dirt is thrown up on one side, while on the other is a barbed wire fence, and every few hundred yards a block-house is built capable of holding a few soldiers and generally with two stories—the upper one being occupied by the vidette or sentinel who is posted to report any advance of his enemy. It cannot be said that this method of warfare proved successful, though. It cost large sums of money to construct trochas, and now they have been practically abandoned. One light battery of artillery could have opened the way for passage of troops. The insurgents always found many ways of crossing them at night or where these lines ran through swamps, or around by the water at either end. Maceo, it will be remembered, who was supposed to have been shut off in the western end of the province by what is known as the Mariel trocha, found no difficulty in crossing when he desired to go east, though, unfortunately for the Cuban cause, it resulted in his death afterwards.

Captain General Weyler, more active in Cuban campaign work than his successor

General Blanco, did but little to suppress the insurrection. He organized columns to move from the cities and operate against the bands of roving insurgents in their vicinity, but the Spaniards have so little idea of modern warfare and of the necessary attributes to mobilize an army, that these columns, after having been out a very few days and exchanged fire with the insurgents, would invariably return to the cities because out of rations or burdened with a few wounded, while the insurgents who had assembled to temporarily check their march would scatter out again and return to their various little camps, with the result, probably, to each side, of only two or three men killed and a few wounded.



GENERAL BARTOLOMÉ MASO, PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

THE RECONCENTRADO ORDER AND ITS EFFECT.

It was evident, therefore, that this style of guerrilla warfare as practiced by the in-



COLONEL ANDRÉS MORENO DE LA TORRE, SECRETARY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.



COLONEL ERNESTO FONS STERLING, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA.

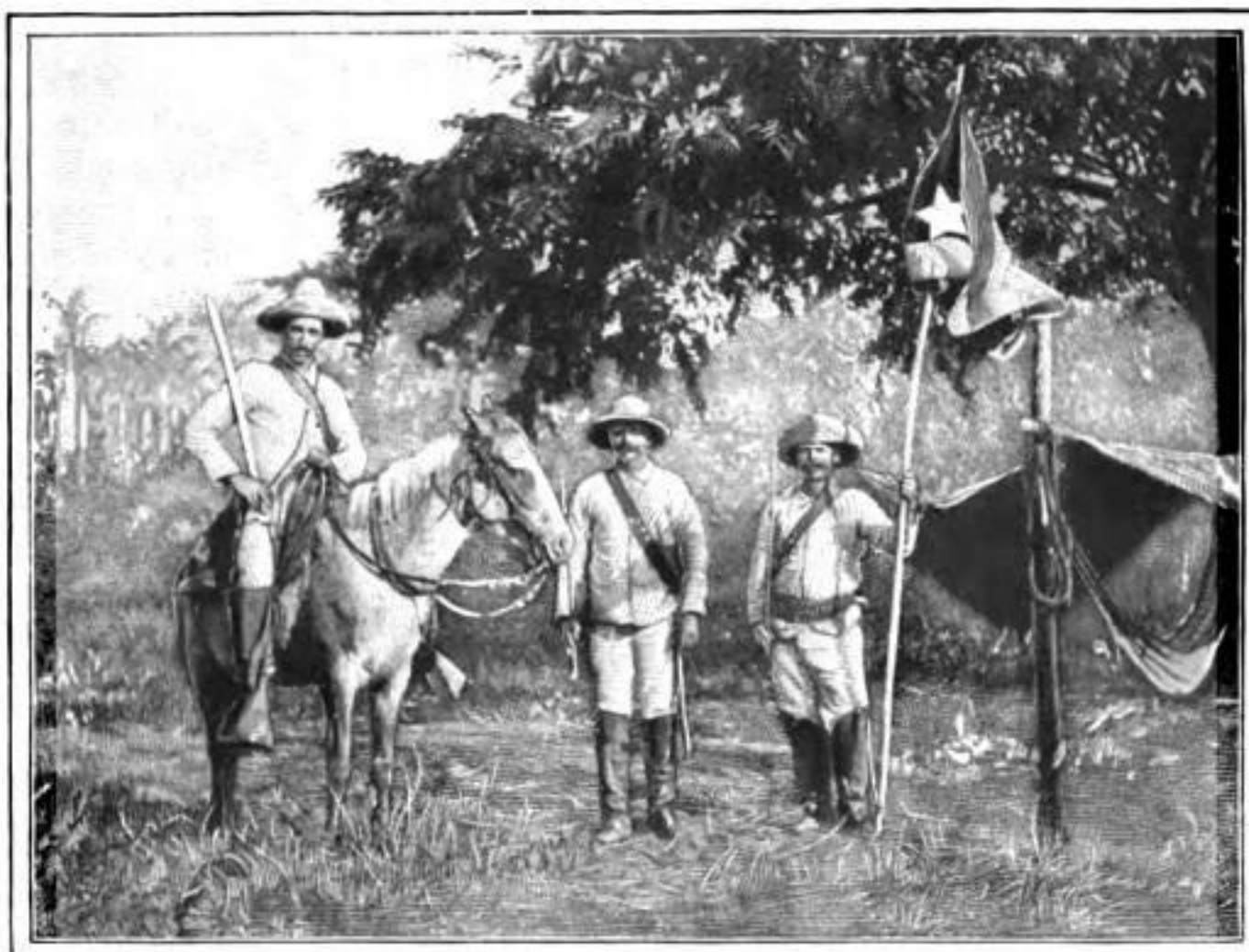
surgeants could be maintained for years because a generous soil, tilled by the peasantry

NOTE.—The portraits on this and the next page, of the heads of the Cuban insurgent government, are after photographs taken by a special correspondent of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* in the winter of 1897-1898.

who were in sympathy with insurrection, produced the necessary food. It was then that General Weyler conceived the brilliant idea of destroying the peasant farmers to prevent their giving aid and comfort to the insurrectionists. This he hoped to effect by the issuing of his famous "reconcentrado order," whose terms compelled the old men, women and children to leave their homes and come within the

nearest Spanish fortified lines, pains being taken after they were driven from their little farms to burn their houses, tear up their plant beds, and drive off and confiscate the few cattle, hogs and chickens that they were obliged to leave.

The United States was naturally shocked at the brutality of this order and saw, with



THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC AND HIS STAFF.

quence, over 200,000 (principally women and children and non-combatants) died from starvation and starvation alone. History presents nowhere such an appalling record; nor do the military annals anywhere furnish such a horrible spectacle, the result of a military order, based upon a supposed military necessity.



LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER MANUEL RAMON SILVA, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.



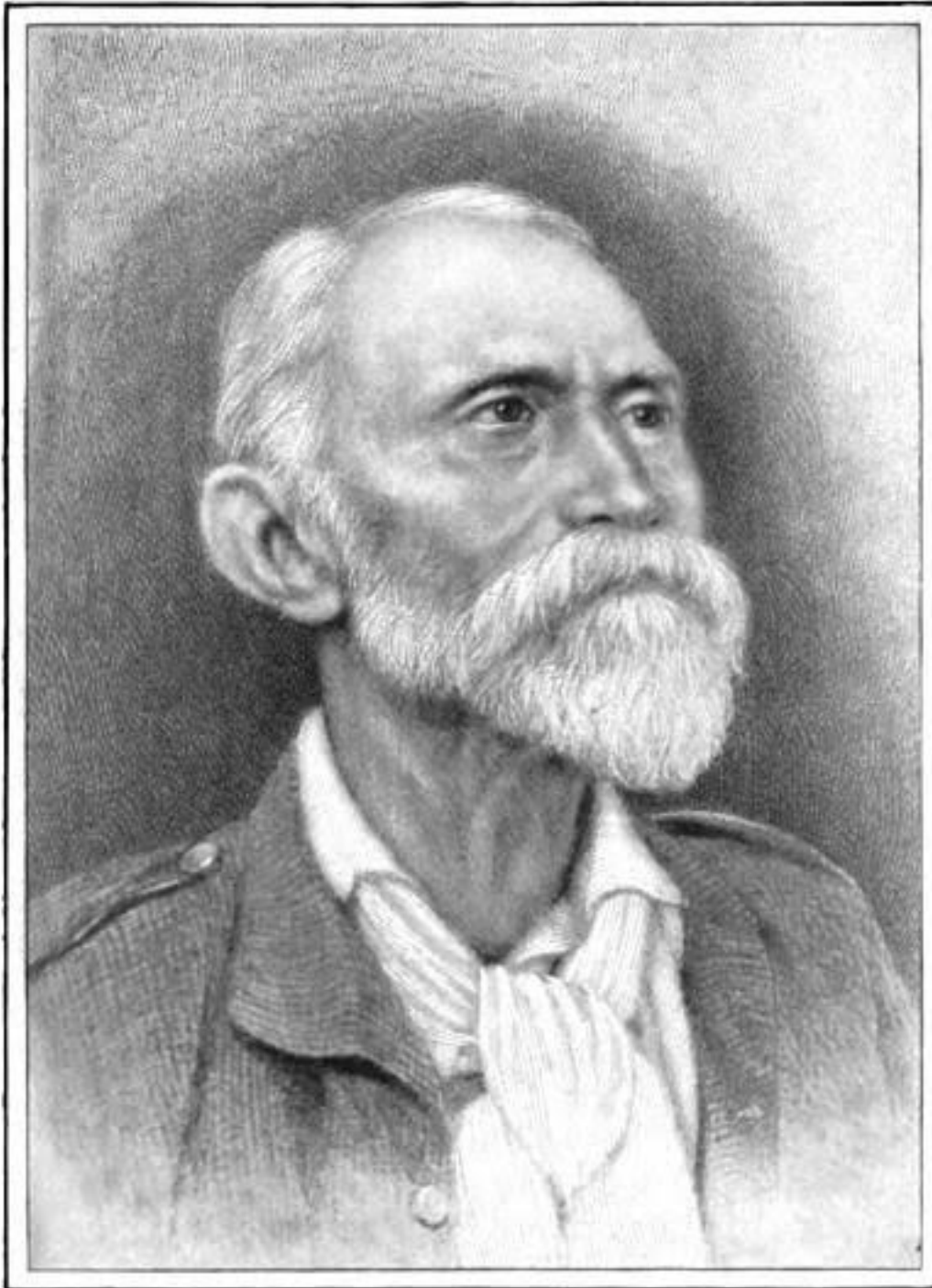
BRIGADIER-GENERAL MENDEZ CAPOTE, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSÉ B. ALEMON, SECRETARY OF WAR OF THE CUBAN REPUBLIC.

great indignation, some 400,000 of these poor innocent war victims forced away from where they could subsist, to the Spanish lines where they could obtain nothing and within which nothing was tendered. As a conse-

General Weyler, if anything, is a soldier, trained to no other career, and one who believes that everything is fair in war and every means justifiable which will ultimately write success upon his standards. He did

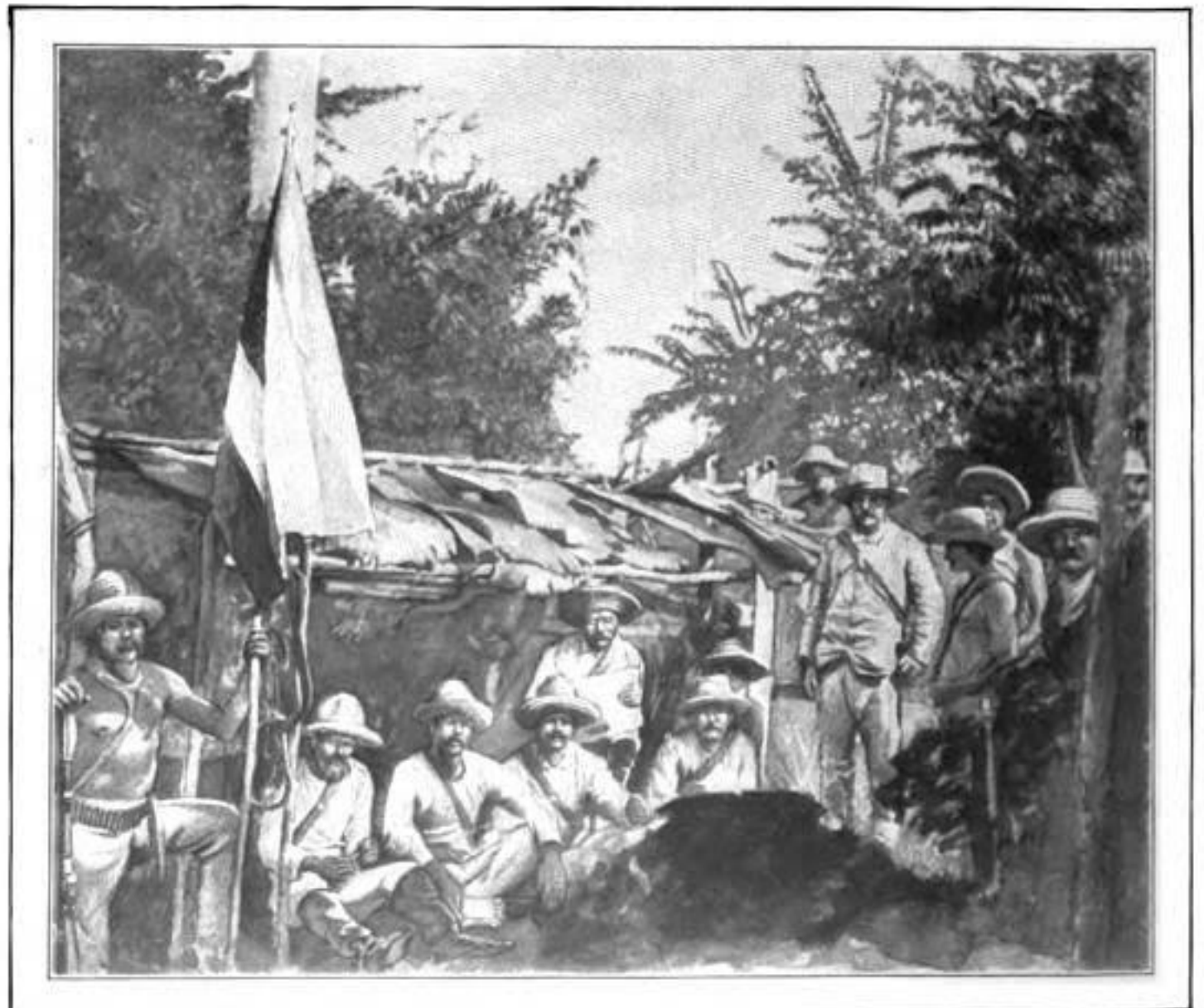


MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENTS.

From a pencil drawing made from life by Sylvester Scovel in December, 1897. Copyright, 1898, by The International Society.

not propose to make war with velvet paws, but to achieve his purpose of putting down the insurrection if he had to wade through, up to the visor of his helmet, the blood of every Cuban—man, woman, and child—on the island. And yet I found him in official intercourse affable, pleasant, and agreeable. He was always polite and cour-

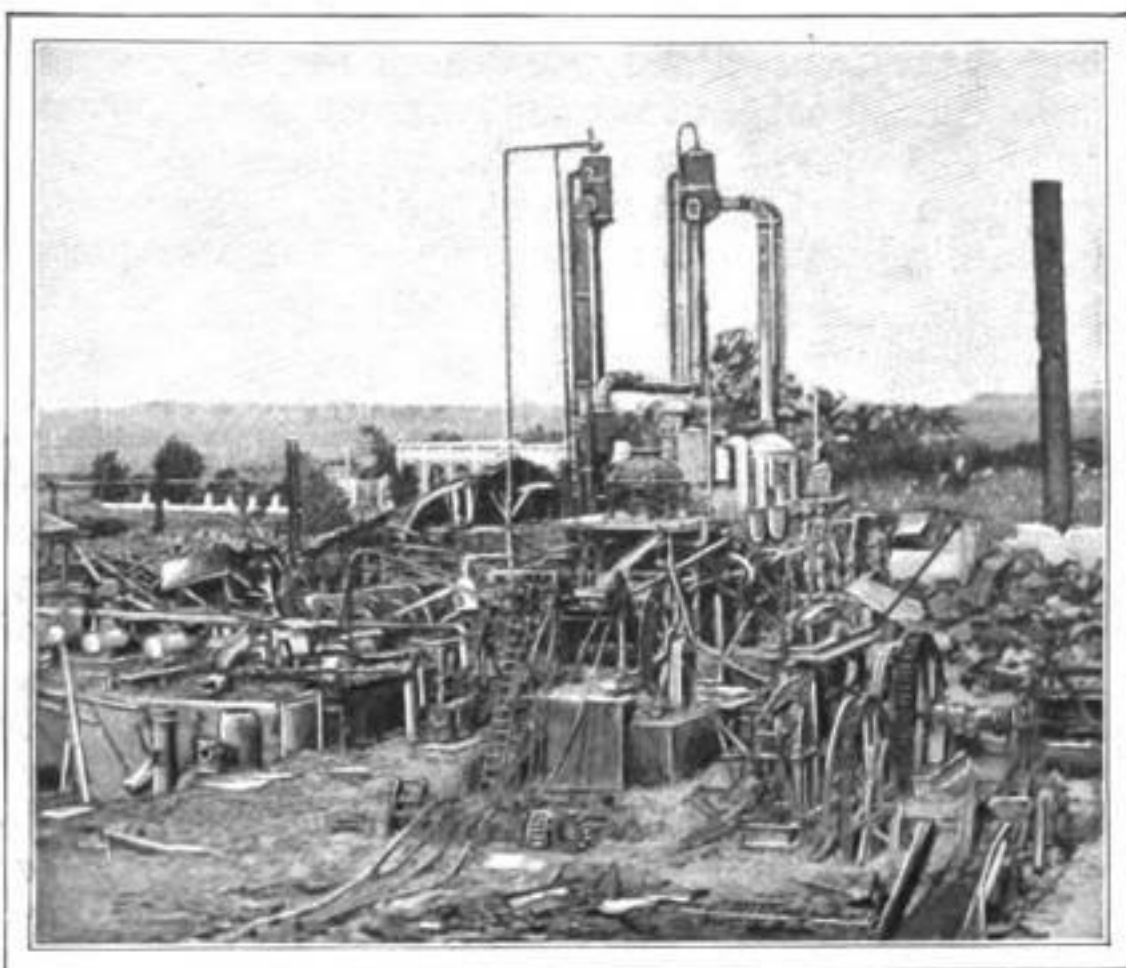
teous to me, and told me more than once that he wished I would remain in my position there as Consul General as long as he did as Governor and Captain General. He is small in stature, with a long face and square chin, wearing side whiskers and a mustache; quick and nervous in his manner and gait, and decided in his opinions. He was loved by some, and hated and feared by others. Whatever may have been his military qualifications, his warfare in Cuba did not demonstrate soldierly ability, because with an army of effectives of at least 150,000 men he failed to suppress an insurrection whose total fighting force did not number 40,000 men. He told me one day he would like to visit the United States, to which I replied that I thought he would enjoy seeing the new republic with its wonderful history; but he shook his head, saying that he could never go, because the people of the United States would kill him, and that they were already calling him in the newspapers, "The Butcher Weyler."



AN INSURGENT CAMP. THESE MEN ARE PART OF THE REGIMENT NAMED IN HONOR OF GENERAL GOMEZ'S SON PANCHITO, WHO WAS KILLED BY THE SPANIARDS.

IMPRISONMENT OF AMERICAN
CITIZENS IN CUBA.

When I first reached the island citizens of the United States (principally naturalized Americans) were being constantly arrested and thrown into cells where they were kept "incomunicado," as the Spaniards term it. "The 'Competitor' Prisoners," as they were called, were then in the cells of the Cabanas fort, having been captured before I reached Cuba. The "Competitor," it will be remembered, was a small schooner which attempted to land a filibustering expedition west of Havana and was captured after most of her passengers had landed, leaving the crew, about five in number, on the vessel. These prisoners were tried by a naval court martial on the 8th of



A SUGAR-MILL WRECKED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.

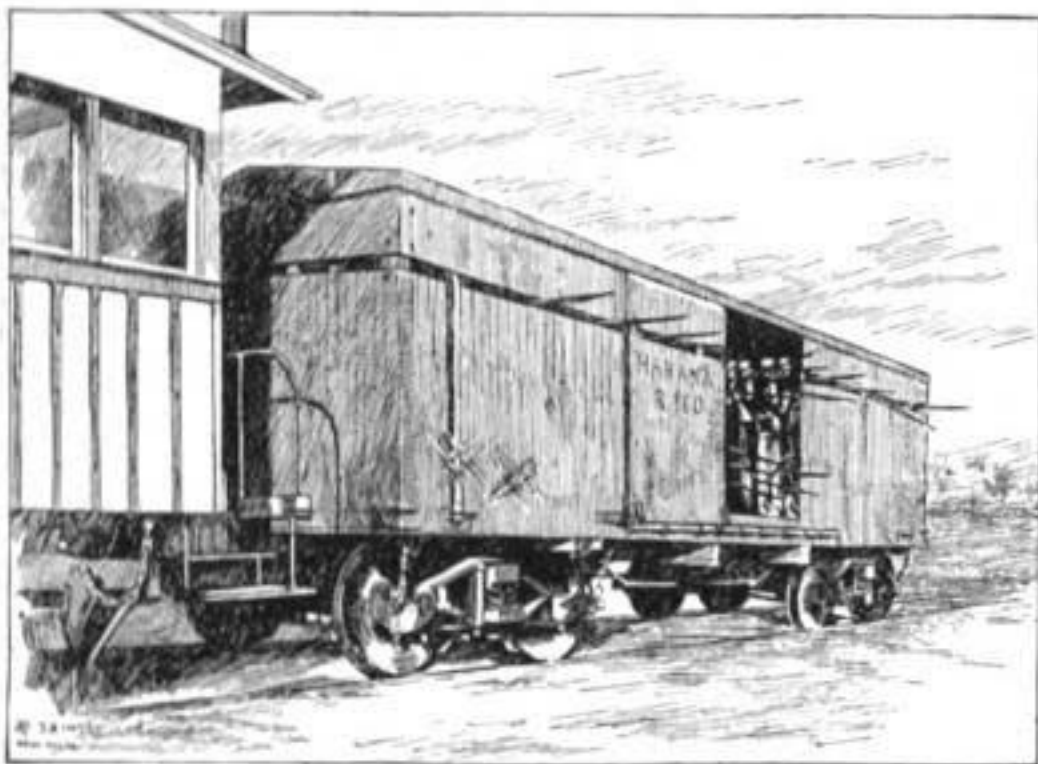
May, 1896, by a court organized to convict, the only testimony being that of the captain of the Spanish gunboat who had taken them



A CONVOY CROSSING THE HILLY COUNTRY IN CUBA.

prisoners. A sentence of death was promptly pronounced, and would have been quickly carried out, had not our government interfered to prevent the murder of these men, just as the English gunboat "Niobe," Captain Sir Lambton Lorraine, stopped the

feet, stone floors, and dark, and kept in these horrid little holes for days and weeks without being allowed to see and talk with anyone. I told Weyler that, in our country, the law presumed every man innocent until he was proved guilty; but by the Spanish process every man was guilty, and they did not even give him an opportunity to prove his innocence. To which he replied that he had published a proclamation establishing martial law and that the terms of that proclamation superseded the stipulations of the treaty. To this I answered that the terms of treaties between two countries at peace could not be set aside, changed or altered except by the action of one or both of the contracting parties, and that his proclamation was therefore inoperative where its stipulations came in conflict with the treaty mandates.



killing of the "Virginus" prisoners twenty-eight years ago, but unfortunately not until the courageous Fry and some fifty-three of his one hundred and fifty-five men had been shot.

I earnestly and vigorously protested against the arrest of these American citizens, telling General Weyler that it was in violation of the treaty and protocol between Spain and the United States, which, in my opinion, limited the confinement "incomunicado" to seventy-two hours. "Incomunicado"

is a Spanish term meaning literally *without communication*. And these Americans, without any charges against them that I could ascertain, without warning, and without the knowledge of their friends and relatives, were arrested and thrown into these little "incomunicado" cells, about eight by ten



ONE OF THE SPANISH ARMORED CARS ATTACHED TO EVERY TRAIN LEAVING HAVANA. THEY ARE ORDINARY FREIGHT CARS WITH AN INSIDE IRON SHEATHING, AND WITH AN OPENING THROUGH WHICH THE SOLDIERS CAN SHOOT. THE PHOTOGRAPH (LOANED BY THE AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION) WAS TAKEN ON MARCH 13, 1898. ON THE SAME DAY, THE TRAIN TO WHICH THIS CAR WAS ATTACHED WAS ATTACKED BY INSURGENTS, AND TWO AMERICAN PASSENGERS WERE FATALLY WOUNDED.

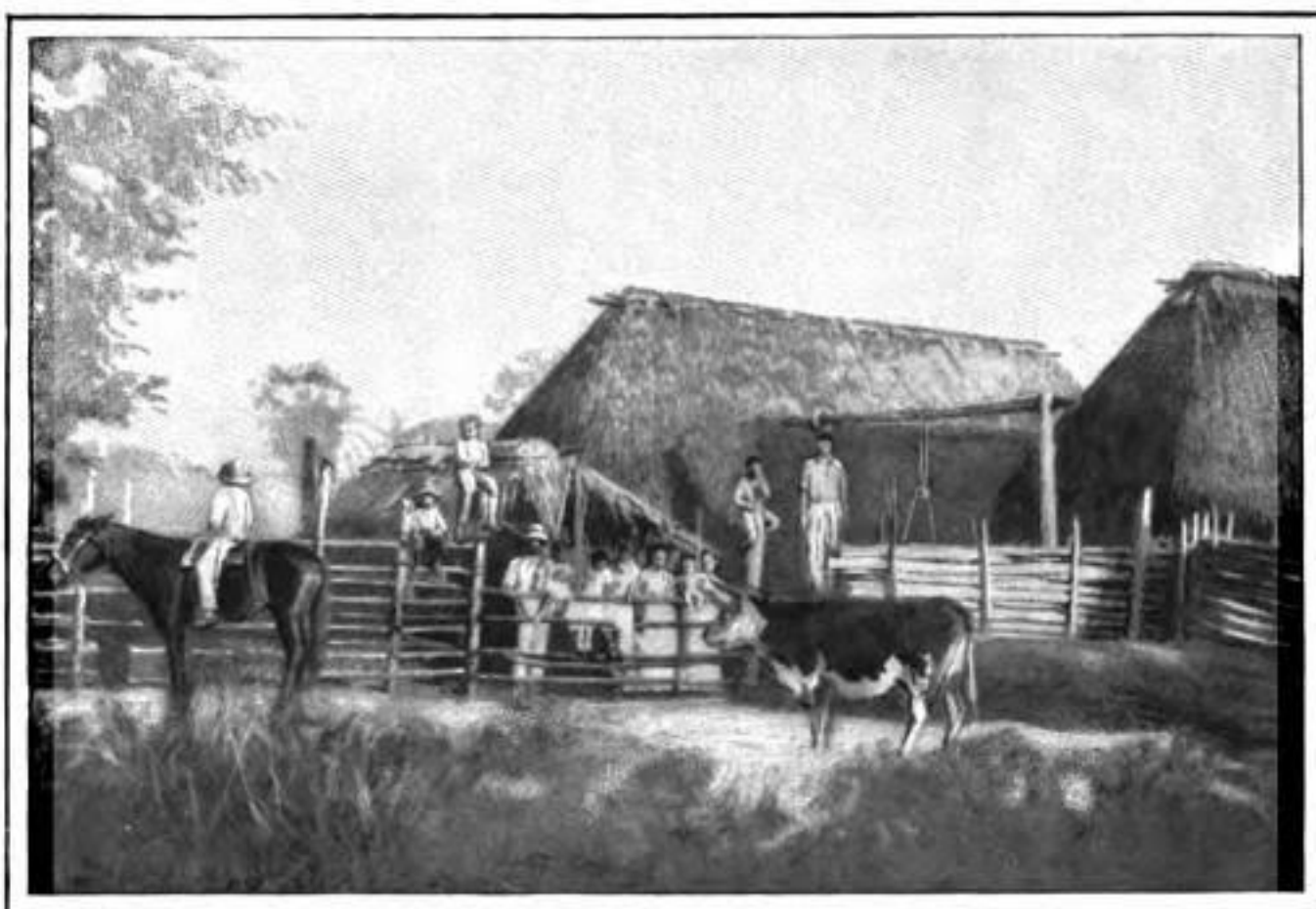
The situation, however, remained unchanged until finally Dr. Ruiz, an American dentist who was practicing his profession in a town called Guanabacoa, some four miles from Havana, was arrested. A railroad train between Havana and this town had been captured by the insurgents, and the

next day the Spanish authorities arrested a large number of persons in Guanabacoa, charging them with giving information which enabled the troops, under their enterprising young leader, Aranguren, to make the capture; and among these persons arrested was this American. He was a strongly built, athletic man, who confined himself strictly

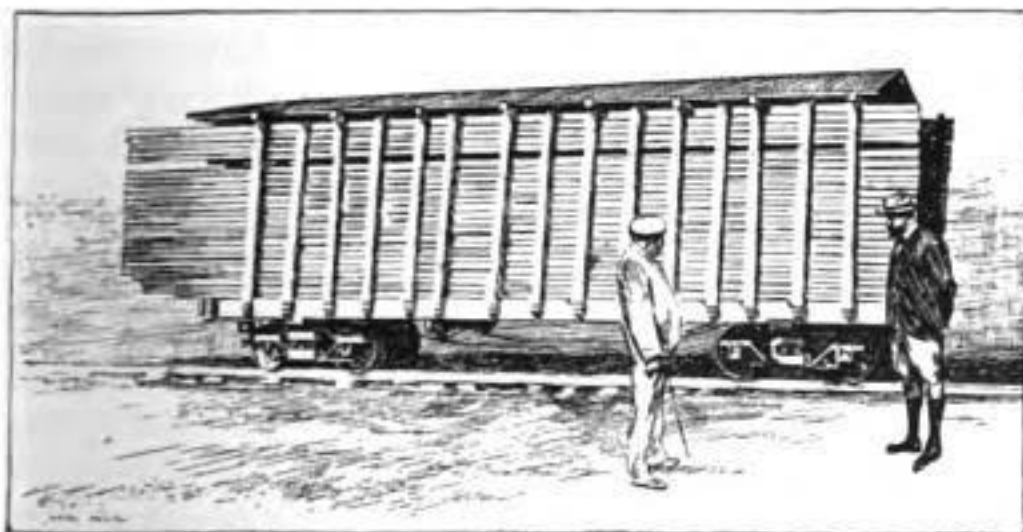
to the practice of his profession and let politics severely alone. He had nothing to do with the train being captured, but that night was visiting a neighbor opposite, until nine or ten o'clock, when he returned to his house and went to bed. He was arrested by

the police the next morning; thrown into an "incomunicado" cell; kept there some three hundred and fifty or sixty hours, and was finally (when half crazed by this horrible imprisonment and calling for his wife and children) struck over the head with a "billy" in the hands of a brutal jailer, and died from its effects. Ruiz went into that cell an unusually healthy and vigorous man, and came out a corpse.

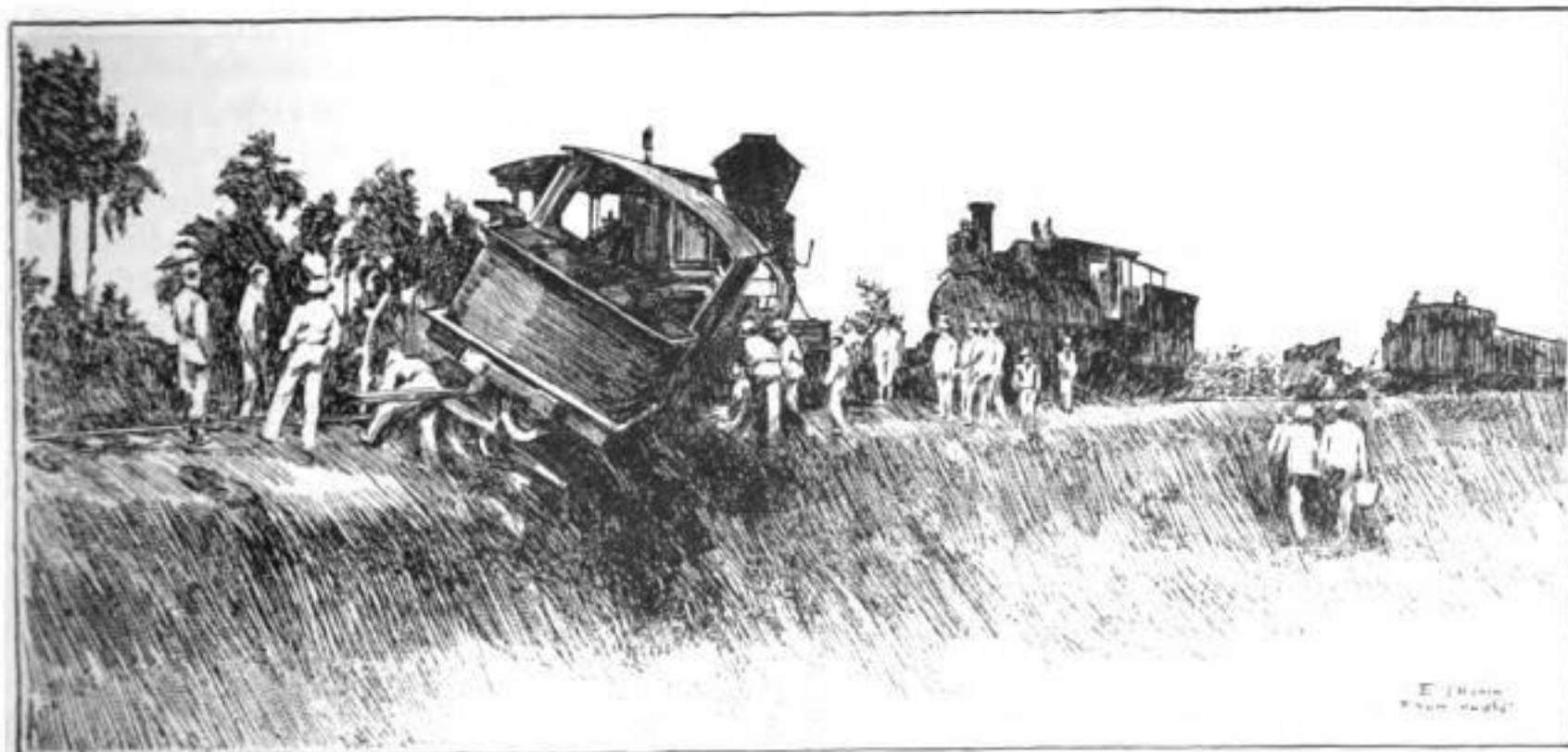
After this tragedy I determined to submit to no more violations of



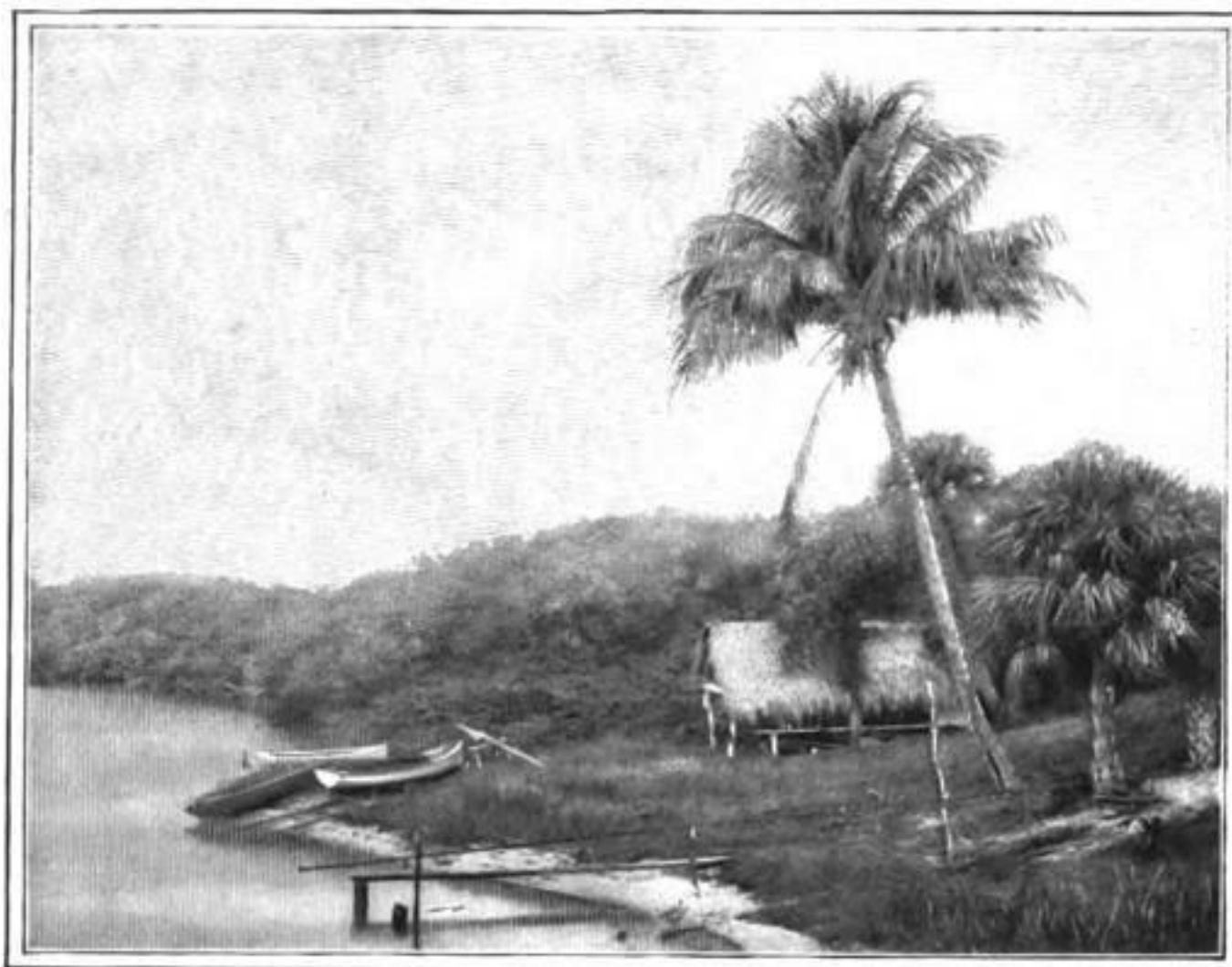
A TYPICAL CUBAN RANCH NEAR THE SEAT OF THE INSURGENT GOVERNMENT.



ANOTHER OF THE ARMORED CARS, PROTECTED ON THE SIDES BY A DOUBLE LAYER OF RAILS.



REPLACING A LOCOMOTIVE DERAILED BY CUBAN INSURGENTS.



TROPICAL COUNTRY SCENERY ON THE UPPER SAN JUAN RIVER, BACK OF MATANZAS.

the treaty rights of American citizens, and, therefore, after viewing this dead body, went to my office and, finding that there was an American named Scott who had been arrested and was already "incomunicado" a much longer time than the prescribed limit of seventy-two hours, I demanded that he be released from "incomunicado," and at the end of three days he was released, and since the hour I made the issue no American citizens have been thrown into "incomunicado" cells, and all Americans who were arrested afterwards for supposed offenses or captured in the insurgent ranks were invariably turned over to me, and I sent them to the United States.

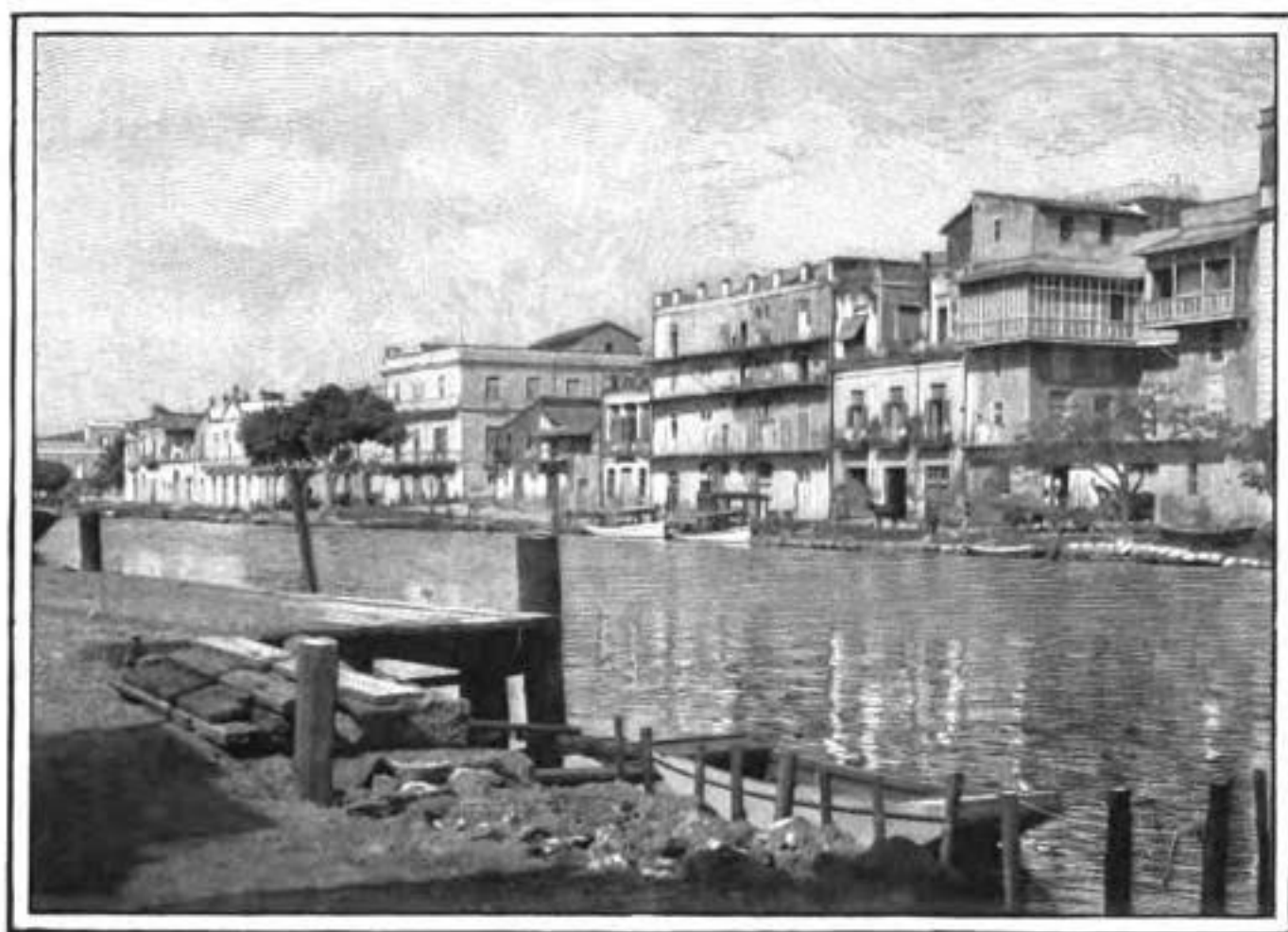
THE FAILURE OF AUTONOMY.

During all this period the war, if the conflict going on in the island could be so dignified, was dragging its slow length along. So slow was the progress to suppress the insurrection, that at last the Spanish authorities in Madrid began to despair of terminating it successfully. For this reason, and in my opinion this reason alone, the Canovas Ministry decided upon a new Cuban policy, and proclaimed that they would put into operation certain reforms which would give the Cuban people more power to regulate their domestic concerns. After a great deal had been written and said on the subject, the proposed reforms at last were sent to

General Weyler, who was obliged to appear favorable to the action of the Spanish Ministry, though it was well known he was not in favor of terminating the war except at the sword's point. Early it became manifest that the Cubans, with or without arms, did not propose to accept such reforms. In the first place, they had no confidence that they would ever be put into practical operation after their firearms had been stacked, and in the next, they considered it too late to adopt any such measures. Six months ago the Canovas reforms were buried in the same grave with the murdered statesman. A new ministry, under the leadership of Sagasta, was formed, who, finding that the reforms had not served the contemplated purpose, decided to go through the form of granting to the Cubans a still more liberal measure, which they called "Autonomy." It was an elaborate system of "Home Rule" with a string to almost every sentence; so that I soon became satisfied that, if the insurrection against the Spanish throne on the island ceased, the condition of the Cubans would speedily be the same as it was at the commencement of the war. I gave the reasons therefor in a paper now on file in the State Department which clearly proved that the Spaniards could easily control one of the legislative chambers, and that behind any joint action on the part of both was the veto of the Governor General, whose appointment was made from the throne in Madrid.

This system of autonomy, however, was gravely proceeded with. An autonomistic cabinet was seriously formed, composed in part of Cubans who, though at one time in favor of a government of the island free from Spanish control, had given satisfactory intimations that, if they were appointed to cabinet offices, their former opinions could be modified to suit existing circumstances.

Blanco's autonomistic government was doomed to failure from its inception. The Spanish soldiers and officers scorned it, because they did not desire Cuban rule, which such autonomy, if genuine, would insure. The Spanish merchants and citizens were opposed to it, because they too were hostile to the Cubans having control of the island, and, if the question could be narrowed down to



THE RIVER FRONT (SAN JUAN RIVER) IN THE CITY OF MATANZAS.

Cuban control or annexation to the United States, they were all annexationists, believing that they could get a better government and one that would protect in a greater measure life and property under the United States flag than under the Cuban banner. On the other hand, the Cubans in arms would not touch it, because they were fighting for Free Cuba; and the Cuban citizens and sympathizers were distinctly opposed to it also: those in favor of it seemed to consist of the autonomistic cabinet, General Blanco, his Secretary General and staff, and a few followers elsewhere.

GENERAL BLANCO.

General Blanco I always found an amiable, kind-hearted gentleman, who I believe was really and thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of the duties confided to him. He must have been convinced that there was no chance for autonomy to succeed, though in his pronunciamientos he allowed himself to argue to the contrary. How could he do otherwise? He was instructed by the Madrid authorities to proclaim and maintain this autonomistic policy, and was therefore obliged to do everything in his power to promote the purpose of his superiors.

During the two or three days of the recent rioting in Havana, the rallying cry of the rioters, even at the very door of the palace, was: "Death to Blanco and death to Autonomy! Long live Spain and long live

Weyler!" After quiet had been restored, Blanco and the autonomistic cabinet continued to build their hopes upon autonomistic success. Partisans and friends of General Weyler were removed from the various positions they had held in the island, and friends of General Blanco, or supposed friends of autonomy, were substituted in their places. But these substitutes, appointed in many instances to please the Cubans and to show that an autonomistic government meant a Cuban government, while professing their love for autonomy, were really for Free Cuba, and at the proper time, had matters gone on without the intervention of this country, the autonomistic government would have fallen to pieces by desertions in its own ranks.

SPANISH PLAN TO BRIBE THE INSURGENTS.

The practical steps now being taken by the United States to compel peace in Cuba, by insisting that the Spanish flag shall be pulled down and the Spanish soldiers evacuate the island, alone prevented the certain failure of the autonomistic plan for so-called Home Government. The Spanish governmental authorities, as I have said, must have understood all this, in spite of public utterances on their part, because they originated and attempted to put in practice other plans for the pacification of the island. Large sums of money were to be offered to the leading chiefs of the insurrection as an inducement for them to abandon their colors,



A GROUP OF RECONCENTRADOS BEFORE THEIR HUT.

and in many cases their comrades, and leave the island. It was hoped that the purchase of their principal chieftains would so demoralize their followers that most of them would be induced to come within the Spanish lines and surrender. It seems, however, that the character, courage, fidelity, and loyalty of these insurrectionary leaders had been misunderstood. With a few insignificant exceptions, they not only remained steadfast and true to their cause and to their flag, but under orders from their commander-in-chief put to death all Spanish messengers bearing such proposals.

Among these messengers was one whose character and qualities endeared him greatly to all those who knew him. Colonel Joaquin Ruiz was a gallant Spanish officer, a man of talent and ability, who at one time had in his charge the splendid system of works supplying the city of Havana with water. In his employ at the water-works was the young insurgent chief Aranguren, who afterwards became very active and distinguished in the

communication with Aranguren, and had stated his purpose of visiting him. But he was told by the latter officer that if he proposed to pay him a social visit or wanted to see him on any private matters, he would be very glad to see him, but that if he desired to come to preach autonomy to him and his followers he must stay away. Notwithstanding this warning Ruiz paid the proposed

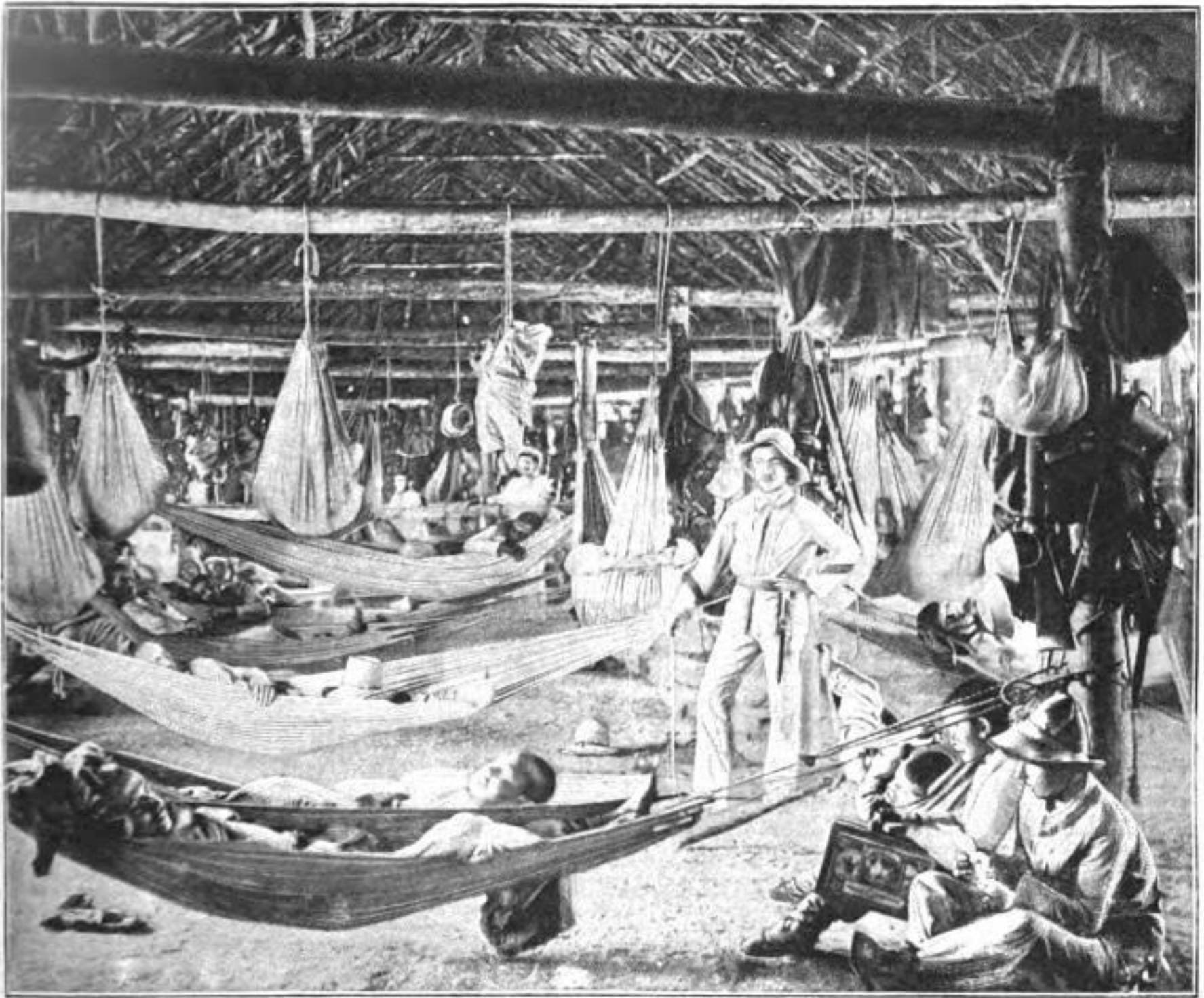
visit; was met by Aranguren and a few of his men, to whom he at once began to preach the blessings of autonomistic rule, whereupon he was at once taken away and tried, I am told, by what we call a drumhead court-martial, and sentenced to death. A number of others in different parts of the island, bearers of similar propositions, met the same fate.

Reforms, autonomy, and the purchase of the insurrectionary chiefs all having failed, it was next decided to offer an indefinite armistice to the insurgents—a proposition of course very humiliating to Spain; but necessity knowing no law, Blanco, in obedience to such instructions, published a proc-



MISS CLARA BARTON, MANAGER OF THE AMERICAN RELIEF COMMISSION IN CUBA, ENTERING THE HUT OF STARVING RECONCENTRADOS IN MATANZAS.

NOTE.—These two pictures are from photographs loaned by the New York "Journal."



AN INSURGENT HOSPITAL, CUBA.

lamation stating that he had received such instructions from the Queen, who had yielded to the request of His Holiness the Pope. In war a truce or armistice can only be made effective by the consent of both of the contending forces. The armistice granted by Blanco, therefore, not being accepted by the insurgents, has gone the way of all previous propositions looking towards the suppression of the insurrection in Cuba.

INTERVENTION A NECESSITY.

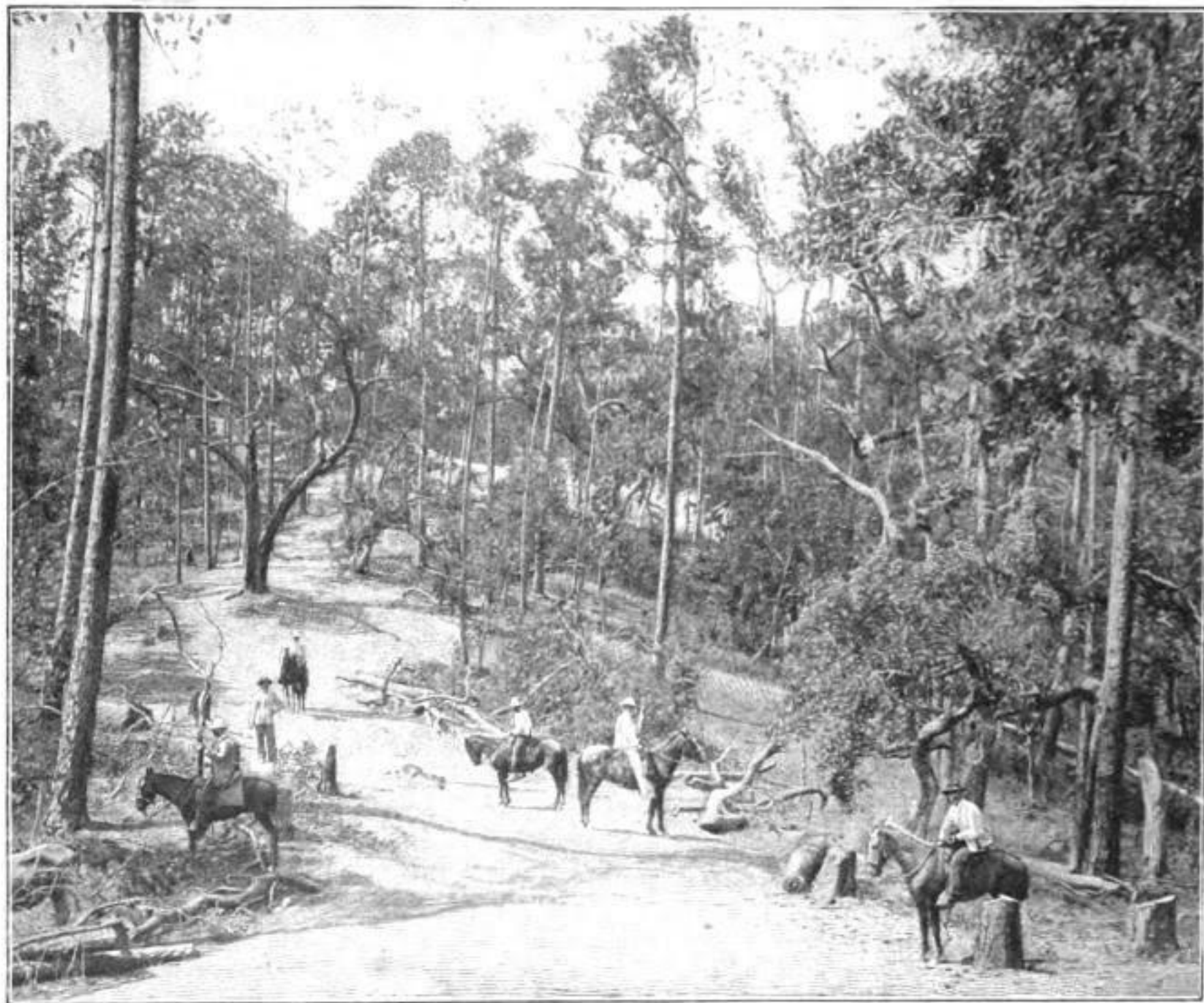
It may be stated, with perfect confidence, that at this time, when the United States has determined to tolerate no longer the horrible condition of affairs in an island lying so close to her shores, the period was selected when every plan or purpose upon the part of the Spanish authorities at Madrid and Havana had signally failed to secure the blessings of peace and intervention on her part could alone achieve the purpose. It is difficult to see how this country could refrain longer from taking action in this Cuban problem. The civilized world had been

shocked by the misery and starvation of a race who were formerly living under the most favorable conditions of climate and soil, and by the nature of the warfare waged against them. The country had been so stirred up by the harrowing stories and pictures of the "reconcentrados" that our citizens were lavishly and liberally donating money for the purchase of provisions and clothing for these poor starving wretches. In great abundance this relief was finding its way, in spite of the many difficulties placed in its path by many of the Spanish authorities and citizens who did not sympathize with, or desire to see any relief granted to, a race they considered as hostile; and the saddest feature in that dreadful famishing picture is the condition these poor people have to remain in until the government of the United States can replace the present Spanish flag with the pure white banner of peace.

Seventy-five years ago Thomas Jefferson declared that the addition of Cuba "to our Confederacy is exactly what is wanted to round our power as a nation to the point of

its utmost interest." From that day to this the island has disturbed our statesmen and played an important part in our foreign policy. The United States, always greatly interested in the government and general welfare of this wonderful island, has reached that period when it is absolutely necessary to her that Cuba should have a progressive, legal, and peaceful administration. The ties of commerce have been so strengthened and the investments of her people there so increased, that she can no longer look on with indifference to the one or disregard the rights of the other. The geographical and strategical position of the island too appeals for a closer connection with the great Amer-

ican Republic. Anchored at the mouth of the Gulf of Mexico, whose waters wash the shores of five American States; in position to protect the trade of the Mississippi, Missouri, and Ohio valleys; standing like a huge sentinel to watch over the proposed transit across Nicaragua; with shores indented with splendid harbors; with an ideal and unrivaled winter climate and immense resources—Cuba, whether an independent republic or later Americanized and annexed to the United States, is destined at last to emerge from the dark shadows of the past, and stand side by side with those countries who have their place in the broad sunlight of peace, progress, and prosperity.



IN THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY OF CUBA.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For several of the pictures in this article we are indebted to The International Society, of 91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, New York, the publishers of General Lee's forthcoming book on Cuba. For the first picture on page 107 we are indebted to the Rev. E. A. Watkins of Albany, New York.

SONGS OF THE SHIPS OF STEEL.

BY JAMES BARNES.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Barnes, the author of the following songs, has distinguished himself by his writings on the naval history of the United States and also in the field of fiction. He has published a book on the "Naval Actions of the War of 1812," biographies of several American naval commanders, and a collection of true historical stories of "Yankee Ships and Yankee Sailors." He is now editing for the Frederick A. Stokes Co. a book to be entitled "Songs of Ships and the Sea," which will contain the words and music of many old sea songs, as well as of some new ones, and which will be illustrated by R. F. Zogbaum. Mr. Barnes himself has written a number of songs for this book, and those published here will also appear in it.]

THE SONG OF THEN AND NOW.

I.

OH, they sang a song of Wind and Sail
In the days of heave and haul,
Of the weather-gage, of tack and sheet,
When the anchor rose to the tramp of
feet

And the click of the capstan pawl.
They sang brave songs of the old broadsides,
Long Tom, and the carronade!
Hi! cutlas and pike as the great sides strike—
Ho! the cheers of the ne'er-afraid!
For they cheered as they fought, did those
sailormen;

They stripped to the buff for the fray—
It was steel to steel, it was eye to eye—
Yard-arm to yard-arm against the sky!
All ye boarders, up and away!

* * * * *

They sang of the men on the quarter-deck—
Brave deeds of those captains bold!
Never a name but was known to fame,
And was praised, in the days of old.
Let us sing the song of the fighting men,
The sail and the plunging bow—
The good old song of the Sea and the Ship,
The song of the Then and Now!

II.

Gone are the days of the heave and haul
(Think ye our blood has thinned?);
We're slaves of steam and science,
Not toilers of the wind!
Oh, the cable comes in to the cable tiers,
And no one lifts a hand;
The click of a bell sounds out, "That's
well!"
And the engines understand!

We come in 'gainst the wind and the tide
at night
And go out 'gainst the storm in the morn.
(But think ye our arms have lost their
might?
Think ye our locks are shorn?)

Past are the days of Wind and Sail,
We've cast off the thrall of the sea,
We take no heed of the weather-gage—
No fear of the rocks on the lee.
We can come and go in the fiercest blow
(It is food for our roaring fires!),
For the great screw churns and the huge
hull turns
As the Soul of the Ship desires!
But the spirit, the strength, and the Will
are there,
The sea has not changed her men;
The ship must do and the men must dare,
And Now is the same as Then!

They raked and they fought at pistol-shot—
We fight at two miles and more.
(Think ye their dangers discount ours,
Ye men of books ashore?)
The turret turns and the guns are trained—
But not in the older way;
The conning-tower is the one-man power
And the Soul of the Ship holds sway.
But in sponson, turret, and great barbette,
Or below in the noxious air,
Are brave forms covered with blood and
sweat—
The fighting men are there!

There are dangers our fathers wot not of
(In the days of wind and sail):
The unseen foes and the sighted Death,
With the foam along the rail.

The channels are filled with uncouth shapes
 That lurk below in the brine—
 The force of fifty ships is there
 In the sullen, sunken mine!
 Tho' no orders come from the quarter-deck,
 Hear the rip of the rapid-fire!
 Full speed ahead, astern, or check,
 At a spark from the semaphore wire!

And the ship she trembles from top to keel—
 Tho' she rates twelve thousand tons!
 And her scorched decks leap with a thundering throb
 'Neath the roar of her twelve-inch guns!
 Dented and tortured and pierced, she stands
 The blows on her ringing plates;
 Grimy and black she signals back
 To the flags of her fighting mates.
 Hear the grinding crash from her armored prow,
 Hear the rattling Colts from the mast?
 Young Steel Flanks of the living Now
 Is Old Ironsides of the past!

Oh, then here's to the men, where'er they be—
 The men of steel and steam!
 They're the same old stock from the parent block—
 When they welcomed the wind abeam.
 Tho' one shot may equal a broadside's weight,
 One blow may decide the fight,
 They serve their guns, they aim them straight,
 And the Flag will be kept in sight!
 The old captains bold—cocked hats and gold—
 Were made for their country's hour,
 And the Soul of the Ship proclaims the mold
 Of the Mind in the conning-tower!
 * * * * *

Let us sing the song of Wind and Sail—
 Brave deeds of the captains bold!
 Never a name but was known to fame,
 And was praised, in the days of old.
 Let us sing the song of the armored ship,
 With the ramming, roaring bow!
 For the flag is the same, the men are the same—
 'Tis the song of Then and Now!

THE TORPEDO BOAT.

SHE'S a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
 A toy, with dainty works like any watch;
 A working, weaving basketful of tricks—
 Eccentric, cam and lever, cog and notch.
 She's a dashing, lashing, tumbling shell of steel,
 A headstrong, kicking, nervous, plunging beast—
 A long, lean ocean-liner—trimmed down small;
 A bucking bronco harnessed for the East.
 She can rear and toss and roll
 Your body from your soul,
 And she's most unpleasant wet—to say the least!

But see her slip in; sneaking down, at night,
 All a tremble, deadly, silent—Satan-sly.
 Watch her gather for the rush, and catch her breath!
 See her dodge the wakeful cruiser's sweeping eye.
 Hear the humming! Hear her coming!
 coming fast!

(That's the sound might make men wish they were at home
 —Hear the rattling Maxim, barking rapid fire!)
 See her loom out through the fog with bows afoam!
 Then some will wish for land—
 (They'd be sand fleas in the sand;
 Or yellow grubs reposing in the loam!)

She's a floating boiler crammed with fire and steam,
 A dainty toy, with works just like a watch;
 A weaving, working basketful of tricks—
 A pent volcano and stoppered at top notch.
 She is Death and swift Destruction in a case
 (Not the Unseen, but the Awful—plain in sight).
 The Dread that must be halted when afar;
 She's a concentrated, fragile form of Might!
 She's a daring vicious thing
 With a rending deadly sting—
 And she asks no odds nor quarter in the fight!

THE CAPTAIN'S GIG.

<p>If you pull an oar in the captain's gig, You must mind how you behave; You must shift to your cleanest white or blue And you mustn't want for a shave. For you're under the old man's eye, And the ladies watch you, too; So put on your Sunday morning face And your cleanest suit of blue.</p>	<p>Oh, the lads who pull in the captain's gig They hears a lot of talk; They learns what the officers say to the girls That they meets on the yacht-club walk. They must wait all day in the broilin' sun While the old man goes ashore. They takes a cargo of calico out And then goes back for more.</p>
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<p>Oh, the lads that pull in the captain's gig They must mind their p's and q's; They've got to go light on a juicy quid And mind that they black their shoes. They must watch their stroke like a racing crew, And keep their eyes in the boat; They must do their mile in the proper style From the ship to the government float.</p>	<p>The captain, he's proud of his crack-a-jack gig; He's a friend of each man in the crew, And he knows 'em by name and who they are As well as me or you; For he picks 'em out with a knowin' eye: Sure he wants no soldiers there, But handy men at the word, now then, Who can lift her along for fair!</p>
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BRASS-BOUND.

"Jack o' turret" is a different man in many ways from "Jack o' the forec'sle." But he is the same sailor-man when you know him well. He will fight, and skylark, spend his last penny, and spree it when he gets ashore; but we like him, God bless him! and we always will. Now the modern product is modern—that's all the difference. He is characterized by a complete up-to-dateness. He doesn't "shiver his timbers," because he has mighty few timbers to shiver. He uses the latest slang, and often carries the street into the forecabin. He sings the popular ditties, and he follows the baseball scores in the papers. If he is ambitious, he seeks to change the old blue shirt by earning promotion. If he gets high enough, he becomes a "petty officer, first class," and that entitles him to wear a double-breasted coat with brass buttons. "Brass-bound" Jack calls this; and the top notch is "Jimmy Legs, Master at Arms," the king pin of the ship. He looks after the order, and his eye is feared. Jack is not altogether respectful to the bird of freedom; he calls him "a crow" and, like as not, "a buzzard;" but this is only when he appears as a mark of authority on the arm of a "brass-bound" man.

OH, Jimmy Legs he walks the deck,
 Brass buttons down his coat,
 A buzzard and stripe he wears on his sleeve,
 He's the biggest man afloat.
 The lads who smuggle the "stuff" on board
 They know when he's around,
 And skylarkin' drops and the fightin' stops
 Because he is brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound
 Before I leaves the ship;
 I'm goin' to sport a crow of my own
 And I won't take nobody's lip.
 I ain't ashamed of a shirt—
 (And I wears a ratin' mark,)
 But I mades up my mind as a 'prentice boy
 (When walkin' in Central Park,)
 I was goin' to be brass-bound
 Before I left the sea,
 And buzzard and stripe
 And a bo'sun's pipe
 Are waitin' somewhere for me.

Oh, Johnny Marine he shoulders arms
 And he won't get out of your way,
 And he wears white gloves at the cabin door
 And he thinks he's hell-to-pay.
 He may talk back to Forecs'le Jack,
 But he's meek as ever you found
 If you come along with a stripe and a bird
 And happen to be brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound,

There's times when I think I've had enough,
 My cheek 'gainst a bag o' coal,
 All sweat and dust, full a half inch crust,
 And a curse laid on my soul.
 There's kinds o' work you'd like to shirk—
 Dead sure to come around,
 And the way I can tell you to miss them tricks
 Is to get yourself brass-bound.

I'm a-goin' to be brass-bound,

BILL SWEENY OF THE BLACK GANG.

There are more non-combatants on board a modern war vessel than fighting men—that is, they are rated non-combatants, but their duties are none the less dangerous and necessary. The "Black Gang" is the fire-room force—firemen, oilers, water-tenders, coal-passers, and so on. But Jack includes them all under one general head; although on the days when "All hands coal ship" is the order, he is as black as any of them, and grumbles as only a sailorman can. However, we love him still; and at this writing many eyes are on him, and many anxious hearts have followed him out to sea.

THER's a feller in the Black Gang
 Aboard the "Ampertrite";
 Bill Sweeny is the feller's name,
 You can bet that Bill's all right.
 He's seen a heap o' the world, has Bill,
 He's fired all there is to fire,
 From a lime-juicer tramp
 To a brand new Cramp
 With a stack like Trinity spire.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
 With stars agin his name;
 But Bill he gets his liberty
 When any gets the same.
 He stands right in with them all, does Bill.
 And they lets him go ashore,
 Though he'd smuggled a swig
 To a lad in the brig
 And he's sure to smuggle in more.

Bill Sweeny is a feller
 You won't back on his looks,
 He's pitted up with small-pox
 And he ain't much read in books;

But he's got a laugh that you like, has Bill,
 (I likes to hear him laught,)
 No matter where,
 You can swear Bill's there,
 Consumin' his own forced draught.

Bill Sweeny is the feller
 When the starboard engine's broke,
 He stays below in the scalding steam
 Where a man was like to choke;
 And he dodges the flyin' cranks, does Bill,
 And he climbs past that hammerin' rod;
 The rest all run,
 But that son-of-a-gun
 He shuts her off, b' God!

Bill Sweeny is the bully lad
 I likes to see around.
 I'd rise to take a drink with Bill
 Though six foot under gound.
 But Bill, he's soft as a goil, is Bill,
 I mind the night he cried,
 When he come away
 From that hot sick-bay,
 And told us old Tom had died.

Bill Sweeny is a fighter
 Of the rough and tumble kind,
 He laughts when he fights, but he shows his teeth,
 I've seen him at it, mind;
 He was one of the "Baltimore's" crew was Bill,
 When we had the row down there.
 Valparaiso? Say!
 Don't forget that day,
 Weren't Bill in thet fight for fair?

Say! Did y' hear Bill Sweeny?
 He says one night, says he:
 "I've got a chanst for a good land job,
 But I guess I'll stick to the sea.
 I knows meself and me work," says Bill,
 "And I'm going to sign once more—
 I'm safe all right
 On the 'Ampertrite,'
 And I'm all at sea, ashore."

Bill Sweeny of the Black Gang—
 He's first-class fireman now,
 He entered "water-tender"—
 But if we has a row,
 We lads at the guns has a chanst—but Bill
 And the Jacks o' the Dust below,
 A-feeding the flame,
 Fights just the same—
 If they don't—Say!—I'd like to know!

HOW THE WAR BEGAN.

WITH THE BLOCKADING FLEET OFF CUBA.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

Illustrated from photographs taken by the author on the flagship "New York," during the first week of the war.



HAD the Psalmist lived to see that sight, he would not have written "terrible as an army with banners," but drawn his simile from the spectacle of those ashen-hued battleships as they tugged at their anchor chains, smoked with suppressed fury, and moaned hoarsely with the rise and fall of the waves.

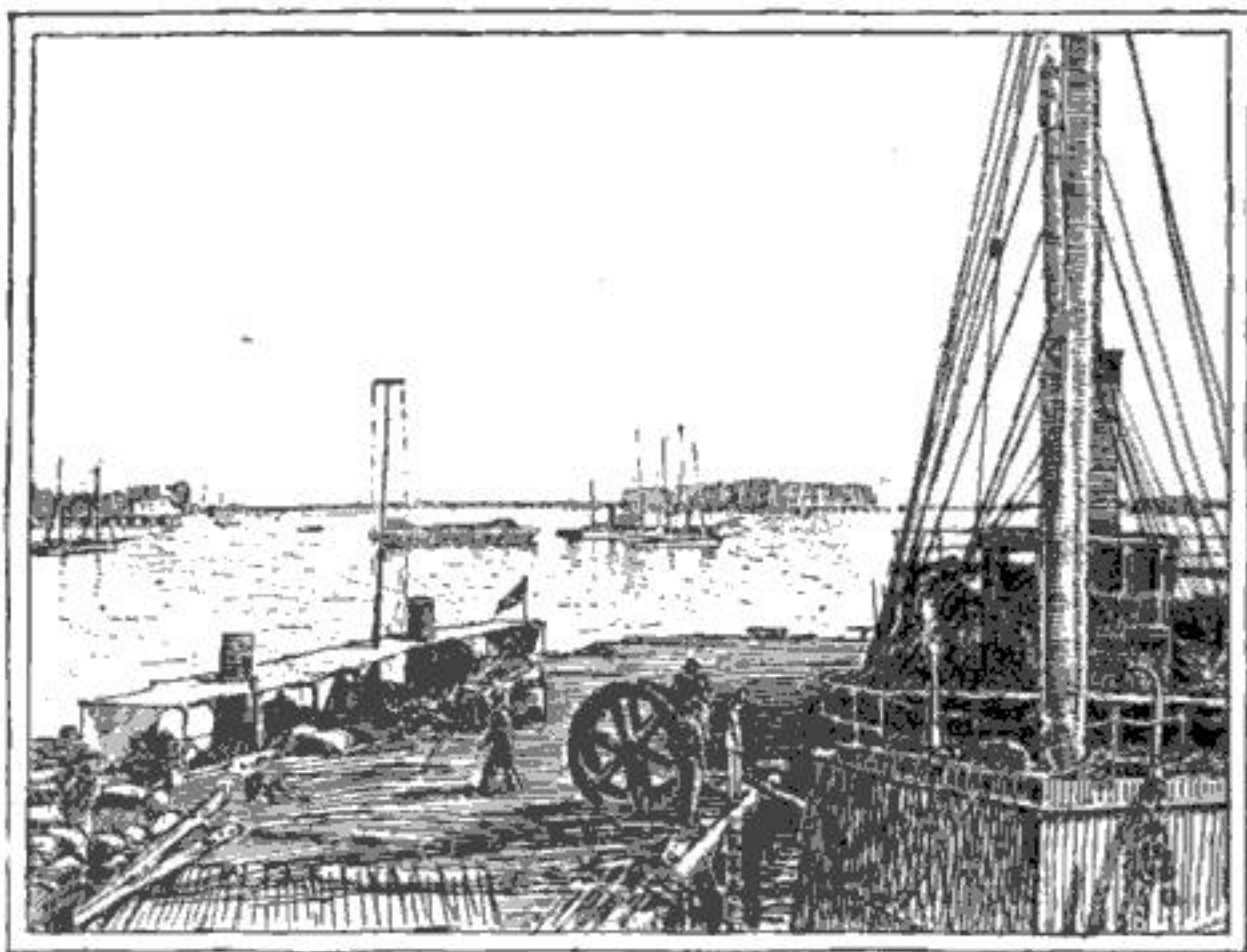
Now and again one of those sinister-looking torpedo boats would whip in and out amid the sullen squadron, peeping with open-eyed astonishment at the floating volcanoes which were sleeping upon the blue waters of Key West Bay. Perhaps you think for the moment that this little messenger of war has at last brought the word that is to loosen the leash that holds these marine monsters. Perhaps the spell is to be broken, and from out their ominous turrets will now be belched shot and shell, flame and desolation. You tremble, and are not a little relieved when the sharp-nosed, sinuous craft glides out and in, and is gone from view like a fish that dives, leaving the battleships to ride with sullen, unsatisfied moans, close to their anchor buoys.

So they rode for days and weeks, until the gray-green of their war paint grew mottled and streaked with the brine of the sea; so they were held in check while the vultures hovered over the blackened wreck in Havana harbor, while a great people gave a sublime example of self-restraint; while the provocation to war, the last argument of men as

well as kings, and perhaps the only argument which a savage race will heed, was carefully, conscientiously weighed: until our course became clear: until intervention in Cuba was accepted as a duty, an inexorable duty, by the whole nation.

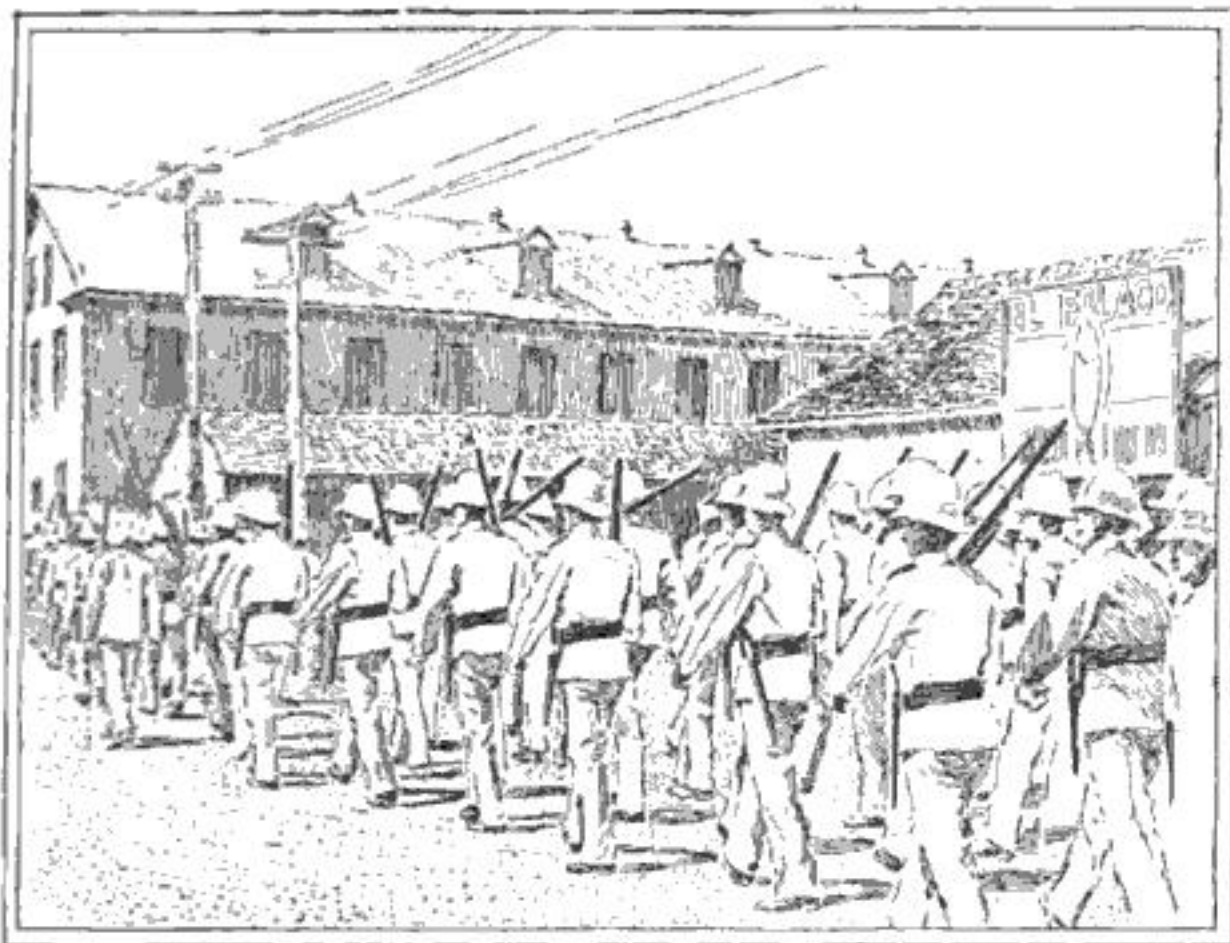
CARRYING THE FIRST WAR ORDER TO THE FLEET.

It was a little before midnight on April



VIEW FROM THE KEY WEST FLAGHOUSE, SHOWING FORT TAYLOR IN THE DISTANCE AND THE TORPEDO BOAT "FOOTE" AT THE WHARF.

22d. The great fleet of twenty-one sail was as dark as the grave: not a single light was shown; now and again the guardships that were patrolling in the offing would flash in the intelligence that all was well. The men slept upon the cleared decks, under the tropical heaven resplendent with myriads of stars which never shine over our northern home. At midnight we steamed away from the flagship in a little tug; the message had come from Washington, final and decisive,



MARINES FROM ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET, RETURNING FROM A REVIEW ON SHORE, UNDER THE COMMAND OF MAJOR GOODRELL, FLEET COMMANDER OF MARINES.

only a few minutes before. One by one we steamed up to the sleeping monsters, as in darkness and in silence they tugged away at their anchor chains, while the hazy-blue smoke curled out lazily from the funnels, telling of the power of steam that was latent there. Lieutenant Staunton, carrying the great speaking-trumpet, stood in the bow. "Puritan," ahoy!" "On board the 'Iowa!'" he shouted.

"Aye, aye, sir," came back the ready reply.

Then followed the invariable order given to battleships and cruisers alike: "The commander-in-chief orders you to get up full steam under all boilers as quickly as possible; when you have steam to make ten knots an hour, move out into the bay and lie to the southward of the flagship; do you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

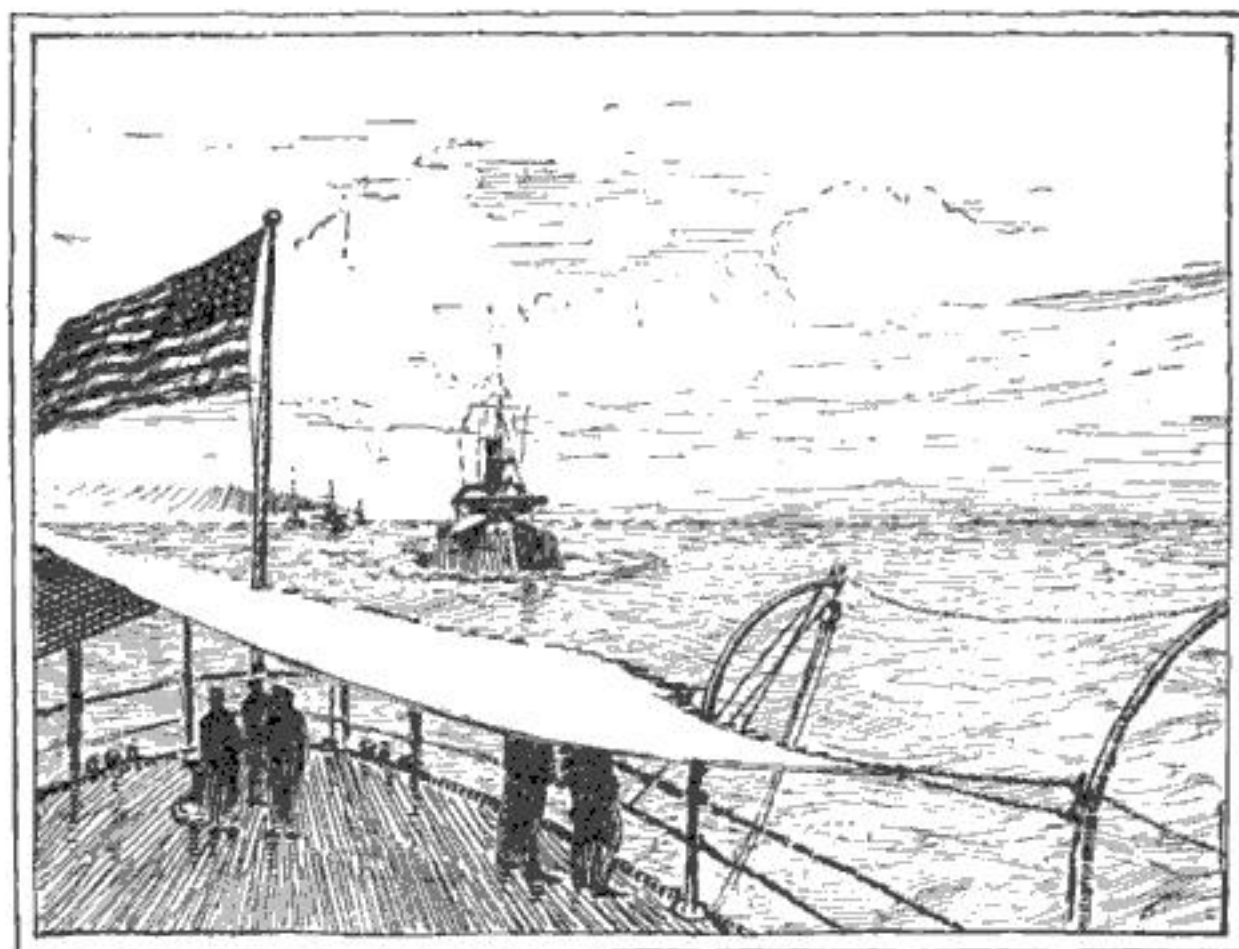
Did they understand? I think they did. There was a world of difference in the accent of the "Aye" with which the first hail was answered, and the "Aye,

aye, sir," with which the reception of the long-awaited orders was confirmed. The lookout men, who had been walking upon their heels like other men when the despatch boat came within hailing distance, rose upon their toes to the order. They seemed to be dancing upon invisible wires before it was given, when only the meaning was guessed at; and when the momentous words were repeated back to us on the despatch boat, their voices seemed strangely changed. And the sound seemed to come not from the deck, but from somewhere way up aloft in the fighting-tops. Yes, as we went

from ship to ship, though they tried, as disciplined men, but to repeat by rote, and without expression of feeling, the words of the message, it was all in vain; for a man is not a machine after all, though he live upon a battleship and have there his number and place, just like a rivet or a steel plate. The men tumbled out of their hammocks now, and swarmed over the decks in the performance of their duties; columns of heavy black smoke poured out of the



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET IN DOUBLE COLUMN AT THE ASSEMBLY OFF SAND KEY LIGHT, PREPARATORY TO BEGINNING THE BLOCKADE OF CUBA.



THE "IOWA" COMING UP WITHIN HAILING DISTANCE OF THE "NEW YORK,"
ON THE BLOCKADE BEFORE HAVANA.

great funnels; the lights grew and multiplied until the scene seemed changed into a water carnival. And it seemed to me that the men I saw knew that they were not simply embarking upon a war like other wars, the puppets of human passion, but upon the duty which the Prince of Peace imposed with the words, "Feed my lambs." As each man sprang to his post, he seemed to be glad that the people of the United States, after patiently listening to many little words from the lips of a few little men; after having worried over many things like the woman of Bethany, had chosen that good part, the reward of which is beyond the hazard of battle and cannot be taken away by adverse fortune in war. And as the new page was turned, and the glorious chapter in our history began, just about midnight, an unusual sight in this latitude, the four bright stars of the Southern Cross rose out of the sea and stood just above the horizon. It seemed to beckon and to lead us towards the south, as a sign of divine approval and benediction upon the voyage and the purpose we were entering upon.

THE FIRST SALUTE TO ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAG.

One by one, through the early morning hours, the dark monsters slipped their cables and dropped out into the outer bay, taking up their positions in order as directed. Several of the monitors were slower than ex-

pected in getting up the required steam, so the flagship hove to off Sand Key Light until about nine o'clock, when the last straggler came up. But the hours of waiting were not a trial to patience; they were replete with incidents far too numerous to relate here. At eight o'clock the blue pennant of Admiral Sampson was run up for the first time and saluted by the squadron with the usual number of guns. Every man in the fleet, from the ranking captain to the youngest powder monkey, was delighted; but no sign of it could be given without infringing upon

those useful, but certainly most prosaic, Articles of War. Only the bugler trumpeted out the opening bars of the Star Spangled Banner, and then the national emblem was run up. Then the "Iowa," glistening like burnished brass in the sun, came lumbering up like a sea elephant, with fighting "Bob" upon the bridge, who shouted out, "Captain Evans presents his compliments to Admiral Sampson, and begs to say that we hope to make that salute twenty-one guns very soon, when the stars and stripes float over the Morro." Then the crew of the "Iowa," chartered libertines to a man, because Sampson commanded their ship for two years and knows every man jack of them all, swarmed out of the turret, and the hatches, and the ventilators, and the ports of their iron fortress, and yelled with delight until they were hoarse; while the Admiral's grave, quiet face flushed, and his soft, almost womanly eyes lit up strangely. Then he turned away; it was more than flesh and blood could do to rebuke that spontaneous tribute from men with whom he had sailed for so long, and most of whom he had licked into shape and taught what they knew.

UNDER WAY TOWARD HAVANA.

By 9.30 the fleet was under way, sailing a southeasterly course, in the direction of Havana, under easy steam, about ten knots an hour. The "Mayflower" and the "Wilmington" were scouting; and the "New

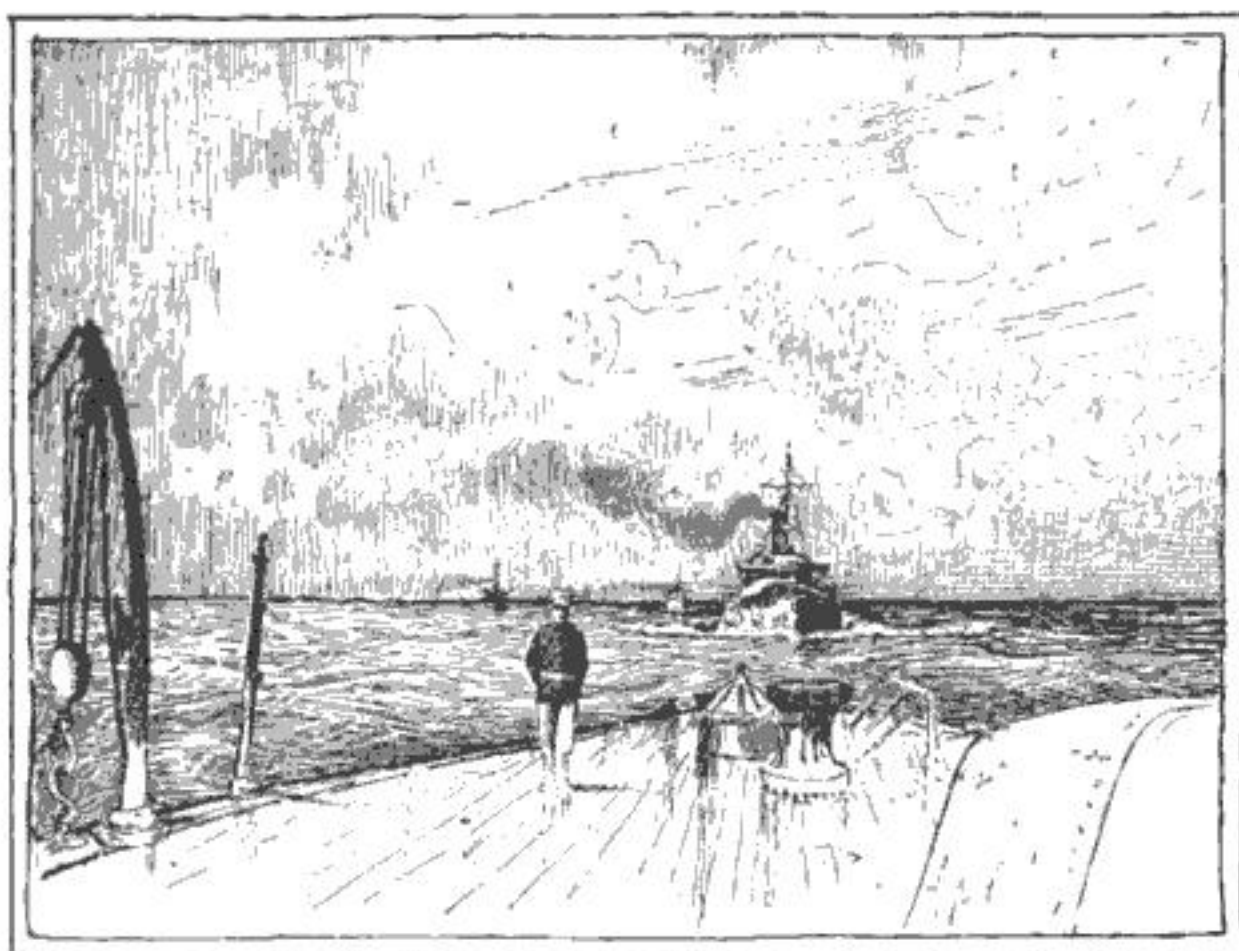
York," the first of the heavy ships, was flanked by the torpedo boats, the "Ericsson" and "Cushing." We sailed in a saw-indented formation; after us the "Iowa," then the "Indiana," then the "Amphitrite," and the rest of the fleet in double-column formation.

At lunch in the ward-room not a word was said about war or our destination, and even the capture by the "Nashville" of the little steamer with the auspicious name of "Good Fortune" ("Buena Ventura"), the incident of good omen with which the cruise began,

was passed over in silence. After awhile I, too, talked baseball and suppressed my impatience for a view of the Morro, or at least concealed it. After lunch, as I walked with an officer upon the spar deck, an orderly came up and said, just as if he were announcing supper or eight bells, "I have to report a fire in a coal bunker." "All right," replied the officer, "will be down immediately." Then, with a parting whiff, he threw away his cigar, and we went down the companionway together.

There, upon one of the lower decks, a sentry, with the most quizzical expression of curiosity upon his face that I have ever seen, stood before a great dial like those in use in modern hotels, the indicator of which pointed steadfastly to the little facet of the dial marked "B 21." My companion, the officer, went down still further into the bowels of the ship, while I stood with astonishment at the indicator, with wonderment as great, if not as open-mouthed, as the sentry's. "It's a wonderful thing, this here machine," he said; "it keeps me awake at night, it's so darn human. It rings up a fire in some spooky way, just as if you or I might touch a bell and order up a mint julep; yes it do, sir."

Where B 21 was, neither he nor I knew, but we agreed in the hope that the burning bunker might be far from the magazines. There was some talk about playing that number and that letter in the next game of chance upon which we entered, until gradually the consciousness dawned



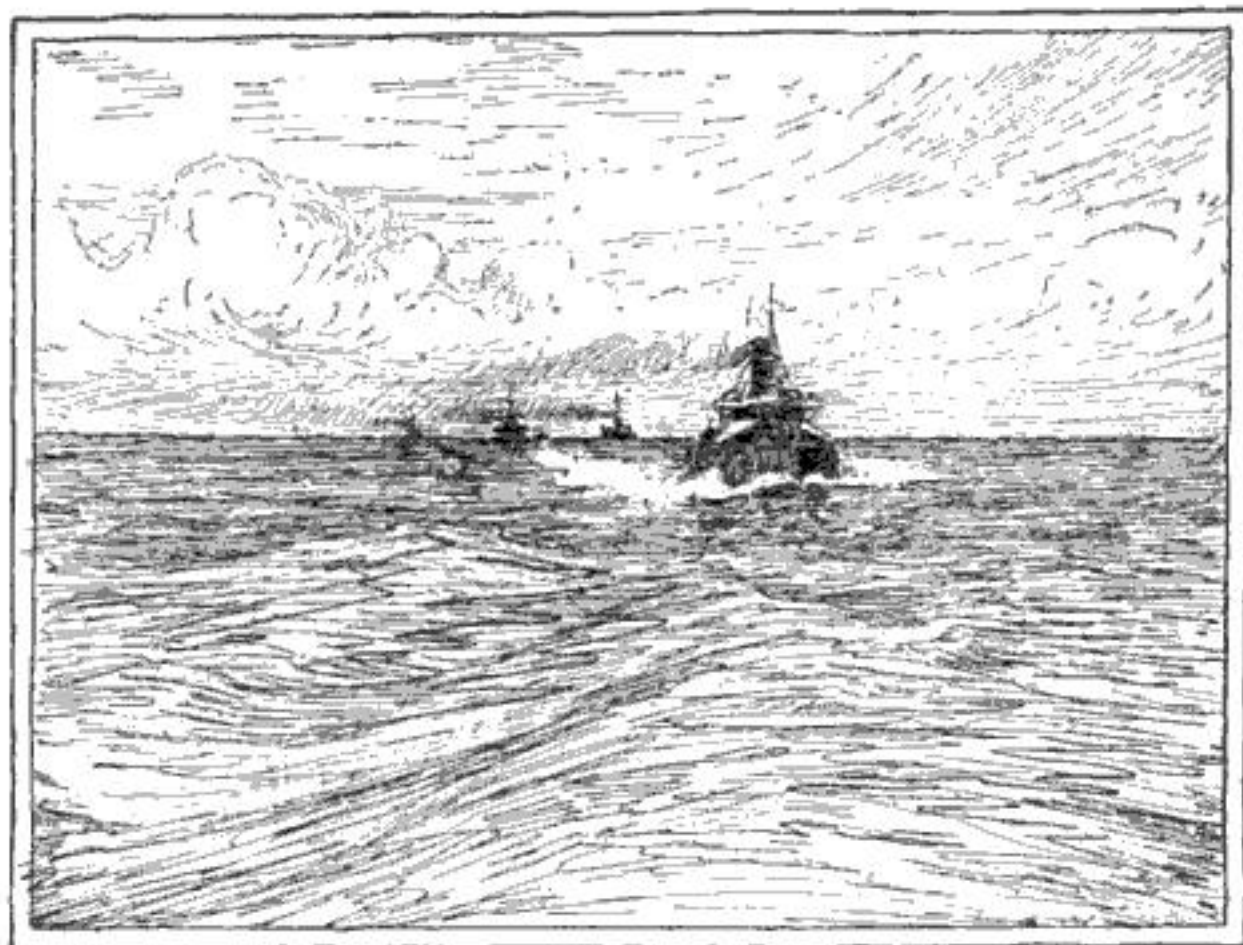
THE BLOCKADING FLEET IN LINE OF BATTLE.

upon us that we were even at this moment engaged upon a game of most serious hazard and that the cards might go against us. I smoked my cigar for an hour upon the signal tower, wondering all the while how the invisible flames were growing, and whether they were gaining headway; and so having giving evidence of what I considered almost Spartan stoicism, I grabbed the officer as he came up from below, covered with coal dust and sweat, and said, with as cheerful mien as I could muster, "And how about B 21?"

"Let's go up on the bridge, it's cooler there," was the only reply vouchsafed. So we climbed up to the fighting-tops, I drawing a certain satisfaction from the thought that if we blew up we should still be on top, and never from that day to this have I heard a word of how the fire in coal bunker 21 was put out, and, for all I know, it may be burning to this day.

TAKING A PRIZE.

We steamed on steadily, and about four o'clock the coast of Cuba, a dark fringe of palm trees and a light border of silver sand, began to rise to view out of the soft turquoise seas. We were straining our eyes for the first glimpse of the battlements of the Morro, when suddenly our course was changed, our speed quickened, and, as the fleet swept on westward toward Havana, the Admiral signaled, "Take no heed of the movements of the flagship," and we darted off to the eastward, to intercept a black



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLEET BEARING DOWN UPON HAVANA IN LINE OF BATTLE.

speck of a vessel which was steaming along very close in shore. It was soon evident that the chase was no match in speed for the "New York," and long before sunset we had her almost in range. She was thought to be an auxiliary cruiser of the Spanish Transatlantic Company, and so, of course, carried guns; so the bugle blew to general quarters as we came within range. The vessel was making every possible effort to escape; the black smoke rolled out of her stack in columns, and the captain was heading straight on to the reefs, apparently preferring shipwreck to capture. About six o'clock we gave him an eight-pounder across his bow, and she came around upon the second, and slowly steamed towards us at half steam. It was a merchant steamer, the "Pedro," of about 3,000 tons, with an assorted cargo, and before the night closed we had put a prize crew on board and sent her in to Key West.

About ten o'clock in the evening we picked up the fleet off Havana. The Spaniards were firing very freely the guns of the shore battery on the Mulatto ridge, on the east, and from the Santa Clara and the other Vedado batteries, on the west. We were certainly seven miles out, and well beyond range of all but the most lucky of chance shots. Perhaps they were only trying the metal of their guns, and perhaps they were only firing to alarm the countryside and give warning to the ships at sea that the blockade had begun. We were floating idly on the tide about eleven o'clock, when suddenly the

farol, or beacon, of the Morro, by the light of which we held our position, was suddenly extinguished, and to me the night seemed brighter as the great light was blown out like a candle in the breeze. For it was the light which had shone for so many years over that great yellow fortress which in Cuba I had learned to know as a cesspool of iniquity, the scene of inhuman and almost incredible crime, as the last stronghold of mediævalism upon American soil. And as the great light was extinguished, the insurgent fires, which we

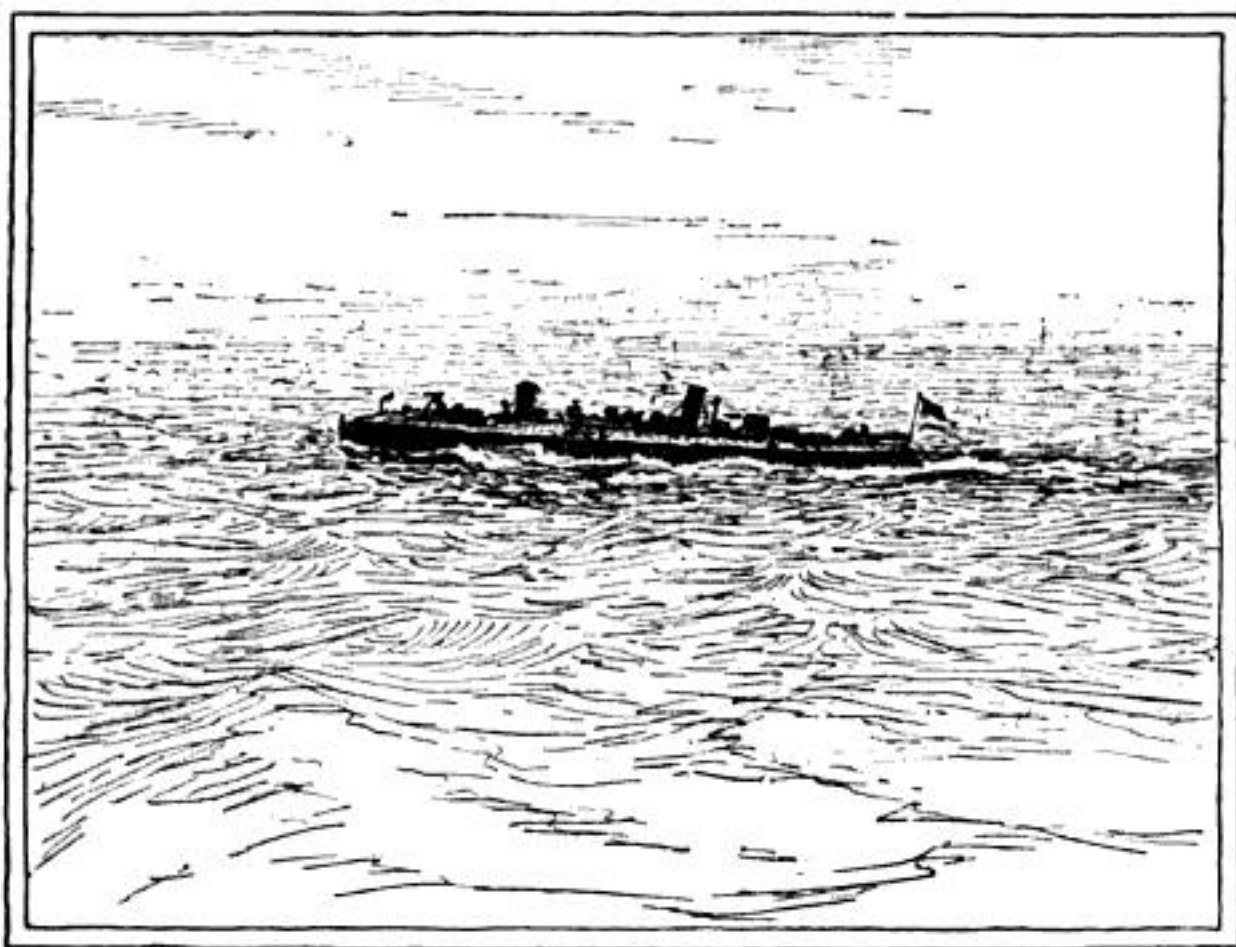
had already noticed burning to the eastward, sprang up into view upon the crest of every hill. The mountain bonfires were carrying through the island the glad tidings of our intervention to shield and to save what there was left to save of human life and property upon the desolate island.

Before midnight each vessel of the fleet had sailed to take up its appointed station, and before morning the naval cordon had been completed and was drawn about the island from Cardenas around Cape San Antonio to Cienfuegos on the south. When the last electric signal had flashed from the signal tower and the torpedo boats were despatched upon their midnight mission, all lights were extinguished and the fleet rode in utter darkness. Only the "New York," the "Iowa," and the "Indiana" remained on guard off Havana. Now and again in the darkness we would catch sight of the great battleships to the right and to the left of us, standing upon our flanks like great fortresses and stable upon the restless waves.

PREPARING TO FIGHT THE "VIZCAYA."

It began very suddenly; almost before I knew it we were in the midst of the most exciting episode of the cruise. I had found a roll of canvas in a shady nook in the signal tower; a feeling of drowsiness was creeping over me as the flagship rolled softly up and down over the waves of the Gulf Stream. Suddenly the great ship seemed to rise to a wave which was greater than any we had

encountered before; the waves beat angrily against our bow; the ship, which had been so quiet and so still in the noonday heat, now shivered like an aspen leaf, and then sprang ahead. I rubbed my eyes; I seemed to be dreaming, but only for a moment. It was not too deep a secret for even a landsman to fathom; the very highest possible pressure of steam had been applied to all our boilers; we were going ahead at the highest possible speed. Soon, with the glass, we descried the object of our chase — a dark-hulled,



THE "CUSHING" GOING IN CLOSE TO HAVANA TO RECONNOITER.

low-lying vessel, coming along the Cuban coast. A moment later the excitement which now possessed every man on board reached fever heat when the word came down from the bridge that the strange vessel steaming for Havana was a man-of-war, a first-class armored cruiser, probably the "Vizcaya," which had given the watchers in Cape Verde the slip. In a moment, in the minds of the 550 men on board, this possibility had deepened into a probability, and in two minutes it had become a certainty—a dead sure thing—the "New York" was going to fight the "Vizcaya." The "New York" had such "dumb luck" was the gratified opinion heard on all sides. The bugle sounded to general quarters, and the men sprang to their guns like lovers impatient to keep their tryst. My particular chum, the gun captain of the forward turret, wound his arms about the brazen cheeks of his two eight-inch pets, "General Ulysses S. Grant" and "Robert E. Lee," and fondled them as though they were the heads of flaxen-haired and rosy-cheeked children.

Before we sailed, the wood and the brass work had all been cut away, and now even the life lines and the stanchions which surrounded the cleared decks were removed. The battle hatches, great pieces of flat sheet iron, were placed and battened down over the airshafts, and the three remaining boats that we carried were drawn in close amidships and covered with damp canvas, so that if struck by the enemy's fire their splinters might be contained within a reasonable area. Two pale men, with their eyes blinking under

the, to them, unusual glare of the sun, were brought up now from the brig, where they had been imprisoned for some infraction of discipline. The captain spoke to them, before the mast, a few kindly, earnest words, and then they sprang each man to his division and his post, with a cheerful, "Aye, aye, sir, we will." The fleet surgeon walked the deck, flanked by his assistants. "I have concluded," he said, "that we must be content with giving only the first aid to the injured wherever they may fall. Now, wherever that may be, they will be just as safe as anywhere else; there is no sweet berth for the surgeon's cockpit nowadays. Should we sheer off, or there be a lull in the fight, we will drop them below by means of canvas slides down the hatches." And in a minute the canvas slides were triced up and in readiness.

To our excited gaze the chase was making desperate efforts to reach Havana, but in this direction we were confident of being able to cut her down. Then the saucy little "Wilmington" loomed up in the stranger man-of-war's wake, together with a torpedo boat, and so we saw that the chase was cornered. It was to be a fair fight, however; every man on board sang out for that. Every man on board knew that the "Vizcaya" carried more guns and of heavier metal than the "New York;" but every man wanted to fight it out single-handed, and audibly expressed the hope that the Admiral would signal the torpedo boat and the "Wilmington" to mind their own business.



CAPTAIN "BOB" EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA," ROWING OVER TO THE "NEW YORK," TO CONFER WITH ADMIRAL SAMPSON.

When it became apparent that we were making at least five knots an hour more than the chase, that we would be in range within twenty minutes, the hard features of the gunners relaxed into broad grins of satisfaction. "If she wants to escape she will have to make up her mind to lick us," said the gunner's mate, with as much positive satisfaction and assurance as though he was saying she must dive, or go up in a balloon, to escape us. To him these three propositions were all equally probable.

The ammunition was hauled up through the shafts; the shell extractor, a gigantic pair of sugar-tongs about six feet long, came in view for the first time; and the gun crew hugged to their bosom great canvas bags containing hundreds of pounds of brown prismatic powder as though they were pet cats and not the death-dealing explosive that was to send the armor-piercing projectiles upon their destructive course. The marines hoisted away at the ammunition pulleys, and set out

seas as they broke. She was only four miles away now, but her colors flew straight towards us, and we could not make them out. Suddenly she changed her course several points, the colors became plain to those who could read them, and a number was run up, a puff of smoke came from a turret, and a flash of fire jumped out towards us. The action had begun. I heard a low click in the turret near which I stood—nothing loud

buckets of sand along the spar and gun decks: "to keep us from slipping and falling when the decks are slippery with blood," said the mate of the gunner's crew in answer to my silent inquiry.

The uncertainty and tension lasted for about twenty minutes after every preparation for going into action was complete. We even had out the hose, for a fire on board the "New York" was the only thing we feared. Now the flight was up, our chase would have to face us or be dashed upon the coral reefs, of which we could now see the

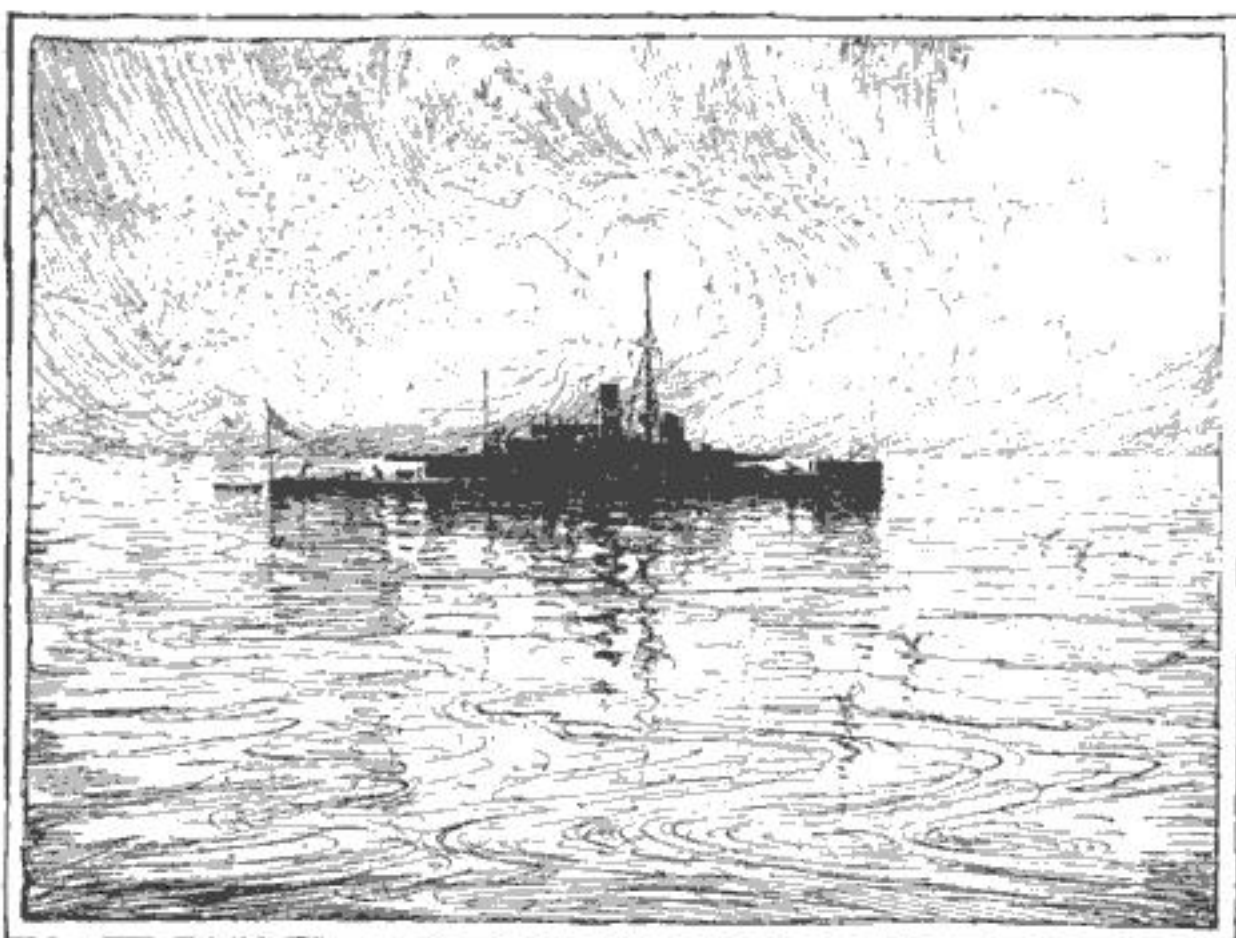


SCENE ON THE POOP OF THE SPAR DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "NEW YORK" ON APRIL 23D. THE SHIP IS CLEARED FOR ACTION, WITH HER BATTLE HATCHES ON.

or boisterous—only a click like the ticking of a watch upon a still summer's night; but it meant that our heavy guns were ready to be touched off. Another column of smoke and another arrow of flame shot out from the side of the chase. The report was not very loud and not very formidable: it seemed to be merely four-pounders barking, and many a face had fallen before the word was passed down from the bridge that the chase was an Italian man-of-war, the "Don Giovanni Rausan," and that instead of a fight we were only getting a salute for the Admiral.

A DISAPPOINTED GUN CAPTAIN.

Mechanically, as in a dream, the captain of the gun locked in position his fearful pet; reluctantly the ammunition was dropped back down the slide, and the shell extractor put tenderly away. The captain of the gun looked dreamily at his toes, as though surprised at the pattern of tattooing in India ink which they displayed and that they were ten in number. Then his eyes fell upon his gun, and rested upon it a long time. He seemed to expect to hear it get up and say something. Men were released from their quarters by the bugle, and the off watch went below. The gun captain's face was a study in seams and furrows of disappointment. His lips hung down all awry, as though he had been sucking sour lemons for a month. When he got down on the gun deck, he threw himself upon his kit and listened, while a "sea lawyer," a very wise-looking man, the wisest of the crew, pulled away at his pipe, and laid down the law to an admiring throng, who, as they listened, groaned out emphatic grunts of approval. "Now," said the "sea lawyer" triumphantly, "yous jabbering idiots will understand why Tom Macfarlane has always been agin armored intervention. Now, if it wuz war, real old-fashioned, clean-cut, downright honest war, do you think that we would let that Don slip into Havana harbor jest because he is a bit off color and says he is an Eyetalian? Not for your life!

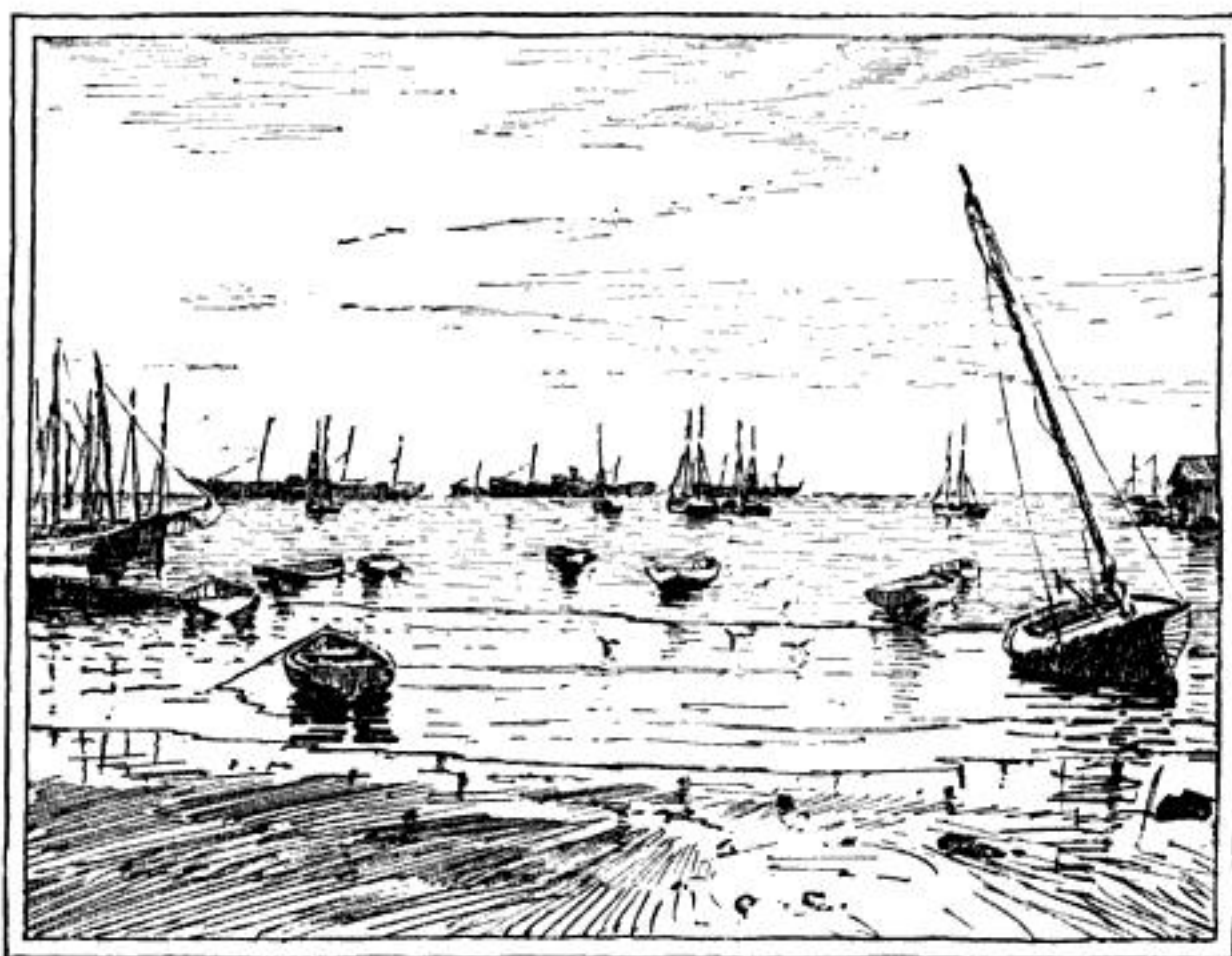


THE "AMPHITRITE" LEADING THE SQUADRON SENT TO BLOCKADE MATANZAS.

In real honest war all Dons are to be treated alike: that is, filled full of holes on sight; but with this armored intervention business it's saying 'By yo' lave' to one, and 'After you' to another, and never a sight do you get of the particular yellow belly of the bunch yer after. God help the Republican party, says I, and its platform of armored intervention."

The sound of a distant cannonade was borne by the breeze towards us. The guns of the Morro were saluting the arrival of the Italian Don. The gunner's mate pricked up his ears as he slept upon his canvas bag, and whispered, half waking, half dreaming, "Give me a shell, boys, an armor-piercing one, and scratch 'Remember the Maine' upon it. And we won't ever lock them guns no more until the old flag is hauled up over the Morro, and I guess we have got them where we want them." And in his dream he had.

That afternoon we stood in close to the Morro, immediately followed by the "Iowa" and the "Indiana," and flanked by our attendant torpedo boats. Perhaps it was the wish of the Admiral to draw the fire, and so more perfectly locate the new batteries on the Mulatto ridge, to the eastward of the castle, than had hitherto been possible. But the Spaniards, who had been so prodigal of their fire the evening before, were silent now, though we were more than a mile within range of the eastward batteries and not by any means an unlikely mark for the guns of the Morro. About two bells the bugle sounded to quarters, and, when the inspection was over, the 500 men, whose faces had been hardened and whose nerves had been steeled



PRIZES IN THE OFFING AT KEY WEST.

such a very short time before to meet the shock of battle, trooped down the spar deck towards the stern. They were all dressed in white duck, and in the midst of them and rising above them by a full head was the tall and stalwart figure of the chaplain. He wore a mortar-board, and a black Oxford gown gathered about his waist with a velvet sash. The sinking sun had burnished the yellow casemates of the Morro with its dying rays, and we could see with the naked eye the guns as they protruded from the ports, and the curious crowds of Spanish soldiery as they gathered on the walls.

EVENING SERVICE.

"God save the state," the chaplain prayed, with uplifted arms. "O eternal Lord God, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds, until day and night come to an end; Be pleased to receive into thy almighty and most gracious protection, the persons of us thy servants, and the Ship in which we serve."

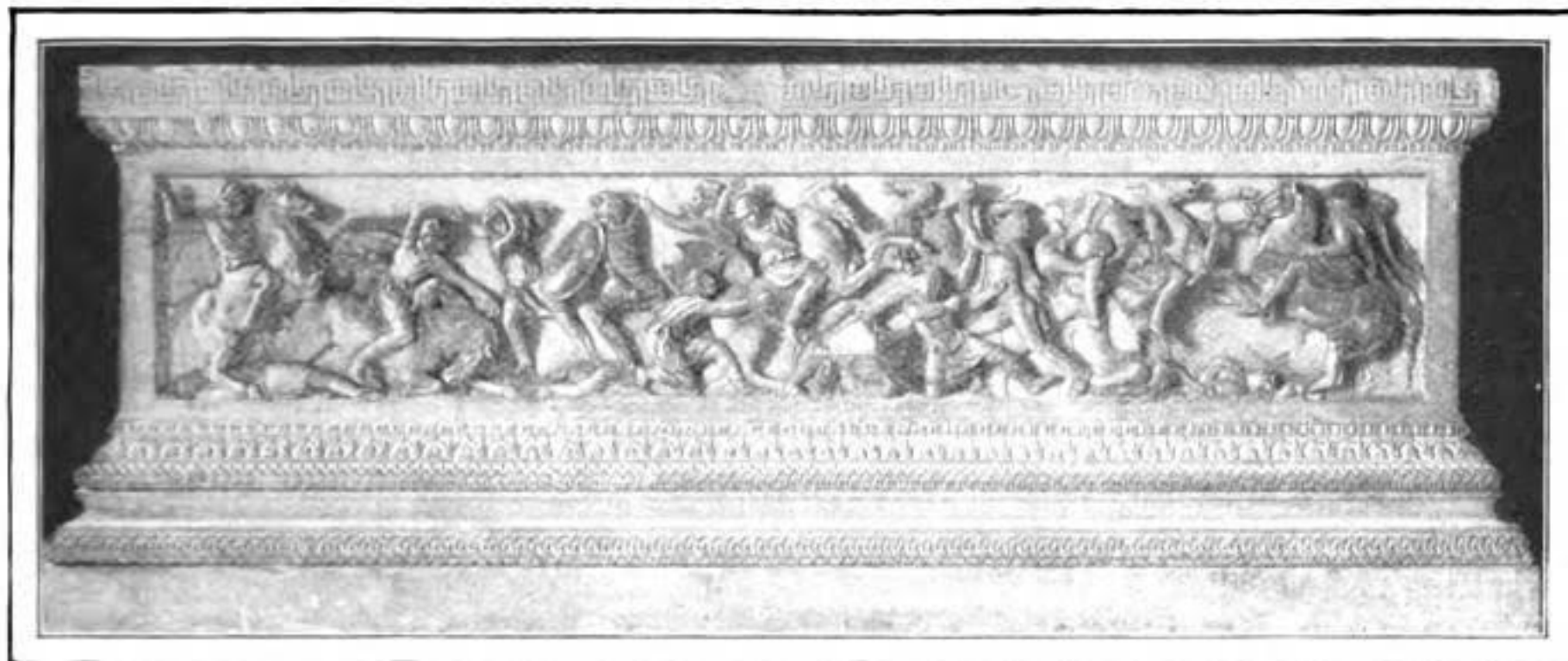
So for days and nights the guard was kept along the Cuban coast, the spoiler was despoiled, and those who had drunk deep of the blood of their own children were in turn bled white. Behind the coral reefs and the royal palms of the once peerless

island, now reduced by Spanish savagery to utter desolation, the cry went up from lips which had long since been strangers to any but the accents of despair, a cry of gladness and of hope, an expression of faith in an all-merciful God and his chosen instrument, a Christian people, who sought to love their neighbors as their own kith and kin. Often, as I listened, I seemed to hear, borne by the breeze over the intervening lands and the waste of waters, that cry of touching faith which I had heard so often,

months before, in the starvation camps of the reconcentrados, "*Mañana dios dara*" ("To-morrow the Lord our God will provide"); and now, after many days and many months, this to-morrow had dawned.

The Admiral made a little trip to the westward, along the coral coast, and entered the beautiful bay of Matanzas, to see how the blockade was progressing in this quarter. The insurgent fires were burning night and day upon the Pan, the great sugar-loaf hill that can be seen for so many leagues along the north coast. The visit was one merely of inspection; but when the Spaniards were discovered to be working in great number and throwing up sand batteries upon the exposed spits of land to the seaward of San Severino, followed closely by the "*Terror*" and "*Cincinnati*," the flagship opened fire upon the works, and before fifty shots had been fired, principally from the smaller guns, the but half-mounted battery was silenced. The Spanish artillery was so badly served that not a single shot struck our vessels.

Then the routine of the blockade was resumed. Day and night, each at its appointed station, the great iron ships and the light cruisers circled about the coast, and not even a single fishing smack that had not been examined succeeded in entering any of the ports upon the long line of coast that is comprised in the limits laid down in the President's proclamation.



MILITARY EUROPE.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

WITH THE TURKISH AND GREEK ARMIES IN TIME OF WAR.



It has been my purpose for several years to visit Europe at the first opportunity when there should be a European war, or hostile armies actually in the field. I not only wished to see the troops in action, but I desired to investigate the condition of foreign armies and the requirements for accommodating troops in garrison, as well as the best arms, uniforms, and field equipment for troops in an actual condition of war.

It is customary for governments to send officers abroad for this purpose, and it has been the practice of our Government since its establishment. The first prominent officer to go on this duty was General Winfield Scott, at the time of the war between Napoleon and the allied armies; but he reached Europe too late to be a witness of the final scene of the great drama at Waterloo. Delafield's and McClellan's observations during the Crimea have been of deep interest to military students; also General Sheridan's experience with the Prussian army during the Franco-Prussian war. General Sherman, while in command of the Army of the United States, visited Europe in 1872, and remained an entire year. His observations were of great interest and importance to the United States. We have now military officers at nearly every court in Europe, as well as in the Orient; and military and

naval attachés from foreign countries are on duty at our own capital.

Since the close of the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, no opportunity for such observations as I desired to make presented itself until the hostilities between the Græco-Turkish forces in 1897. It may be well at this point to recall that the difficulty between Turkey and Greece began early in 1897 in Crete, where the Christians of the island were dissatisfied with the Mohammedan rule. When the riots in the island had become so serious that war between Greece and Turkey threatened, the Powers sent warships to the harbor of Canea. On February 21st these ships fired some fifty shots into the camp of the Cretan insurgents, located outside of the town—a warning that Europe would not permit hostile actions. The skirmishing in Crete continued through the rest of February and into March. Early in March, however, Crete ceased to be the point of observation. The Turkish and Grecian armies confronted each other on the frontier of Thessaly. They exercised tolerable self-control until early in April. Then the daring advance of the Greek irregulars into the disputed territory caused Edhem Pasha, the commander of the Turks, to suggest to his government that it was time to declare war, which Turkey did on April 17th. Diplomatic relations were at once severed, and fighting began. It was evident that there was to be war in earnest.

I at once made my preparation to go to

the field. At the time I left Washington, May 4th, the Greeks on the western frontier were holding their own, but in the east the Turks had driven them back and occupied Larissa. The latest information from the Levant seemed to indicate not only that Greece and Turkey would be engaged, but that some of the Balkan states and possibly one or more of the great powers of Europe might be involved. The unexpected frequently happens, and as no one can foretell when a war will occur, so no one can say what the phases will be or how it will terminate. At the moment, no one anticipated that, instead of any one of the great powers becoming involved, they would all stand aloof and witness the tragedy until it reached a critical point, and then combine to check its progress and dictate the terms of peace.

Such was the situation when I left Washington. On reaching Paris, I found that several engagements had taken place while I was on the sea, but that the result was still indefinite. I also learned that my best way to reach the Turkish army was to take the Oriental Express to Constantinople. This I did, arriving there on May 19th.

THE MILITARY ORGANIZATION IN TURKEY.

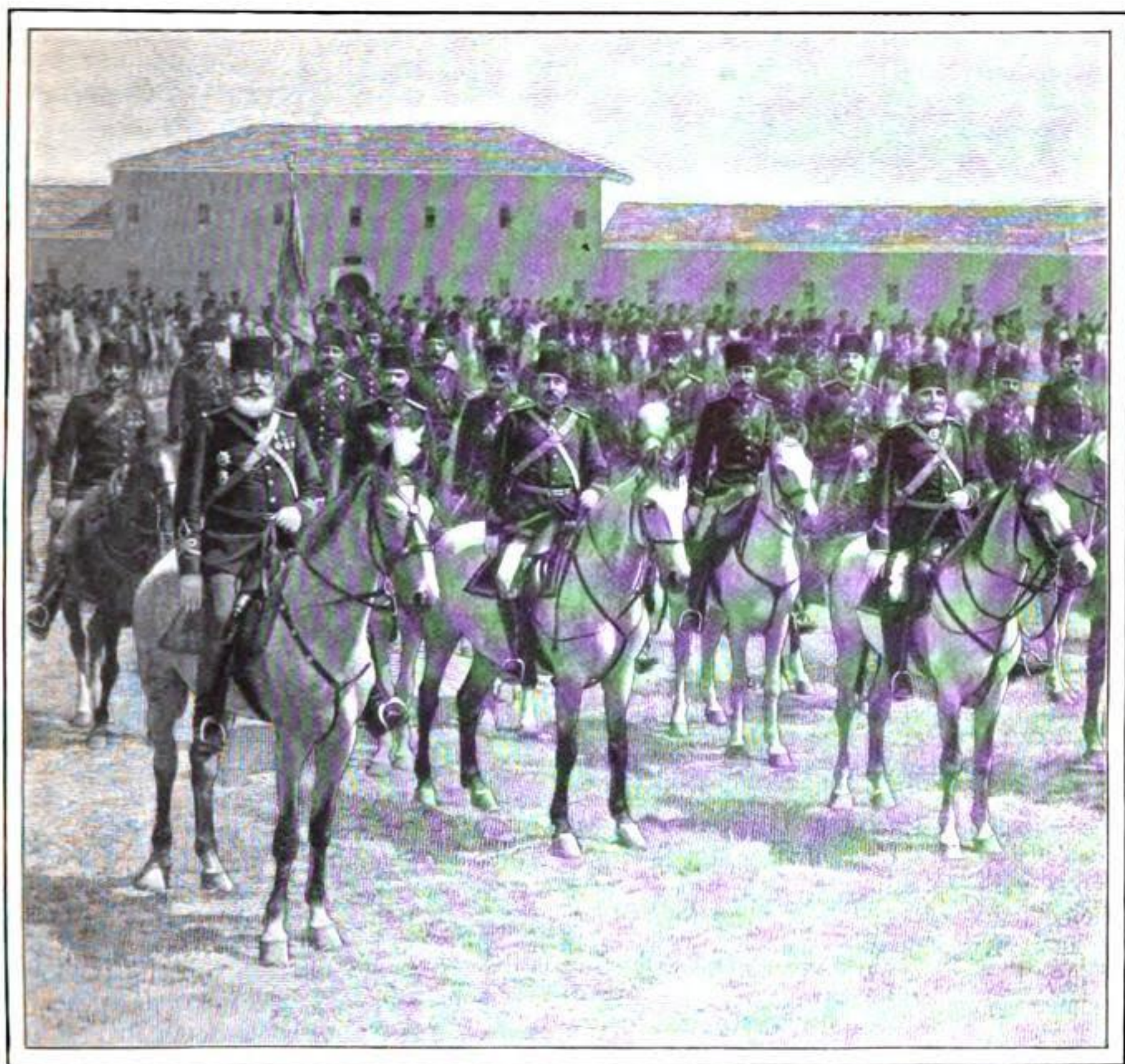
I could not have gone to a better place to observe the Turkish army than Constantinople itself. Not only is the city the headquarters of the complex military establishment which governs the army, but it is also headquarters for the first of the seven military territories into which the empire is divided. When I arrived in Constantinople, there were fully 30,000 men stationed in and about the city, giving me ample opportunity to observe the methods and condition of the Turkish troops. There was a mistaken impression, when the late war broke out, that the Turkish army was antiquated in its methods. Military men knew better. The Turkish army is at present completely organized in accordance with modern methods. This organization is not new; it was undertaken as long ago as seventy years by Mahmud II. When, about 1827, he decided to begin the reconstruction of his army, he was obliged to turn his cannon on the Janizaries, and not to stop until the last one of that body was dead, so hostile were they to any change in the methods of the Turkish army. After the Janizaries were out of the way, Mahmud II. began to remodel his force. Ten years after this he had Von Moltke and other Prussian officers aiding him. This

work has gone on steadily ever since, until now the Turkish military forces are completely modernized. A monument erected on the site where he formerly lived on the Bosphorus, reminds alike Turk and stranger of the high esteem with which Von Moltke's services in this work of reorganization are regarded.

The army is completely Moslem, no Christians or non-Moslems being admitted. Although exempted from duty, the latter are not exempted from military taxes. All young Moslems who have reached twenty-one years of age are expected to enter the army for twenty years of service, unless they can show some good reason why they should not be called upon, such as physical unfitness or family obligations. The registration list shows that about 120,000 men are liable to service each year; but, as a matter of fact, only about 65,000 are incorporated into the army.

According to the latest figures, the army numbers in time of peace 244,000 men, 24,000 of these being officers. Its war footing mounts to fully 800,000. It will be remembered that, when the war with Greece broke out in the spring of 1897, the Sultan mobilized 600,000 men without any great effort. New laws and reforms are in operation in the army, which it is expected will add enormously to this strength. The Sultan believes that at no distant day he will be able to call out, in case of necessity, an army of a million and a half men. Of course, fully a third of this body will be utterly untrained.

These troops are drawn from all parts of the empire. What is known as the territorial system is in vogue in Turkey; that is, the empire is divided into seven military districts. Each of these districts furnishes a corps, recruited in the main from within its own limits. If one runs over the list of cities which are the headquarters of these corps, he gets some idea of the distant points from which the Sultan draws his troops:—Constantinople, Adrianople, Salonika, Erzinjan (northeastern Asia Minor), Damascus, Bagdad, and Sana (southwestern Arabia). Not all the portions of the empire yield soldiers in equal numbers. Thus the division having its headquarters at Sana furnishes few soldiers, its recruits coming from Syria and Asia Minor. Those portions of the country occupied by nomad tribes, such as Tripoli and Turkestan, have never until within a few years furnished troops. A few years ago, however, an effort was made to utilize the nomads in an irregular cavalry

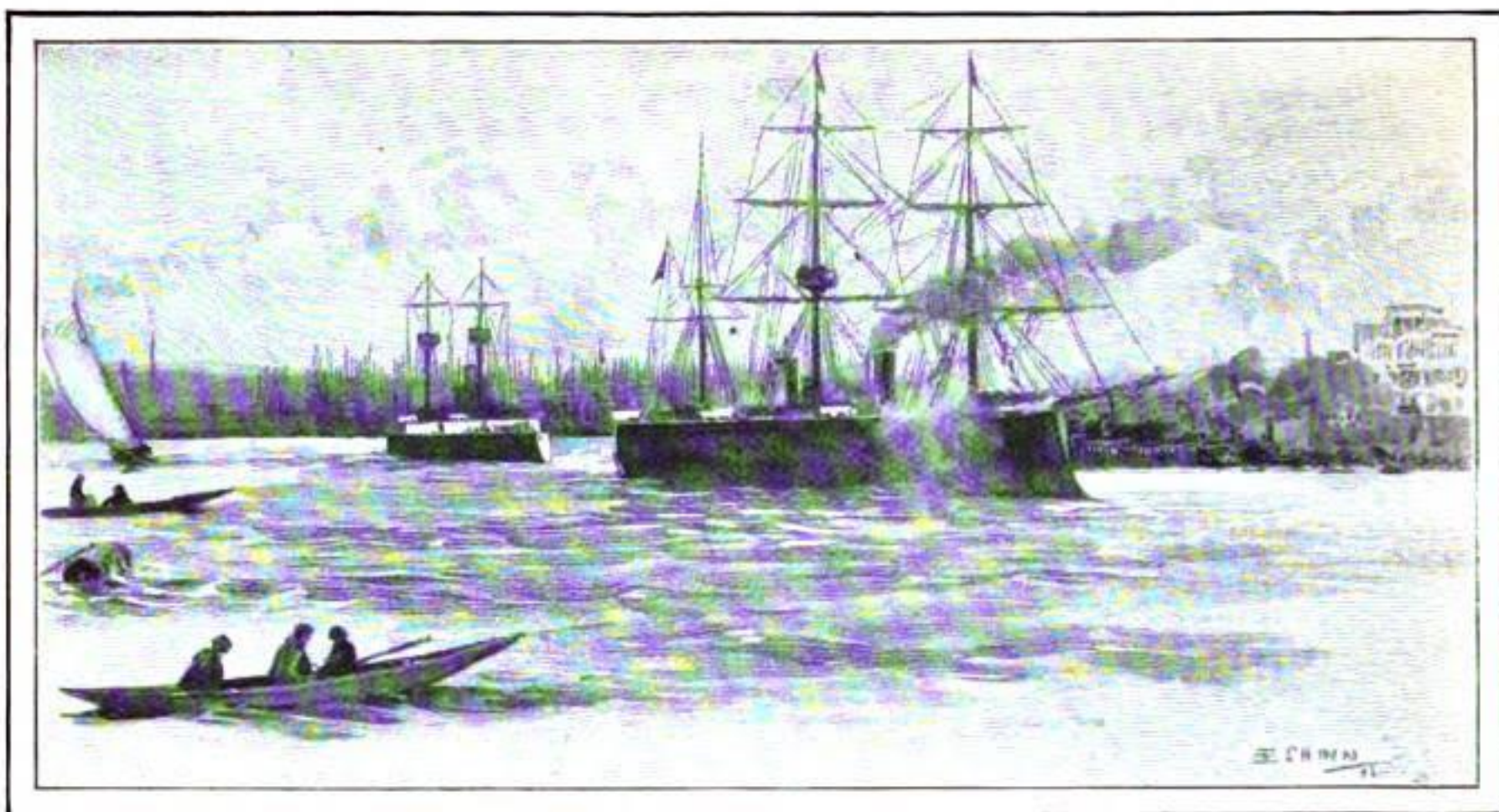


THE FIFTH REGIMENT IMPERIAL TURKISH CAVALRY.

resembling the Cossacks of the Russian army. Regiments have been formed with good success. The organization is known as the Hamidie Cavalry, in honor of the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid. It is impossible, of course, to apply to these irregulars the superior training given to men in the regular army; nor are they called upon for any large amount of service. They furnish their own equipments and mounts. As a rule they carry ancient rifles or pistols, and every man is armed with a lance. So far the only active service which the Hamidie Cavalry has seen has been in hunting down the Armenians. It is easy to see from what they have done there that, in case of foreign war, they would be a most dangerous element in the Turkish army.

What I saw of the Turkish soldiers in Constantinople convinced me that they are among the most effective in the world. There are

many reasons for this fact. In the first place, the Turks are a strong race, accustomed to hard labor, and consequently are easily molded into enduring soldiers. They are all Moslems, and their religion has three elements which contribute largely to their soldierly qualities. First, it teaches them to believe in an absolute despotism; second, it enforces simplicity of life and strict temperance; and third, it promises them unending pleasures in heaven as a reward for their endurance on earth. The long term of service required of the Turks adds, of course, to their effectiveness. It should not be forgotten, too, that this service has much of it been active. In the last hundred years, Turkey has had a greater war record than any other nation in Europe. From the beginning of the century up to January 1, 1897, she spent thirty-seven years in actual warfare. The cost of handling this tre-



THE LARGEST TURKISH WARSHIPS, THE "MESOODICH" AND THE "HARRIDICH," LYING IN THE HARBOR OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

mendous army is not great, when compared with what other nations spend on their armies. According to the official returns, the year of 1897-98 cost \$25,250,000. This does not include the extraordinary military expenditure occasioned by war. It is not the common soldier, however, who gets this money. His pay amounts to a little less than a dollar a month, and often the government is many months in arrears in paying the troops.

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION IN TURKEY.

The administration of the Turkish army is very complicated. There is a Military Cabinet which regulates cases concerning the distribution of the troops; there is a Superior General Inspection Committee of some thirty members whose duty it is to study measures for improving the army; there is a military section in the Household of the Sultan; and there is a War Ministry, composed of some ten different bureaus. During the time that I was in Constantinople, I met several of the leading military men of the empire, and was greatly impressed by their knowledge and their ability. The military genius among them is undoubtedly Osman Pasha. He is a man about sixty-six years old, well built, of medium height, strong in physique, and intellectually the peer of any of the field marshals that I subsequently met in Europe. His experience has added greatly to his natural instincts

for military life. In the terrible war of the Crimea, he acquired knowledge of the equipment, disposition, and management of large armies in the field, and he proved himself one of the ablest generals in Europe in the series of wars between Russia and Turkey. In the last of those wars, being placed in command of an army of 70,000 men with seventy-seven guns, he made one of the most brilliant defensive campaigns of modern times. Pitted against Russia's ablest generals, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Lieutenant-General Gourko, and that greatest military leader of his day, Skobelev, and an army of 150,000 men and 500 guns, Osman Pasha made his defense of Plevna, a most creditable military achievement which demonstrated fully his skill and tenacity. During this desperate siege, three pitched battles, besides many minor engagements, were fought. The losses of the assailants were 40,000 men, and of the defendants 30,000. The siege of Plevna won for Osman Pasha the title of Gazhee the Victorious.

Osman Pasha reminded me of General Grant more than any man I saw on that side of the Atlantic. His manner is very much like that of Grant; a man of few words—in these expressing condensed thought. In referring to the success of the army, the rapidity with which it had been mobilized, and the universal success in the series of battles just ended between the Turks and Greeks, he made a significant remark. "Persistency," he said, "is the

great secret of success in war. If an army is not successful one day, tenacity of purpose and persistency will in the end bring victory." This was the great characteristic of the man who commanded the government forces in the latter part of our great civil war.

Although the Turkish military administration contains many able men, the Sultan is the real as well as nominal head of the Turkish army. Each department of the military administration is under his guidance, and he can and often does assert himself in its affairs. But the Sultan is more than the military head of the Turks. He is the recognized spiritual representative not only of the Mohammedans of his empire, but of those of the entire world, numbering some 177,000,000 souls. In virtue of this position, it is his duty to offer each week a prayer for the followers of Mohammed wherever they may be. This service—the "salemlik"—

I witnessed just after arriving at Constantinople. It impressed me quite as much by its military as by its religious aspect.

THE MILITARY DISPLAY AT THE SALEMLIK.

The salemlik takes place every Friday, in a very beautiful mosque not far from the Yildiz Palace, where the Sultan lives. As early as nine o'clock in the morning all the approaches to the palace, as well as the open spaces, are occupied by troops, particularly infantry and cavalry, and all the space left

by them is crowded by spectators. The regiments came from different parts of the empire, some from the European provinces and others from the Asiatic, and appeared to be well disciplined and well instructed. As they marched to their positions, my attention was attracted by the spirited music of some of the regimental bands. The martial music was familiar and homelike, and I was both amused and gratified to listen to the

stirring notes of Sousa's marches, "El Capitan," "High School Cadets," and others. This was but the prelude indeed, to what I was to listen to in other armies, for the American composer's music I subsequently found to be very popular in several European countries.

The cavalry were splendidly mounted on strong, hardy horses, well equipped and handsomely caparisoned, were well armed, and in every way presented a fine appearance. While the troops were moving into position the street or ave-



ABDUL-HAMID II., SULTAN OF TURKEY SINCE 1876. BORN, 1842.

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

nue leading from the palace to the mosque was covered with fresh sand, and the steps of the mosque were covered with a rich carpet, and when all was prepared, the gates of the palace were thrown open. The palace guard first moved down the broad avenue, lined on both sides by a living wall of troops with glistening bayonets, and took position near the mosque; then came the palace officials, and next the princes at the head of their staff officers. Among the princes was a boy apparently fourteen years of age,

in naval uniform. He was accompanied by a group of officers, and took his position with them at the head of the marines and sailors. This young officer presented a very spirited, military appearance. Then came the carriages, containing a few of the ladies of the palace, with attendants on foot. They moved down to a position near the entrance to the mosque. The horses were removed from the carriages, and the tongues taken out and put under the carriages, and the latter remained in this position with their occupants during the entire ceremony. Finally the Sultan appeared in one of the carriages of state, drawn by two beautiful horses with gorgeous equipment. As he appeared he was greeted by the strong voices of the thousands of troops massed in all the approaches to the palace, shouting, or crying, "Padi-shah Tchok Pasha" ("Long live the Sultan!") They hailed him as the personal and spiritual god-head upon earth of all of their faith.

The small, well-poised, silent man whom the multitude were saluting was dressed in plain uniform, a simple red fez on his head. Formerly the Sultans wore a diamond aigrette on their heads in public, but this Abdul-Hamid has discarded. The coachman was in most brilliant livery, as well as the per-

sonal attendants and guards who marched on foot on both sides of the carriage. Osman Pasha was the only occupant of the carriage besides the sovereign, and he occupied a front seat facing the Sultan. Following the heads of departments and high officials that were immediately in rear of the Sultan, were led his two favorite chargers, one a very handsome golden sorrel, the other a milk-white Arabian, beautifully caparisoned.

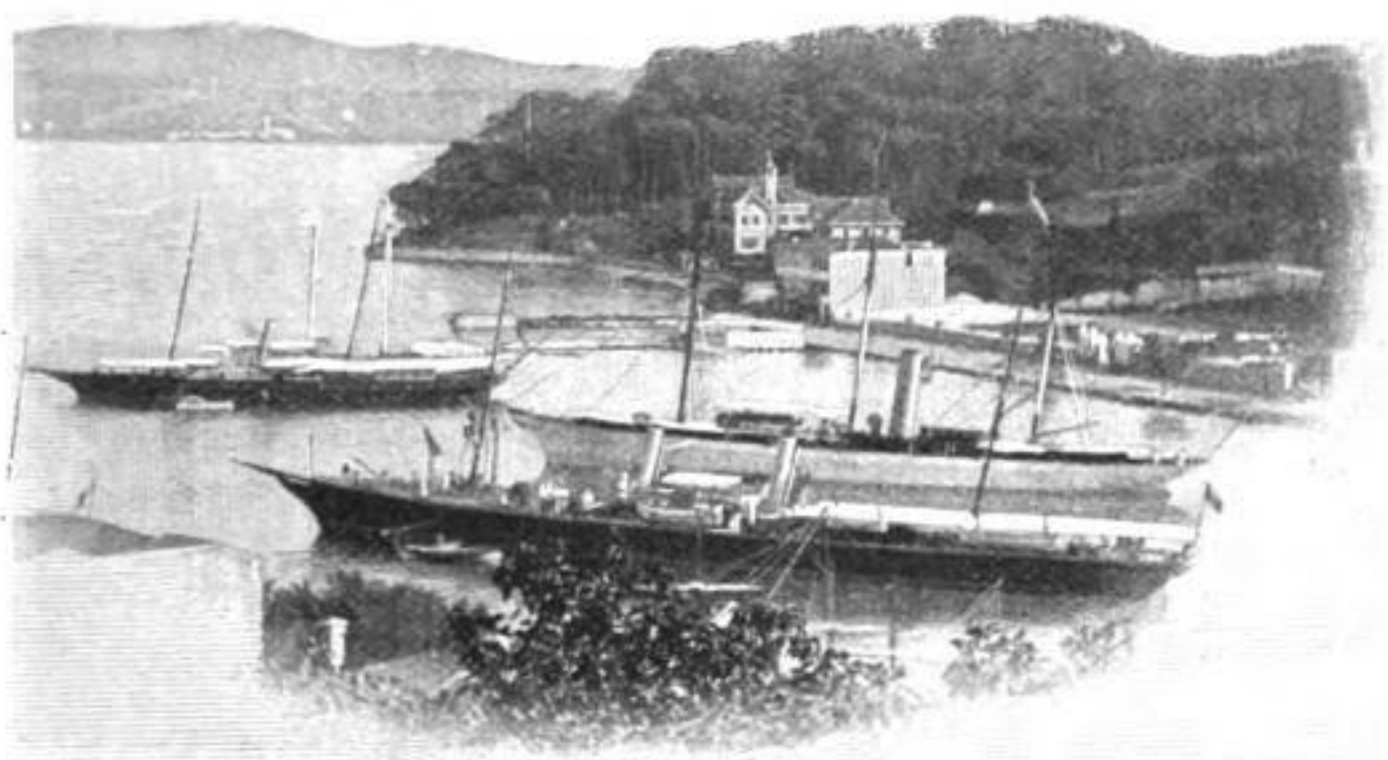
After the ceremony the Sultan reappeared and took position in another carriage, a very handsome mail-phaeton, richly ornamented and drawn by two beautiful white horses, a present from the Emperor of Austria. He took the reins and whip himself, and thus returned to the palace, followed by the heads of the departments and high officials of the government walking rapidly up the steep hill, apparently much to their discomfort, but indicating the abject subordination of the highest officials to the imperial sway.

The Sultan has occupied the throne of Turkey for twenty-two years. Twenty-six years ago, Murad V., his brother, held the same position; but, justly or unjustly, was removed on a charge of being of unsound mind. There are many who claim that he desired to institute certain reforms that were not popular with the Pashas and influ-

ential men of the empire. Be that as it may, he was removed to the beautiful palace of Cheragan, on the right bank of the Bosphorus, and he is supposed to be yet alive within its walls. A palace on the water is his winter home, and one standing on the heights about a mile distant, and yet within the walls of the great enclosure which surrounds the grounds, is also at times supposed to be occupied by the



A SQUADRON OF THE FIRST BATTALION OF THE FIRST REGIMENT OF INFANTRY, IMPERIAL TURKISH GUARD.



THERAPIA ON THE BOSPHORUS.

dethroned Sultan, his attendants, and families. On the outside of the walls are two great garrisons of some four thousand troops, guarding every approach by land or water.

AN AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

After the Sultan's return to the palace, I was notified by the Master of Ceremonies that an audience would be granted me, and I was accompanied by the United States Minister, the Hon. A. W. Terrill, to the palace. We passed through several rooms occupied by guards and palace officials to a large reception-room, there to await an opportunity of being presented to the sovereign. It so happened that the Russian ambassador was there waiting for the same purpose. He had come in before us, and of course took precedence. While we were waiting, we had a pleasant conversation, during which he informed our minister that this was the first interview he had had with the sovereign for several months, and that the object of his visit was simply to thank him for granting the personal request of the Emperor of Russia to withhold the onward march of the Turkish army in Greece until the situation had been considered by the great powers of Europe. The armistice had been declared only two

days before, May 19th. He, in a very few moments, passed into the Sultan's reception-room, and remained for some thirty minutes. Before going in he seemed to be somewhat exercised, and his face indicated great anxiety. The importance of his mission seemed to impress him much, and he manifested it by pacing the room and indulging in earnest conversation with his secretary. On his return from the reception his face wore so satisfied an expression, and so pleasant a smile, that it prompted me to remark that his "interview must have been satisfactory." He assured me that it was quite so. This was all the information one could expect, under the circumstances, from an astute and accomplished diplomat.

After the Russian ambassador came out, we were notified by the Master of Ceremonies, an officer of high rank in the Imperial Palace, that an audience would then be granted us, and we were escorted to the reception-room of the Sultan. He was alone, with the exception of an officer of rank, a large, fine-looking man in brilliant uniform, who announced us by name and acted as interpreter. The Sultan was standing near the center of the room, and as we entered he approached us. He was in full uniform, with a dragoon sword by his side. On being



OSMAN PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH FORCES
IN THE DEFENSE OF PLEVNA.



EDHEM PASHA, WHO COMMANDED THE TURKISH ARMY
IN THE RECENT WAR WITH GREECE.

presented, instead of making the usual military salute, we made the salutation customary for foreign officials who are presented at the Turkish court, placing the right hand over the left breast, the left hand by the side, and bowing to His Majesty. He received us very cordially, and invited us to be seated. Coffee and cigarettes were served, and he led the conversation toward military subjects. He manifested great interest in military matters, and was thoroughly posted on the equipment of armies, the use and effect of modern appliances of war, the use of heavy machinery in the movements of the heaviest high-power guns, as well as the most intricate mechanism of small arms, and the use and effect of smokeless powder and high explosives. His small stature, sharp, dark eyes, prominent nose, of the Roman type, full beard, were not unlike the marked characteristics that I have noticed in some men of our own country.

In speaking of the war in which he was then engaged, I remarked that the rapidity with which he had mobilized a great army of 600,000 men, armed and equipped them, and moved a portion successfully into a foreign country, had somewhat surprised military observers both in the United States and in Europe. He stated that he was obliged to move a portion of his army from Asia, and that he could have mobilized and moved

them with greater rapidity had the railroads furnished greater facilities, or had they been better equipped for war purposes. In response to a remark of mine, that he must have able generals in command of his armies and army corps, he said, "Yes; I have made them, and they have fulfilled my expectations."

In regard to the war and its results, he stated that his people did not desire war; that it had been forced upon them; that their territory had been invaded; but that God, being on the side of the right, had given victory to his army. He might have added that twenty-seven millions against two and a half millions of people; the resources of a strong nation against a weak and impoverished one; the abundant supplies of all munitions of war of the best German manufacture, from the high-power Krupp fortification gun to the small arms and ammunition, and delicate surgical instruments; and the assistance of several very able officers of the German army, had also aided in bringing success, if not glory, to the banners of the Star and Crescent.

TURKISH GARRISON LIFE.

Constantinople offers excellent opportunities for studying Turkish garrison life. There are many barracks in and around the



INNER VIEW OF THE FORTRESS OF ROUMELI HISSAR, ON THE BOSPHORUS, SOMETIMES CALLED THE "CASTLE OF EUROPE."

Reproduced from "Constantinople," by Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor.

city, a number of which I visited. They are all permanent buildings of brick and stone, and most of them very comfortable. One of the most interesting of them is on the opposite bank from the city, the great buildings which were constructed for the accommodation of the sick and wounded of the allied armies during the Crimean war. I was very much impressed in my visits to the barracks with the order which prevailed. Everything seemed ready for immediate movement. I asked the colonel of one large regiment how long a time it would take him to summon his command, and have it fully equipped and ready to march to the railroad or steamship for actual service in the field? He looked at his watch, and said that he would need just fifteen minutes. One excellent feature of all the barracks is their accommodation for bathing. It is quite as good as, if not better than, any place in Europe. In fact, cleanliness is one of the cardinal virtues of the Mohammedan religion. In the principal barracks that I visited the accommodations were so ample that at least forty men could have enjoyed the luxury of a Turkish bath at the same time.

As a rule, the uniforms of the men were

in good condition. It is a uniform well suited for garrison or field service, consisting of a plain blue tunic, blue trousers tucked into top boots, and, in the infantry, the familiar red fez. The cavalry wear a cap of sheepskin. The only drawback to the costume is that, save the fez, there is nothing national about it. The mass of the soldiers would no doubt prefer the short jacket, the baggy trousers, and the red sash which they wore before reform and reorganization made the Turkish army so largely Christian in its methods and appearance.

I was very much interested in watching the troops at mess. Their food is very plain, but wholesome. It consists chiefly of rice and mutton, which is served in a large copper basin, six or eight men surrounding the dish, and all eating from it at the same time with wooden spoons. Tea is served at meals, but no coffee or liquor of any kind. This is the only army in Europe, I believe, in which no stimulants of any kind are allowed the troops. In England the regular daily ration includes a half gill of rum; in France the soldier is under certain circumstances allowed a quarter of a liter of wine, half a liter of beer, half a liter of cider, and

the sixteenth of a liter of brandy; in Italy he has one-quarter liter of wine; in Austria brandy is furnished. The war ration in Austria includes also smoking-tobacco for the men and cigars for the officers.

THE DEFENSES OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

There is nothing more interesting about Constantinople than its defenses. The peculiar location of the city at the mouth of the Black Sea and on the direct route between Europe and Asia has made it for centuries the key to the Orient, and has led from times immemorial to its fortification. The system of defenses around the city is quite extensive, and represents the work of every age, from the wall, such as the Romans adopted for the protection of their cities, to most modern forts bristling with Krupp guns. The city is completely surrounded by walls, which are broken at intervals by gates and towers. Of course these fortifications would be of little use to-day if the city were besieged, nor are they kept up at all. Houses are built in many places close to them. At some points they have been partially torn down to furnish stone for other and more pressing wants. They add, however, immensely to the picturesqueness of the city, clad as they are with vines and plants, and their presence keeps fresh, too, innumerable legends of crime and deeds of courage.

The real defenses of Constantinople are not its walls, but the lines of forts which guard the two sea approaches to the city and those which ward off invaders by land.

The fortifications covering the approaches on the landward side are two-fold. The first is a quarter-circle of forts scattered from a point about eight miles west of Constantinople on the Sea of Marmora, around to a point on the Bosphorus, about the same distance north of the town. Twenty-five miles west of the city, running north and south across the peninsula, is the principal land defense, the Lines of Tchataldja. These were built in 1877, at the time of the war with Russia, but they have been greatly strengthened since.

The Bosphorus, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the Black Sea, is one of the water approaches to Constantinople. It is about twenty miles long, and upon the precipitous banks of both the European and the Asiatic shore are placed at intervals the forts which guard the city. There are some seventeen of them. Not all are modern; indeed, there are forts on the Bosphorus dating back to

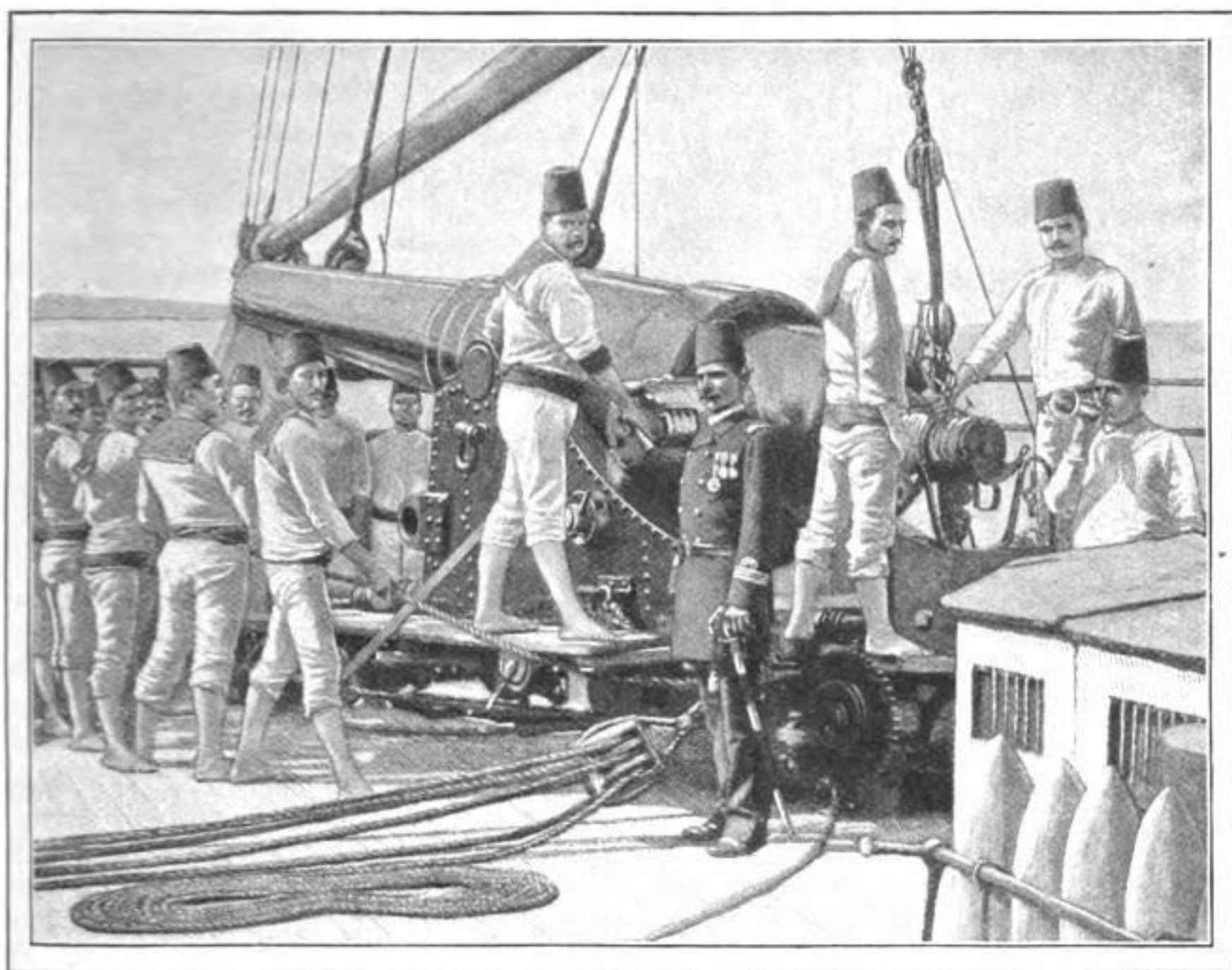
the fourteenth century. These, of course, would be of little use if it were not for the modern works above and below them. The first of the Bosphorus forts which one sees on leaving Constantinople are perhaps the most interesting, and that on account of their location. They stand on opposite sides of the narrowest portion of the channel—the point made famous by the crossing of Darius and his 700,000 men. Xenophon and his 10,000 are said to have crossed here, too, on their return to Europe.

The other seaward approach to Constantinople is by the Dardanelles—a narrow strait thirty-three miles long, connecting the Sea of Marmora with the *Ægean*. I had an excellent opportunity of observing the fortifications here, as I went from Constantinople to Greece by steamer. In going out we passed close to the sea walls, the ancient protection of Constantinople, and then crossed the Sea of Marmora into the straits. For several miles after entering the straits there are no forts, the channel being broad and the banks high; but about ten miles from the mouth the stream narrows and there is a sharp bend. Here are the most formidable works defending Constantinople, consisting of ten forts on the European side and five on the Asiatic. All of these works have been modernized, and mount the heaviest of recent guns. This bend in the Dardanelles, like the narrows in the Bosphorus, has always been a favorite passage for crossing. Xerxes, it is said, led over his 1,700,000 men here.

After passing this point of the Dardanelles, the straits widen again, and there are no more fortifications until the mouth is reached. Here again the banks bristle with guns. When we passed, the Turkish fleet was discreetly hovering under their shelter.

ATHENS IN MAY, 1897.

It was the 27th of May when I reached Athens, and the contrast between that city and Constantinople was most striking. I had left behind me a well-fortified city, the headquarters of a strong military administration, evidences of vast resources, both in disciplined men and system of supplies, a people proud of victory, a government confident because of success. I came to a city exposed on every hand, deficient in military resources, its government dejected by defeat, its people dissatisfied with their rulers and divided in their opinion of what had been done, or what course should be pursued in the



A MANŒUVER ON BOARD THE TURKISH IMPERIAL ARMORED FRIGATE "MAHMOUDIÉ."

Reproduced from "Le Monde Illustré."

future. There was no evidence of disorder while I was in Athens, but on every hand there was great depression. The people were gathered in groups before the telegraph offices and news depots, reading the bulletin boards, or sitting together in the streets and parks; and everywhere they discussed the war. Some of them evidently looked for the onward march of the Turkish army, and dreaded the horrors which they believed would follow its occupancy of the city. Many were defiant, and loudly argued for fighting to the bitter end; others were hoping for an interposition of the Powers which, if it left the country humbled, still would prevent the Turks from appropriating it altogether.

What they were suffering was the only possible result to be expected from an unaided struggle of their army with such a highly organized military power as Turkey. To begin with, Greece has a population of only about 2,200,000. The age at which a young Greek becomes liable to service is twenty-two—one year later than in Turkey. While in Turkey 120,000 men are registered for service every year and fully 65,000 incorpor-

ated into the army, in Greece only about 22,000 are liable to service and perhaps 12,000 are incorporated. The actual army when the war broke out, that is, the army which was paid by the government, was only about 23,000 men; but it was believed that the war footing was fully 200,000 men—nearly ten per cent. of the population, it will be noted. This army was not well disciplined, and was poorly equipped and poorly officered. There was only a limited amount of ammunition on hand, and as for horses, every squadron was short and in many cases the animals used were too old to be serviceable.

When war actually broke out, and no European power came to the aid of Greece, her weakness rapidly developed. The Turks overwhelmed and out-maneuvered the little army and only stopped their march at the interposition of the Czar of Russia. The armistice granted at his request had not expired when I reached Athens, and the Greek and Turkish armies which were facing each other near Lamia, the scene of the last engagement of the war, were still under its conditions.



CONSTANTINE, THE CROWN PRINCE OF GREECE AND COMMANDER OF THE GREEK ARMY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.



KING GEORGE OF GREECE.



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE, COMMANDER OF THE GREEK NAVY IN THE RECENT WAR WITH TURKEY.

AT THE FRONT WITH THE GREEK ARMY.

As soon as possible I made arrangements to go to the camp of the Greek army—a not difficult journey, as we were able to go up the eastern coast by steamer to Santa Marina and thence by rail to Lamia, a distance of only eight miles. On arriving, I reported my presence to the Crown Prince Constantine, who was in the command of the Greek army. I found him a very courtly, distinguished-looking officer, twenty-nine years of age, tall, and of commanding presence, but somewhat depressed on account of the result of his recent campaign. His great misfortunes had resulted largely from the fact that he had been pitted against an overwhelming army, and that he had not had the experience requisite to organize, mobilize, discipline, and command troops in battle. This can only be acquired by actual experience in war; it cannot be learned elsewhere. General Sherman uttered a positive truth when he asserted that “the best school of war is war.”

When we compare the Crown Prince in his preparation for commanding an army with Edhem Pasha, the leader of the Turks, we have a forcible lesson in the value of experience. The name of Edhem Pasha was almost unknown when he took the Turkish army in 1897. Yet he had really made himself a reputation in the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. He was only thirty-five years old then, but he fought with honor at the side

of Osman Pasha throughout the terrible siege of Plevna; and when at last the city surrendered, he was one of the last to leave. He carried away a wound received the very day of the capitulation. Since then he had filled several important positions in Turkey. He was hardened to service when he went against the Greeks in 1897, and it was not long before his skill in strategy attracted the attention of the world.

I was kindly received by the Crown Prince, and was afforded every opportunity of seeing the entire Greek army as it then lay camped in three *grand* divisions—two practically in reserve, while the third occupied the advance line. The last named was in order of battle, with its main and advance lines and a line of skirmishers, or vedettes. Along the front line were posted flags of truce, at intervals of from two to five hundred yards. Immediately in front of the Greek army lay the Turkish army, drawn up in order of battle. In the advance was a strong line of sentinels with picket supports and reserves in their order; and a short distance in the rear, their main line of battle. The distance between the advance line of the Greek army and the picket line of the Turkish army, I should judge, was about four hundred yards. On the ground occupied by the former force and between the lines were scattered the graves of those who had fallen on both sides in the last engagement of the campaign, which had occurred on this spot, a short distance from the little town of Lamia.

The Turks were apparently as unconcerned and defiant as it is only possible for an army to be that has had a series of victories and has successfully invaded the enemy's country—in this case a country that their people had occupied up to as late as 1832. They were occupying a very strong position, and indicated every appearance of being capable of holding the same. We could distinctly hear their bugle calls, and see the comfortable white tents in which they were sheltered, tents which had formerly belonged to the Greek army and had been captured in the recent campaign. The poor Greeks were without shelter, and exposed to the rain and inclement weather. There was an independence and bravado in the appearance of the Turks that indicated their readiness to renew the conflict the moment the armistice should be suspended. I could not but note the marked change in the circumstances



GENERAL MILES ON THE GREEK PICKET LINE, MAY 29, 1897.

of this scene and one that occurred nearly 2,500 years before in sight of the ground now occupied by two armies. We are told that when the great Persian army under Xerxes confronted the heroic band under Leonidas, the Spartans laid down their spears and shields, and moved out in front of their line, and went through their gymnastic exercises to keep their joints supple, and decorated their long hair as if preparing for a festival, thus taunting and defying their enemies to combat. Now the conditions were entirely reversed and the invaders impatient to renew hostilities.

OFFICERS AND EQUIPMENT OF THE GREEK ARMY.

The officers of the Greek army seemed to me an intelligent, patriotic body of men; but they were, naturally, much depressed at the result of the campaign. Their hatred of the Turks was as intense as their pride of and love for their own country. One accomplished officer, a colonel in command of the advance division of the Greek army, rode over the ground with us and along the line of the troops. On returning to his headquarters to take leave of him I informed him that I would shortly return to my own land, and that I hoped sometime to have a visit from him at Washington. He replied, "When you get far away and back to your own country, I hope you will have a kind memory

for poor Greece." He said this with such an expression of grief and sentiment that I was deeply impressed.

The soldiers had endured their severe campaign and the disasters which had befallen their cause with fortitude, but were greatly disheartened, yet full of hope that something might occur to end hostilities. While there was no outward appearance of a want of confidence or disaffection, there was gloom in the general tone, manner, and appearance of the troops. I have seen the same condition of affairs in our own army after some serious disaster. The humiliation that follows defeat and retreat is pictured upon the faces alike of the officers and men of every army.

There was a great want of proper equipment and supplies. Doubtless, whatever they may have had, had been seriously affected by disasters in battle and the rapidity of the retreat of the army. Much of the discomfort resulted from the absence of proper shelter and from insufficient food. The last has a very demoralizing influence upon any body of troops. The sad condition of the Greek army was made more melancholy by the presence of great numbers of refugees, wandering about from place to place, homeless and destitute. It was estimated that in and around the army there were 50,000 of these people, who had abandoned their little homes, carrying away only what little substance and clothing they could transport

upon their backs, in carts, and upon a few pack animals. Those that were best circumstanced had a few domestic animals that they were driving, seeking any place of shelter for rest and refuge. I have never seen a more desolate class of people or one which excited more sympathy.

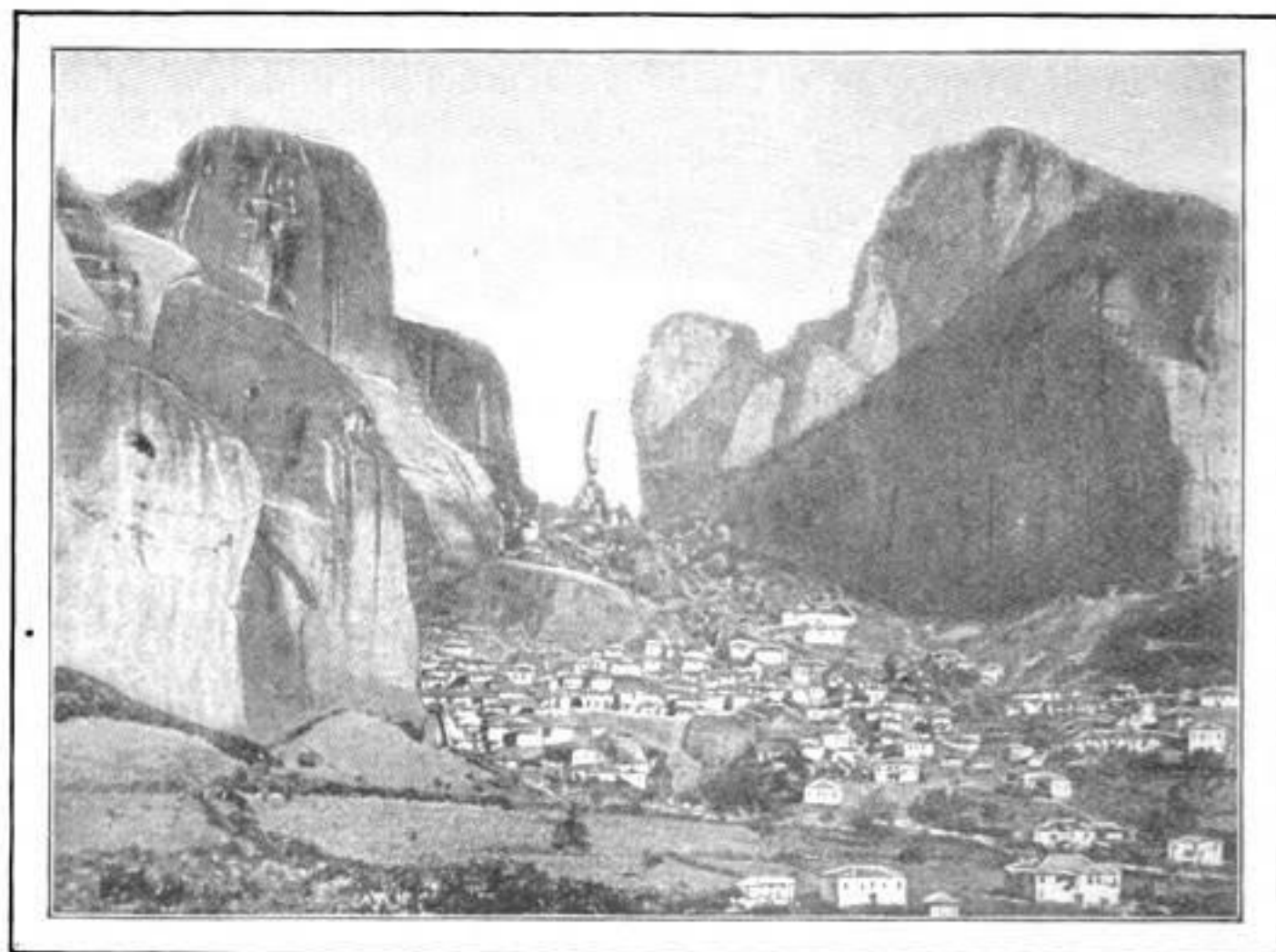
The humanitarians were active and beneficent in their efforts to relieve the suffering of the unfortunate Greeks, especially of the wounded, and many men and women were engaged in this humane enterprise. The Society of the Red Cross was conspicuous in this work, and there were a number of American representatives. One especially worthy of note, whom I met later, was Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott, daughter of Julia Ward Howe, the authoress of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," of whose history and record we are justly proud. Mrs. Elliott was actively interested and engaged in correspondence for the relief of the unfortunate Greeks.

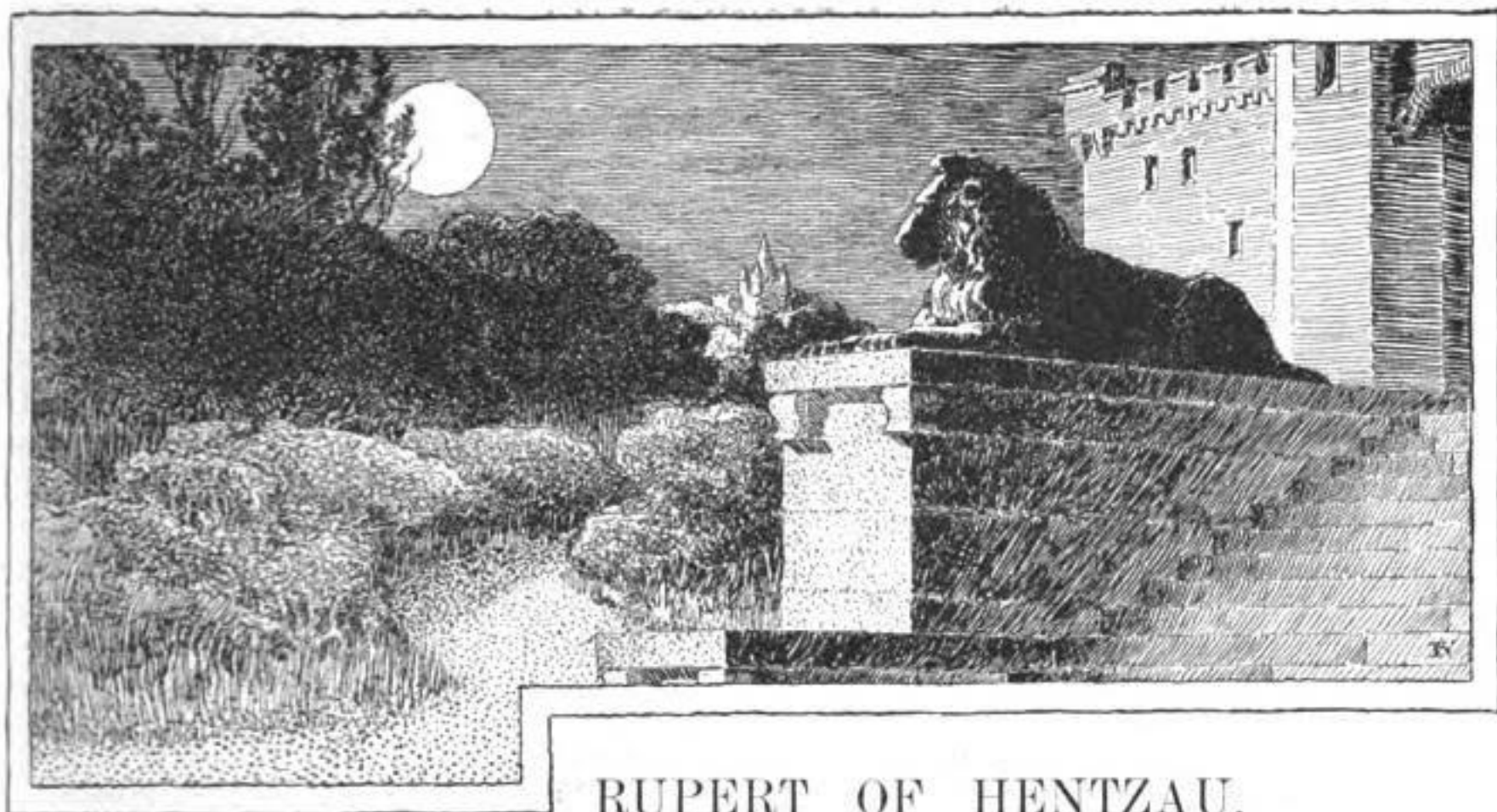
Before leaving the Greek army, I had opportunity to ride over the historic ground of the Pass of Thermopylæ, where the Spartans so heroically fought and died. It is a singular formation: the high, precipitous mountains come close to the sea, leaving a narrow strip of land between impassable heights and the waters of the Bay of Lamia. The two thousand years that have elapsed

since Leonidas held the pass have made a marked change in the topography of the place. The waters have receded, leaving the belt of table-land wider than it was at that eventful time; but it is easy to see where they were in former times, and that the very narrow belt of land could have been defended by a few hundred heroic, stalwart men against any body of assailants. We spent an entire afternoon riding around the base of the mountain near the Pass of Thermopylæ and following the trail that was evidently taken by a portion of Xerxes' army led by the Trachinian. This force circumventing the position held by the Spartans, succeeded in gaining their line of retreat, and so caused the death of the heroic band. So rugged are these mountains that there are only a few narrow trails by which they can be crossed, a small force well placed being capable of defending them against any number of assailants.

This visit to the Pass of Thermopylæ, recalling, as it did, one of the most thrilling episodes in the history of Greece, rather intensified than otherwise the painful impression of modern Greece which my observation in Athens and at the front had produced. I came away from the country feeling that the glory of Greece had departed; that she is living to-day on the past.

KASTRAKI, A VILLAGE ON THE GREEK FRONTIER, IN THESSALY,—A POINT OF INTEREST IN THE RECENT WAR.





RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rassendyll secretly goes to Strelsau, where he means to force Rupert to give the letter up. He is soon discovered, and is everywhere mistaken for the king. Rupert, meanwhile, makes his way to the king, at a remote hunting-lodge, intending to betray the queen. But before he can do so, he and the king

quarrel, and he kills the king, and then flies. Two friends of the queen, Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Von Tarlenheim carries the news to Rassendyll and the queen, who is also now at Strelsau. Sapt and James, while alone at the lodge, develop a scheme of destroying all evidence of the king's death and letting the general illusion that Rassendyll is the king quietly grow until he really becomes the king. The queen, by her charm, wins over Rischenheim, an accomplice of Rupert; and she has also among her adherents Lieutenant Bernenstein. After several trials, Rassendyll comes at Rupert, in the latter's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse. As they are fighting a duel with swords for possession of the letter, a young girl in the house, believing Rassendyll to be the king, cries to the crowd outside that Rupert is killing the king. Thereupon Von Tarlenheim and Bernenstein, who chance to be of the crowd, press into the house.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE KING.

THE things that men call presages, pre-sentiments, and so forth, are, to my mind, for the most part idle nothings: sometimes it is only that probable events cast before them a natural shadow which superstitious fancy twists into a heaven-sent warning; oftener the same desire that gives conception works fulfilment, and the dreamer sees in the result of his own act and will a mysterious accomplishment independent of

his effort. Yet when I observe thus calmly and with good sense on the matter to the Constable of Zenda, he shakes his head and answers, "But Rudolf Rassendyll knew from the first that he would come again to Strelsau and engage young Rupert point to point. Else why did he practise with the foils so as to be a better swordsman the second time than he was the first? Mayn't God do anything that Fritz von Tarlenheim can't understand? A pretty notion, on my life!" And he goes off grumbling.

Well, be it inspiration, or be it delusion—and the difference stands often on a hair's

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



See page 149.

"GOD SAVE THE KING!"

breadth—I am glad that Rudolf had it. For if a man once grows rusty, it is everything short of impossible to put the fine polish on his skill again. Mr. Rassendyll had strength, will, coolness, and, of course, courage. None would have availed had not his eye been in perfect familiarity with its work, and his hand obeyed it as readily as the bolt slips in a well-oiled groove. As the thing stood, the lithe agility and unmatched dash of young Rupert but just missed being too much for him. He was in deadly peril when the girl Rosa ran down to bring him aid. His practised skill was able to maintain his defense. He sought to do no more, but endured Rupert's fiery attacks and wily feints in an almost motionless stillness. Almost, I say; for the slight turns of wrist that seem nothing are everything, and served here to keep his skin whole and his life in him.

There was an instant—Rudolf saw it in his eyes and dwelt on it when he lightly painted the scene for me—when there dawned on Rupert of Hentzau the knowledge that he could not break down his enemy's guard. Surprise, chagrin, amusement, or something like it, seemed blended in his look. He could not make out how he was caught and checked in every effort, meeting, it seemed, a barrier of iron impregnable in rest. His quick brain grasped the lesson in an instant. If his skill were not the greater, the victory would not be his, for his endurance was the less. He was younger, and his frame was not so closely knit; pleasure had taken its tithe from him; perhaps a good cause goes for something. Even while he almost pressed Rudolf against the panel of the door, he seemed to know that his measure of success was full. But what the hand could not compass the head might contrive. In quickly conceived strategy he began to give pause in his attack, nay, he retreated a step or two. No scruples hampered his devices, no code of honor limited the means he would employ. Backing before his opponent, he seemed to Rudolf to be faint-hearted; he was baffled, but seemed despairing; he was weary, but played a more complete fatigue. Rudolf advanced, pressing and attacking, only to meet a defence as perfect as his own. They were in the middle of the room now, close by the table. Rupert, as though he had eyes in the back of his head, skirted round, avoiding it by a narrow inch. His breathing was quick and distressed, gasp tumbling over gasp, but still his eye was

alert and his hand unerring. He had but a few moments' more effort left in him: it was enough if he could reach his goal and perpetrate the trick on which his mind, fertile in every base device, was set. For it was towards the mantelpiece that his retreat, seeming forced, in truth so deliberate, led him. There was the letter, there lay the revolvers. The time to think of risks was gone by; the time to boggle over what honor allowed or forbade had never come to Rupert of Hentzau. If he could not win by force and skill, he would win by guile and by treachery, to the test that he had himself invited. The revolvers lay on the mantelpiece: he meant to possess himself of one, if he could gain an instant in which to snatch it.

The device that he adopted was nicely chosen. It was too late to call a rest or ask breathing space: Mr. Rassendyll was not blind to the advantage he had won, and chivalry would have turned to folly had it allowed such indulgence. Rupert was hard by the mantelpiece now. The sweat was pouring from his face, and his breast seemed like to burst in the effort after breath; yet he had enough strength for his purpose. He must have slackened his hold on his weapon, for when Rupert's blade next struck it, it flew from his hand, twirled out of a nerveless grasp, and slid along the floor. Rupert stood disarmed, and Rudolf motionless.

"Pick it up," said Mr. Rassendyll, never thinking there had been a trick.

"Ay, and you'll truss me while I do it."

"You young fool, don't you know me yet?" and Rudolf, lowering his blade, rested its point on the floor, while with his left hand he indicated Rupert's weapon. Yet something warned him: it may be there came a look in Rupert's eyes, perhaps of scorn for his enemy's simplicity, perhaps of pure triumph in the graceless knavery. Rudolf stood waiting.

"You swear you won't touch me while I pick it up?" asked Rupert, shrinking back a little, and thereby getting an inch or two nearer the mantelpiece.

"You have my promise: pick it up. I won't wait any longer."

"You won't kill me unarmed?" cried Rupert, in alarmed scandalized expostulation.

"No; but——"

The speech went unfinished, unless a sudden cry were its ending. And, as he cried, Rudolf Rassendyll, dropping his sword on the ground, sprang forward. For Rupert's

hand had shot out behind him and was on the butt of one of the revolvers. The whole trick flashed on Rudolf, and he sprang, flinging his long arms round Rupert. But Rupert had the revolver in his hand.

In all likelihood the two neither heard nor heeded, though it seemed to me that the creaks and groans of the old stairs were loud enough to wake the dead. For now Rosa had given the alarm, Bernenstein and I—or I and Bernenstein (for I was first, and, therefore, may put myself first)—had rushed up. Hard behind us came Rischenheim, and hot on his heels a score of fellows, pushing and shouldering and trampling. We in front had a fair start, and gained the stairs unimpeded; Rischenheim was caught up in the ruck and gulped in the stormy, tossing group that struggled for first footing on the steps. Yet, soon they were after us, and we heard them reach the first landing as we sped up to the last. There was a confused din through all the house, and it seemed now to echo muffled and vague through the walls from the street without. I was conscious of it, although I paid no heed to anything but reaching the room where the king—where Rudolf—was. Now I was there, Bernenstein hanging to my heels. The door did not hold us a second. I was in, he after me. He slammed the door and set his back against it, just as the rush of feet flooded the highest flight of stairs. And at the moment a revolver shot rang clear and loud.

The lieutenant and I stood still, he against the door, I a pace farther into the room. The sight we saw was enough to arrest us with its strange interest. The smoke of the shot was curling about, but neither man seemed wounded. The revolver was in Rupert's hand, and its muzzle smoked. But Rupert was jammed against the wall, just by the side of the mantelpiece. With one hand Rudolf had pinned his left arm to the wainscoting higher than his head, with the other he held his right wrist. I drew slowly nearer: if Rudolf were unarmed, I could fairly enforce a truce and put them on an equality; yet, though Rudolf was unarmed, I did nothing. The sight of his face stopped me. He was very pale and his lips were set, but it was his eyes that caught my gaze, for they were glad and merciless. I had never seen him look thus before. I turned from him to young Hentzau's face. Rupert's teeth were biting his under lip, the sweat dropped, and the veins swelled

large and blue on his forehead; his eyes were set on Rudolf Rassendyll. Fascinated, I drew nearer. Then I saw what passed. Inch by inch Rupert's arm curved, the elbow bent, the hand that had pointed almost straight from him and at Mr. Rassendyll pointed now away from both towards the window. But its motion did not stop; it followed the line of a circle: now it was on Rupert's arm; still it moved, and quicker now, for the power of resistance grew less. Rupert was beaten; he felt it and knew it, and I read the knowledge in his eyes. I stepped up to Rudolf Rassendyll. He heard or felt me, and turned his eyes for an instant. I do not know what my face said, but he shook his head and turned back to Rupert. The revolver, held still in the man's own hand, was at his heart. The motion ceased, the point was reached.

I looked again at Rupert. Now his face was easier; there was a slight smile on his lips; he flung back his comely head and rested thus against the wainscoting; his eyes asked a question of Rudolf Rassendyll. I turned my gaze to where the answer was to come, for Rudolf made none in words. By the swiftest of movements he shifted his grasp from Rupert's wrist and pounced on his hand. Now his forefinger rested on Rupert's and Rupert's was on the trigger. I am no soft-heart, but I laid a hand on his shoulder. He took no heed; I dared do no more. Rupert glanced at me. I caught his look, but what could I say to him? Again my eyes were riveted on Rudolf's finger. Now it was crooked round Rupert's, seeming like a man who strangles another.

I will not say more. He smiled to the last; his proud head, which had never bent for shame, did not bend for fear. There was a sudden tightening in the pressure of that crooked forefinger, a flash, a noise. He was held up against the wall for an instant by Rudolf's hand; when that was removed he sank, a heap that looked all head and knees.

But hot on the sound of the discharge came a shout and an oath from Bernenstein. He was hurled away from the door, and through it burst Rischenheim and the whole score after him. They were jostling one another and crying out to know what passed and where the king was. High over all the voices, coming from the back of the throng, I heard the cry of the girl Rosa. But as soon as they were in the room, the same spell that had fastened Bernenstein and me to inactivity imposed its numbing power on

them also. Only Rischenheim gave a sudden sob and ran forward to where his cousin lay. The rest stood staring. For a moment Rudolf faced them. Then, without a word, he turned his back. He put out the right hand with which he had just killed Rupert of Hentzau, and took the letter from the mantelpiece. He glanced at the envelope, then he opened the letter. The handwriting banished any last doubt he had; he tore the letter across, and again in four pieces, and yet again in smaller fragments. Then he sprinkled the morsels of paper into the blaze of the fire. I believe that every eye in the room followed them and watched till they curled and crinkled into black, wafery ashes. Thus, at last, the queen's letter was safe.

When he had thus set the seal on his task he turned round to us again. He paid no heed to Rischenheim, who was crouching down by the body of Rupert; but he looked at Bernenstein and me, and then at the people behind us. He waited a moment before he spoke; then his utterance was not only calm but also very slow, so that he seemed to be choosing his words carefully.

"Gentlemen," said he, "a full account of this matter will be rendered by myself in due time. For the present it must suffice to say that this gentleman who lies here dead sought an interview with me on private business. I came here to find him, desiring, as he professed to desire, privacy. And here he tried to kill me. The result of his attempt you see."

I bowed low, Bernenstein did the like, and all the rest followed our example.

"A full account shall be given," said Rudolf. "Now let all leave me, except the Count of Tarlenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein."

Most unwillingly, with gaping mouths and wonder-struck eyes, the throng filed out of the door. Rischenheim rose to his feet.

"You stay, if you like," said Rudolf, and the count knelt again by his kinsman.

Seeing the rough bedsteads by the wall of the attic, I touched Rischenheim on the shoulder and pointed to one of them. Together we lifted Rupert of Hentzau. The revolver was still in his hand, but Bernenstein disengaged it from his grasp. Then Rischenheim and I laid him down, disposing his body decently and spreading over it his riding cloak, still spotted with the mud gathered on his midnight expedition to the hunting-lodge. His face looked much as before the shot was fired; in death, as in

life, he was the handsomest fellow in all Ruritania. I wager that many tender hearts ached and many bright eyes were dimmed for him when the news of his guilt and death went forth. There are ladies still in Strelsau who wear his trinkets in an ashamed devotion that cannot forget. Well, even I, who had every good cause to hate and scorn him, set the hair smooth on his brow; while Rischenheim was sobbing like a child, and young Bernenstein rested his head on his arm as he leant on the mantelpiece, and would not look at the dead. Rudolf alone seemed not to heed him or think of him. His eyes had lost their unnatural look of joy, and were now calm and tranquil. He took his own revolver from the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket, laying Rupert's neatly where his had been. Then he turned to me and said:

"Come, let us go to the queen and tell her that the letter is beyond reach of hurt."

Moved by some impulse, I walked to the window and put my head out. I was seen from below, and a great shout greeted me. The crowd before the doors grew every moment; the people flocking from all quarters would soon multiply it a hundredfold; for such news as had been carried from the attic by twenty wondering tongues spreads like a forest-fire. It would be through Strelsau in a few minutes, through the kingdom in an hour, through Europe in but little longer. Rupert was dead and the letter was safe, but what were we to tell that great concourse concerning their king? A queer feeling of helpless perplexity came over me and found vent in a foolish laugh. Bernenstein was by my side; he also looked out, and turned again with an eager face.

"You'll have a royal progress to your palace," said he to Rudolf Rassendyll.

Mr. Rassendyll made no answer, but, coming to me, took my arm. We went out, leaving Rischenheim by the body. I did not think of him; Bernenstein probably thought that he would keep his pledge given to the queen, for he followed us immediately and without demur. There was nobody outside the door. The house was very quiet, and the tumult from the street reached us only in a muffled roar. But when we came to the foot of the stairs we found the two women. Mother Holf stood on the threshold of the kitchen, looking amazed and terrified. Rosa was clinging to her; but as soon as Rudolf came in sight, the girl sprang forward and flung herself on her knees before him, pouring out incoherent thanks to heaven

for his safety. He bent down and spoke to her in a whisper; she looked up with a flush of pride on her face. He seemed to hesitate a moment; he glanced at his hands, but he wore no ring save that which the Queen had given him long ago. Then he disengaged his chain and took his gold watch from his pocket. Turning it over, he showed me the monogram, R. R.

"Rudolfus Rex," he whispered with a whimsical smile, and pressed the watch into the girl's hand, saying: "Keep this to remind you of me."

She laughed and sobbed as she caught it with one hand, while with the other she held his.

"You must let go," he said gently. "I have much to do."

I took her by the arm and induced her to rise. Rudolf, released, passed on to where the old woman stood. He spoke to her in a stern, distinct voice.

"I don't know," he said, "how far you are a party to the plot that was hatched in your house. For the present I am content not to know, for it is no pleasure to me to detect disloyalty or to punish an old woman. But, take care! The first word you speak, the first act you do against me, the king, will bring its certain and swift punishment. If you trouble me, I won't spare you. In spite of traitors I am still king in Strelsau."

He paused, looking hard in her face. Her lip quivered and her eyes fell.

"Yes," he repeated, "I am king in Strelsau. Keep your hands out of mischief and your tongue quiet."

She made no answer. He passed on. I was following, but as I went by her the old woman clutched my arm.

"In God's name, who is he?" she whispered.

"Are you mad?" I asked, lifting my brows. "Don't you know the king when he speaks to you? And you'd best remember what he said. He has servants who'll do his orders."

She let me go and fell back a step. Young Bernenstein smiled at her; he at least found more pleasure than anxiety in our position. Thus, then, we left them: the old woman terrified, amazed, doubtful; the girl with ruddy cheeks and shining eyes, clasping in her two hands the keepsake that the king himself had given her.

Bernenstein had more presence of mind than I. He ran forward, got in front of both of us, and flung the door open. Then, bowing very low, he stood aside to let Rudolf

pass. The street was full from end to end now, and a mighty shout of welcome rose from thousands of throats. Hats and handkerchiefs were waved in mad exultation and triumphant loyalty. The tidings of the king's escape had flashed through the city, and all were there to do him honor. They had seized some gentleman's landau and taken out the horses. The carriage stood now before the doors of the house. Rudolf had waited a moment on the threshold, lifting his hat once or twice; his face was perfectly calm, and I saw no trembling in his hands. In an instant a dozen arms took gentle hold of him and impelled him forward. He mounted into the carriage; Bernenstein and I followed, with bare heads, and sat on the back seat, facing him. The people were round as thick as bees, and it seemed as though we could not move without crushing somebody. Yet presently the wheels turned, and they began to drag us away at a slow walk. Rudolf kept raising his hat, bowing now to right, now to left. But once, as he turned, his eyes met ours. In spite of what was behind and what was in front, we all three smiled.

"I wish they'd go a little quicker," said Rudolf in a whisper, as he conquered his smile and turned again to acknowledge the loyal greetings of his subjects.

But what did they know of any need for haste? They did not know what stood on the turn of the next few hours, nor the momentous question that pressed for instant decision. So far from hurrying, they lengthened our ride by many pauses; they kept us before the cathedral, while some ran and got the joy bells set ringing; we were stopped to receive improvised bouquets from the hands of pretty girls and impetuous handshakings from enthusiastic loyalists. Through it all Rudolf kept his composure, and seemed to play his part with native kingliness. I heard Bernenstein whisper, "By God, he must stick to it!"

At last we came in sight of the palace. Here also there was a great stir. Many officers and soldiers were about. I saw the chancellor's carriage standing near the portico, and a dozen other handsome equipages were waiting till they could approach. Our human horses drew us slowly up to the entrance. Helsing was on the steps, and ran down to the carriage, greeting the king with passionate fervor. The shouts of the crowd grew louder still.

But suddenly a stillness fell on them; it lasted but an instant, and was the prelude

to a deafening roar. I was looking at Rudolf and saw his head turn suddenly and his eyes grow bright. I looked where his eyes had gone. There, on the top step of the broad marble flight, stood the queen, pale as the marble itself, stretching out her hands towards Rudolf. The people had seen her: she it was whom this last rapturous cheer greeted. My wife stood close behind her, and farther back others of her ladies. Bernenstein and I sprang out. With a last salute to the people Rudolf followed us. He walked up to the highest step but one, and there fell on one knee and kissed the queen's hand. I was by him, and when he looked up in her face I heard him say:

"All's well. He's dead, and the letter burnt."

She raised him with her hand. Her lips moved, but it seemed as though she could find no words to speak. She put her arm through his, and thus they stood for an instant, fronting all Strelsau. Again the cheers rang out, and young Bernenstein sprang forward, waving his helmet and crying like a man possessed, "God save the king!" I was carried away by his enthusiasm and followed his lead. All the people took up the cry with boundless fervor, and thus we all, high and low in Strelsau, that afternoon hailed Mr. Rassendyll for our king. There had been no such zeal since Henry the Lion came back from his wars, a hundred and fifty years ago.

"And yet," observed old Helsing at my elbow, "agitators say that there is no enthusiasm for the house of Elphberg!" He took a pinch of snuff in scornful satisfaction.

Young Bernenstein interrupted his cheering with a short laugh, but fell to his task again in a moment. I had recovered my senses by now, and stood panting, looking down on the crowd. It was growing dusk and the faces became blurred into a white sea. Yet suddenly I seemed to discern one glaring up at me from the middle of the crowd—the pale face of a man with a bandage about his head. I caught Bernenstein's arm and whispered, "Bauer," pointing with my finger where the face was. But, even as I pointed, it was gone; though it seemed impossible for a man to move in that press, yet it was gone. It had come like a cynic's warning across the scene of mock triumph, and went swiftly as it had come, leaving behind it a reminder of our peril. I felt suddenly sick at heart, and almost cried out to the people to have done with their silly shouting.

At last we got away. The plea of fatigue met all visitors who made their way to the door and sought to offer their congratulations; it could not disperse the crowd that hung persistently and contentedly about, ringing us in the palace with a living fence. We still heard their jests and cheers when we were alone in the small saloon that opens on the gardens. My wife and I had come here at Rudolf's request; Bernenstein had assumed the duty of guarding the door. Evening was now falling fast, and it grew dark. The garden was quiet; the distant noise of the crowd threw its stillness into greater relief. Rudolf told us there the story of his struggle with Rupert of Hentzau in the attic of the old house, dwelling on it as lightly as he could. The queen stood by his chair—she would not let him rise; when he finished by telling how he had burnt her letter, she stooped suddenly and kissed him on the brow. Then she looked straight across at Helga, almost defiantly; but Helga ran to her and caught her in her arms.

Rudolf Rassendyll sat with his head resting on his hand. He looked up once at the two women; then he caught my eye, and beckoned me to come to him. I approached him, but for several moments he did not speak. Again he motioned to me, and, resting my hand on the arm of his chair, I bent my head close down to his. He glanced again at the queen, seeming afraid that she would hear what he wished to say.

"Fritz," he whispered at last, "as soon as it's fairly dark I must get away. Bernenstein will come with me. You must stay here."

"Where can you go?"

"To the lodge. I must meet Sapt and arrange matters with him."

I did not understand what plan he had in his head, or what scheme he could contrive. But at the moment my mind was not directed to such matters; it was set on the sight before my eyes.

"And the queen?" I whispered in answer to him.

Low as my voice was, she heard it. She turned to us with a sudden, startled movement, still holding Helga's hand. Her eyes searched our faces, and she knew in an instant of what we had been speaking. A little longer still she stood, gazing at us. Then she suddenly sprang forward and threw herself on her knees before Rudolf, her hands uplifted and resting on his shoulders. She forgot our presence, and everything in

the world, save her great dread of losing him again.

"Not again, Rudolf, my darling! Not again! Rudolf, I can't bear it again."

Then she dropped her head on his knees and sobbed.

He raised his hand and gently stroked the gleaming hair. But he did not look at her. He gazed out at the garden, which grew dark and dreary in the gathering gloom. His lips were tight set and his face pale and drawn.

I watched him for a moment, then I drew my wife away, and we sat down at a table some way off. From outside still came the cheers and tumult of the joyful, excited crowd. Within there was no sound but the queen's stifled sobbing. Rudolf caressed her shining hair and gazed into the night with sad, set eyes.

She raised her head and looked into his face.

"You'll break my heart," she said.

CHAPTER XIX.

FOR OUR LOVE AND HER HONOR.

RUPERT of Hentzau was dead! That was the thought which, among all our perplexities, came back to me, carrying with it a wonderful relief. To those who have not learnt in fighting against him the height of his audacity and the reach of his designs, it may well seem incredible that his death should breed comfort at a moment when the future was still so dark and uncertain. Yet to me it was so great a thing that I could hardly bring myself to the conviction that we had done with him. True, he was dead; but could he not strike a blow at us even from beyond the gulf?

Such were the half-superstitious thoughts that forced their way into my mind as I stood looking out on the crowd which obstinately encircled the front of the palace. I was alone; Rudolf was with the queen, my wife was resting, Bernenstein had sat down to a meal for which I could find no appetite. By an effort I freed myself from my fancies and tried to concentrate my brain on the facts of our position. We were ringed round with difficulties. To solve them was beyond my power; but I knew where my wish and longing lay. I had no desire to find means by which Rudolf Rassendyll should escape unknown from Strelsau; the king, although dead, be again in death the king,

and the queen be left desolate on her mournful and solitary throne. It might be that a brain more astute than mine could bring all this to pass. My imagination would have none of it, but dwelt lovingly on the reign of him who was now king in Strelsau, declaring that to give the kingdom such a ruler would be a splendid fraud, and prove a stroke so bold as to defy detection. Against it stood only the suspicions of Mother Holf—fear or money would close her lips—and the knowledge of Bauer; Bauer's mouth also could be shut, ay, and should be before we were many days older. My reverie led me far; I saw the future years unroll before me in the fair record of a great king's sovereignty. It seemed to me that by the violence and bloodshed we had passed through, fate, for once penitent, was but righting the mistake made when Rudolf was not born a king.

For a long while I stood thus, musing and dreaming; I was roused by the sound of the door opening and closing; turning, I saw the queen. She was alone, and came towards me with timid steps. She looked out for a moment on the square and the people, but drew back suddenly in apparent fear lest they should see her. Then she sat down and turned her face towards mine. I read in her eyes something of the conflict of emotions which possessed her; she seemed at once to deprecate my disapproval and to ask my sympathy; she prayed me to be gentle to her fault and kind to her happiness; self-reproach shadowed her joy, but the golden gleam of it strayed through. I looked eagerly at her; this would not have been her bearing had she come from a last farewell; for the radiance was there, however much dimmed by sorrow and by fearfulness.

"Fritz," she began softly, "I am wicked—so wicked. Won't God punish me for my gladness?"

I fear I paid little heed to her trouble, though I can understand it well enough now.

"Gladness?" I cried in a low voice. "Then you've persuaded him?"

She smiled at me for an instant.

"I mean, you've agreed——?" I stammered.

Her eyes again sought mine, and she said in a whisper:

"Some day, not now. Oh, not now. Now would be too much. But some day, Fritz, if God will not deal too hardly with me, I—I shall be his, Fritz."

I was intent on my vision, not on hers.

I wanted him king; she did not care what he was, so that he was hers, so that he should not leave her,

"He'll take the throne," I cried triumphantly.

"No, no, no. Not the throne. He's going away."

"Going away!" I could not keep the dismay out of my voice.

"Yes, now. But not—not for ever. It will be long—oh, so long—but I can bear it, if I know that at last——" She stopped, still looking up at me with eyes that implored pardon and sympathy.

"I don't understand," said I, bluntly, and, I fear, gruffly, also.

"You were right," she said: "I did persuade him. He wanted to go away again as he went before. Ought I to have let him? Yes, yes! But I couldn't. Fritz, hadn't I done enough? You don't know what I've endured. And I must endure more still. For he will go now, and the time will be very long. But, at last, we shall be together. There is pity in God; we shall be together at last."

"If he goes now, how can he come back?"

"He will not come back; I shall go to him. I shall give up the throne and go to him, some day, when I can be spared from here, when I've done my—my work."

I was aghast at this shattering of my vision, yet I could not be hard to her. I said nothing, but took her hand and pressed it.

"You wanted him to be king?" she whispered.

"With all my heart, madam," said I.

"He wouldn't, Fritz. No, and I shouldn't dare to do that, either."

I fell back on the practical difficulties.

"But how can he go?" I asked.

"I don't know. But he knows; he has a plan."

We fell again into silence; her eyes grew more calm, and seemed to look forward in patient hope to the time when her happiness should come to her. I felt like a man suddenly robbed of the exaltation of wine and sunk to dull apathy.

"I don't see how he can go," I said sullenly.

She did not answer me. A moment later the door again opened. Rudolf came in, followed by Bernenstein. Both wore riding-boots and cloaks. I saw on Bernenstein's face just such a look of disappointment as I knew must be on mine. Rudolf seemed

calm and even happy. He walked straight up to the queen.

"The horses will be ready in a few minutes," he said gently. Then, turning to me, he asked, "You know what we're going to do, Fritz?"

"Not I, sire," I answered, sulkily.

"Not I, *sire!*" he repeated, in a half-merry, half-sad mockery. Then he came between Bernenstein and me and passed his arms through ours. "You two villains!" he said. "You two unscrupulous villains! Here you are, as rough as bears, because I won't be a thief! Why have I killed young Rupert and left you rogues alive?"

I felt the friendly pressure of his hand on my arm. I could not answer him. With every word from his lips and every moment of his presence my sorrow grew keener that he would not stay. Bernenstein looked across at me and shrugged his shoulders despairingly. Rudolf gave a little laugh.

"You won't forgive me for not being as great a rogue, won't you?" he asked.

Well, I found nothing to say, but I took my arm out of his and clasped his hand. He gripped mine hard.

"That's old Fritz!" he said; and he caught hold of Bernenstein's hand, which the lieutenant yielded with some reluctance. "Now, for the plan," said he. "Bernenstein and I set out at once for the lodge—yes, publicly, as publicly as we can. I shall ride right through the people there, showing myself to as many as will look at me, and letting it be known to everybody where I'm going. We shall get there quite early to-morrow, before it's light. There we shall find what you know. We shall find Sapt, too, and he'll put the finishing touches to our plan for us. Hullo, what's that?"

There was a sudden fresh shouting from the large crowd that still lingered outside the palace. I ran to the window, and saw a commotion in the midst of them. I flung the sash up. Then I heard a well-known, loud, strident voice:

"Make way, you rascals, make way."

I turned round again, full of excitement.

"It's Sapt himself!" I said. "He's riding like mad through the crowd, and your servant's just behind him."

"My God, what's happened? Why have they left the lodge?" cried Bernenstein.

The queen looked up in startled alarm, and, rising to her feet, came and passed her arm through Rudolf's. Thus we all stood, listening to the people good-naturedly cheering Sapt, whom they had recognized, and

bantering James, whom they took for a servant of the constable's.

The minutes seemed very long as we waited in utter perplexity, almost in consternation. The same thought was in the mind of all of us, silently imparted by one to another in the glances we exchanged. What could have brought them from their guard of the great secret, save its discovery? They would never have left their post while the fulfilment of their trust was possible. By some mishap, some unforeseen chance, the king's body must have been discovered. Then the king's death was known, and the news of it might any moment astonish and bewilder the city.

At last the door was flung open, and a servant announced the Constable of Zenda. Sapt was covered with dust and mud, and James, who entered close on his heels, was in no better plight. Evidently they had ridden hard and furiously; indeed they were still panting. Sapt, with a most perfunctory bow to the queen, came straight to where Rudolf stood.

"Is he dead?" he asked, without preface.

"Yes, Rupert is dead," answered Mr. Rassendyll: "I killed him."

"And the letter?"

"I burnt it."

"And Rischenheim?"

The queen struck in.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim will say and do nothing against me," she said.

Sapt lifted his brows a little.

"Well, and Bauer?" he asked.

"Bauer's at large," I answered.

"Hum! Well, it's only Bauer," said the constable, seeming tolerably well pleased. Then his eyes fell on Rudolf and Bernenstein. He stretched out his hand and pointed to their riding-boots. "Whither away so late at night?" he asked.

"First together to the lodge, to find you, then I alone to the frontier," said Mr. Rassendyll.

"One thing at a time. The frontier will wait. What does your Majesty want with me at the lodge?"

"I want so to contrive that I shall be no longer your Majesty," said Rudolf.

Sapt flung himself in a chair and took off his gloves.

"Come, tell me what has happened to-day in Strelsau," he said.

We gave a short and hurried account. He listened with few signs of approval or disapproval, but I thought I saw a gleam in his eyes when I described how all the city

had hailed Rudolf as its king and the queen received him as her husband before the eyes of all. Again the hope and vision, shattered by Rudolf's calm resolution, inspired me. Sapt said little, but he had the air of a man with some news in reserve. He seemed to be comparing what we told him with something already known to him but unknown to us. The little servant stood all the while in respectful stillness by the door; but I could see by a glance at his alert face that he followed the whole scene with keen attention.

At the end of the story, Rudolf turned to Sapt.

"And your secret—is it safe?" he asked.

"Ay, it's safe enough!"

"Nobody has seen what you had to hide?"

"No; and nobody knows that the king is dead," answered Sapt.

"Then what brings you here?"

"Why, the same thing that was about to bring you to the lodge: the need of a meeting between yourself and me, sire."

"But the lodge—is it left unguarded?"

"The lodge is safe enough," said Colonel Sapt.

Unquestionably there was a secret, a new secret, hidden behind the curt words and brusque manner. I could restrain myself no longer, and sprang forward, saying: "What is it? Tell us, Constable!"

He looked at me, then glanced at Mr. Rassendyll.

"I should like to hear your plan first," he said to Rudolf. "How do you mean to account for your presence alive in the city to-day, when the king has lain dead in the shooting-box since last night?"

We drew closer together as Rudolf began his answer. Sapt alone lay back in his chair. The queen also had resumed her seat; she seemed to pay little heed to what we said. I think that she was still engrossed with the struggle and tumult in her own soul. The sin of which she accused herself, and the joy to which her whole being sprang in a greeting which would not be abashed, were at strife between themselves, but joined hands to exclude from her mind any other thought.

"In an hour I must be gone from here," began Rudolf.

"If you wish that, it's easy," observed Colonel Sapt.

"Come, Sapt, be reasonable," smiled Mr. Rassendyll. "Early to-morrow, we—you and I —"

"Oh, I also?" asked the colonel.

"Yes; you, Bernenstein, and I will be at the lodge."

"That's not impossible, though I have had nearly enough riding."

Rudolf fixed his eyes firmly on Sapt's.

"You see," he said, "the king reaches his hunting-lodge early in the morning."

"I follow you, sire."

"And what happens there, Sapt? Does he shoot himself accidentally?"

"Well, that happens sometimes."

"Or does an assassin kill him?"

"Eh, but you've made the best assassin unavailable."

Even at this moment I could not help smiling at the old fellow's surly wit and Rudolf's amused tolerance of it.

"Or does his faithful attendant, Herbert, shoot him?"

"What, make poor Herbert a murderer?"

"Oh, no! By accident—and then, in remorse, kill himself."

"That's very pretty. But doctors have awkward views as to when a man can have shot himself."

"My good Constable, doctors have palms as well as ideas. If you fill the one you supply the other."

"I think," said Sapt, "that both the plans are good. Suppose we choose the latter, what then?"

"Why, then, by to-morrow at midday the news flashes through Ruritania—yes, and through Europe—that the king, miraculously preserved to-day——"

"Praise be to God!" interjected Colonel Sapt; and young Bernenstein laughed.

"Has met a tragic end."

"It will occasion great grief," said Sapt.

"Meanwhile, I am safe over the frontier."

"Oh, you are quite safe?"

"Absolutely. And in the afternoon of to-morrow, you and Bernenstein will set out for Strelsau, bringing with you the body of the king." And Rudolf, after a pause, whispered, "You must shave his face. And if the doctors want to talk about how long he's been dead, why, they have, as I say, palms."

Sapt sat silent for a while, apparently considering the scheme. It was risky enough in all conscience, but success had made Rudolf bold, and he had learnt how slow suspicion is if a deception be bold enough. It is only likely frauds that are detected.

"Well, what do you say?" asked Mr. Rassendyll. I observed that he said nothing to Sapt of what the queen and he had determined to do afterwards.

Sapt wrinkled his forehead. I saw him glance at James, and the slightest, briefest smile showed on James's face.

"It's dangerous, of course," pursued Rudolf. "But I believe that when they see the king's body——"

"That's the point," interrupted Sapt. "They can't see the king's body."

Rudolf looked at him with some surprise. Then speaking in a low voice, lest the queen should hear and be distressed, he went on: "You must prepare it, you know. Bring it here in a shell; only a few officials need see the face."

Sapt rose to his feet and stood facing Mr. Rassendyll.

"The plan's a pretty one, but it breaks down at one point," said he in a strange voice, even harsher than his was wont to be. I was on fire with excitement, for I would have staked my life now that he had some strange tidings for us. "There is no body," said he.

Even Mr. Rassendyll's composure gave way. He sprang forward, catching Sapt by the arm.

"No body? What do you mean?" he exclaimed.

Sapt cast another glance at James, and then began in an even, mechanical voice, as though he were reading a lesson he had learnt, or playing a part that habit made familiar:

"That poor fellow Herbert carelessly left a candle burning where the oil and the wood were kept," he said. "This afternoon, about six, James and I lay down for a nap after our meal. At about seven James came to my side and roused me. My room was full of smoke. The lodge was ablaze. I darted out of bed: the fire had made too much headway; we could not hope to quench it; we had but one thought——" He suddenly paused, and looked at James.

"But one thought, to save our companion," said James gravely.

"But one thought, to save our companion. We rushed to the door of the room where he was. I opened the door and tried to enter. It was certain death. James tried, but fell back. Again I rushed in. James pulled me back: it was but another death. We had to save ourselves. We gained the open air. The lodge was a sheet of flame. We could do nothing but stand watching, till the swiftly burning wood blackened to ashes and the flames died down. As we watched we knew that all in the cottage must be dead. What could we

do? At last James started off in the hope of getting help. He found a party of charcoal-burners, and they came with him. The flames were burnt down now; and we and they approached the charred ruins. Everything was in ashes. But"—he lowered his voice—"we found what seemed to be the body of Boris the hound; in another room was a charred corpse, whose hunting horn,

melted to a molten mass, told us that it had been Herbert the forester. And there was another corpse, almost shapeless, utterly unrecognizable. We saw it; the charcoal-burners saw it. Then more peasants came round, drawn by the sight of the flames. None could tell who it was; only I and James knew. And we mounted our horses and have ridden here to tell the king."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE HOUSEHOLD OF THE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

SOCIAL LIFE IN THE ARMY OF THE UNION.

BY IRA SEYMOUR,

Author of "The Song of the Rappahannock," "The Making of a Regiment," etc.



THE site of the old home camp, the first mustering ground of many regiments, is now covered with pretty suburban homes, about which, I sometimes think, the ghosts of war times must play at midnight.

For us young fellows it was a rude beginning of real life when we found ourselves inside the great board fence and line of sentries which enclosed the rows of rough, wooden barracks. The members of our own company were indeed mostly neighbors, their faces were familiar, we had grown up together; yet never before had we been thrown into such intimate association. It is one thing to meet a man every day on the street or even at work; it is quite another to be compelled to bunk with him and take your breakfast out of the same camp kettle. For the youth who had been kept in a glass case at home this experience was trying and often disastrous, but for the most of us it was wholesome. We learned our own hitherto unsuspected faults, we discovered the good qualities of even our most faulty comrades, we saw human nature at close range.

Even the officers could not escape the influence of this enforced commingling. They had indeed separate quarters and their own mess; they stood also on a vantage ground of almost despotic authority, for from the moment we were mustered into service we were subject to the same military law which governed the regular army. But drawn

as our officers were from the same mass, knowing their men for old neighbors, often for intimate friends, frequently for those who had been at least their social equals, they could not hold themselves far aloof, and few of them cared to do so. They could form no separate caste, and this, perhaps, had its disadvantages; but for these there were certainly large compensations. It became necessary for an officer to prove his right to rank by qualities of leadership. The best officers were those who, without sacrifice of dignity, kept a lively sense of comradeship with their men.

The work of drill began before we received either arms or uniforms, and from the very first we managed to go through that essential of camp life, the evening dress parade. Then the grounds would be filled with spectators, mostly home friends: fathers, mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts, bringing with them dainties to supplement what seemed to them the hard fare of camp. We lived well, and were not a little spoiled in those days; and when we departed for the front, the mistaken kindness of those who loved us loaded us down with all sorts of knick-knacks for comfort and convenience. Though loth to part with these, our first marching days made us more loth to carry them. When a man's back becomes his only storehouse, he soon finds that riches do not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses. Patent writing-cases, extra socks and mittens, "ponchos" for the shoulders, "havelocks" for the head, etc., etc., began to strew the road, and in a short time

we were reduced to an absolutely socialistic quality in this world's goods. Whatever differences remained were those purely personal ones which can be discovered only by experience of each other's ways and characters.

In a regiment of a thousand men any extensive acquaintance outside one's own company comes slowly; yet many things served to bring us into fellowship. There was little clannishness, every man in blue was a comrade; yet, after all, each company was a family by itself, and in the company little coteries collected like the eddies in a river pool.

On the march two men usually tented together. In camp, when logs or brush were available, four could use their tent pieces to better advantage than two or three, and the camp was thus made more compact.

Men came together as tent mates by a process of natural or social selection. They had been schoolmates or work-fellows in the same shop; perhaps they were related as brothers or cousins; or they had been near neighbors and old friends. So it was at first; but new experiences in toil and peril were often solvents out of which new associations crystallized. Kindred spirits found each other; more and more the company became a greater family within which lesser and more intimate families grew up. Sometimes there were disagreements which broke up first arrangements; but commonly a quiet, almost unnoticed attraction of affinity drew the final groups together in bonds seldom broken save by death or disabling wounds or sickness. A few of these soldierly friendships bind old men even to-day; many more are cherished by lonely survivors as memories too sacred for common talk.

When for months you and your comrade have slept at night under one blanket and shared each other's daily bread, even though it were but hard-tack; when you have learned to depend on him and he upon you for help in trouble or comfort in sickness; when together you have entered the hell of deadly battle—after which the first question would be: "Is Joe safe?" "Where is Sam?" "Is little Gus alive?"—when together you have suffered hunger, thirst, heart-breaking weariness; above all, when, huddled together in storm or cold, you have had to endure long days of dreary, monotonous, comfortless idleness, then you know what it means to live a common life with a fellow man; and if he and you meet the test, then you know what friendship means.

In the routine of camp life the music of

drum and fife was conspicuously audible. We were wakened at daybreak by the shrill tune of the reveille; the last sound at night was that of the drum perambulating the camp with "taps," commanding "lights out" and sleep; while all day long frequent summons to varied duties came by "call" of drum and fife. There was "sick call," which brought all the indisposed who were able to walk into forlorn squads to be conducted by the orderly sergeants to the surgeon's tent for treatment. Its absurdly merry notes seemed to say:

"Come to the Doctor's
And get your castor oil."

Then "guard call," inevitable as the day, but always unwelcome. Drill call or "assembly" meant simply our daily work. At dress parade, which closed the day's active duties, the band discoursed its most martial strains, and after supper we heard it once more in the pleasant tones of "retreat," the music of which comes most impressively into recollection. From one camp after another the measured minor strains would sound forth; from near and far, from camps away beyond our sight, it would melt into distance, and then beyond the westward woods the artillery bugles would take it up until it died away with their mellow notes. It was the voice of the comradeship of a mighty, invisible host.

One can readily understand how persistently, how intimately this music of drum and fife wove itself into our lives. Some of those queer, old-fashioned, half melancholy, half merry tunes sing themselves in my memory even now.

What of the band on the day of battle? Was not martial music the soldier's inspiration? Did we not charge to its thrilling strains? We did nothing of the kind. There was other work for the musicians. On the approach of battle they were always sent to the rear for duty as stretcher-bearers and helpers in the field hospital. One pretty sure sign that bloody work was before us was the disappearance of the band; and the grimest, most sickening, yet most merciful work of war was theirs at such times.

In active campaigning, our camps were apt to be hasty, though never disorderly, bivouacs, and even if a few days' halt were made and the camp duly formed, rest for weary and foot-sore men took precedence of drill and, in fact, of everything not absolutely necessary. But one thing

was inevitable as day and night. This was roll-call. In storm or sunshine, in camp or on the march, before and after battle, the first thing in the morning and the last at night, we had to answer to our names. The first sergeant calls the roll. He knows the list by heart, and calls it off without book, in the dark, if need be.

At first irritatingly suggestive of that more than schoolboy tutelage which is one penalty of a soldier's life, the morning and evening roll-call by its insistent monotony gradually grew into an accepted item of existence, like salt pork and hard-tack. But when exposure, toil, and battle began to thin the ranks, roll-call gained a new meaning; it became a none too oft repeated personal history of our lives, a daily bulletin of passing events, and a reminder of those already past. It told of the sick and disabled, of those fallen out by the way, prisoners perhaps in the hands of the enemy, here and there of one promoted, here and there of one dead. There were days when those of us who could answer to our names did so with a feeling of solemn thankfulness, and other days when the omission, or perhaps the inadvertent calling, of a name sent a rush of sad remembrance through the ranks.

Imagine, if you can, the roll-call at night after a day of battle!—the mustering of the thinned company in the darkness; the suspense as the familiar names are spoken—it may be by an unfamiliar voice, for in battle death seemed to seek and find the sergeants; the frequent pauses for inquiry; perhaps the answer of a comrade for one who has fallen, perhaps a mournful silence. Oh, those silent names! For days, yes, for weeks and months, every now and then you seem to hear them at evening roll-call, and somewhere, close beside you it may be, an unseen presence seems to whisper: "Here!"

I think all who passed through it remember the winter of the Fredericksburg campaign with a shudder. Preceding the battle came freezing nights with thawing days, rain-soaked or snow-bound camps; days when our little tents were first buried in the snow, then frozen so stiff that when marching orders came we could scarcely strike or fold them; then short but horrible marches through slush and mud with our doubly heavy half-frozen loads; scanty rations withal, because of delayed supply trains: a month of exposure, discomfort, and misery.

The like of this is, however, what soldiers must expect, and if victory had come at the end, we could have borne far worse hardship

cheerfully. But the climax was the slaughter at Fredericksburg. The sting of that defeat was felt, not as a dishonor, but as undeserved disaster. We knew that courage and devotion such as any people might be proud of had been uselessly sacrificed. Yet the gloom of those winter days after the battle was not that of despair; it was the bitter prospect of indefinitely prolonged struggle, an outlook dark indeed to men who were soldiers not for glory but only for home and country.

The depression of that time was doubtless responsible for at least as large a loss of life as the battle beside the river. Hardship and exposure had bred sickness, and the mood of the hour offered feeble resistance to death. For months the little funeral processions were mournfully frequent; from our own brigade alone there were often two or three in a day.

There are no funerals on the march; there are none after battle. On the march, if a man falls out of the ranks stricken with mortal sickness or exhaustion, he is left to be picked up by the ambulance, perhaps to die alone by the way. The column cannot halt. After battle, there are but ghoulish burials. But in settled camp the decencies of death are rudely observed.

The first funeral in our company was that of one of our sergeants, a young man whom we all loved. He died shortly after Christmas time. A box of good things from home had lately arrived; out of the boards of that box we managed to make a coffin for our dear comrade, and the whole company marched to his grave. But the most of our dead were buried without coffin, and funerals became too common for any but scantiest ceremony. A drum and fife playing the Dead March, a firing squad of three to give a parting volley over the grave, then the chaplain, then the body of the dead soldier, wrapped in his blanket and carried on a stretcher by two men, followed perhaps by half a dozen intimate friends, and that was all.

In the brigade graveyard at the top of the hill, which grew so dismally in population during the winter, there were no headstones—only little pine boards, torn from empty cracker boxes, with the name of the departed written thereon in lead pencil or cut in with a jackknife. I remember several head-boards hewn from cedar, the most lasting of woods, made with great care and pains, with deep-cut inscriptions. These, you may be sure, were stronger proof of true affection than many of the costly monu-

ments which challenge the beholder's eye in our great cemeteries.

It is a pathetic fact that all through the war many men who might have recovered from the fevers and other ailments common to a soldier's life died because homesickness had quenched their power of resistance to disease. Indeed there were not a few deaths from homesickness pure and simple. It is not a disease recognized in official reports, but ask any army surgeon and he will probably tell you some surprisingly sad tales.

Fatal cases were, however, exceptional, though the ordinary malady was common enough. Sometimes its manifestations were serio-comic, as for instance in my own case.

In the midst of our worst other discomforts, we were for a time compelled to subsist upon ancient hard-tack, which was often in such condition that, "if you called, it would come to you;" and one day I strolled off alone into the woods beyond the camp, and, sitting on a log, gave myself to meditation. I thought of my privations, not bitterly, but with a deliberate and curiously analytical wonder. I said to myself: "How much more a man can stand than he would have believed possible!" Then my thoughts wandered to my far-away home, with its simple luxuries and comforts, and that which came most vividly to mind was the fact that once—it seemed ages ago—I had really had good, wholesome soft bread to eat every day, and three times a day at that! I then began to ask myself: "Would I ever again have soft bread every day?" "Was it possible that such happiness could be mine?" And I said to myself dolefully: "No! It is not likely. You are a soldier; you can henceforth have only soldier's fare; you will probably fill a soldier's grave. You will never taste soft bread again!"

Now this may seem absurd in the telling, yet God knows it was horribly real at the time.

But this was only a passing mood with the mass of us. We were a host of young men; life was too strong and elastic for even the depression which followed Fredericksburg to hold us down. We found ways to amuse ourselves.

One of the frequent but evanescent snow-storms of that semi-southern land had fallen, and snow-balling became a common sport. Finally an organized contest was proposed between our regiment and two others of the brigade. We were so much stronger in numbers than the older regiments that this apparently one-sided arrangement only equal-

ized forces, and as an offset we were given the doubtful advantage of the defensive. Both sides were drawn up in rigid military array, with officers in their places of command. As for ourselves, we made piles of snow-balls and awaited the onset. It came like a whirlwind; those veterans had not been through a dozen real battles for nothing, and as their line approached and the missiles began to fly, it was like a hailstorm. The snow-balls were wet and hard, often icy; both sides were in hot earnest, and like the ancient Romans we aimed at the faces of our foes. I hardly know how it all looked, for I was in the thick of it and almost blinded, but I know how it felt. If the snow-balls had been bullets, I should have been riddled from head to foot.

We stood our ground manfully for a little while; but the too subtle strategy of our commander had divided our force, we were outnumbered at the critical point, and the superior discipline of our opponents prevailed. We had to confess ourselves beaten; and from the way our veteran friends crowed over us, I almost think they were tempted to inscribe that snow-ball victory on their battle flags.

An even better antidote for the blues was the work which became necessary as the army went into winter quarters. There is no pleasanter occupation than home building, be it ever so rude, and we took much pains and found great enjoyment in the making and furnishing of our little houses. Some regiments whose location was near suitable timber built good-sized log huts; we were compelled to be more modest. The dwelling which my own group of four tent mates erected and occupied may serve as a fair example. Four pieces of shelter tent buttoned together made the roof, which covered a log structure twelve feet long and five or six feet wide. The log walls were about three feet high; but as the ground sloped away from the company street, we dug out the rear half of our hut, and there we had a little room in which we could stand erect. This served for our kitchen. The more elevated part was occupied by a broad bed of poles covered with dried grass and our blankets. This made a springy couch on which the four of us could sleep comfortably side by side; and the edge of the bed was just high enough to make a convenient seat with our feet resting on the kitchen floor. About the sides of the house were shelves and pegs for our belongings.

In the kitchen end, beside the door, we

built a fireplace and chimney. Now a wooden fireplace and chimney may seem ludicrously impractical, but that is what we and thousands of others actually built from green-pine sticks. But we fireproofed it with a coating of clay on the inside, and it answered its purpose perfectly. It "drew" finely, and gave us no end of solid comfort. Some of the chimneys did not work so well, and then the draught was increased by the precarious expedient of an empty, headless barrel placed on top. This generally served for a short time; but the barrel was pretty sure to take fire, and then there would be a grand excitement and much merriment over the frantic effort to extinguish the blaze.

Not the chimneys alone played tricks on the householders. Mischievous comrades have been known to drop a handful of cartridges down a chimney from the outside, with the result of a smothered explosion and a great scattering of ashes and embers over everything and everybody within.

The spirit of fun also found outlet in the adornment of the gables of our dwellings with various legends suggestive of the personal peculiarities of the inmates. For instance, of two queerly assorted tent mates, one had been a church sexton and a conspicuous functionary at village funerals; the other had worked in a silverware factory. Over their door some wag tacked a sign with the inscription:

DOWD AND GRIFFITH,
JEWELERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

As few of us were content with the wholesale work of the company cooks, we did most of our cooking ourselves, by our kitchen fires, and those of us who survived the war learned enough to make us useful to the women who were wise enough to choose us as husbands, though I fear the details of our housekeeping would have shocked them.

Many a pleasant evening we spent about our little fireplace. We talked about home, the girls we loved, religion, politics, literature, camp gossip, everything. Or we read, when we had books or papers from home, or wrote letters or our journals.

There was, however, little real privacy in those huts so close together, with their canvas roofs. Any loud talk could be heard from one to the other, and in the evening after "retreat" the camp became a very babel of men singing, talking, laughing, swearing, telling stories; a chorus in one tent, a game of cards in another; in three or

four at once loud discussions of the doings in the regiment or of the state of the country.

At nine o'clock "taps" sounded, and the officer of the day went the rounds to see that all lights were out. This was early bed-time in the long winter nights, and by various ruses we managed to conceal the glimmer of candles relighted after the officer had returned to the guard-house. The Bible and Shakespeare were responsible for some of these evasions of military regulations; quiet little games of cards for more of them.

Speaking of cards and Bibles brings up the image of the chaplain.

A friend in a regiment distinguished for its high discipline and its severe losses in many battles said to me one day: "A good chaplain makes a good regiment." Then, in illustration, he told me the story of their own chaplain, a man of fine culture, high social position, and great devotion to his calling. In his pastoral visits through the camp, if he surprised a group engaged in a little game of "bluff," he would quietly scoop up the stakes, put the money in his own pocket, and say: "Boys, this is for the hospital fund." Strange to say, the boys never murmured. The cheerful but shamefaced reply was always, "All right, chaplain."

I think no one will wonder who hears the rest of the story.

On the eve of battle, this chaplain took personal command of the stretcher-bearers, and when the combat was raging he would lead his little band of helpers into the thickest fire to succor the wounded. My friend told me: "I have known him to creep out between the opposing lines to bring off wounded men. The boys all knew that if they got into trouble, Chaplain H. would be there to help if this was in the power of mortal man." There were other chaplains of like spirit. Our own was not only untiring in his care for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, but always ready for any kindly service he could render to the members of the regiment or to their families at home. But it must be confessed that they were not all of this stamp. It was quite possible for the chaplain to be the most useless officer in a regiment.

It could not be said of our regiment that we were like the men of Cromwell's "new model," yet we came from communities in which Puritanism was traditional, and in almost every company there were at least a few examples of strong Christian character.

The two men who had been killed in the battle were buried in the trench. One of the men whose name was not known to the regiment.

But occasionally one of the men would find people who were not of the regiment. I have seen many of these men, especially those who were described as "prayer men." One of these men was a man whose godly life was known to all. He was in intense earnestness in his prayers, and his character would escape him.

On a Sunday, as I was walking, a group of officers gathered in the trench and had a discussion of some business matters. The colonel paced back and forth with his hands behind him, taking no part in the conversation, but biting his bristly mustache, as was his wont when annoyed. Suddenly he stopped short and, facing them, exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, let's stop this damned quibbling and go and worship God awhile." Then picking up his Bible, he strode off by himself into the woods, leaving his guests to their reflections.

Religious men were apt to be more intense in the army than at home, and those who frequented the prayer-meetings in the tents or, in pleasant weather, under the trees, will never forget their atmosphere of warm and solemn earnestness.

On the night before we stormed Maree's Hill, the moon shone through fleecy clouds and it was only partly dark. We lay in line of battle at rest, the most of us trying to sleep. Presently, out toward the front, between us and the skirmish line, voices were heard. The watchful major immediately asked: "What is that? Who is talking out there in front?" One of the men answered: "The major, it is only some of the men having a prayer-meeting;" and the major rose instantly, in place of his feet and voice, a feeling of deep solemnity came over him as he thought of the prayers being offered for us all on the verge of battle.

There was a young man in the company to whom the major spoke. He was from him, gave a little more of his nature selections. The man was another just like him. He was the same person. He kept true to his word, no matter what the day. As we lay in the trench, the fateful morning came. The meeting was held in the trench.

The two men who had been killed in the battle were buried in the trench. One of the men whose name was not known to the regiment.

But occasionally one of the men would find people who were not of the regiment. I have seen many of these men, especially those who were described as "prayer men." One of these men was a man whose godly life was known to all. He was in intense earnestness in his prayers, and his character would escape him.

On a Sunday, as I was walking, a group of officers gathered in the trench and had a discussion of some business matters. The colonel paced back and forth with his hands behind him, taking no part in the conversation, but biting his bristly mustache, as was his wont when annoyed. Suddenly he stopped short and, facing them, exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, let's stop this damned quibbling and go and worship God awhile." Then picking up his Bible, he strode off by himself into the woods, leaving his guests to their reflections.

Religious men were apt to be more intense in the army than at home, and those who frequented the prayer-meetings in the tents or, in pleasant weather, under the trees, will never forget their atmosphere of warm and solemn earnestness.

On the night before we stormed Maree's Hill, the moon shone through fleecy clouds and it was only partly dark. We lay in line of battle at rest, the most of us trying to sleep. Presently, out toward the front, between us and the skirmish line, voices were heard. The watchful major immediately asked: "What is that? Who is talking out there in front?" One of the men answered: "The major, it is only some of the men having a prayer-meeting;" and the major rose instantly, in place of his feet and voice, a feeling of deep solemnity came over him as he thought of the prayers being offered for us all on the verge of battle.

There was a young man in the company to whom the major spoke. He was from him, gave a little more of his nature selections. The man was another just like him. He was the same person. He kept true to his word, no matter what the day. As we lay in the trench, the fateful morning came. The meeting was held in the trench.

Then, tired and hungry as we were after the day's march, we were not allowed to sleep. We were to be ready for the next day's battle. The major was very strict. He would not allow us to sleep. He would not allow us to eat. He would not allow us to drink. He would not allow us to talk. He would not allow us to move. He would not allow us to do anything but wait for the next day's battle.

The next day we fought the battle of Maree's Hill. We were victorious. The major was very pleased. He was very proud. He was very happy. He was very content. He was very satisfied. He was very pleased. He was very proud. He was very happy. He was very content. He was very satisfied.

built a fireplace and chimney. Now a wooden fireplace and chimney may seem ludicrously impractical, but that is what we and thousands of others actually built from green-pine sticks. But we fireproofed it with a coating of clay on the inside, and it answered its purpose perfectly. It "drew" finely, and gave us no end of solid comfort. Some of the chimneys did not work so well, and then the draught was increased by the precarious expedient of an empty, headless barrel placed on top. This generally served for a short time; but the barrel was pretty sure to take fire, and then there would be a grand excitement and much merriment over the frantic effort to extinguish the blaze.

Not the chimneys alone played tricks on the householders. Mischievous comrades have been known to drop a handful of cartridges down a chimney from the outside, with the result of a smothered explosion and a great scattering of ashes and embers over everything and everybody within.

The spirit of fun also found outlet in the adornment of the gables of our dwellings with various legends suggestive of the personal peculiarities of the inmates. For instance, of two queerly assorted tent mates, one had been a church sexton and a conspicuous functionary at village funerals; the other had worked in a silverware factory. Over their door some wag tacked a sign with the inscription:

DOWD AND GRIFFITH,
JEWELERS AND UNDERTAKERS.

As few of us were content with the wholesale work of the company cooks, we did most of our cooking ourselves, by our kitchen fires, and those of us who survived the war learned enough to make us useful to the women who were wise enough to choose us as husbands, though I fear the details of our housekeeping would have shocked them.

Many a pleasant evening we spent about our little fireplace. We talked about home, the girls we loved, religion, politics, literature, camp gossip, everything. Or we read, when we had books or papers from home, or wrote letters or our journals.

There was, however, little real privacy in those huts so close together, with their canvas roofs. Any loud talk could be heard from one to the other, and in the evening after "retreat" the camp became a very babel of men singing, talking, laughing, swearing, telling stories; a chorus in one tent, a game of cards in another; in three or

four at once loud discussions of the doings in the regiment or of the state of the country.

At nine o' clock "taps" sounded, and the officer of the day went the rounds to see that all lights were out. This was early bed-time in the long winter nights, and by various ruses we managed to conceal the glimmer of candles relighted after the officer had returned to the guard-house. The Bible and Shakespeare were responsible for some of these evasions of military regulations; quiet little games of cards for more of them.

Speaking of cards and Bibles brings up the image of the chaplain.

A friend in a regiment distinguished for its high discipline and its severe losses in many battles said to me one day: "A good chaplain makes a good regiment." Then, in illustration, he told me the story of their own chaplain, a man of fine culture, high social position, and great devotion to his calling. In his pastoral visits through the camp, if he surprised a group engaged in a little game of "bluff," he would quietly scoop up the stakes, put the money in his own pocket, and say: "Boys, this is for the hospital fund." Strange to say, the boys never murmured. The cheerful but shamefaced reply was always, "All right, chaplain."

I think no one will wonder who hears the rest of the story.

On the eve of battle, this chaplain took personal command of the stretcher-bearers, and when the combat was raging he would lead his little band of helpers into the thickest fire to succor the wounded. My friend told me: "I have known him to creep out between the opposing lines to bring off wounded men. The boys all knew that if they got into trouble, Chaplain H. would be there to help if this was in the power of mortal man." There were other chaplains of like spirit. Our own was not only untiring in his care for the sick and wounded in the hospitals, but always ready for any kindly service he could render to the members of the regiment or to their families at home. But it must be confessed that they were not all of this stamp. It was quite possible for the chaplain to be the most useless officer in a regiment.

It could not be said of our regiment that we were like the men of Cromwell's "new model," yet we came from communities in which Puritanism was traditional, and in almost every company there were at least a few examples of strong Christian character.

The two sergeants in our own company who died in the service, one by sickness and the other in battle, were men of this sort, and one of the captains who fell in battle was a man whose Christian life was a benediction to the regiment.

But occasionally one met with what good people might consider strange inconsistencies. I have heard swearing euphemistically described as the utterance of "short prayers." One of our field officers was a man whose godly life was known to all, yet in intense moments short prayers of startling character would escape him.

On a Sunday, so it was said, a group of officers gathered in his tent fell into warm discussion of some troublesome regimental affair. The colonel paced back and forth with his hands behind him, taking no part in the conversation, but biting his bristly mustache, as was his wont when annoyed. Suddenly he stopped short and, facing them, exclaimed: "Well, gentlemen, let's stop this damned quibbling and go and worship God awhile." Then picking up his Bible, he strode off by himself into the woods, leaving his guests to their reflections.

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There was a young soldier in our company to whom his mother, when she parted from him, gave a little book of daily Scripture selections. She said to him: "I have another just like this, and we will both read the same verses every day." The soldier kept true tryst with his absent mother, and, no matter where he was, read his text every day. As we lay in the sunken road on that fateful morning after the moonlight prayer-meeting, and the bullets began to speak their

deadly whispers in our ears, and we were all feeling the chill and dread of the plunge into battle, he opened his little book. The text for the day was, "Fear not, for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God!" He has told me that if a voice from heaven had spoken it could not have been more clear, and for the remainder of that terrible day all fear was gone.

We believed in our cause, in the war, and in final victory; but we were not soldiers for the love of it. The end of fighting and home was the goal of the hope of the army—a vain hope to thousands of us, yet the star that beckoned us all forward. How eagerly our thoughts turned northward might be seen on mail days. Letters came with varying regularity; in settled camp we could generally count on them, but in times of active campaign mails were uncertain, and when one arrived it was pathetic to see the wave of expectation that would sweep through the ranks. Often a cheer would go up when the postman, with mail bags slung across his horse, came in sight. Then there was impatient waiting until the letters for the company came down from headquarters, and an anxious crowd around the captain as he called them off. The disappointment of those who received none was often pitiful. You would hear one and another say: "Captain, isn't there one for me?" "Captain, are you sure? I know I ought to have one this time."

Then, tired and hungry as we were after the day's march, supper would go untasted until we could read the news from home; and long afterward by our camp-fires we would talk it over; and you might hear letterless Tom come to Bill and ask, "What does your wife say about my folks? Has she seen them lately? Are they all well?" The most of us would read our letters with quiet gladness; but now and then you might see some poor fellow bending with tear-stained face over his message from home, and hear his comrades saying in hushed tones of sympathy, "Jim has bad news; his little girl is dead."

The outgoing mail was far lighter than the incoming: we wrote under difficulties; yet there were times when the whole camp seemed filled with scribes. But our letters were apt to be brief, and when any important movement was at hand we knew that they would not be promptly forwarded. Inconvenient information sometimes traveled in army letters.

Our turn at picket duty was, with some

of us, a favorite time for writing up our correspondence. In pleasant weather it was only at the outposts that the work was trying. "On the reserve," or even "the support," we had only to hold ourselves in readiness for emergencies. Picket duty was often a positively enjoyable change from the monotony of camp. When fires were allowed, we would fell great oaks for the mere fun of it, cut off their tops and branches for our fire, and let the trunk lie. War is wasteful in ways little thought of. Yet the scars of the picket posts were as nothing compared with the deserts made by the great camps.

But picket duty must be done regardless of weather, and on the outposts no fires were permitted at any time. I remember once leaving camp in a snowstorm which, by the time we reached our post, had changed into cold rain. Night was falling, we had no tents, none were allowed on the picket line; but a German comrade and I managed to prop up a rubber blanket upon sticks so that it gave a scanty shelter from the rain, and as we crept under it my friend exclaimed, "Ach, here dees is nice under an injun-rubber himmel!"

Some of the nights on the picket line will always dwell in my memory. There was one when our post was in the heart of a forest of giant pines. A wild northwester was blowing, and its elfin music roared among the tree tops as if the myriad spirits of the power of the air were let loose. Yet down below, where we stood, all was peace; not a breath stirred the feathery branches or the soft carpet of pine needles under our feet. Even now I can feel the deep and solemn repose, the sense of mighty, restful shelter from the war of elements with which the shadowy forest pillars enwrapped us.

During our winter in camp along the Rappahannock the only danger on the picket line was from bushwhackers. But nothing is more trying to the nerves than the chance of being picked off in the dark by unseen skulkers. In the face of the enemy it is different: you then expect to be shot at and to shoot. It is far more dangerous, but scarcely less exciting. Soldiers are not fond of picket work, but they hate the monotonous restraint and night work of ordinary and yet perfectly safe camp-guard duty. A common punishment for slight delinquencies is to give a man an extra turn on guard. Severe punishments, such as "ball and chain," or even tying a man up by the thumbs so that his feet barely touch the ground, were not uncommon, though I am

glad to say that this cruel torture was never permitted in our own and many other regiments.

One night I was sergeant of the guard at brigade headquarters. The guard-house was a log building divided by a loosely built partition with wide crevices into two rooms: one for the guard, the other for a prison, in which at that time three deserters were confined. My duty compelled me to keep awake, and the prisoners, with the shadow of the death penalty upon them, spent the whole night in talk.

Without heeding the guard, they laid bare their lives to each other as men will sometimes do when the end seems near. They talked about their families—one at least was a married man—and about doings of younger days, when they were boys on the farm, and they seemed to hunt out every bit of wrong or shame in their lives as though it must be confessed, at least to each other. One of them was evidently a very decent man; but another, who had been a sergeant in his regiment and plainly the ring-leader, was, judging from his talk, a desperado. Once, after he had told of some wild deed, he said: "But I have done worse things than that; things that would hang me if they were known." Then, in answer to an inquiry of his companions: "No, I won't tell you even now about that."

In the morning I saw this man. He was strikingly handsome, a most soldierly looking fellow. He talked with me freely and pleasantly; there was something fascinating about him.

The deserters were not shot. With sentence suspended, they were replaced in the ranks and told that, if they did their duty the next time their regiment was called into action, they would be pardoned.

Shortly afterward came the bloody but brilliant little battle at Franklin's Crossing. In the first boat which left the shore—the same in which our noble Captain D. was killed—was the dare-devil ex-sergeant. Before the boat reached the opposite bank he was out of it, and without waiting for any one, he rushed straight at the enemy's earth-work alone. We expected to see him drop, but he bore a charmed life; he was one of the first to enter the works, and by sheer boldness he brought off half a dozen prisoners and coolly marched them before him to the rear.

We never saw a military execution; but that which I remember as the saddest scene of our army life was the degradation of an

officer. He had been condemned for cowardice before the enemy.

The division was drawn up in a great hollow square, and the officer in full uniform was marched under guard into the center where all could see him. There in loud tones the finding of the court-martial and its sentence were read, after which the adjutant approached the condemned officer, tore off his shoulder straps, took his sword from him, ran it half way into the ground and broke it before his face. The guard then closed about the disgraced and degraded man, and marched him away.

I had never seen him before—he was from another brigade—but as he passed near and I could look into the deathly pale face of that young man, with the heart-break of despair written on every feature, I said to myself, “This is a hundred times worse than death; why did he not fall on the battle-field?” And when the parade was dismissed, the men went back to their quarters in awe-struck silence, broken only by expressions of deep compassion.

In strong contrast with this, the grandest and most impressive scene we witnessed was the review of the army by President Lincoln.

It was on a dull wintry day. We marched several miles from our camp before we came, early in the morning, to the reviewing ground, which was a vast, desolate, open space, mostly level, but with little hillocks here and there. Upon one of these we halted, waiting for the mustering of the gathering host. For hours the dark lines of men in blue poured in from every direction, until all the plain and every little hilltop was alive with them.

For six or seven months we had been members of the great army; we had shared its toils and perils; we had lived its life; we had felt the throbbing of its mighty pulse in our own blood; we had been part of its long line of battle; yet we had never as yet seen the assembly of our brethren in arms. Now the plain was growing black with them; a hundred thousand men were forming in apparently solid masses, the battle-flags of the regiments waving close together.

The scene was the more impressive because there were no idle spectators. This was no gala day for curious, gazing, merry-making crowds, and brilliant costumes, and feasting and huzzas; but solemnly, silently,

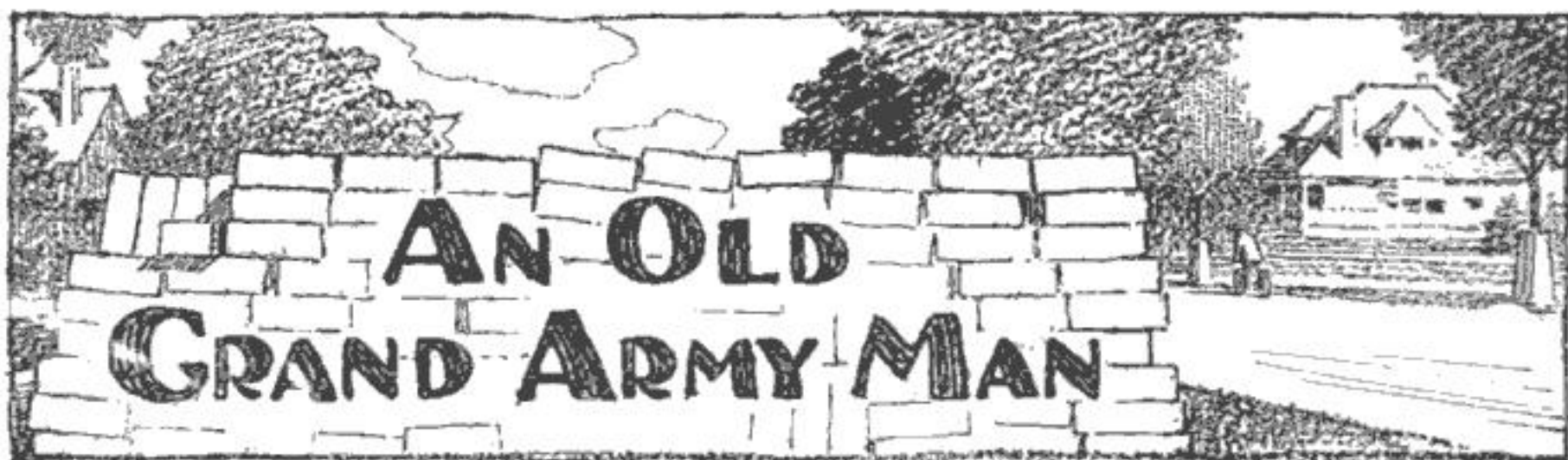
save for the measured tramp of battalions and the rolling of the drums, a nation's strength was massing as if to weigh itself, to feel itself, and ask its own soul if it were fit for the mighty work and the awful sacrifices awaiting it.

We could not know then that Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Spotsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, written across the scroll of a short two years to come, were holding in their fateful though glorious names the doom of death or wounds for more in number than all the thousands of us who beheld each other that day. But we felt that a heavy-laden future was swiftly coming toward us; we could almost hear the rustling of her wings in the air of the leaden sky under which, apart from the world, alone with ourselves and God, we stood, a great brotherhood of consecrated service.

But now our moment has come. We take our place in the moving ranks. We marched in close column with double company front, so that each regiment took up small space. As we neared the reviewing-stand the tall figure of Lincoln loomed up. He was on horseback, and his severely plain, black citizen's dress set him in bold relief against the crowd of generals in full uniform grouped behind him. Distinguished men were among them; but we had no eyes save for our revered President, the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, the brother of every soldier, the great leader of a nation in its hour of trial. There was no time save for a marching salute; the occasion called for no cheers. Self-examination, not glorification, had brought the army and its chief together; but we passed close to him, so that he could look into our faces and we into his.

None of us to our dying day can forget that countenance! From its presence we marched directly onward toward our camp, and as soon as “route step” was ordered and the men were free to talk, they spoke thus to each other: “Did you ever see such a look on any man's face?” “He is bearing the burdens of the nation.” “It is an awful load; it is killing him.” “Yes, that is so; he is not long for this world!”

Concentrated in that one great, strong, yet tender face, the agony of the life or death struggle of the hour was revealed as we had never seen it before. With new understanding we knew why we were soldiers.



BY OCTAVE THANE

FIRST, the wagons creaked over the macadam, to deposit their load on the tidy boulevards, until they were walled by a cross-stitch effect of brick barricade. The boulevards had been the pride of Lincoln Street all summer, so velvety green was the grass and so shapely were the thriving young maples. The property owners of Lincoln Street are not rich as a rule, but they have plenteous grace of public spirit and are willing to put their own shoulders to the lawnmower wheel. During the summer it was no uncommon sight to note a half-dozen lawnmowers humming at once, and twice as many garden hose merrily spouting; the motive power supplied by well-dressed men in negligée shirts or white crash coats, and, in case of the hose, often by pretty women in the summer gaiety of organdy or chiffon. The houses on Lincoln Street are mostly of wood. They are not large, in general; but they have yards about them, beautifully kept; and the houses shine with the resplendent neatness of new paint. Often the piazzas are of size and have a tasteful arrangement of columns. Several new houses on the street give it a touch of fashion with their gables and carven cornices, their tiny black leaded window panes, their Colonial doorways and fan-

lights, and their steep, moss-green roofs—while the hollow into which old Captain Grier's property has slipped for thirty years is unmarred nature. There, forty feet below the level of the street, willows and cottonwood trees have grown unmolested on the hillside and grape vines have masked their trunks; and down in the hollow the old stone culvert, built before the days of sewers, still shows its teeth at modern drainage. Captain Grier bought the place in the late sixties, after the War, a time when the town was proud of the captain, who had led a charge with conspicuous gallantry at Donelson, and later showed a sterner courage by cheating the exchange officer and jumping back into the open grave of Andersonville to save a sick comrade. The captain built him a house on stilts, with piazzas and a bay window, of impressive importance in those days; and they called it a mansion. Now it was not painted so promptly as its neighbors and there was a business sign creaking in front, the whole giving it somewhat the air of a poor relation. But there was not a prettier garden than the captain's anywhere. The sign read:



"'Of give me leg to me country,' says he."

UPHOLSTERING.
MATTRESSES MADE &
REPAIRED.

FURNITURE REPAIRED AND
POLISHED.

GOOD WORK AT MODERATE
PRICES.

SAMUEL R. GRIER.

All Lincoln Street knew that Captain Grier had been in the furniture business once, directly after the War. Lambeth and Grier

had owned a glittering store on the main street. Unhappily, Lambeth proved a rogue; and the captain's prospects were cut down by a black frost. He would not take advantage of the bankrupt law which was in force in the seventies; he would not take a clerkship; he set his soft hat a little more jauntily on the side of his head, walked a little more carefully—the captain had an artificial leg—to the recorder's office, mortgaged his house, paid his creditors most that was due them, and started his little shop. His wife, being a wise young woman, did not send away her "girl," but went into the shop and kept her husband's books, was clerk, collector, and general manager. All these things the neighbors knew because the captain liked to tell of them; and how he had paid off every dollar that he owed.

"And I've never owed a dollar over night since," he frequently would add, chuckling. He had a jolly chuckle; and was a man who laughed a good deal and had a reputation in a small way as a story-teller at all the G. A. R. camp fires.

When the matter of paving Lincoln Street for two blocks came before the city council the captain was stirred to the soul. He could be heard making speeches at the top of his voice all along the sidewalk. He carried around the petition against paving, which every property owner on the street signed.

Nevertheless, there was a brick barricade. The brick came in the morning; at noon a small array of workingmen (mostly in the decline of life), headed by a vigorous young German-American who knew how to swear, began to dig up the macadam of the roadway and slash the roots of the young maples on the boulevard. Lincoln Street is far enough up-town for the men to stay all day away from home. Not until nearly six did any householder, save the captain, appear

on the scene of devastation. From six until half-past six they came. By half-past seven, the dinners of the new Colonial mansions and the suppers of the brown houses with the modest ells and the piazzas had been finished, and most of the dwellers of that quarter of Lincoln Street were out on the sidewalk, exchanging indignation. The street gang had gone; but Patsy O'Brien, whose teams were hauling dirt from the north-

west corner where a cellar was digging, explained the political situation. The captain, to whom the neighborhood looked for enlightenment in general on matters of local weight, was not visible. It was understood that he consulted a lawyer. Patsy, therefore, an old G. A. R. man and long-time crony of the captain, took care of the affair in his place. He was a thin, wiry Irishman, who shaved every morning scrupulously—except under his chin; whose fair skin had been burned a fine warm tint by the sun; who had shrewd, brilliant little eyes, and could still bite



"In the summer gaiety of organdy."

his pipe stem with his own sound, white teeth. To mark the distinction that he was a contractor and not a laborer, he always wore a suit of black cloth and a white shirt, but he showed that he was not proud by dispensing with the needless pomp of a coat and a cravat.

Patsy could see at least eight in his audience, and his eloquence had all the faucets turned on.

"Aw, 'tis a fright!" he exclaimed scornfully, "the strate is a fright, intirely. They passed it, last night, at the council—and, sure, they ain't losin' no toime. The captain was there, and he could hardly contain himself. I belave he wanted to git at Alderman Blaize wid his own hands. But what's the good? The captain's a fighter, but he's licked this toime. 'Sure,' says I, 'if yous was to kill the dom thafe'—begging the ladies' pardon for repating the worrd—

'sure,' says I, 'it wudn't stop the paving going on; there's the rist of the gang.'"

"It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?" a youngish man in a black alpaca coat and white tie struck in, using a certain hesitation over the word. He did not live on the street. He was the new Methodist minister, dining that night with a member of his church.

"What else?" demanded O'Brien in a caustic tone. "The min that furnishes the brick, they know how much they pay to git it introjuced, they and a few of the aldermin. And the other aldermin—well, they want to oblige their frinds, don't they; and ain't they got min they want jobs for? There's manny more ways of trading than wid money. So they set the ball a-rolling—talking about the work it will make for the laboring people—as if macadam was like trees and growed, and only brick kept men a-working! And if the property owners protest, well, they're juist kicking: there's no public convanience that don't cause some private hardship; and talk loike that, giving it out it's the rich man pays the tax and the poor man gits the work; but I've sixty years in a wicked world, and I niver seen, nor I niver expect to see, the tax thot the poor man don't pay the biggist part of ut. It ain't the lazy, drinking chaps thot pay, but the dacint, harrrd-workin' man thot's scrimped

and saved and got a bit of land and a little shelter for himsilf—he catches it ivery wind thot blows. And it's him catching it wid the brick pavemint. I know a widdy woman, mesilf, up me own way, thot they've filled the strate up above her till she's down in the hole wid the drippings, an' she do have to climb up in her attic to see the waggins go by. They've taxed her three hunderd, and she's got to morgige her place for it. I know thot. And I know a man, 'tis Kit Tiernan—some of yous may know him; he was in the expriss business for forty years, and he's retired on his savings. He's got two houses on Park Strate, where they was paving last year. He'd to pay twelve hunderd dollars on thim two houses; they ain't worth thirty-five hunderd——"

"I can give you something worse than that even," said a mellow, deep voice. The man who spoke was tall and of a full habit. He had a gray chin beard and a delicate mouth. He was a banker of the town, a man of good fortune and great generosity.

"I can give you worse than that," said he; "this taxing by frontage instead of by value or extent or anything else *but* frontage makes an awful mess. There's John McKim, who owns an obtuse triangle down on Front Street. Whole property isn't worth two thousand—taxes for payment tot up to something over four thousand; and supreme



"It is a question of—of boodle, isn't it?"

court has held that he can't simply give up his property to the city; if his property is sold and doesn't bring enough to pay the tax, he can be assessed for the difference, if it takes every cent he has in the world. It doesn't, of course, but the principle is the same; and in some cases, like the captain's here, it pretty nearly *does*! Of course, a city must be paved; but property ought not to be assessed simply for frontage, and property owners are not the only ones benefited, and ought not to have to pay more than a fair proportion of the tax!"

"It's enough to make a man a socialist," ventured the minister; but an ex-district judge, a keen-faced man in white duck, cut off the sentence with, "I call such robbery by municipalities the biggest argument *against* socialism! Why, the heartlessest trust that ever looted wouldn't have the nerve to confiscate a man's whole estate in this fashion. The new kind of socialism

wants to make the municipality run the whole shooting-match. Do you think boodle aldermen will make better terms with us than other plunderers? I don't. They are less afraid of public sentiment than any thieves on earth. A corporation expects to stay in business, and can't squeeze the public to the bursting point, because that would do for it as well. But these municipal thieves are trying to crowd all the robbery and the jobbery of a lifetime into a few years, because their tenure of office is limited. So they steal all they can without getting into the penitentiary. I don't see why they should be any more honest with larger opportunities to steal!"

"That's right, Judge," agreed Patsy O'Brien, grimly, "and you might add that it takes a boodle alderman to pick a poor man's pocket of the last cent, whilst he's hugging his neck wid the other arrum and asshurin' him as he does be his bist frind on

earth and his protector agin the rich blood-suckers. I tell yous, in this very town the brick is chasing the poor man out of his home. Look at the captain, now, himsilf; ain't this going to hit him harrder than anny of yous—and I ain't sayin' it don't hit yous all cruel hard?"

"Well, now"—a little, dapper man who kept a grocery down town spoke up; he was

a man that liked to show his acumen and broad views by taking the opposite side in any contention—"well, now, I always supposed the captain was pretty well fixed. He trades with us, and never runs a bill, always has the change in his pocket. That means something these times. And I've seen him at our meetings—I belong to his post, you know—I've seen him give five and ten and once twenty dollars when the hat would be passed for some poor comrade down on his luck. He never went to a meeting, I guess, without his check



"'Aw, you git out!' says Oi, makin' fun of him."

book. He's got money in the savings bank; I know that, and you, too, Mr. Elgin."

The banker did not feel called upon to answer the appeal beyond an enigmatical and reticent professional smile. A new voice spoke, that of the teacher who lived in the pretty little white house with the window gardens. She was a widow with three children, and she was known to have built and paid for her house out of her own earnings. She was a shy woman, not likely to speak in public, and there was a red spot on either cheek. "I'm sorry," said she, "but I don't think the captain is rich at all. He told me that he had eight hundred dollars in the savings bank and that house; he said, 'That isn't a great showing for a man of sixty; but, thank God, I've got my life insured for Sophy, and I don't owe any man a cent.' And, after this, he sent six hundred to Sophy."

"Is Sophy his daughter?" asked the minister.



"Leading him about by one finger."

"Adopted daughter," said the grocer. "They hadn't any children, so the old captain adopted a soldier's orphan; and I guess they looked on her as their own child. I guess she was a real nice girl, too; but she married an unlucky young fellow who was a clerk in a store here and was threatened with consumption, and they went out to Colorado, where he is farming. I had him in my store for a while. He's a good boy, but one of the kind that gives up too easy. Now, the old captain's a fighter. He wouldn't give up the boy had to die. He talked courage into the whole crowd, Joe and Sophy and Joe's mother."

"Yis," said Patsy O'Brien, "he give thim courage; but 'twas a tough job for him sindin off Sophy and the little chap they've named for him. Oi seen him that evenin' afther they was gone. Oi knowed he'd be lonesome and looked in kinder casual loike."

"Oi niver thought I'd see the captain so down. Oi cudn't even stir him up wid abusing the Republican party and the pension bill. He used to be grand on pensions, though be thot token he'd niver take wan himsilf. 'Oi give me leg to me counthry,' says he; 'I didn't sell it. There ain't pin-

sions enough in Ameriky to pay me for thim tin months in Andersonville,' says he. But he was always for pinsioning off the others, do ye moind! So Oi thried to stir him up; and 'twas no go. He juist shook his head, and begun to talk about Sophy and his wife. Niver had he named her to me since the day Oi rode out to the cemetery where they buried her. 'Oi've the failin' I'll niver see Sophy nor Grier agin,' says he. 'Aw, you git out!' says Oi, makin' fun of him. But he felt *bad*. He was dretful fond of the child."

"Yes, I remember, you'd see him leading him about by one finger all the time," said the grocer. "Fished him out of the cistern once, didn't he?"

"No, sir," cried the teacher; "it was *my* child he fished out. He fell in, and I was going to jump after him, for there was ten feet of water in that cistern; but my girl caught me by the skirts, and cried I'd be drowned—to let down the ladder instead. I had got away from her, and was one foot on the cistern trying to jump in, when he flashed past me and was splashing in the water! And I knew he couldn't swim a stroke."

"What did you do?" said one of the bystanders. "Get the ladder?"

"No, Mary got the ladder. I just pulled off my dress skirt and hollowed to him to hold on to that till we'd get a ladder——"

"Why didn't you do that for the child?" asked the grocer.

"Because he was just a baby—only two; and all I thought was to get hold of him. But the captain knew enough to catch hold, and he held until Mary dragged the ladder round, and he climbed out, dripping, and so faint he handed me the baby and rolled right over on the grass."

"Did he know it was your child?"

"That's what I asked him, and he said, 'My dear, I didn't know. I heard them calling a child was in the cistern; and I ran and jumped!'"

"The captain all over," said the banker; "he's the most neighborly man, always. He'll help anybody in the neighborhood, and take solid pleasure in it. And you can't get him to admit there's anything wrong on Lincoln Street. Do you remember the time, ten years ago, he had a hand-to-hand fight with Rucker because Rucker wanted to have the Gilleys' dog shot? It did nip people once in a while, and once by ill luck it nipped a postman; and the Gilleys got no more mail—unless they went to the office; then the letters

were crossed by a big blue inscription, 'Not delivered on account of savage dog!'

Rucker was postmaster then, and, in addition, he threatened to have the dog killed. The captain went to expostulate and calm Rucker; but he was fiery, and Rucker was fiery, and they held different opinions politically, which naturally mingled in the discussion—for, of course, the captain couldn't expect justice of *that* administration and said so, and Rucker gave it back to him; and it ended in the clerks pulling them apart. But, all the same, when Rucker fell ill with the cholera and there wasn't a nurse to be had, the captain took care of him himself. Rucker thinks we ought to help the captain out of this scrape."

"I say so, too," said the grocer, "and I'm ready to chip in. I never knew the captain to kick about his groceries but once, and then you can't say he was kicking at us"—the grocer grinned. "He had some melons sent up from Dallen's and from our place the same day, and he thought our melons were Dallen's and gave him fits for sending him such mush; but when he found they were ours, he looked them over again and said they were just a little soft!"

"That's like the time he was on the jury"—the ex-judge took up the word. "The defendant was a Grand Army man; but, as I heard later, the captain mixed him up with the plaintiff, and there was no moving him by any evidence. He began to tell things he had heard of the Twelfth Regiment, this fellow's regiment; how they came charging down and rescued his company, and Company A, this fellow's company, were in the thick of it. Oh, he made the most stirring speech you could imagine; 'and that man,' says he, 'was the second lieutenant of Company A. Do you think I'm going back on him?' 'That's all right,' says the foreman, 'but



"They had different opinions politically."

I've always understood it was the other fellow, Hollister, was lieutenant of Company A!' That floored the captain. They brought in a verdict in ten minutes."

"Well, I like a man to stand up for his friends," said the banker, "even if he does slip a cog sometimes. And I think now is the time for his friends to stand by the captain. We don't want him to leave the neighborhood——"

A chorus interrupted him. Of course not; the captain was so obliging, so good to the children. All the women consulted him about their gardens. If the water-works



"He had put out one fire with a garden hose."

or the electricity in a house went wrong, the captain was always available until the mechanical doctor could come. He had put out one fire with a garden hose. He had cured innumerable sticking drawers (scorning compensation for such an obvious neighborly duty), he had put in panes of glass and planed off doors and mended sidewalks, and he kept three hatchets to lend. No, the captain was too good a neighbor to lose.

"At laist yous could hilp him wid this year's instalment," said Patsy; "'tis siven years they give 'em to pay up. And as a friend Oi'd ask the privilege to be on the paper. And Oi'm thinkin' 'twill maybe cheer the captain up a bit; he's gitting rale downheartid and discouraged. You see his eyes is a failin' a little, as is only suitable for his age; but it hurts him; and only yistiddy a lady—Oi won't name her—he done a chair sate for her, upholstering it rale nate, to my moind, but she found fault wid it; and he tuk aff fifty cints to satisfy her. It hurted him. He says, 'She's the second in wan wake,' says he; 'Oi'm losin' me grip,' says he. And he worries 'bout old Hetty Conners, that has lived wid him and his wife iver since the war, Oi guess. She lost her little savings linding 'em to a cousin. He tried his bist to kape her from it, but 'twas no good. You'd ought to seen the scorchin' letther he was afther writin' thot man. Onluckily he'd skipped before he got it, so 'twas wastid loike. And ye know he's lost three old frinds this same year, includin' his old ginerel. The old man died down in Ohio, and by some mishake it didn't git into the papers. Thot cut the captain. 'They're forgittin' us,' says he, 'it's toime for us to be gettin' aff the stage; there ain't nothin' more for us to do.' Oi think the sooner we kin git thot paper up the better. For the mon was wild last night, he'd thot horror of debt, and he didn't know which way to turn. Oi've been lookin' fur him all day. He talked loike he wud turn over the whole property to the city and go out to Sophy. 'But she's got wan sick

man on her hands,' says he; 'she hadn't ought to have another! And what'll become of poor Hetty? I don't see no way out!' says he."

"But he was around this morning," said the grocer, "telling funny stories; he had got a new one, real funny——"

"That's only his sand," the ex-judge interrupted. "I had a talk with him this afternoon. He was in a bad way. But wasn't it just like him? Of course I wouldn't charge for a little neighborly advice like that; and just a little while before I came out Hetty was

over with a package from the captain—he'd sent me a little champfer tool of his I'd always admired: I'm a bit of a carpenter, for amusement, you know. Somehow, I wished he hadn't done that, do you know?"

Patsy had listened, with a frown. "Oi don't loike his actions," he muttered; "does annybody know where he is at this spakin'?"

His answer was some one in the group pointing towards the captain's house. A woman, an elderly woman with gray hair, was in the doorway, frantically beckoning.

Every man and woman in the crowd, except the teacher, ran instinctively and silently towards the house. The teacher's face went white; she caught up the child at her side and

carried him a little space. "Go home, go right home," she commanded, while the child stared, frightened at the strange something in her mother's voice; "tell Johnny and Harry to go home, and wait for me!"

Then she, too, ran to the captain's house. The yard was full of people, standing in groups, very quiet. Patsy O'Brien came out. The tears were running down his sunburnt cheeks. "They've sint for a doctor," said he. "'Tis no good; Oi've seen death on too manny min's faces not to know it. He's gone. They downed him, and he'd not the courage to go on. He'd a bit of a letther writ to"—Patsy choked—"to me. His frinds was about all gone, he says, and now they was takin' away his home; and he knowed



"A woman . . . seas in the doorway . . . beckoning."

Sophy wud be betther aff wid the money than wid a cranky old man on her hands, growin' blind at thot. 'Tis me last fight, old comrades,' says he, 'and the boys must forgive me if Oi run away. The odds is too big,' says he. 'Thot's all ixcipt a koind wurd to me woman and the kids. He's been sinding little packages of things to the neighbors this day: his tools and the plants in the garden thot some av thim loiked. He says to old Hetty, he didn't think the city'd moind:

they was goin' to take his property for nothin', and these was little things. Old Hetty, she didn't take it in; she thought he was going to be sold out; and she was cryin' and distractid, but she didn't take it in, not even whin he gave her all the money he'd drawed out of the bank. And she made him the coffee he took the stuff in. He's out av it; and God forgive him; but I'll be prayin' him ivery night *niver* to forgive Tummus Blaize!'



THE COST OF WAR.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.



THE men and women whose memories go back a third of a century, to the days when North and South were in arms against each other, have not been the most ardent to join in the clamor for war. They know the havoc it wrought, and are not eager to repeat the experience. The thousands slain in battle, the tens of thousands afflicted with wounds which often resulted in death after days of agony, the losses of relatives and friends, the anxious waiting for news, the want and distress of body and mind following in the train of warfare, all have left impressions so vivid that thirty-three years of peace have not sufficed to wear them away.

War as pursued by modern methods is fearfully expensive both of men and treasure. It has come to be a contest between war chests. The richer the treasury, the more certain is the nation of success. Even a century ago the wrecking of treasure and lives was almost beyond understanding. In the twenty-two years following 1793, Napoleon cost the British and French not less than \$6,500,000,000 in money and 1,900,000 lives—the latter number equal to the entire adult male population now living in Greater London and Paris. In the one battle of

Waterloo 51,000 men were lost, 29,000 of whom were British.

The Crimean war of two years cost the nations engaged in it \$1,500,000,000 in wealth and over 600,000 of their citizens. The English lost 22,000 out of an army of 98,000, the French 96,000 out of 300,000 original forces; Turkey lost 45,000 men; Russia gathered a splendid army of 888,000, of whom less than half returned to their homes. Lay these 600,000 side by side in soldiers' graves, and the mounds of earth that covered them would extend in unbroken sequence for 450 miles.

Scarcely less fatal was the Franco-German war. France put into the field an army of 710,000 men, and of these 77,000 were killed or died of their wounds, and 45,000 died of sickness. A third of the entire army was either killed or disabled. The Germans sent a million troops, of whom 45,000 died on the battlefield or in the hospitals, and 89,000 were disabled. That brief war cost over 200,000 lives, and required an expenditure of \$1,500,000,000. France had, in addition, to pay an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 and to give up Alsace-Lorraine, a total loss it is estimated of not less than \$3,000,000,000.

During the last one hundred years the

wars of Christian Europe and America have cost the lives of 5,000,000 men. March them by in single file, and they would make a procession 3,000 miles long and require six weeks of marching day and night in passing. The wars of the century have destroyed nearly \$20,000,000,000 of treasure, an expenditure representing the entire earnings of more than a million men for the entire one hundred years, and the present combined wealth of Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, Portugal, Switzerland, Turkey, and Greece. To-day the debts of the world's leading nations aggregate \$28,000,000,000, and probably three-fourths of this is due to war—the sins of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation.

The experiences of our own country illustrate the losses caused by war. That seven years of struggle which gave the nation independence required \$135,000,000. To-day the nation can raise a like sum from the gold lying idle in the treasury. But then it fell upon a people whose population was only a twentieth of the present number, and whose wealth was much less in proportion. The United States began their existence with a debt burden of \$75,000,000. This was about nineteen dollars per capita, or larger by half than the debt of to-day. The deficit fell to \$45,000,000 in 1812. Then came the "second War of Independence," which carried it up to \$127,000,000. By 1836 the nation did not owe a dollar.

In 1860 the debt was only \$65,000,000. But with the firing on Sumter the people of the North awoke to their task, and thereafter \$2,500,000 a day was needed until once more a common flag floated over the nation. That struggle cost the people of the North in direct outlay \$3,400,000,000. With the much smaller direct cost to the Confederacy, the destruction of property, and the interference with industries, the total loss must have been not less than \$8,000,000,000, or one-half of the entire wealth of the nation before the opening of hostilities.

After the conflict was over the national debt stood at \$2,756,000,000. Year after year it has been a drag upon the resources of the country until nearly \$2,000,000,000 has been discharged. But in the thirty-seven years since the war opened the nation has paid in interest on that debt an amount equal to the original principal, and \$2,250,000,000 more in pensions to the soldiers and their families. These two items, the direct fruits of the war, amount to \$5,000,000,000, and the end is not yet. The country is pay-

ing annually in interest and pensions \$160,000,000, which is more by \$35,000,000 than ten and twenty years ago and about equal to these same expenditures at the close of the war. It is not improbable from the present outlook that another \$2,000,000,000 will be paid in the same way before the obligations of that one war are met. During the past six years, the expenditures for wars past and future have averaged over \$250,000,000, or more by \$50,000,000 a year than all the other expenses of the Government.

The total cost of the war to North and South would have bought the freedom of every slave, and left enough to pay all the peace expenses of the Federal Government for half a century. The divided nation expended money enough during the struggle to supply every man, woman, and child with ample food for the entire four years. And the sums spent, and to be spent, since because of the war would feed the people for another four years. The treasure destroyed because of that conflict would purchase the entire 185,000 miles of railroad, with all its rolling-stock, stations, yards, and other property; and all the 2,300 miles of canals, with every boat that plies through their waters; it would purchase in addition every vessel flying the American flag on all the oceans, rivers, and lakes of the world; all the thousands of miles of telegraph and telephone lines and everything belonging to them; and all the mines and quarries of the nation, including the producers of gold, silver, iron, copper, petroleum, marble, and every other substance that comes from the interior of the earth. Even all these would not exhaust the wealth spent because of that war, since there would yet be enough to buy every school-house and church that the people of this country now own.

Workingmen sometimes welcome war in the belief that it will make times easier and result in better wages. But the days of the Civil War show the very opposite to be true.

The few shrewd, fortunate, or unscrupulous became rich. But for the rank and file of the nation's workers the war was anything but a benefit. True, under the effects of a depreciated currency wages did rise; but only after they had been forced up by much higher prices of life's necessities. In the whole past fifty years of the nation's history there was never a time when the purchasing power of a day's labor was so small as during the last three years of that conflict.

This will appear unmistakably if we strike an average of prices of the articles of neces-

sary general daily use, and also a similar average of wages, for each year, from, say, 1858 to 1868, and compare these averages year by year. Taking the average wages and average prices of 1860 as 100 per cent., it will appear that wages had been gradually advancing from 80 to 100 during the whole preceding twenty years, an advance that continued in accelerated movement during the war period. And in so far the change was profitable. But at the same time prices of necessities, which had been disturbed only by local fluctuations prior to 1861, suddenly jumped to two and three times their former standard. The result was that, while a man got more money for his day's labor, it was worth far less to him in the purchase of the goods he needed. In 1865 his wages were nearly a half more than in 1860, but prices of goods had gone up to two and a third times the former level. Under these conditions a day's labor would buy in that year only two-thirds as much as before the war. Men thought they were getting big returns for their work, but the enormous cost of the necessities of life made these hard to obtain. Those who during the recent hard times have had their wages cut down a third from the standard of 1892 know what this must have meant to the struggling families of the home guard thirty years before.

There are other evidences of the sacrifices of those days. Many farms went untilled or yielded their fruits to the toil of the women, because the men were at the front. Figures show that, even with all the efforts of those at home, the crops of the war years were less in the North by a third than were those of the years before or immediately after that period. And in the South, as the struggle neared its close, the conditions were tenfold worse. Foreign commerce from Southern ports was practically destroyed. In the North it fell to half its former volume. Business failures in the first years of the rebellion were multiplied three fold. Railroad building dropped to but a fourth of its previous standard.

Destroyed wealth can be replaced by later toil, but there were losses of the war which no after efforts could make good. Men were condemned to hobble through life on crutches; shattered health carried thousands to early graves. Starved in the enemies' prisons and wasted with disease in the hospitals and on the field, soldiers went home to die. There were, besides the thousands slain in

battle, the tens of thousands more who suffered intolerable anguish from wounds. Killed, wounded, missing, were the heart-rending records of every battle.

The first battle of Bull Run cost the North 3,000 soldiers, and the South 2,000. At Shiloh 13,000 Federals and 11,000 Confederates fell. On the "seven days' retreat," the two armies left behind them 33,000 men. Antietam weakened the Northern army by 12,000, and the Southern by 26,000. At Gettysburg, 23,000 Federals and 32,000 Confederates were mowed down. In the siege of Vicksburg the Southerners lost 31,000 men. The three days in the Wilderness cost the North 38,000. Sherman in his glorious March to the Sea left 37,000 soldiers between Chattanooga and Atlanta. Corinth has a record for both armies of 16,000, Fredericksburg 17,000, Chancellorsville 28,000, Chickamauga 33,000, Spotsylvania 35,000, and Stone's Run 37,000 men. And so the horrors might be multiplied.

Official records show that in the armies of the North 44,000 were killed in action during the war, 49,000 died of wounds, 186,000 died of disease, and 25,000 died from causes unknown, making a total of 304,000 deaths of Northern soldiers. But these numbers do not include those who died at their homes from wounds and disease. It is not too high an estimate to place the deaths in the North from the war at 350,000. And for every Northerner that fell it is believed that a Southerner died also—700,000 lives destroyed in one short war. That struggle multiplied three fold the death rate of ordinary times, and took, not the children, the aged, the sick, and the weak, but the very flower of the nation's manhood. Could every slain soldier have had appropriate burial, the hearses alone would have formed a funeral cortège from ocean to ocean. Cut off every adult man in the broad State of Ohio, and the victims of such a catastrophe would be no more numerous.

Bitter as was the cost of the conflict to the men at the front, scarcely less heavy did misfortune weigh upon those left at home. For the dead there were widows and orphans. For the wounded and sick there were those waiting at home in anxious hope and fear. The newspaper was perused in dread of disaster; the sight of the telegram changed fear of calamity to certainty. Nobly did the women of the North and South sustain the men at the front, but at sacrifices which no figures can measure.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VIII.

EXPERIENCES IN THE SECRET SERVICE.—A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.



It was early in July, 1864, that I left Grant's headquarters at City Point for Washington, where I was to observe and report to the general-in-chief the progress of Early's raid on the Capital. After the rebel invaders had retired and quiet was restored, I went to Mr. Stanton for new orders. As there was no probability of an immediate change in the situation before Petersburg, the Secretary did not think it necessary for me to go back to Grant, but preferred that I remain in the Department, helping with the routine work.

Most of my time, at this period, was spent investigating charges against defaulting contractors and dishonest agents, and in ordering the arrest of persons who were suspected of disloyalty to the Government. I assisted, too, in supervising the spies who were going back and forth between the lines. Among these I remember a peddler—whose name I will call Morse—who traveled between Washington and Richmond. When he went down, it was in the character of a man who had entirely hoodwinked the Washington authorities, and who, in spite of them, or by some corruption or other, always brought with him into the Confederate lines something that the people wanted—dresses for the ladies, or some little luxury that they couldn't get otherwise. The things that he took with him were always supervised by our agents before he left Washington. When he came back, he brought us in exchange much valuable information. He was doubtless a spy for both sides; but, as we got a great deal of information, which

could be had in no other way, about the strength of the Confederate armies and the preparations and the movements of the enemy, we allowed the thing to go on. The man really did good service for us that summer, and, as we were frequently able to verify, by other means, the important information he brought, we had a great deal of confidence in him.

Early in October, 1864, he came back from Richmond, and, as usual, went to Baltimore to get his outfit for the return trip. When he presented himself again in Washington, the chief detective of the War Department, Colonel Baker, examined his goods carefully; but this time he found that Morse had many things that we could not allow him to take. Among his stuff was military goods and uniforms, and this, of course, was altogether too contraband to be passed. So we confiscated the goods and put Morse in prison. We had all his bills, amounting to \$25,000, or more, showing where he had bought these things in Baltimore, and Secretary Stanton declared that as the merchants in Baltimore were partners in his guilt he would arrest every one of them, and put them in prison until the matter could be straightened up. He turned the matter over to me then, as he was going to Fort Monroe for a few days; and I immediately sent Assistant Adjutant-General Lawrence to Baltimore with orders to see that all persons implicated were arrested. Lawrence telegraphed me, on October 16th, that the case would involve the arrest of two hundred citizens. I reported to the Secretary; but he was determined to go ahead, and the next morning, ninety-seven of the leading citizens of Baltimore were arrested,

brought to Washington, and confined in Old Capitol Prison, principally in solitary cells. There was great satisfaction among the Union people of the town, but great indignation among Southern sympathizers. Presently a deputation from Baltimore came over to see President Lincoln. It was an outrage, they said; the gentlemen arrested were most respectable merchants and faultless citizens; and they demanded that they all be set instantly at liberty, and damages paid them. Mr. Lincoln sent the deputation over to the War Department, and Mr. Stanton, who had returned by this time, sent for me. "All Baltimore is coming here," he said. "Sit down and hear the discussion."

They came in, the bank presidents and boss merchants of Baltimore—there must have been at least \$50,000,000 represented in the deputation—and sat down around the fire in the Secretary's office. At once they began to make their speeches, detailing the circumstances and the wickedness of this outrage. There was no ground for it, they said, no justification. After half a dozen of them had spoken, Mr. Stanton asked one after another if he had anything more to say, and they all said no. Then Stanton began, and delivered the most eloquent speech that I ever listened to. He described the beginning of the war, for which he said there was no justification: being beaten in an election was no reason for destroying the Government. Then he went on to the fact that half a million of our young men had been laid in untimely graves by this conspiracy of the slave interest. He outlined the whole conspiracy in the most solemn and impressive terms, and then he depicted the offense that this man Morse, aided by these several merchants, had committed. "Gentlemen," he said, "if you would like to examine the bills of what he was taking to the enemy, here they are."

When he had finished, the gentlemen, without answering a word, got up, and, one by one, went away. That was the only speech I ever listened to that cleared out the entire audience.

A PLUCKY SPY.*

Early in the winter of 1863-64, a curious thing happened in the secret service of the War Department. Some time in the February or March before, a slender and pre-

possessing young fellow, between twenty-two and twenty-six, apparently, had applied at the War Department for employment as a spy within the Confederate lines.

The main body of the Army of Northern Virginia was then lying at Gordonsville, and the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac were at Culpeper Court House. General Grant had not yet come from the West to take command of the momentous campaign which finally opened with his movement into the Wilderness on the 4th of May.

The young man who sought this terrible service was well dressed and intelligent, and professed to be animated by motives purely patriotic. He was a clerk in one of the Departments. All that he asked was that he should have a horse, and an order which would carry him safely through the Federal lines; and, in return, he undertook to bring information from General Lee's army and from the government of the Confederacy in Richmond. He understood perfectly well the perilous nature of the enterprise he proposed.

Finding that the applicant bore a good character in the office where he was employed, it was determined to accept his proposal. He was furnished with a horse, an order that would pass him through the Union lines, and, also, I believe, with a moderate sum of money; and then he departed. Two or three weeks later, he reported at the War Department. He had been in Gordonsville and Richmond; had obtained the confidence of the Confederate authorities, and was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Jefferson Davis to Mr. Clement C. Clay, the agent of the Confederate government in Canada, then known to be stationed at St. Catherine's, not far from Niagara Falls. Mr. Clay had as his official associate Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, who had been Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Buchanan, and, like Mr. Clay, had been serving the Confederate government ever since its organization. The letter from Mr. Davis the young man exhibited, but only the outside of the envelope was examined. The address was in the handwriting of the Confederate chief, and the statement of our young adventurer that it was merely a letter of recommendation, advising Messrs. Clay and Thompson that they might repose confidence in the bearer, since he was ardently devoted to the Confederate cause and anxious to serve the great purpose that it had in view, appeared entirely probable; and the young man was allowed to proceed to Niag-

* This narrative was first printed in the "North American Review" for August, 1891.

ara Falls and Canada. He made some general report upon the condition of the rebel army at Gordonsville, but it was of no particular value, except that, in its more interesting features, it agreed with our information from other sources.

He was not long in returning from St. Catherine's with a despatch which was also allowed to pass unopened, upon his assurance that it contained nothing of importance. In this way he went back and forward from Richmond to St. Catherine's once or twice. We supplied him with money to a limited extent, and also with one or two more horses. He said that he got some money from the Confederates, but had not thought it prudent to accept from them anything more than very small sums, since his professed zeal for the Confederate cause forbade his receiving anything for his traveling expenses beyond what was absolutely necessary.

During the summer of 1864, the activity of Grant's campaign and the fighting which prevailed all along the line somewhat impeded our young man's expeditions, but did not stop them. All his subsequent despatches, however, whether coming from Richmond or from Canada, were regularly brought to the War Department, and were opened, and, in every case, a copy of them was kept. As it was necessary to break the seals and destroy the envelopes in opening them, there was some difficulty in sending them forward in what should appear to be the original wrappers. Coming from Canada, the paper employed was English, and there was a good deal of trouble in procuring paper of the same appearance. I remember also that one important despatch, which was sealed with Mr. Clay's seal, had to be delayed somewhat while we had an imitation seal engraved. But these delays were easily accounted for at Richmond by the pretense that they had been caused by accidents upon the road and by the necessity of avoiding the Federal pickets. At any rate, the confidence of the Confederates in our agent (and theirs) never seemed to be shaken by any of these occurrences.

Finally, our despatch-bearer reported one day at the War Department with a document which, he said, was of extraordinary consequence. It was found to contain an account of a scheme for setting fire to New York and Chicago by means of clock-work machines that were to be placed in several of the large hotels and places of amusement, particularly in Barnum's Museum in New York, and to be set off simultaneously; so

that the fire department in each place would be unable to attend to the great number of calls that would be made upon it, on account of these Confederate conflagrations in so many different quarters, and thus these cities might be greatly damaged, or even destroyed.

This despatch was duly sealed up again, and was taken to Richmond, and a confidential officer was at once sent to New York to warn General Dix, who was in command there, of the Confederate project. The general was very unwilling to believe that any such design could be seriously entertained, and Mr. John A. Kennedy, then superintendent of police, was equally incredulous. But the Secretary of War was peremptory in his orders, and when the day of the incendiary attempt arrived, both the military and the police made every preparation to prevent the threatened catastrophe. The officer who went from Washington was lodged in the St. Nicholas Hotel, one of the large establishments that were to be set on fire, and while he was washing his hands in the evening, preparatory to going to dinner, a fire began burning in the room next to his. It was promptly put out, and was found to be caused by a clock-work apparatus which had been left in that room by a lodger who had departed some hours before. Other fires likewise occurred. In every instance these fires were extinguished without much damage and without exciting any considerable public attention, thanks to the precautions that had been taken in consequence of the warning derived from Mr. Clay's despatch to Mr. Benjamin in Richmond. The plan of setting fire to Chicago proved even more abortive; I do not remember that any report of actual burning was received from there.

Later in the fall, after the military operations had substantially terminated for the season, a despatch was brought from Canada, signed by Mr. Clay, and addressed to Mr. Benjamin, as Secretary of State in the Confederate government, conveying the information that a new and really formidable military expedition against northern Vermont, particularly against Burlington, if I am not mistaken, had been organized and fitted out in Canada, and would make its attack as soon as practicable. This was after the well-known attempt upon St. Albans and Lake Champlain, October 19, 1864, and promised to be much more injurious. The despatch reached Washington one Sunday morning, and was brought to the War De-

partment as usual. But its importance in the eyes of the Confederate agents had led to its being prepared for transportation with uncommon care. It was placed between two thicknesses of the pair of reinforced cavalry trousers which the messenger wore, and sewed up, so that when he was mounted it was held between his thigh and the saddle.

Having been carefully ripped out and opened, the despatch was immediately carried to Mr. Stanton, who was confined to his house by a cold. He read it. "This is serious," he said. "Go over to the White House, and ask the President to come here."

Mr. Lincoln was found dressing to go to church, and he was soon driven to Mr. Stanton's house. After discussing the subject in every aspect, and considering thoroughly the probability that to keep the despatch would put an end to communications by this channel, they determined that it must be kept. The conclusive reason for this step was that it established, beyond question, the fact that the Confederates, while sheltering themselves behind the British government in Canada, had organized and fitted out a military expedition against the United States. But while the despatch afforded evidence that could not be gainsaid, the mere possession of it was not sufficient. It must be found in the possession of the Confederate despatch-bearer, and the circumstances attending its capture must be established in such a manner that the British Foreign Office would not be able to dispute the genuineness of the document. "We must have this paper for Seward," said Mr. Lincoln. "As for the young man, get him out of the scrape, if you can."

Accordingly, the paper was taken back to the War Department, and sewed up again in the trousers whence it had been taken three hours before. The bearer was instructed to start at dusk on the road which he usually took in passing through the lines; to be at a certain tavern outside of Alexandria at nine o'clock in the evening; and to stop there to water his horse. Then information was sent through Major-General Augur, commandant of Washington and the surrounding region, to Colonel Henry H. Wells, then Provost Marshal General of the Defenses South of the Potomac, stationed at Alexandria, directing him to be at this tavern at nine o'clock in the evening and arrest a Confederate despatch-bearer, concerning whom authentic information had been received at the War Department and whose description was furnished for his (Wells's) guidance.

He was to do the messenger no injury, but was to make sure of his person and of all papers that he might have upon him, and to bring him under a sufficient guard directly to the War Department. And General Augur was directed to be present there, in order to assist in the examination of the prisoner and so be in a position to afterwards verify any despatches that might be found.

Accordingly, just before midnight, a carriage drove up to the door of the War Department with a soldier on the box and two soldiers on the front seat within, while the back seat was occupied by Colonel Wells and the prisoner. Of course, no one but the two or three who had been in the secret was aware that this gentleman had walked quietly out of the War Department only a few hours previously, and that the paper which was the cause of the entire ceremony had been sewed up in his clothes just before his departure. Colonel Wells reported that, while the prisoner had offered no resistance, he was very violent and outrageous in his language, and that he boasted fiercely of his devotion to the Confederacy and his detestation of the Union. During the examination which now followed, he said nothing except in answer to a few questions, but his bearing—patient, scornful, undaunted—was that of an incomparable actor. If Mr. Clay and Mr. Benjamin had been present, they would have been more than ever certain that he was one of their noblest young men. His hat, boots, and other articles of his clothing were taken off one by one. The hat and boots were first searched, and finally the despatch was found in his trousers and taken out. Its nature and the method of its capture were stated in a memorandum, which was drawn up on the spot and signed by General Augur and Colonel Wells, and one or two other officers who were there for the purpose; and then the despatch-bearer himself was sent off to the Old Capitol Prison.

The despatch, with the documents of verification, was handed over to Mr. Seward for use in London, and a day or two afterward the warden of the Old Capitol Prison was directed to give the despatch-bearer an opportunity of escaping, with a proper show of attempt at prevention. One afternoon he walked into my office. "Ah," said I, "you have run away!"

"Yes, sir," he answered.

"Did they shoot at you?"

"They did, and didn't hit me; but I didn't think that would answer the purpose. So I shot myself through the arm."

He showed me the wound. It was through the fleshy part of the forearm, and due care had been taken not to break any bones. A more deliberate and less dangerous wound could not be; and yet it did not look trivial.

He was ordered to get away for Canada as promptly as possible, so that he might explain the loss of his despatch before it should become known there by any other means. An advertisement, offering \$2,000 for his recapture, was at once inserted in the New York "Herald," the Pittsburg "Journal," and the Chicago "Tribune." No one ever appeared to claim the reward; but in about a week the escaped prisoner returned from Canada with new despatches that had been intrusted to him. They contained nothing of importance, however. The wound in his arm had borne testimony in his favor, and the fact that he had hurried through to St. Catherine's without having it dressed was thought to afford conclusive evidence of his fidelity to the Confederate cause.

The war was ended soon after this adventure, and, as his services had been of very great value, a new place, with the assurance of lasting employment, was found for the young man in one of the bureaus of the War Department. He did not remain there very long, however, and I don't know what became of him. He was one of the cleverest creatures I ever saw. His style of patriotic lying was sublime; it amounted to genius.

A VISIT TO SHERIDAN.

In October, 1864, just after the arrest of the Baltimore merchants, I visited Sheridan at his headquarters in the Shenandoah Valley. He had finished the work of clearing out the valley by the battle of Cedar Creek on October 19th, and the Government wanted to recognize the victory by promoting him to the rank of major-general in the regular army. There were numerous volunteer officers who were also officers in the regular army, and it was regarded as a considerable distinction. The appointment was made, and then, as an additional compliment to General Sheridan, instead of sending him the commission by an ordinary officer from the Department, Mr. Stanton decided that I would better deliver it. I started on October 22d, going by special train to Harper's Ferry, whither I had telegraphed for an escort to be ready for me. I was delayed, so that I did not get away from Harper's Ferry until about five o'clock on the morning of October 23d. It was a distance of

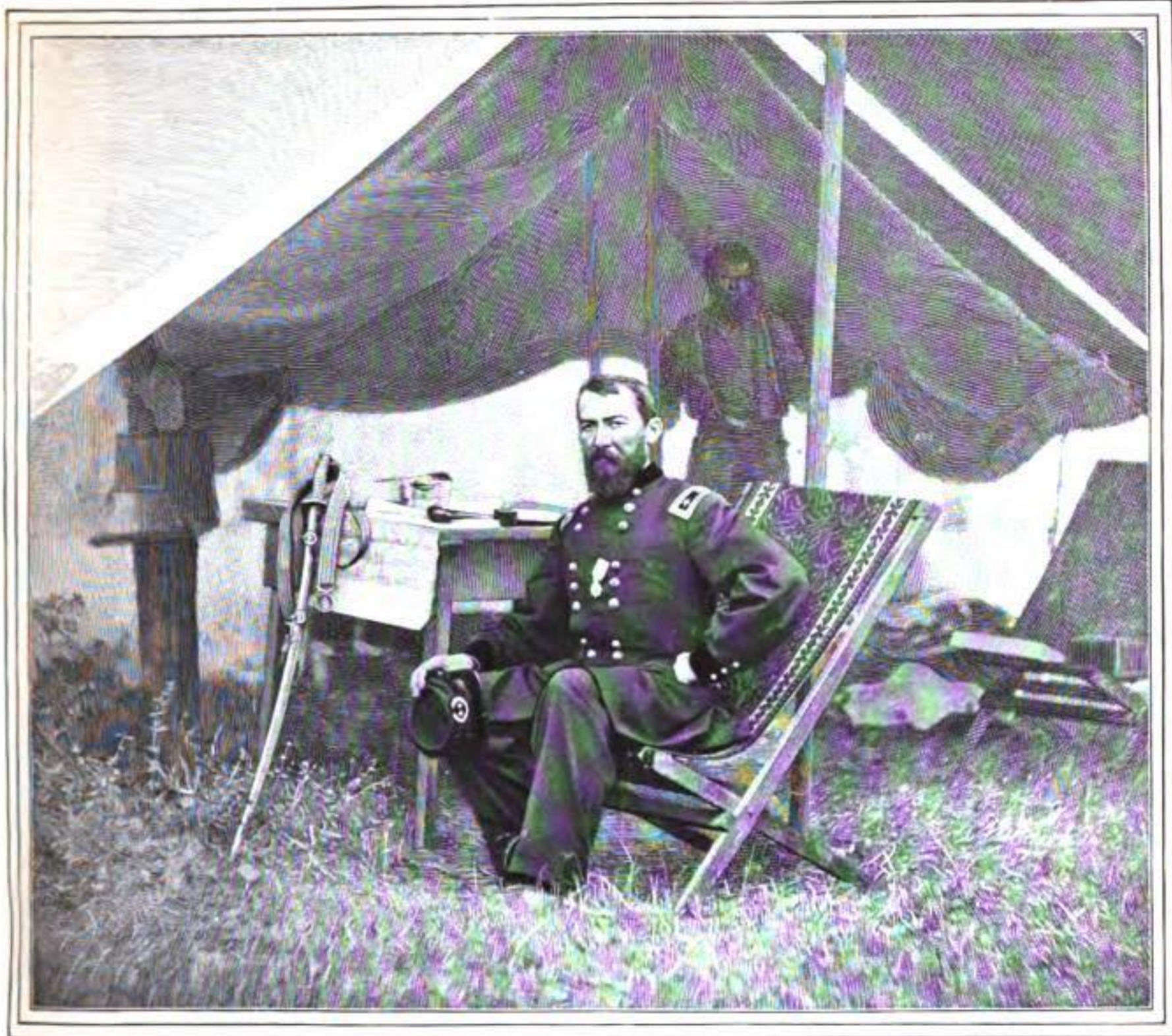
about fifty miles to Sheridan, and, by riding all day, I got there about eleven o'clock at night. Sheridan had gone to bed; but, in time of war, one never delays in carrying out orders, whatever their nature. The General was awakened, and soon was out of his tent, and there, by the flare of an army torch, and in the presence of a few sleepy aides-de-camp and of my own tired escort, I presented Sheridan his commission as a major-general in the regular army. He did not say much, nor could he have been expected to under the circumstances, though he showed lively satisfaction in the Government's appreciation of his services, and spoke most heartily, I recall, of the manner in which the Administration had always supported him.

The next morning after this little ceremony, the General asked me if I would not like to ride through the army with him. It was exactly what I did want to do, and we were soon on horseback and off. We rode through the entire army that morning, dismounting now and then to give me an opportunity to pay my respects to officers whom I knew. I was struck, in riding the lines, by the universal demonstration of affection for Sheridan. Everybody seemed to be personally attached to him. He was like the most popular man after an election—the whole force everywhere honored him. Finally I said to the General: "I wish you would explain one thing to me. Here I find all these people, of every rank—generals, sergeants, corporals, and private soldiers, in fact, everybody—manifesting a personal affection for you that I have never seen in any other army, not even in the Army of the Tennessee for Grant. I have never seen anything like it. Tell me what is the reason?"

"Mr. Dana," he said, "I long ago made up my mind that it was not a good plan to fight battles with paper orders; that is, for the commander to stand on a hill in the rear and send his aides-de-camp with written orders to the different commanders. My practice has always been to fight in the front rank."

"But, General," I said, "that is dangerous; in the front rank a man is much more liable to be killed than he is in the rear."

"Well," said he, "I know that there is a certain risk in it; but, in my judgment, the advantage is much greater than the risk, and I have come to the conclusion that this is the right thing to do. That is the reason the men like me. They know that when the



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, COMMANDER OF THE CAVALRY CORPS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH. BORN, 1831; DIED, 1888.

hard pinch comes I am exposed just as much as any of them."

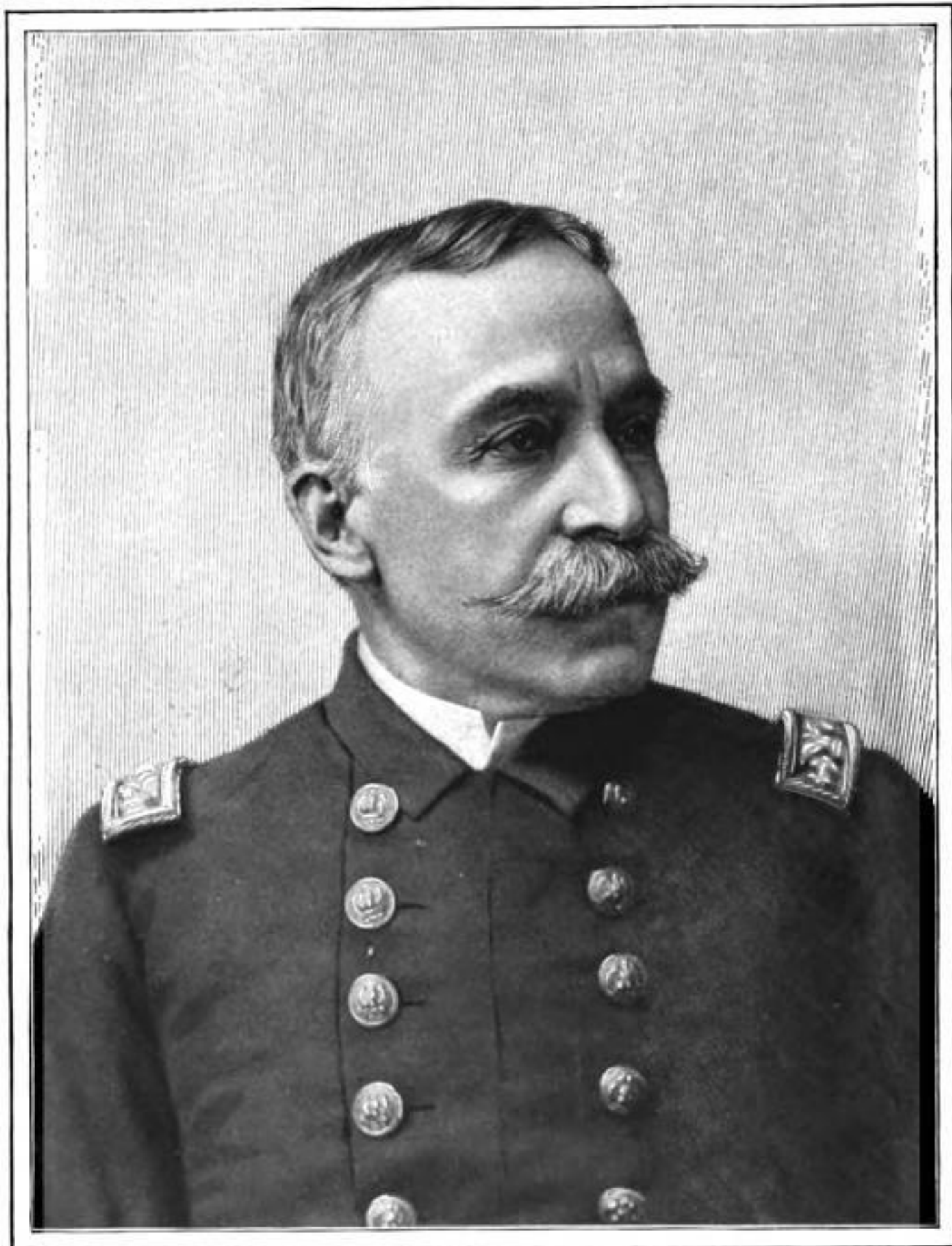
"But are you never afraid?" I asked.

"If I was I should not be ashamed of it," he said. "If I should follow my natural impulse, I should run away—always, at the beginning of the danger: the men who say they are never afraid in a battle do not tell the truth."

I talked a great deal with Sheridan and his officers, while at Cedar Creek, on the condition of the valley, and what should be done to hold it. The active campaign seemed to be over in that region for the year. The enemy was so decidedly beaten and scattered, and driven so far to the south, that he could scarcely be expected to collect his forces for another immediate attempt. Besides, the devastation of the valley, extending, as it did, for a distance

of about 100 miles, rendered it almost impossible that either the Confederates or our own forces should make a new campaign in that territory. It looked to me as if, when Sheridan had completed the same process down the valley to the vicinity of the Potomac, and when the stores of forage which were yet to be found were all destroyed or removed, the difficulty of any new offensive operations on either side would be greatly increased.

The key to the Shenandoah Valley was, in Sheridan's judgment, the line of the Opequan Creek, which was rather a deep cañon than an ordinary water-course. Sheridan's idea I understood to be to fall back to the proper defensive point upon that creek, and there to construct fortifications which would effectually cover the approach to the Potomac.



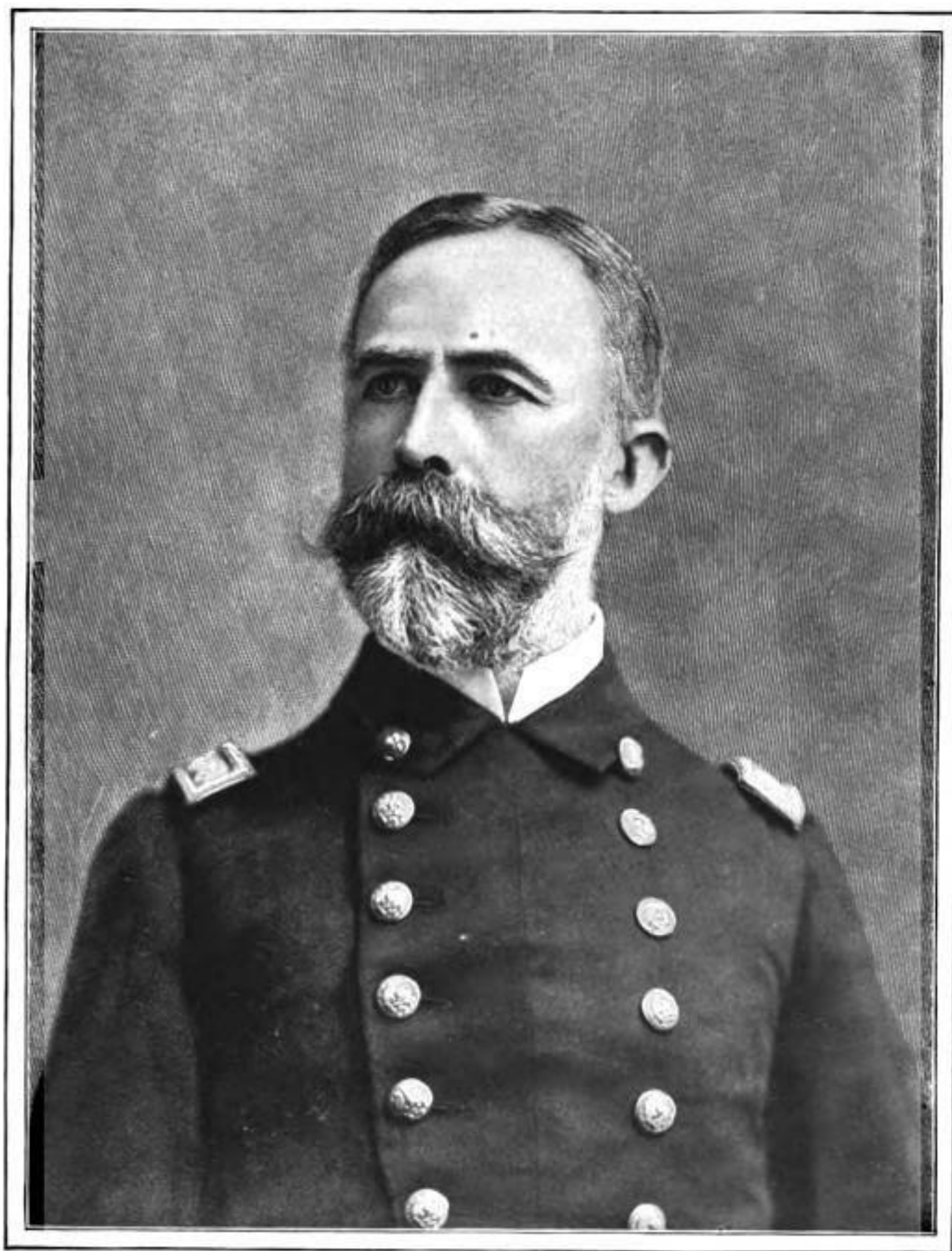
ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY, WHO DEFEATED THE SPANISH AT MANILA.

STORIES OF THE FIGHTING LEADERS.

BY L. A. COOLIDGE.

FINENESS of grain is the distinctive quality of the American naval officer. He is brave as a matter of course, and his intrepidity is supplemented with quiet determination, unostentatious readiness for emergency, alertness and incisiveness of mind. He not only has the fighting strain that has been carried in the blood from the days of Paul Jones and Decatur and Hull, but he fills the definition of a gentleman

given by Oliver Wendell Holmes the younger: "One who is willing to die for little things." Commander Craven, who went down to his death with his ship "Tecumseh" in the battle of Mobile Bay, was a prototype of the American naval officer of to-day. The monitor was sinking beneath him when he and the pilot, John Collins, met at the foot of the ladder leading to the turret. Both men hesitated, and Craven stepped back politely. "After you, pilot," he said. Collins mounted the ladder and was saved; there



ADMIRAL SAMPSON, COMMANDER OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC SQUADRON.

was nothing after him but the bubbling water of the bay. When Dewey entered Manila harbor in the quiet of night, indifferent to Spanish mines, he was following out the lesson taught by Farragut, who exclaimed profanely, "Damn the torpedoes!" as he led his double column of ships between the forts. The American officer follows the teaching of experience up to the point where further following might tempt to hesitation, and then he brushes precedent aside.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF DEWEY.

Admiral George Dewey is a good type of the naval officer of to-day. For over thirty years he has been faithfully performing the tasks allotted to his varying ranks,

and doubtless he had little thought, as the time of his retirement approached, that he was destined to perform a feat which would distinguish him above his fellows; but he was ready when the moment came. In person Dewey is not the naval hero of popular imagination. He is slight, of medium height, with finely chiseled face, and hair sprinkled with gray, while his firmly set lips and clear eye would mark him as a gentleman and a man of the world. While in service at Washington he was a clubman and fond of society, one of those who rarely appeared after dinner except in evening dress: just the kind of a fellow, in short, that the Populist agitator has in mind when he inveighs against the "dudes" of the navy who are pensioned on the government and haunt the drawing-



GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT, COMMANDER OF THE INFANTRY FORCES SENT TO MANILA.

rooms of the capital. He is quiet in manner, sparing and incisive in speech, courteous in bearing, and decisive in action. In all these qualities he does not differ greatly from other naval officers who have been trained in the same school. He was just beginning his naval career at the outbreak of the Civil War, and he then saw service which was the best of training for that which he has now rendered his country. At the time of the capture of New Orleans he was a lieutenant on the old "Mississippi," which had served on stations all over the globe, bore Perry's pennant at the opening of Japan to the world, and was enshrined in the affection of many an officer who had sailed her. The "Mississippi" was under the command of Captain Melancthon Smith. In the battle at New Orleans she sent to the bottom the Confederate ram "Manassas," only to meet her own fate a little later. While trying to run the batteries of Port Hudson, March 21, 1863, she ran aground. The enemy had her in range, and poured shell after shell into her hull, until her commander, seeing that she could not be saved, ordered her

fired. Captain Smith and his chief subordinate, Lieutenant Dewey, conducted themselves with fine courage throughout, and they were the last to leave the ship. "It is in such trying moments," said Admiral Porter, in commenting on this incident in his official report, "that men show of what metal they are made, and in this instance the metal was of the best."

Had Dewey been in the army, he would probably have been an engineer, for his is of the order of mind adapted to the engineering corps. The same is true of acting Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson, in command of the North Atlantic Squadron. Both Dewey and Sampson are officers who know every detail of the ships under their command and who are masters of the mechanical problems which play so large a part in modern naval warfare. The confidence reposed in Sampson by his fellows in the service was shown in the approval which greeted his detail as flag officer of the North Atlantic Squadron, although by that detail he was preferred to men who were his superiors in actual rank.



COMMODORE W. S. SCHLEY, COMMANDER OF THE FLYING SQUADRON.

He was graduated from the Naval Academy at the beginning of the Civil War, and was a lieutenant when peace was declared.

SAMPSON ON THE SINKING "PATAPSCO."

There were few of the younger officers in the navy who had so good a record, and one incident of his service reflects unbounded credit on his coolness and nerve. He was the senior officer on the monitor "Patapsco," under command of Lieutenant-Commander S. P. Quackenbush, January 15, 1865, when the "Patapsco" was blown up in Charleston harbor by a torpedo and sank in fifteen seconds. On the evening of the 15th the "Patapsco" and the "Lehigh" were sent up the channel to drag for torpedoes, and, if possible, to learn the nature and positions of any obstructions placed in the channel by the Confederates. Sampson was on top of the turret, and the "Patapsco" was drifting slowly up the harbor, when the explosion came. "My first impression, on hearing the report," he said in his official report, "was that a shot had struck the overhang just below the water; but the column of smoke and water which immediately shot upward convinced me of the real nature of the explosion. The order to start the pumps was immediately given by you down through the turret. So impracticable did the execution of the order appear the next instant, that I did not repeat it. You immediately afterwards gave the order to man the boats. Although these orders were given in rapid succession, only the officer of the deck, who stepped from the turret into the boat, and one man had time to obey the last order before the boat was afloat at the davits. Owing to the wise precaution of having the picket boats near at hand, all those who were on deck at the time were saved. None escaped from below, except the engineer and firemen on watch, and one man who passed through from the berth-deck into the fire-room and up the hatch. . . . From my position on the ridge rope round the turret, while conning the vessel, I was not able to avail myself of your order to man the boats. I was soon picked up by one of the picket launches, and immediately ordered the officer in command to pull up the harbor in the hope of picking up others." In his report to the Secretary of the Navy, the commanding officer said, "The cool intrepidity displayed by Lieutenant Sampson, my executive officer, deserves the highest praise."



MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER.

Sampson is known throughout the service for just such qualities as he displayed aboard the "Patapsco." He is not an affable man; but he is always the gentleman, and he is as unassuming as he is sagacious and brave. The chiefs of bureaus in the Navy Department are entitled by courtesy to the rank of commodore, but Sampson never availed himself of the privilege. When he was at the head of the Bureau of Ordnance, strangers entering his office would frequently address him as "Commodore." "Captain, if you please," was his invariable response, spoken modestly and simply. He never cared for honors which he had not fairly won.

Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, commanding the Flying Squadron, has shown his bravery and his indomitable pluck in times of peace as well as war. He was born in Maryland, and when the Civil War broke out had just been graduated from the Naval Academy. Throughout the war he was actively in service, engaged in numerous encounters and skirmishes, in all of which he acquitted himself like a genuine fighting American seaman. He is one of the few officers of the navy who saw actual service during the long period of peace between Appomattox and the outbreak of the war with Spain.

SCHLEY IN THE ATTACK ON THE KOREANS.

In 1871, while a lieutenant-commander on the United States ship "Benicia," on the Asiatic station, he took part in an attack on the forces defending the fort on the Salee River in Korea, wherein the Koreans were taught a lesson in regard to the power of the United States that they have not forgotten. Schley's services in rescuing the survivors of Greely's Arctic expedition in 1884 are a matter of history. He was chosen for the work because his fearlessness, self-possession, and determination were recognized as just the qualities required for the emergency. He left his desk in the Department at Washington on a day's notice, set out with the expedition, sailed straight to the Polar regions, and arrived at Cape Sabine in the nick of time. Had he tarried twenty-four hours on the way, he would have been too late; for Lieutenant Greely and his six companions were at the point of death from starvation and cold. He was in command of the "Baltimore" in the harbor of Valparaiso in October, 1891, when the sailors of his ship were set on by a Chilean mob ashore; one Yankee blue-jacket was killed, and five others were badly hurt. Throughout the trying times which followed, Schley carried himself with a dignity and courage that commanded the admiration of the country.

There is another officer of the navy who showed at Valparaiso the stuff of which American seamen are made. "Fighting Bob" Evans, or Captain Robley D. Evans,

as he is described in the official record, was in command of the "Yorktown," which relieved the "Baltimore" two months after the assault upon the "Baltimore's" men. On January 8, 1892, while Evans was ashore, his gig, which was waiting for him off the landing-place, was stoned by a Chilean crowd. Evans called immediately upon the senior Chile-

an officer of the port, requested him to notify the police authorities of Valparaiso that he demanded their efficient protection, and that if the offense was repeated he would take the matter in his own hands and protect his men with arms. This is the phrasing of the official report. The language which Evans actually used is said to have been far more picturesque and emphatic. Within a few hours assurances were received that the guilty would be punished and that protection would be given.

Evans was a boy at the Naval Academy when the Civil War broke out, but he saw service of which he still bears the scars. In the assault on Fort Fisher, he landed with a force of seamen and marines, and in a desperate charge he was wounded twice by rifle shots. His leg was shattered. Before it was fairly healed, he was eager to get back into the service. His commanding officer advised him to take sick leave and go home. But Evans spurned the suggestion; he said he could get along in some way and he intended to. He went back into the service, learned to hobble along with his broken leg, and has been limping ever since upon a twisted limb.

When Sigsbee, calm and intrepid, viewing



CAPTAIN ROBLEY D. EVANS, COMMANDER OF THE "IOWA."

the wreck of the "Maine," sent word to his countrymen that public opinion should be suspended, he showed the world the quality of the officers of the American navy in a way which history will not forget. But the unflinching self-possession and readiness for emergency which he then displayed had stood him in stead once before, at a time when publicity did not spread his deed so far abroad.

In the summer of 1897, soon after he had been assigned to command the "Maine," there was an incident in New York harbor that showed the stuff of which he was made. While steaming up North River, following his prescribed course, he saw just ahead a big excursion steamer, steering out of course and bearing down upon him. He signaled quickly for the excursion boat to get out of the way, but no attention was paid to his signals. A minute more, and the "Maine" would run her

down, with the certain loss of scores of lives. Sigsbee had only a second in which to act; he turned the prow of the "Maine" in shore, and she went crashing into the wharf. The wharf was wrecked, and the "Maine" damaged, but no lives were lost. Sigsbee was commended by the Department. After all was over, a friend asked him what passed through his mind as he headed toward the wharf. "I thought," said Sigsbee, "that my naval career was ended."

Such are the men who command our ships at sea; and like them are the men who wage our wars on land. Carlyle described Napoleon as "a little fellow five feet two, with banged

hair." Major-General Joseph Wheeler answers to this description in part. He is a little fellow, about five feet two, but his gray hair and beard are picturesquely ragged. Wheeler is nearly sixty-two years old, but he is remarkably active; he never rests. Somebody remarked to Speaker Reed that Wheeler was about the only one left of the old-time Southern commanders.

"Yes," responded Reed, "he never stays still in one place long enough for the Almighty to put his finger on him." In manner Wheeler is one of the mildest and gentlest of men. He speaks with a soft Southern voice, and he is so uniformly courteous as to convey an impression of self-depreciation. He is kindly and self-sacrificing, and has been known to take infinite pains to oblige those who could in no way return his kindness. It is hard to imagine him as any other than a man of peace, and yet he was one of the most daring cavalry leaders de-



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE, COMMANDER OF THE "MAINE" AT THE TIME SHE WAS DESTROYED.

veloped by the war between the States. It used to be said of him that he was always at the point where he was needed ten minutes before anybody else had time to think about it. He served all through the war on the Confederate side, and every Union officer who served against him says that Wheeler had a marvelous facility in worrying an enemy. He had served seven terms in Congress and was entering on his eighth when the war with Spain broke out; he was almost the first to offer his services to the government which he had once tried so hard to destroy. It was General Sherman who said that if there were to be another war he would pick Forrest



DR. LEONARD WOOD, COLONEL OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

and "Joe" Wheeler first to fight on his side.

Major-General Wesley Merritt was graduated at West Point a year later than Wheeler. He served with great distinction through the Civil War, and in Indian warfare later he played a brilliant part. It has been said of Merritt that he could easily accomplish that which Wheeler ardently desired, and this expresses well the difference between the temperaments of the two men. Merritt had his early training with Philip St. George Cooke, the originator of the American cavalry service as it stands to-day, and he was a corps commander before he was twenty-seven. He is the ideal soldier—aggressive yet conservative, far-seeing, thoroughly grounded in the principles of his profession, of great energy and working powers. He was with Custer under Sheridan in the Shenandoah, but he was the antipodes of Custer at almost every point. Custer was dashing and spectacular, a great taker of chances. Merritt figured his campaign out cautiously and thoroughly, and then struck swiftly; he never wasted time. He excelled particularly in

bringing about quiet and effective movements; he was a master of that discipline which has been defined as the "orderly occurrence of military events"; he was noted for the ease with which he handled a command without fretting his men or worrying his animals. With Merritt it has been said that marching is a classic. The confidence that he inspires in those under him is superb.

I pass over Major-General Fitzhugh Lee: his distinguished service as Consul General at Havana is the most familiar of recent history. Major-General James H. Wilson is a West Point graduate who served with fine success throughout the Civil War, and then left the army to win equal success in the pursuits of peace. He was close to Grant all through the war, first as an engineer officer in Western campaigns, and later as a cavalry leader when Grant came East. Wilson has the reputation of having been one of the best officers who served in the Union armies; Grant looked upon him as one of his strongest supports.

One cannot find an army officer who will not express the highest confidence in "Bull" Shafter.

which is the name by which Major-General William R. Shafter goes in the service. Shafter went into the Civil War at the head of a fighting Michigan regiment, and he fought with the tenacity of a bulldog till peace was won. He was at the siege of Yorktown, at the action of West Point, and at the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. He is noted for his hard-headedness and for his strong good sense. His power of will is inexhaustible, and he is specially fitted to cope with situations in which emergencies may be expected suddenly to arise.

Major-General James F. Wade is the son of Senator "Ben" Wade of Ohio, and he was appointed a lieutenant from civil life at the beginning of the war in 1861. He did good service at the battle of Beverly Ford and in the action at Marion in 1864, and he is regarded as one of the most sensible and level-headed officers in the army.

Major-General John R. Brooke fought through the war at the head of a Pennsylvania regiment, and has been one of the strong men in the regular army ever since. At Get-

tysburg he was the mark for three bullets—one gashed his forehead, another pierced his arm, and a third glanced from his side; but he fought on, none the less, and led his regiment gamely, with head and arm done up in bandages. At Cold Harbor, during an assault on the enemy's works at daybreak, Brooke's command penetrated the works, and he was again wounded. This time the wound was so severe that he was compelled to take leave of absence for three months.

When Theodore Roosevelt announced his intention of resigning his enviable position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy in order to serve his country in the field, his friends gathered around him and begged him to remain. They told him he was wrecking his career; but Roosevelt would listen to nobody. "I should be false to my ideals," he said, "if I were to remain here while fighting was going on, and I am willing to take the chance." The President offered to make him a colonel of cavalry, but Roosevelt declined the commission. "I am not fitted to command a regiment," he said, "for I have had no military training. Later, after I have gained experience, perhaps that may come; but all I ask now is to be permitted to serve under somebody else. If you will make my friend Dr. Wood a colonel, I will go with him as lieutenant-colonel." The President accepted the suggestion.

Leonard Wood, who was thus placed in command of the regiment of rough riders, was an assistant surgeon in the army. He had been with the army on the plains, and General Miles had brought him to Washington as his attendant physician. He was not long ago detailed as physician at the White House; but while surgery was his profession, fighting was his bent. Wood has the instincts and the bearing of a soldier; he is of New England birth, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, and he is as fine a specimen of the gritty Anglo-Saxon as can be found. He has a record of which any soldier might be proud, and he wears a medal of honor which testifies to his gallant conduct.

At the head of an army thus splendidly officered is Major-General Nelson A. Miles,

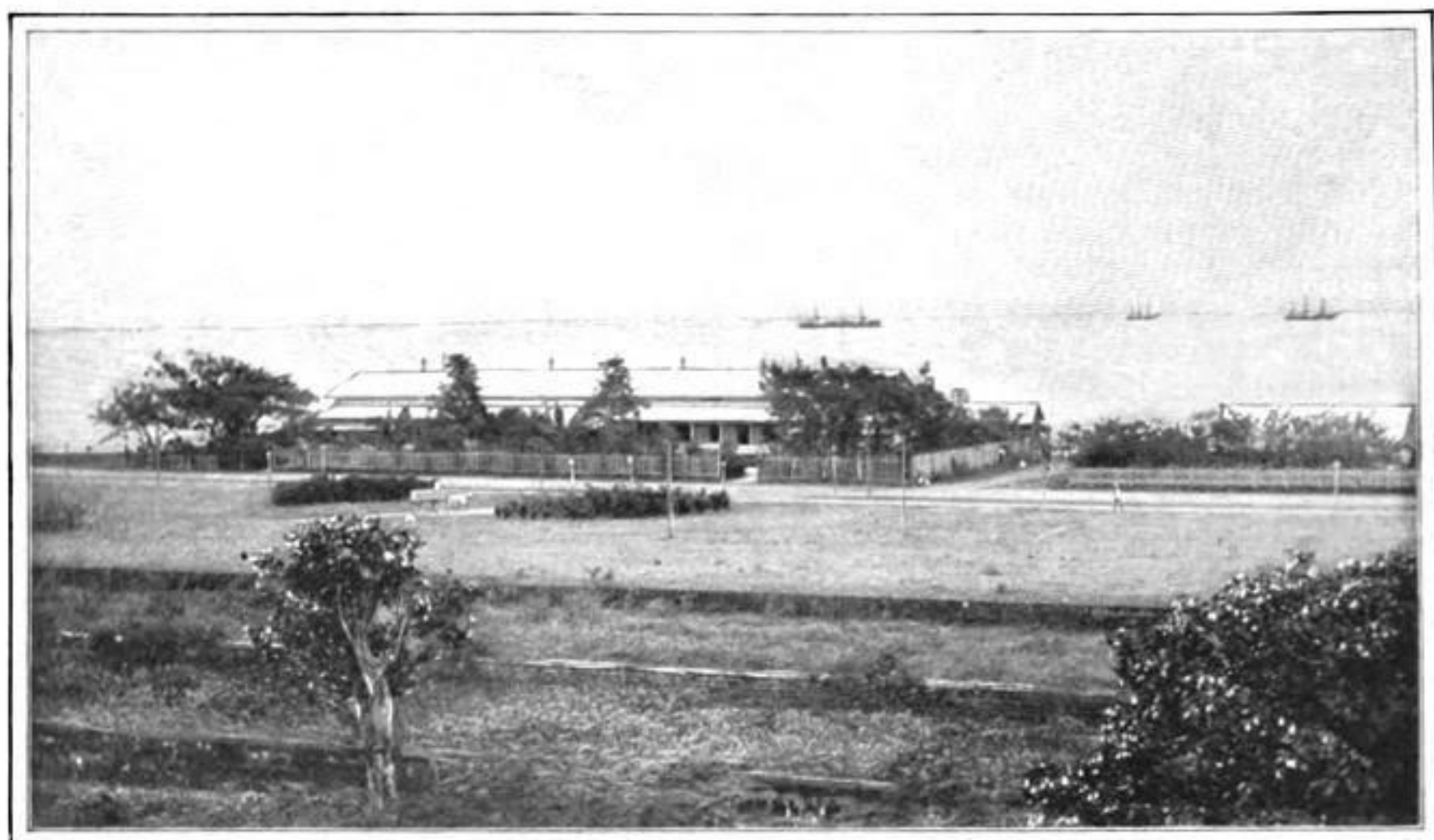


THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN CAMPAIGN UNIFORM.

From a copyrighted photograph by Miss F. B. Johnston.

the ideal soldier in personal presence and a man who has shown extraordinary ability to meet emergencies. He resigned a mercantile position and entered the Civil War as a lieutenant of volunteers when he was barely twenty-two. Within seven or eight months he had risen to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and within a year to that of colonel. He fought in all the battles of the Army of the Potomac, except one, up to the surrender of Lee, and he was wounded three times. He was finally brevetted major-general of volunteers for distinguished service and gallantry, particularly in the battle of Ream's Station. He entered the regular army at the conclusion of the war as colonel of the 40th infantry, and then followed his brilliant achievements as an Indian fighter. In this most baffling kind of warfare he displayed great resourcefulness and versatility. He has always been especially strong in devising quick and effective plans, and he has been exceptionally successful in his movements.

THE MALECON PROMENADE ALONG MANILA BAY, WITH THE LOW STRIP OF LAND ON WHICH CAVITÉ IS LOCATED IN THE MIDDLE BACKGROUND. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM CENTRAL BATTERY, ON THE WALLS OF OLD MANILA. THE NAVAL FIGHT TOOK PLACE DIRECTLY BEHIND THE SHIPS SEEN AT ANCHOR.



AN AMERICAN IN MANILA.

BY JOSEPH EARLE STEVENS.

Illustrated from unpublished photographs taken by a Spanish engineer.

BY the great victory of our fleet in Manila Bay, another of the world's side-tracked capitals has been pulled out from obscurity into main lines of prominence. Take the steamship "China" some afternoon at San Francisco, and in twenty-five days after she has passed the Golden Gate she will have dropped anchor in Hong Kong, with but two stops on the way, Honolulu and Yokohama. Thence the "Esmeralda," 950 tons, Captain Tayler, makes the 700-mile run, to the southeast, across the China Sea, in sixty hours. In the early morning of the third day out from Hong Kong, the mountains on Luzon—largest and most northern island of the group—appear blue and dim off the port bow, and in a few hours the "Esmeralda" steams in through the "Boca chica," or narrow mouth of the great circular bay on whose opposite perimeter squats Manila. I say "squats;" for although the Philippines are mountainous, and although

the entrance into the bay is made between flanking chains of low mountains that start upward from the water's edge, Manila itself is on the low alluvial plains which form a sort of huge door-mat to the main backbone range of Luzon Island, that runs up and down the eastern coast along the Pacific Ocean.

It is twenty-seven miles across the bay, and it looks as if the blue mountains in the background formed the opposite shore. But as the "Esmeralda" comes in toward the anchorage, the front row of houses and walls in Manila slowly rise out of the water which they seem to be hugging closely. Off to the right, on the south shore of the bay, is the low and almost invisible sand spit on which, in the haze, sprawls Cavité, while directly in front are a dozen hemp and sugar vessels lying at anchor some four miles off the seawall. Behind lies the city, like a white chalk line on the low shore, and some of its domes are faintly silhouetted against the mountains fifteen miles inland. The "Esmeralda"

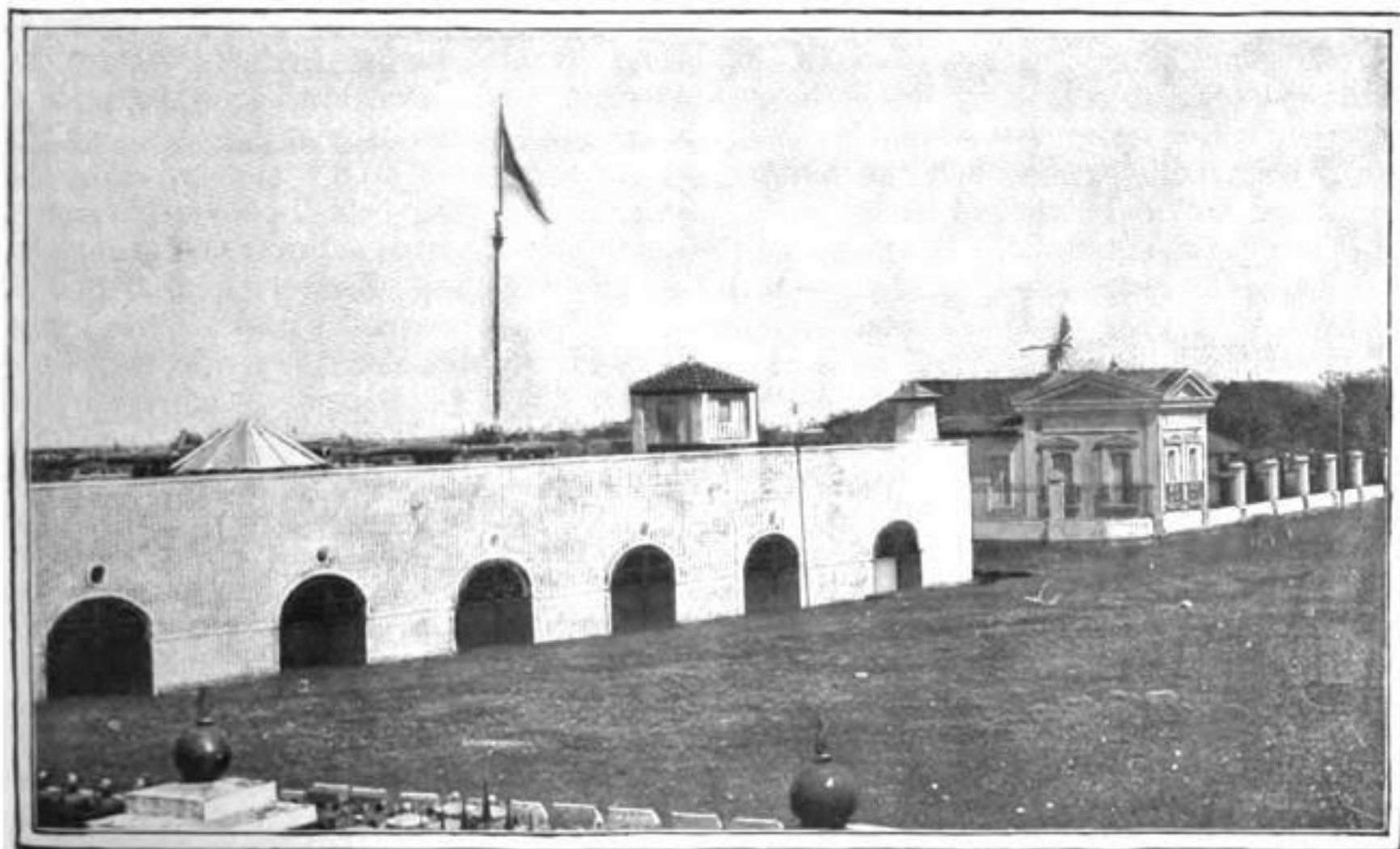
doesn't draw more than fifteen feet, so she pokes in through the shipping, enters the narrow Pasig River, which slouches down from somewhere up country, dividing Manila in two, and ties up at the quay just beneath that grim old fort now known as the Black Hole.

It is stifling at the custom house, and, with the proper mixture, you could fry griddle cakes on the steaming sheet-iron roofs that sizzle in the sun. Shaggy goats are nosing around for lumps of wet sugar dropped from sacks that are being unloaded from some provincial steamer, and big carabou, or water oxen, attached to two-wheeled dray carts, are gasping for water in the vertical sun. The officials look cool enough in bent-wood rocking-chairs, but they make you boil within as their orderlies upset your trunk in the search for contraband Mexican dollars. And for many years that custom house has brought to a boil the anger of the foreign business houses. For whether its officials have extracted champagne from cases imported, and emptied many good bottles in the effort to make sure the liquid was not cologne, or have fined ship captains one hundred dollars for every piece of their cargo exceeding or falling short of the amount called for by the manifest, it has long been the foe to all business enterprise.

From the customs you get into a noisy carriage built for a much lower studded person than yourself, and behind two lean

little ponies rattle up to the English Club, just as most of its members are sitting down to the noon tiffin or hearty breakfast. Conversation stops, and you dodge the swinging punkah, to hear, in stage whispers, some one asking, "Who's the new man?" For the first few days nobody lets you pay for anything; but after the colony have found out what in the dickens you have come to Manila for, they take you more for granted. After that, if you want to be invited out to dine with the gentler element, you must call on the half-dozen ladies of the settlement, and if they ever want to see your face again, they must ask you to dinner within a fortnight.

Left to your own resources, you order eighteen white cloth suits, for two dollars apiece, at the tailor's, and make arrangements to carry enough coin for car fares. No one carries more—for those white suits aren't built that way. Since the currency is all heavy metal, the "chit" system is in full force; and go where you like, buy what you will, the dealer wants nothing in payment but a signed I.O.U. When the new month comes in, all the collectors come in with it, bringing you your "chits," as they are called. At such times the office is like a money changer's, and the dark-skinned, hollow-cheeked natives, who take your Mexicans and give up your I.O.U.'s, vie with each other in biting the silver to detect counterfeits.



ONE OF THE BATTERIES AT A CORNER OF THE FORTIFICATIONS IN THE OLD WALLED CITY, FACING THE BAY.



THE PLAZA DEL PADRE MORAGA AND THE ROSARIO, IN THE CENTER OF THE BUSINESS SECTION, MANILA.

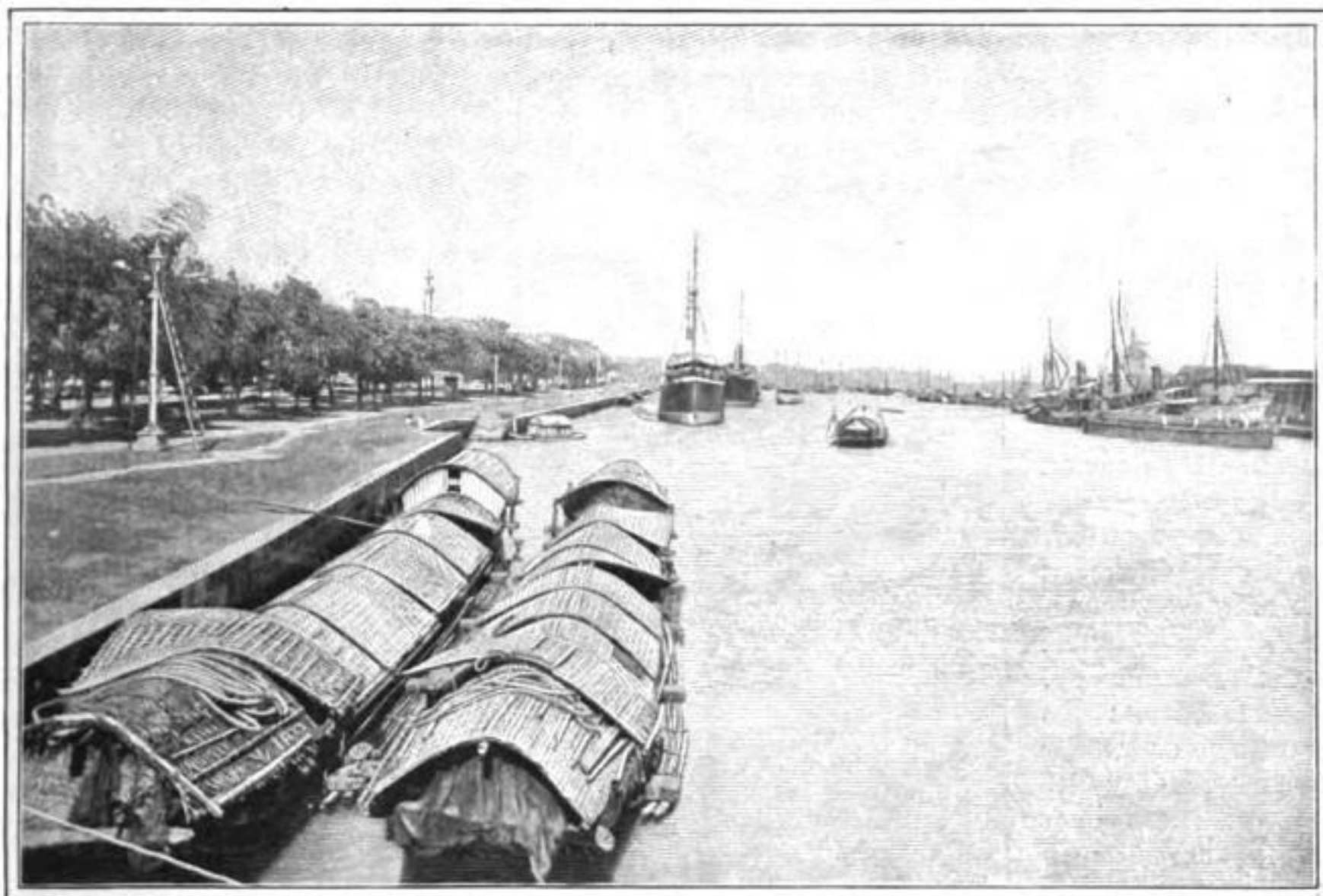
Though but a foot above high water, Manila is no small village, and contains some 300,000 souls. Of these, call 50,000 Chinese, 5,000 Europeans, 100 English, and 3 Americans.

The city proper is the walled town of old, stretching up the right bank of the river as you enter, and along the bay front to the south; and with its moats, its drawbridges, and heavy gates, it suggests a troubled past. It may be a mile square, and the narrow streets and heavily buttressed houses within are gloomy in the extreme. Upon the mile of walls that from the river run south behind the shore-road promenade are the batteries that cover the bay and river, and some half-dozen Krupp guns raise the tone of a motley lot of old muzzle-loaders as they look over the parapet, rising from the weed-grown moat, at either end of the fortifications.

Over opposite, on the left bank, lies the commercial town and the Chinese quarter, while further up the river, beyond the crowded Puente d'España, come the private residences and the governor's palace. Each church seems to localize a small district of its own; and while the old city only is spoken of as Manila, some of the surrounding sections suffer under such names as Pandacan, Binondo, Mandeloen, Malate, and Nagtajan.

Out of respect to earthquakes, the houses are low built and without glass windows. Thin seashells set into lattice frames serve for glass, and the whole side of a house generally slides open in these frame sections. Cloth, not plaster, covers the walls and ceilings, since, in times of earthquake, it seems to mind its own business better than the plaster, which would at once throw itself on the neck of the baby or into the midday meal. Gas pipes aren't allowed, and the water mains, which bring in the city's supply from up river, run along over the ground on smooth cross-ties. For earthquakes are so epidemic that a small shake will make the old residents, who saw the city fall to pieces back in the eighties, turn pale, and either run for the street or get under the door-jambs.

Almost as famous as the earthquakes are the typhoons, which are born away down to the southeast of the Philippines, and come slowly swirling up the back coast till they find a break in the mountains, and cross into the China Sea, as a rule, about eighty miles north of the capital. A medium blow will capsize 3,000 houses, and other people than my friend the Englishman have gone home from business, after a sudden cyclone, to find only their upright piano on the spot where



THE COMMERCIAL PORTION OF THE RIVER PASIG, LOOKING TOWARDS ITS MOUTH FROM THE PUENTE D'ESPAÑA, MANILA.

their light-built house stood—the balance of things having been hastened on to the next town.

And in the line of epidemics, below typhoons and earthquakes, come house snakes, which live up in the rafters of some of the older structures and chase rats in the small

hours. These reptiles, though big, are harmless, and rarely show themselves. They are good, though noisy, rat-catchers; but since they must needs eat all they catch, their efficiency is limited to their length of stomach, and one night of energetic campaign is generally followed by several days



ON THE UPPER PASIG. A TYPICAL RIVER SCENE IN THE SUBURBS OF MANILA.

of rest, during which the snake sees if he has bitten off more than he can chew. It is hardly to be wondered at that the native cats are modestly retiring, when you awake at dead of night to hear your shoes being dragged off across the floor, by some huge, rice-fed rodent.

The native of Manila is a queer mixture of Malay, Chinese, and Spanish characteristics, and you find him combining the looks and traits of these three types in all sorts of proportions. He lives on rice, cigarettes, and cock-fighting, and rarely tucks his shirt into his trousers. Being, as he is, a born gambler, he substitutes the fighting cock for the dog, and makes as much ado over his pet rooster as we do over a clever terrier. In case of fire it is the first thing rescued and removed to a place of safety.

In times of conflagration—such as Easter week, with its regular annual fire—no one expects the fire department to appear. It takes them too long to go home for their uniforms; or to find the man with the key to the engine-house, who is off on a picnic; or to get oxen to haul that American fire-engine which some of us brought out as an experiment not long ago. And so a Manila fire burns till a vacant lot or a clump of banana trees stops it; and the thatch owners rejoice: it is even whispered that they resort to igniting houses in order to help business and start a bull market in roofing materials. A thousand houses go up in smoke, and the prices for nipa-palm thatch rise accordingly.

The Manila tram-car is a thing by itself, as is the one lean pony that pulls it. It takes one man to drive and one to work the whip; and if the wind blows too hard, service is suspended. The conductor uses a valise suspended from his neck, and whistles through his lips—up hill to stop, and down hill for

the starting sign. The chief of the rules of the road says: "This car has seats for twelve persons, and places for eight on each platform. Passengers are requested to stand in equal numbers only on both platforms, to prevent derailments." And so, if there are four "fares" on the front and six on the back platform, one has to shamle forward to equalize the weight. Smoking "goes" everywhere, and every one smokes, even to

the conductor, who generally drops the ash off a fifteen-for-a-cent cigarette into your lap as he hands you a receipt for your "dos centavos." No one is allowed to stand inside, and if the car contains its quota of passengers the driver hangs out the sign "Lleno" (full), and doesn't stop even for the archbishop. Sit at the front end of the car, please, if you fear smallpox, for it is no strange sight to see a Philippine mamma brush into a seat, holding a scantily clothed babe well covered with evidences of that disease.



A TYPICAL PHILIPPINE GIRL IN HER BEST DRESS.

In Manila there are three seasons, the cool, the hot-dry, and the wet. From November to March the afternoons are fresh and the nights cold. From March till June are the stifling days of perpetual heat. But as June gets under way, the thunder storms begin, and, later on, they gradually merge into the rainy season of July to October—those months when boats are at a premium for street service and typhoon signals are always hoisted.

For all this, the climate of the islands is healthy, and smallpox is their worst scourge. Yellow fever is unknown, though malaria and typhoid are somewhat more common. It doesn't pay to be ill in Manila, for good doctors are scarce, and one sees his own coffin brought into the room before life is over, and finds himself being buried on the very day of his death.

Living is dirt cheap—if you are not fond of tinned peas and asparagus, that come from France and Germany. Our cook got forty cents per diem to supply our table with an entire dinner for four people, and for five cents extra he would decorate the cloth with orchids and put peas in the soup. As a servant the native is satisfactory if you have enough of him. He takes bossing well, and you can punch his head if things go wrong. In fact,

he rather expects it than otherwise, and does not put his arms akimbo and march out of the house when you mildly suggest that the quality of ants in the cake was not up to standard. For ants are everywhere; and unless the legs of your dining-table and cook-stove stand in cups of kerosene, the ants will be apt to eat the dinner before you do. For wages these boys—and they are called boys till they die—get some four dollars a month; and on this salary my own servant paid ten per cent. to the government, sup-

ported a wife and two children, bought all his own food, and ran a fighting cock. I don't know how much he stole, but he used sometimes to call on me for an advance, saying that he needed funds to bury some relative. At first I was touched at his loss, but, later on, when he tried to bury his mother twice over, I found it necessary to keep a record of the family tree in order not to be led into paying an advance on the cost of two funerals for the same person.

Spain has long had her hands full with the Philippines, although it has been her asylum for the reception of officials with empty pock-

ets and friars of empty morals. The wilder tribes of the interior have never recognized the rule of any one, and not thirty miles from the moats of Old Manila are races of dwarfs who care not or know not of Spain's existence. For years the Spanish troops have tried to battle the tribes on Mindanao Island into submission, but without success. Peaceful natives have been taxed, and if taxes haven't been paid, they have been drafted

into service for the campaign in that great fever-stricken graveyard to the south. The prisons of Manila have emptied their inmates into troop ships, and the ships have discharged their human cargoes on to that disputed soil. If the convicts were killed in assaulting the rude forts of the wild men, well and good; if the untrained boys who were drafted into service were cut to pieces, it was not of great import. If the native troops were touched, it began to look serious; but if the Spanish line began to waver, it was time to retreat.

The end of it all came in the beginning of 1896, when rebellion broke out and Spain had to face the brotherhood of the Katipunan. An attempt was made to seize Manila while the troops were at the south, but the leader was lacking, and the plot failed. But the uprising had come. Spain's soldiers were recalled, suspects were seized, guards increased, and martial law proclaimed. Sixty out of the first hundred prisoners shut into that old dungeon whose walls cast dark shadows on the Pasig just above the "Esmeralda's" berth, were in one night smothered by the act of the officer on guard, who, because it rained, shut the trap-door that



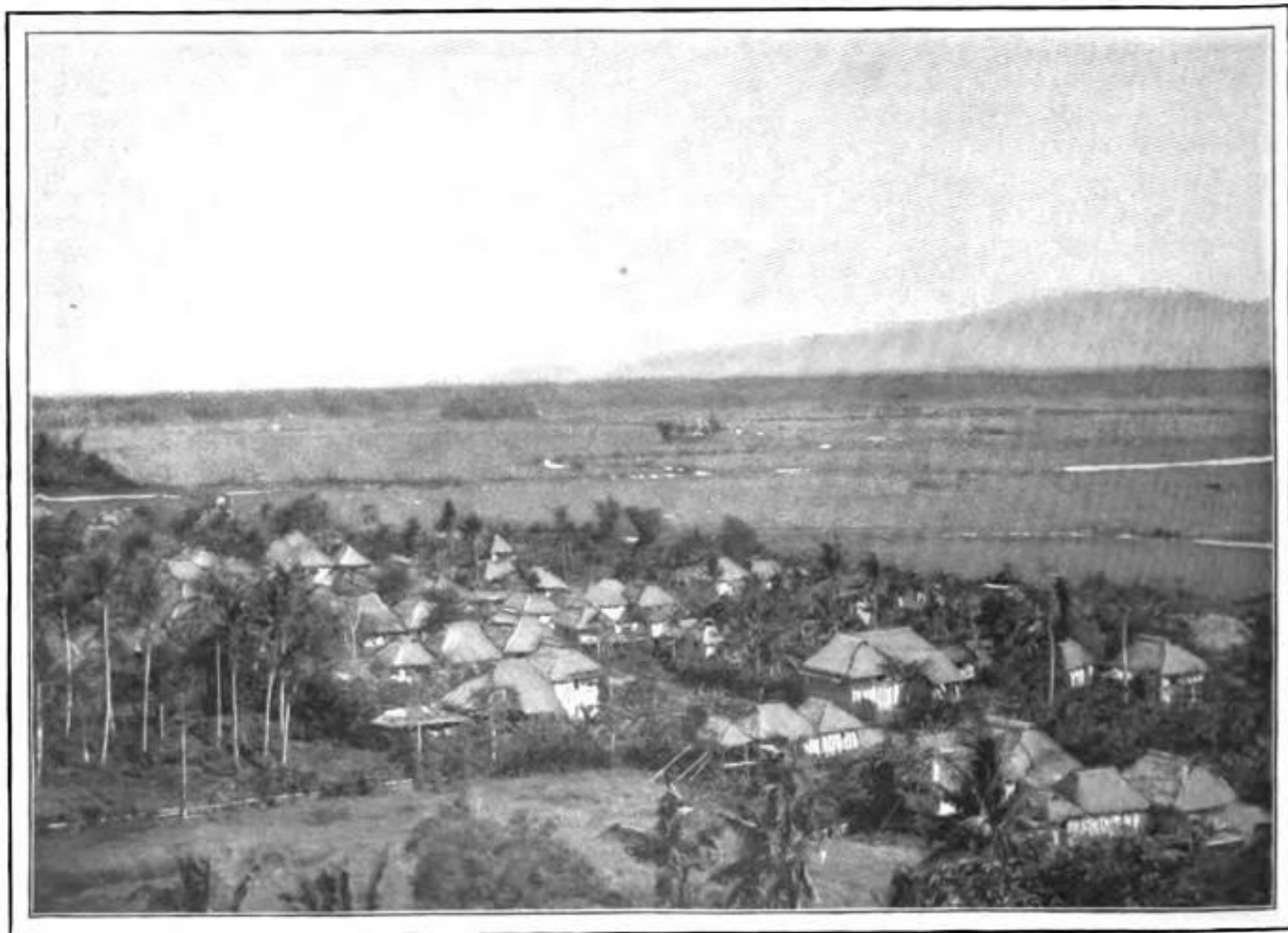
SPECIMENS OF THE WILD TRIBES THAT STILL HOLD A LARGE PART OF THE PHILIPPINES.

admitted light and air to the vault below. Then Manila had her Black Hole. Executions followed; and while the artillery band played martial airs on the esplanade, native soldiers, with trembling hands, shot down their own people standing upon the seawall to suffer the death penalty. Wealthy half-castes were implicated. They fled the country, and their estates were turned into the coffers of the government. More troops were hurried out from Spain on board of light cruisers. Earthworks were thrown up at Cavité, and eight-inch guns looked out over the bay. New batteries were planted behind the walls of Old Manila, that stretch from the river south, along the bay, to the promenade, and families living in the suburbs pitched tents in the streets of the old city. And so from then till now some 20,000 Spanish troops have kept the tide of revolt in check, while leaders have been bought off by hard coin, only to wait for better opportunities of renewing the struggle.

What do the "Filipinos" want? Nothing much, save to be left alone by the church and the tax-gatherer. To be free to work or not to work. To know that the results of their enterprise will be theirs, not somebody else's. To be able to knock cocoanuts

off a tree for their morning meal, or to shake the fruit from 10,000 trees to the ground, and export the pieces in bags to Marseilles without hindrance. To get enough fibre out of the stalk of the banana tree to sew their thatch together, or to dry the strands from 10,000 trees and send shiploads of hemp to the rope-mills of the world.

The Philippines are the richest gardens of the East, but their light has been hid under the bushel of Spain's colonial system. Our American fleet has silenced the guns on Corregidor; they have sunk the Spanish ships, and silenced the batteries at Cavité. The Krupps that sent wadding over the promenade on the Malecon are still. Manila is ours, the "mestizos" are with us. But up to the north, in the mountains of the interior; over to the east, on the Pacific; and away to the south, in the heart of a hundred islands, are wild tribes who are there to dispute our possession. The gems of the Pacific are as yet rough diamonds, and the cutting is going to be harder than the acquisition. For I take it Manila is the capital of our new colony, and the 400 islands of the Philippine group, with their 8,000,000 inhabitants, the materials to be used in our first great colonial experiment.



A NATIVE VILLAGE IN THE FOOTHILLS BACK OF MANILA.

IN THE FIELD WITH GOMEZ.

BY GROVER FLINT.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following account of General Gomez, the commander-in-chief of the Cuban insurgents, has the special value of coming from one who has lived in intimate relations with him, in all the hard conditions of his present life, and has been his companion in camp, on the march, and in battle. Before going to Cuba, in 1896, Mr. Flint had had experience of the life of a United States soldier on the Western plains. He had also, by a residence in Spain, become familiar with the Spanish language and the Spanish character. He went to Cuba with the single purpose of seeing for himself what the condition of affairs was there. He went first to Havana; but, after a brief stay, he found that to get the full information he was seeking, he must go out among the insurgents, and he, accordingly, took up his residence with General Gomez. He made careful notes of all he saw, and also, as there were subjects and opportunity, drew pictures. Out of the material thus gathered, he prepared, on coming home, a valuable book which has just been published by Lamson, Wolfe and Co., Boston, entitled "Marching with Gomez," with an introduction by Prof. John Fiske. It is from this book, by special permission, that the present article and most of the pictures illustrating it are taken.]



HE is a gray little man. His clothes do not fit well, and, perhaps, if you saw it in a photograph, his figure might seem old and ordinary. But the moment he turns his keen eyes on you, they strike like a blow from the shoulder. You feel the will, the fearlessness, and the experience of men that is in those eyes, and their owner becomes a giant before you.

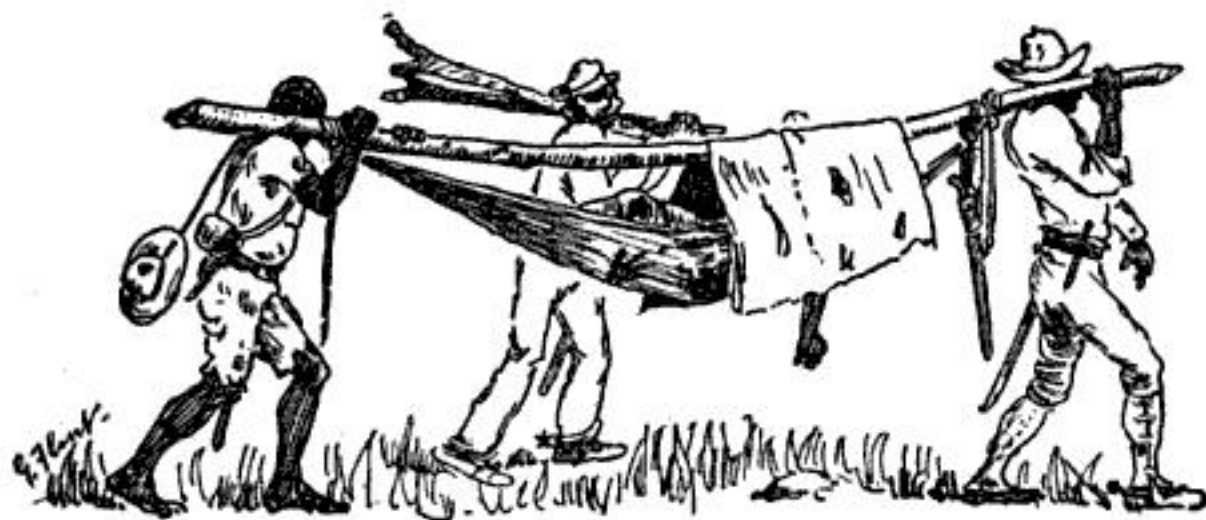
He is a farmer by birth, the son of a farmer, with an Anglo-Saxon tenacity of purpose, and a sense of honor as clean and true as the blade of his little Santo Domingo machete.

When the revolution broke out in Santo Domingo, he served as a lieutenant in the Spanish army against the land of his birth, in her struggle for independence.* He was fighting for rank, I have heard him say; but the example of the Dominican patriots and the methods of his brother soldiers made him think.

In later years he came to believe with the Cubans that Cuba should be free; and when

others dared only whisper, he proclaimed his sympathies, and was relieved of a captain's commission in consequence.

When the Ten Years' War broke out, in 1868, Gomez and Modesto Diaz, another Dominican and ex-Spanish officer, were among the first to offer their swords to the insurgents. Both were experienced soldiers, energetic, and of the character of iron. . . . Diaz died after it was over; but Gomez lived to be the man under the hub, to whose genius alone is due the credit of having lifted the Cuban cause from a rut and pushed it successfully from Cape Maisi to the Point of San Antonio.



CARRYING THE WOUNDED.

At the beginning of the present war, Gomez was offered the command of the forces such as they might be or might become; and he accepted, with the distinct stipulation that the commander-in-chief of the army should have supreme and exclusive control.

*"Not so much to serve Spain as in reality to combat one of the many political bands that in that time divided San Domingo, did General Gomez become one of those that proclaimed the reestablishment of Spanish rule on that Island." So wrote an eminent Cuban whom I questioned on this point.



"DO YOU WEAR THE WEAPON OF THE REPUBLIC FOR ORNAMENTS?"

of all military matters. . . . By January, 1896, the rebellion had extended through the entire Island, and Gomez was able to put in force his second plan—that of destruction. Proprietors of plantations were forbidden to grind cane, on pain of having their crops destroyed; many confided in the protection of Martinez Campos, and saw their plantations go up in flames. Others did not grind, and their canefields remained standing. In February, Weyler came in and ordered the planters to re-

sume grinding throughout the Island. Then their canefields were universally destroyed.

The burning of cane means only the loss of the crop for one year; for fire simply destroys the leaves and chars the stalks, leaving the root unharmed. Sugar can be made from burnt cane, but it is of poor quality. The planters still attempted to grind—many of them grinding with burnt cane, according to Weyler's orders. Then the insurgents burned not only the cane, but the sugar-mills also, and millions of invested capital went up daily. This was carrying out Gomez's idea of destroying everything of value in the Island, and depriving Spain of any possible revenue. Gomez is fond of repeating the story of the semi-civilized Indians who once inhabited Cuba, and who threw their gold into the rivers at the approach of the Spaniards, knowing it to be the cause of their persecution. So the invasion accomplished not only the spread of the rebellion throughout the Island, but it succeeded in cutting off Spain from every possible revenue in that direction, and in ruining her credit abroad.

At first I thought Gomez's staff officers a less courteous lot than the aides of Llaet. They were less inclined to minimize the foreigners, and were perhaps rather more attentive to their own affairs. But I noticed that these aides were swift and prompt in obedi-

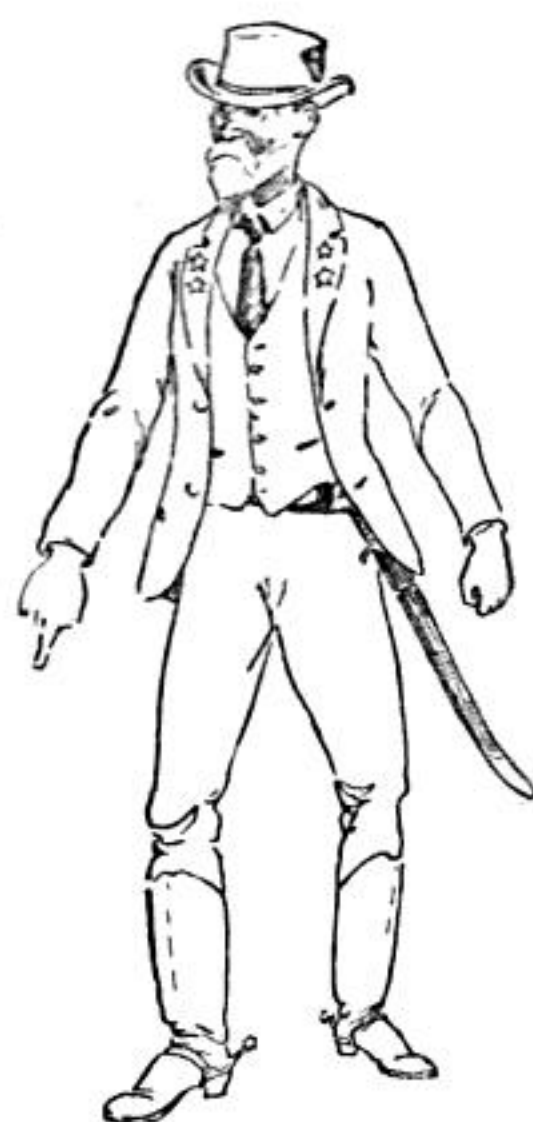
ence to a degree I had not before witnessed in the Manigua. Their very appearance was businesslike, for they carried carbines in addition to the pistols and machetes of their grade. The soldierly discipline inspired by Gomez showed in his staff as it did in the men of his escolta, and of the local forces who had once been under his eye.

Gomez never camped in houses. He preferred not to inconvenience householders, he said; and, besides, he knew that a house is always the first point of a sudden attack. There was not, therefore, the general staff mess that I had seen with Llaet. . . .

The insurgents never desert their wounded. It is part of their religion to stay with them. I have never seen or heard, on good evidence, of an exception to this rule. As Gomez says, "The wounded are sacred."

The impedimenta were signalled to halt, and from it stout negroes were detailed to carry the helpless. Hammocks were borrowed from those who had them to lend, and the wounded were borne in them, slung on poles on the shoulders of their comrades. Two men carried a pole for a hundred yards or so, and rested it on crotched sticks that they drove upright in the ground at each halt, while they caught their wind and mopped their sweaty brows. A third man shouldered those crotched sticks and changed places with the first pole-bearer who gave out.

Deep in the woods [on one occasion when the insurgents had come to a halt], some distance from the road, a temporary camp was made for the wounded, and the dead were buried. Graves were dug with poles made



"I WILL HAVE THE SURGEON EXAMINE US AND SEE WHICH IS THE SICKER MAN, YOU OR I!"



"I WILL KEEP MY EYE ON EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU!"

Once Gomez paused as he saw a farmer plowing by the roadside. "Why do you work?" he cried; "don't you know that you are working for Spain, who will seize your crops? Don't you know that you make the land richer for Spain, and that for your work she will be less ready to abandon it? To support your family? It would be better if you fed them on roots in the forest, or left them to starve, as my men have left their wives and children and parents to starve, for the sake of the fatherland. You work when you should destroy. When the war is over, there will be need and time for plowing. Until then only the machete should be lifted."

The security of the country encouraged majaces [skulkers], and Gomez despatched parties in all directions to "round them up." Every evening a silent, abashed line was drawn up before headquarters, while officers, soldiers, and asistentes crowded in anticipation of the lecture to come. Finally Gomez would come out from under his piece of canvas, with a towel in one hand, that served for a handkerchief, and look them through, from under his bushy gray eyebrows, with his hawk's eye.

"Ah-h-h, ma-ja-ces, neat, well-fed ma-ja-ces, living in hous-es, on fresh pork and chicken and milk, the food of the women and children, swindling the republic, what do you do for the fatherland?"

from saplings sharpened to a point with machetes. Some thrust the poles into the ground to turn it up and soften it, and others scooped out the loosened earth with their hands. The equipments of the dead were removed before burial, and portioned among those who needed them most. A man tried on the hat, leggings, and shoes of his late comrade as he lay on the ground, and kept them if a fit, or, if not, passed them to his neighbor; for in the field it is so difficult to get clothing of any kind, that the Mambis cannot afford to lose through sentiment. . . .

"Do you wear the weapons of the republic for ornaments, and ride her horses for pleasure?"

"You, you say your father was dying, and you left your force to be with him in December, and it is now May; and he is still dying? And you over there, you with the face of a guerrillero, you say you were wounded. Look at my men. Every one of them is wounded. I am wounded. I will have the surgeon examine us and see which is the sicker man, you or I."

"You deceive the republic, but you do not deceive me. I will make you serve your country, if only as examples for others. I will keep my eye on every single one of you."

"Officer of the day, take these men to the impedimenta; make them walk with the infantry."

So each day the active forces were swelled with men who had long waited for arms, and the impedimenta filled with those on whom the hardships of war had hitherto fallen lightly.

In camp, no breach of discipline was too slight to escape correction from the commander-in-chief; and when at rare intervals a grave offense was committed, a formal court-martial was called, and its findings were read aloud to the forces assembled. * One court found a stripling of barely eighteen years old guilty of sleeping on his post at sentry duty, a crime punishable with death. But Gomez, who rarely condones a fault, pardoned the culprit on account of extreme youth, after giving him a fright and a public lecture on the seriousness of his offense, and sent him to the impedimenta "until he should grow up."

The appearance of the company of infantry that now marched as our rear guard was unique and pathetic. Somebody called them the "hundred heroes;" and they certainly bore out the Frenchman's saying that the infantry proves its valor less in fighting than in walking so much. Ragged to the skin,



"AH-H-H, MA-JA-CES, NEAT, WELL-FED MA-JA-CES!"

travel-worn to the bone, of all colors and sizes, with their Remington or Mauser "Long Toms" across their shoulders—any way at all—they filed along like bits of moving earth on the landscape. In the forest trails, that our horses' hoofs had cut into mud gullies, they slipped along, leaping from one side to the other in search of firmer footing, or struggling knee-deep through pools and rivulets. They carried cooking-utensils queer and various—even old watering-pots taken from deserted gardens. They were hard up for everything—shoes, hats, equipments of every sort. . . .

It was at noon one day that a lanky old fellow with the face of a vulture was arrested and brought before Gomez. He had a servant and three stout mules grunting under a weight of merchandise, rich as the pack of a peddler in the Arabian Nights.

He had a formal permit from the Civil Government to sell these goods—bought in the towns, and carried out by bribery of Spanish officials—to peasants of the neighborhood. This was in direct violation of Gomez's proclamation forbidding trade of any

kind between the town and the peasants. The old speculator's goods were scattered on the ground in heaps. He had several hundred cigars, a thousand packages of cigarettes, bundles of shoes for women and children, rolls of calico and linen stuffs, a number of trinkets and knick-knacks, four demi-johns of rum and brandy, some dozen pounds of hard bread, and two bags of coffee. This, when he found himself in trouble, he swore was all for his personal use.



GOMEZ'S LITTLE SANTO DOMINGO MACHETE.

Gomez tore up the government permit, and parcelled the bread and coffee and tobacco among the soldiers, excepting the staff and escolta. The shoes, calico, and knick-knacks were given to some peasant women of the neighborhood to keep—or divide among their friends—and, the rum and brandy were poured out on the ground, where it settled into the dry soil, leaving a rich aroma. Then

the old fellow was sent on his way with a warning, and we took the march; our happy, ragged soldiery puffing clouds of pale smoke into the air from their newly acquired cigarettes and cigars. . . .



A BIT OF CAMP DISCIPLINE.

At Pozo Azul, a prefect, a tall, sharp-looking fellow, was tried on five indictments, for misappropriating government property, and levying small sums of money, illegally, on farmers of the neighborhood. He was sentenced to death; and as evening fell, the troops were drawn up, dismounted, on three sides of a quadrangle. Then an aide of Gomez trotted to the center of the square and read the indictments and the finding of the

court-martial. Amidst silence, the prefect, his arms tied behind him, was marched across the quadrangle to the open side, followed by four ragged sharpshooters of the infantry and a corporal. His eyes were bandaged, and he was placed standing with his back to us all, six paces in front of the firing squad. There was a pause. No one moved but the corporal, who turned toward the aide as the four marksmen leveled their rifles. Then the last rays of the sun flashed on the lifted machete of the aide, and the corporal gave the order "Fuego," in a whisper heard only by the four and those nearest them.

The prefect's knees swayed under him, and he fell writhing to one side, on his back and left shoulder, with his face buried in the grass. The four bullets had passed through his head. Then the trumpeters blew "Attention!" and "Forward, March!" and the troops swung off within a pace of where the corpse lay; many straining over their shoulders to catch a glimpse of the features, others passing nonchalantly, as if it were an everyday occurrence.

Two days later a burly negro corporal, of vast breadth of shoulder and a gorilla-like cast of features, was found guilty of gross insubordination. He had twice threatened an officer with his carbine. He was shot at evening also.

He died as coolly as any man I have ever seen. With an air of disgust he waved off those who wished to bandage his eyes, and, leaning easily on a snake fence, in a sleeve-

less cotton shirt, with his powerful black arms outstretched along the upper bar, he looked into the barrels of the firing squad.

"Fire at my breast," he said; and when we marched by, as was customary, he had fallen easily, his head resting against the lowest bar of the snake fence, and his eyes open and staring up to the sky, with no other expression than annoyance fixed on his hard features.

These rigid enforcements of discipline were reported through the Island eastward and westward by traveling commissions. They made Cubans think; and laws drawn up by the itinerant government and printed somewhere about Najaza became something more than pretty compositions under pretty coats-of-arms. Cubans felt more than ever that the republic existed in earnest, and their respect for themselves and their leaders increased. . . .

In those first weeks of June, it was my privilege to linger, of evenings, by headquarters, and hear the war discussed in every phase by Gomez and Hernandez. Of the ultimate success of their cause, neither had the shadow of a doubt; but when the trouble would end, neither could prophesy.

Both were painfully aware of the suffering and death that every additional day meant for untold hundreds of helpless old men, women, and children. Yet the dragging on of the war was not without advantage, because it trained Cubans in self-denial; it disciplined the disorderly element, and gave the little Civil Government a chance to spread its wings and gain experience before attempting to fly alone.

As Hernandez said: "The life of one entire generation is not too great a sacrifice to the prosperity of countless generations to come." . . . Gomez had long since ceased to count

on assistance of any kind from the United States. Concerning recognition, I heard him say: "I have a mind to forbid any man's speaking that word in camp. Recognition is like the rain; it is a good thing if it comes, and a good thing if it doesn't come." . . .

These talks, which were not for publication, were held of evenings, when the weather was fine, under Gomez's bit of canvas. They were never long, for Gomez retired early, after the bugle sounded "Silencio." Often before reveille the "old man" was awake, writing private despatches or personal letters, in his hammock, by the flickering light of a yellow Mambi taper fastened on a stick driven into the ground, while an aide stood guard and the camp slept. Of afternoons, when not on the road, he

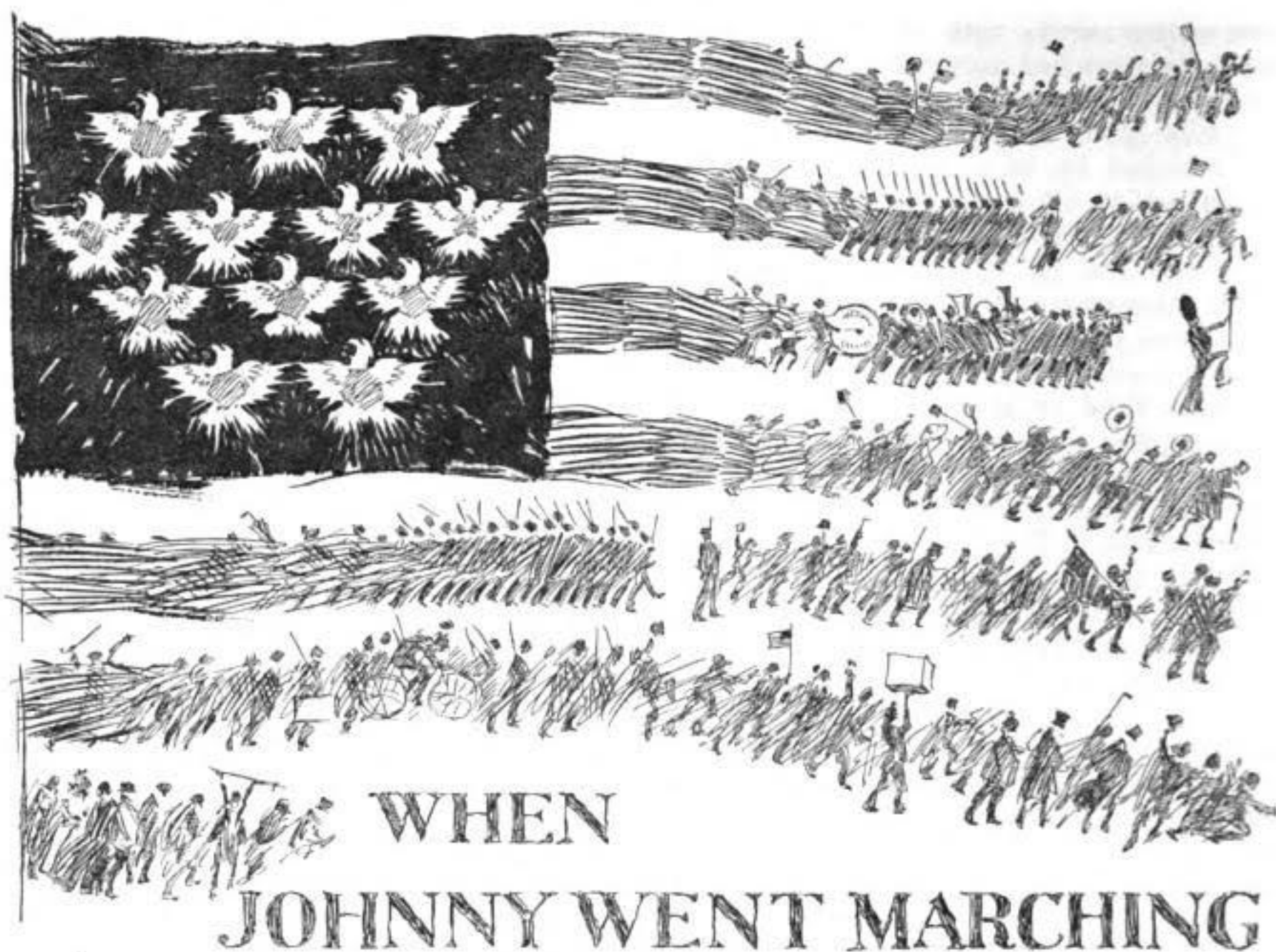
dictated to his secretary, read letters, or dozed the siesta. But at supper-time, when fresh green leaves were spread at Gomez's feet, and the saucepan, with its mess of soup or chopped meat and plantains, was put before him, and we gathered with our tin plates, knives, and spoons, and squatted in a semicircle, our asistentes standing attentively behind, topics of the day were discussed over again. . . .

Gomez, as a practical soldier, did not venture to speculate on Cuba's future in detail. It was looking forward enough for him to see Cuba under her own flag and government. Neither of these men approved of any scheme of annexation to the United States, or saw any conclusion of the war short of absolute independence. As Gomez said: "Autonomy might have been accepted, if offered in good faith, very early in the war; but since the time of Martinez Campos, it has been out of the question." These unyielding views on annexation and autonomy were universally held by fighting Cubans in the Manigua.



AN OFFENDER IN THE STOCKS.





WHEN JOHNNY WENT MARCHING

THE Yankee does not appear well in spectacular heroics. His history is a brief one. He has few heroes. He has not learned the ritual of hero-worship. So when the occasion comes that requires elaborate stage settings and grand manœuvering, the Yankee's performance often falls short. Ask the Yankee to pass the hat for the monument fund, or to take the contract for building the monument, or to dream out some inspiring design for the bronze memorial pile, and he is ready for the task. But appoint him on the committee to ride in the carriage, at the unveiling of the statue, with the grandson of the hero whose deeds have seemed to justify the graven image, and the Yankee's first impulse is to run. His sense of humor overcomes his vanity. So when he goes to war, a business in which there is a preliminary display of rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery, the American goes with a deprecatory, shamefaced manner. This apologetic air clings to him until he gets into the thick of the fight, where death or glory waits for him at sundown.

When the year 1898 came in, the steam whistles screamed for prosperity; the salut-

ing cannons boomed for business; even the church bells rang out the old period of depression, and rang in the new era of commercial activity. In American hearts there was no higher hope for the new year than a hope for a year of peace and plenty. Less than a third of the year had passed before the Americans were willing to let business go hang; and the American whistles shrieked, the big guns roared, and the church bells clamored for war. The interests of the country changed in a few weeks. The change was not an outward one. Trains ran on their scheduled time. Business men hurried to business. The wheel at the cistern was not broken; but there was a new motive guiding it. The public mind ceased wishing for prosperity; it began longing for victory at arms.

The Yankee did not gather in hoarse-voiced mobs. He did not lose time from his work. A minute or two with a bulletin board at noon, and another over the newspaper before supper and before breakfast, were lost—but that was all. Here and there was a new hired man on the farm, a new printer at the case, a promotion in the business office, a vacancy in the mailing department, a man less at the ribbon counter, a switchman who



BY WILLIAM
ALLEN
WHITE

OUT

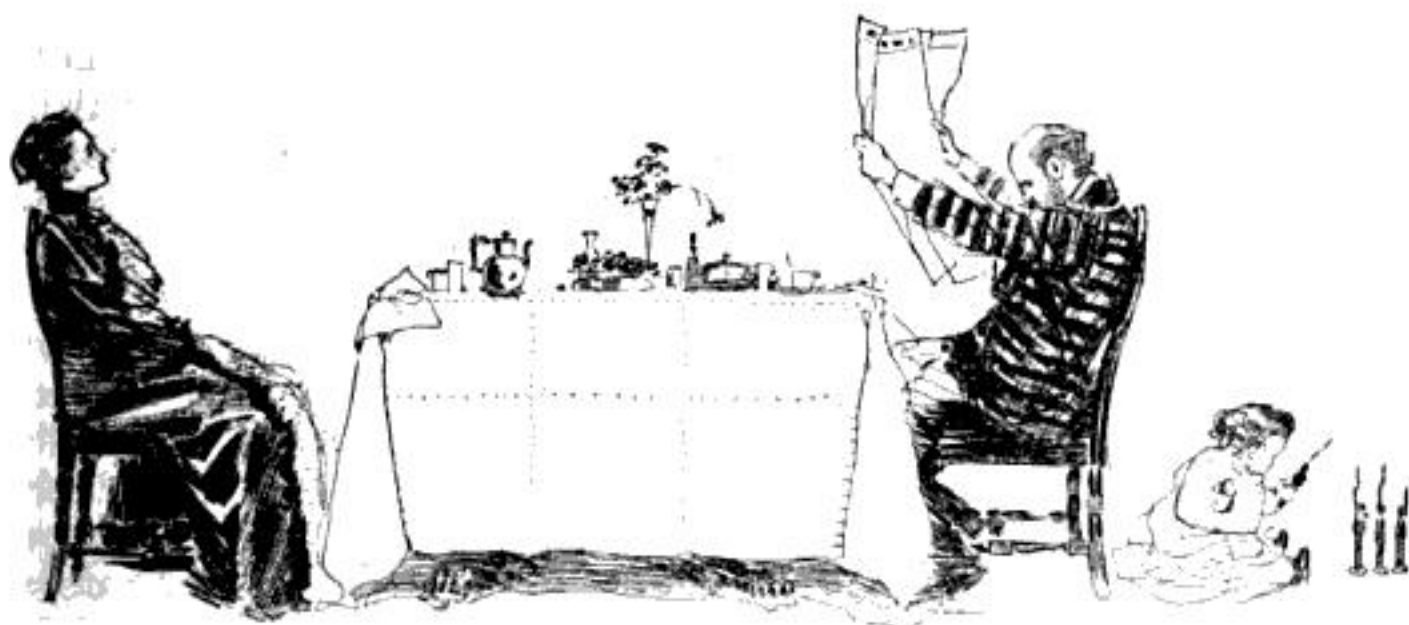
went at his work slowly and cautiously, a junior partner's corrugated desk covered with ten days' dust; and where these things were, there also were the jokes about the soldier boys, and a keen, silent pride, and a deep, fervid interest in the wearers of the blue. The only way the poor dumb, stoical brute of a Yankee could show the patriotism that filled his swelling heart was by the spectacle of the flags. In April, everywhere over this good, fair land, flags were flying. Trains carrying soldiers were hurrying from the North, from the East, from the West, to the Southland; and as they sped over the green prairies and the brown mountains, little children on fences greeted the soldiers with flapping scarfs and handkerchiefs and flags; at the stations, crowds gathered to hurrah for the sol-

diers, and to throw hats into the air, and to unfurl flags. Everywhere it was flags: tattered, smoke-grimed flags in engine cabs; flags in buttonholes; flags on proud poles; flags fluttering everywhere. How gay it was—how sad it was! For the flags may be the signals of coming death; the shadows that they throw may forecast broken hearts. One cannot know how War's horrors will come. They are hidden by the flags. The fluttering of the flags drowns the voice of the tears that may be in the air.

As for the soldier, the citizen soldier, for whom all this pomp and circumstance was created, he seemed to be immensely bored by it. He was apparently preoccupied. He was trying to get the difference firmly fixed in his mind between his hay-foot and his straw-foot. He paid more heed to the training of his left hand to keep out of his trousers pocket on parade than he paid to talk of lofty, heroic ideals.

When the President called for troops in April, the governors of nearly all the States gave the militia men the opportunity to enlist. The National Guards received the opportunity gratefully. They were mostly young fellows, these guardsmen, and they laughed as heartily as the crowd laughed at the jibes about the tin soldiers; but way down in the quiet recesses of his boyish heart, each of the chosen ones prayed to the God of his fathers to let him live to reproach the jibes by some brave deed, magnificently done.

Doubtless the land this spring was budding with millions of hopes of what may happen when Johnny comes marching home. The nature of these hopes is irrelevant here, for this is the story of how Johnny went marching out. Johnny of the American army, the Johnny who responded to the President's call for troops, is a country boy—a boy of the country town. In the country town of



"A minute . . . over the newspaper . . . before breakfast."



the West, the departure of the county company of National Guards for the State capital was an event of considerable awkward dignity. The militia company in the piping times of peace was, like the affairs of Mr. Toots, "really of no consequence." The principal martial duty the National Guards had to perform before they were mustered out was to precede the fire company and follow the Grand Army squad in the processions on Memorial Day and the Fourth of July. At such times the more blood-thirsty ones of the young warriors were feasted on the spectacle of some hero of Gettysburg, with his red marshal's sash and

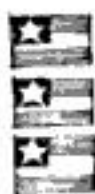


his slouch hat, riding up and down the line on a dapple-gray prancer. The fierce-looking, funnel-shaped leather gauntlets on his wrists, the majesty of his Knight Templar sword, the imposing cock of his head used to transform the dealer

in "paints, drugs, oils, stationery, and toilet articles" into a satisfactory imitation of a son of Mars. So in those halcyon days each red-faced youngster trudging along the dusty highway was content to melt his linen and wait for the day when he should be the man on horseback. With a military experience limited to these occasional triumphs, the



"... flags fluttering everywhere."



Western guardsman read the President's call for troops with unfettered joy. Probably a few hours after this expansive moment the more thoughtful

of the militiamen began to ransack their memories to find out what particular impulse had urged them to join the Guards—a question which has never been successfully answered inside the ranks nor out. But theorists who are acquainted with the motives which

impel youths to do strange things hold that enlistment in the National Guards frequently follows the reading of "The Life of Grant" or of "Napoleon and his Marshals." Other theorists maintain that the ways of a young man in the presence of a fife and drum and a uniform is like the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, of an eagle in the air, or of a serpent upon a rock—too wonderful for the wisest of men.



"... some little wife girl ..."

But, leaving the theorists to wrangle and returning to the youth with the President's call before him, an interesting situation presented itself. Sometimes it took two days, sometimes but two hours, for the solemn fact that he was a part of his country's army, one of the history-makers, to soak through and through the youngster's understanding. He went about his daily routine merrily, and no one realized what a powerful thrill of patriotism there was growing in his heart. He felt that the thrill was all he might be able to trade his life for; and he loved life, so he cherished the thrill and was proud of it. The thing grew big in him as he marched down the main street of the town, on the afternoon of his last day at home, just before train-time. The silver cornet band, playing "Marching through Georgia" or "Maryland," pulled the thrill up into a lump in his throat, a lump that hurt. When the ranks broke, just before the whistle escaped from the black smoke on the horizon, the thrill and the lump remained, as the boy, in



" . . . rooster feathers, brass braid, and tomfoolery."

his pretty soldier clothes, bumped about the depot platform, shaking hands right and left. The band struck up "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and maybe the lump broke, and God bless the little blue soldier if it did! For the girls were all there. The kind-faced mother girl was there, who stood shyly at the depot nearly forty years ago and saw another boy go forth to fight. Not far from the mother girl was the bashful sweetheart girl, who dared not show the crowd her grief at parting. Perhaps for the soldier boy there was some little wife girl, with a brave, smiling face; or a baby girl, whom the blue-coated boy hoped would remember him if—the "if" that breaks the sentence that no one ever closes. Of course the teasing sister girl was there, with her joke about the fit of the blue trousers—for all the girls were there, and the band was blowing itself black in the face with the tune that thousands of heroes have whistled in the face of death. Is it any wonder that the lump in the soldier boy's throat squeezed something into his eyes that made him talk loud and laugh wildly—where he could not swear like a pirate to relieve his feelings?

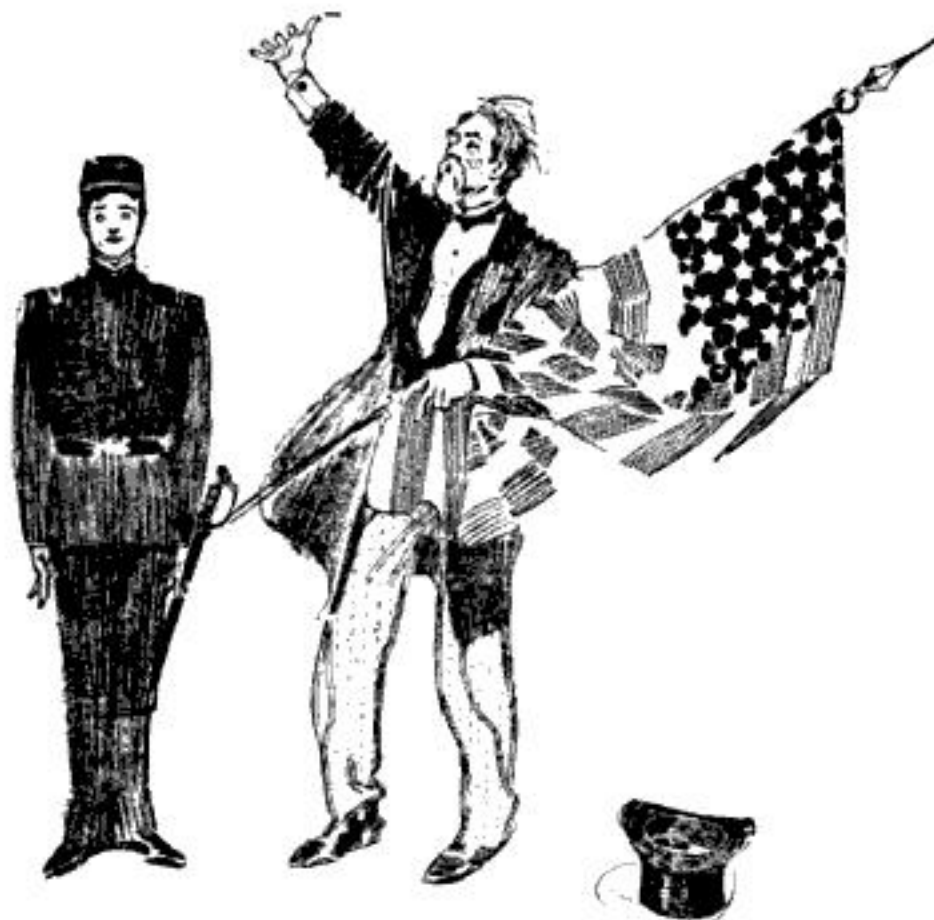
After that, when the ranks formed on the depot platform, there was a painful minute. The whole line watched the captain, and felt for him as he looked down his nose sheepishly. The line knew that the captain was glad enough to get the flag, that he would like to thank the women for giving it; but the line knew that the captain would like to

poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran who was making that sky-rocket speech. The boys felt that the orator was delaying the train. The nervous panting of the engine ahead got on their nerves, and the young fellows knew the passengers aboard were making fun of them. The orator went on and on, and everlastingly on. The boys began to wink slyly at one another or at friends in the crowd; the lump had left them, the thrill was slowing down, and the absurdity of a man who had fought through Shiloh telling them that they were heroes gradually dawned upon them. When the spell-binder quit talking, they cheered with the crowd. They scampered on the moving train, and waved their hats. Their hurrah met the one from

the platform; and when the train had rounded the curve and was clear out of sight, the crowd at the depot broke up and poured down the village street. Even the band was too sad to play.

And war, for that little town, dated its beginning from the second when the train faded into the green of the trees at the curve. After that second, boys on the street forgot about "The

Wabash Far Away" and "My Gal's a High-born Lady," and whistled war tunes—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "Star-Spangled Banner," and "Hail Columbia." Sometimes at night, when the moon was out to make dogs bark and love-lorn lads whistle, a youth, coming home beneath the elms from an engagement under a red lampshade, dis-



" . . . would like to poke the flag, pole and all, down the throat of the veteran."

played his liberal musical education to the neighbors on his way by piping "The Marseillaise." There was war in the air. A subtle suggestion had mesmerized everyone. The town went about its work mechanically, did it well enough, but the chief interest was in "arms and the man."

Very early in the year the technical language of the army and navy began to seep from the news columns of the papers into metaphors on the editorial page, and by April the slang of the people bristled with offensive projectiles. For twenty-five years pugnacious youngkits, whose pink toes have but lately burst through the chrysalis of long clothes, have spent their stick-horse days playing at Indian fighting. But one fine morning in May, probably after a midnight session of the Board of Strategy—General Winkum, Admiral Blinkum, and Secretary Nod—all over the land the rough riders of the broomstick began



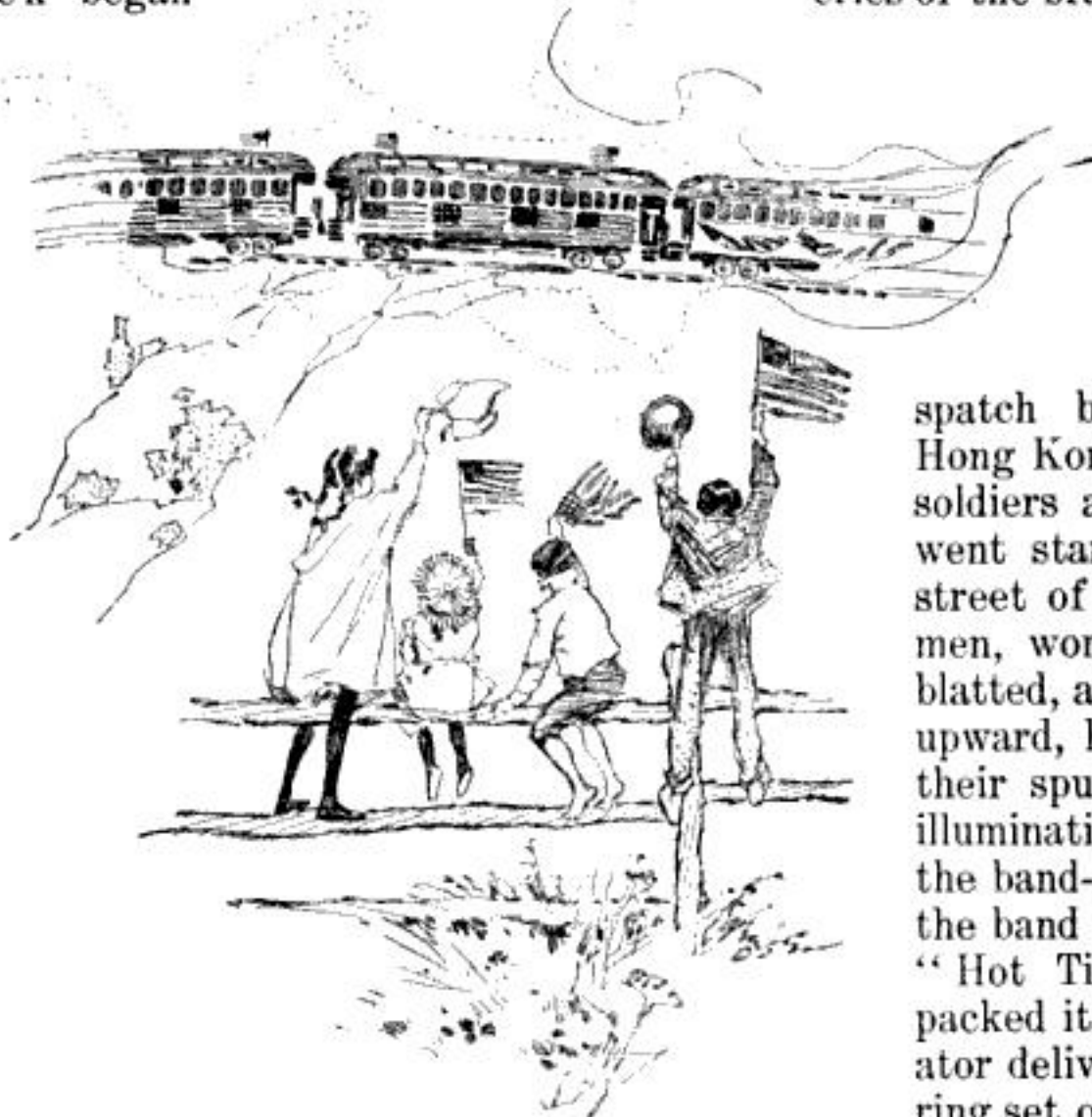
choosing up sides and playing war with Spain. The alley that had done duty as "Dead Man's Gulch," and the barn that had been known from childhood's time immemorial as a favorite haunt of



"A minute or two with a bulletin board . . ."

the redskins or a retreat for white settlers, were transformed by the magic order of the Privy Council of Dreamland—the alley into a Spanish fortress, the barn into a man-of-war. Cigar-box Spanish rose instead of the battle cries of the braves that a few months before pierced the hay-loft. "Remember the Maine!" piped shrilly above the clash of arms on the battlefield where Custer and Sitting Bull had been fighting their long engagement.

The night after the despatch boat "McCulloch" reached Hong Kong, the town that had sent its soldiers away only a few days before went stark, staring mad. The main street of the place was crowded with men, women, and children. Tin horns blatted, anvils boomed, rockets whirled upward, last year's Roman candles did their sputtering best to shed festive illumination on the scene; and around the band-stand, during the time when the band was not adding Sousa or a "Hot Time" to the din, the crowd packed itself and watched the town orator deliver a most elevating and stirring set of gestures. Everyone yelled; everyone threw up his neighbor's hat.



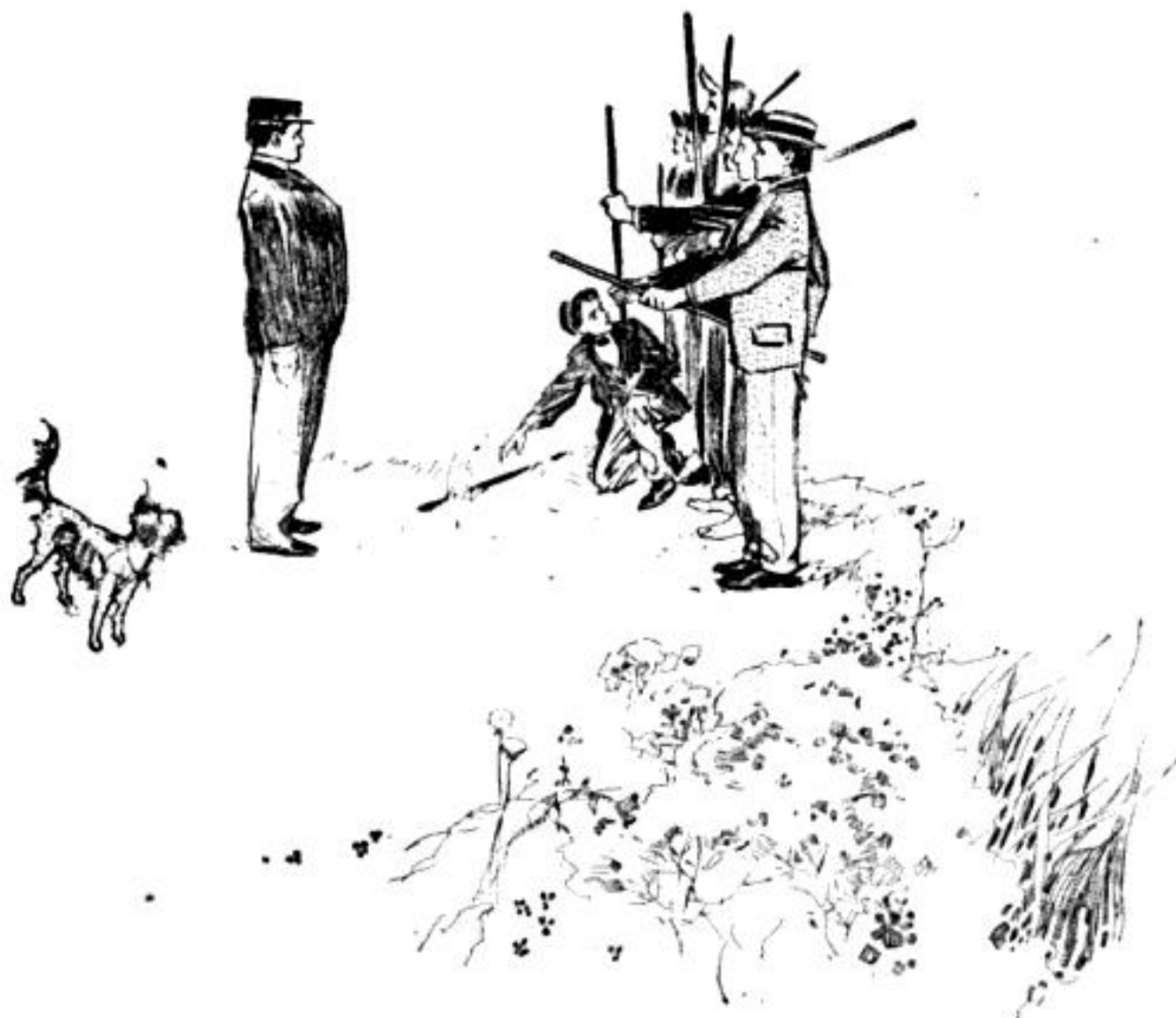
" . . . children on fences . . ."

Populists stopped watching the money power, Republicans ceased troubling themselves over repudiation, Democrats forgot the deficit. A simple but great emotion, that of patriotic joy, was stirring the people, and they moved as men move under stress of strong passion. Civilization sloughed off. There was a reversion to type. Science has put a few levers and screws and pulleys and sockets and joints in and upon and around the club of Cain; but science has not been able to change the heart of the man who swings the club. War is what it always was, and victory is as it was in the beginning, an occasion for making a joyful noise before the king. In a Democracy there are 100,000 kings, and the joyful noise is somewhat magnified. "The gentle art of murdering" is not declining, even if the consumption of laundry-starch, shoe-polish, pickled-olives, cut-glass, and schoolbooks is growing ahead of the increase of population.

In one Western town, and perhaps in many, which celebrated Dewey's victory, this occurred: after the spirit of the crowd had effervesced, after the powder was burned, after the hats had come down, the town band played "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp." A few people standing near by the bandstand hummed the tune. "The Bonny Blue Flag" was crooned in a thousand throats, and there was an audible "Hurrah" in the chorus. Then followed "John Brown's Body," and its "Glory Hallelujah" went to the stars. There were joyful tears in hundreds of eyes as the hymn went on; and after a moment, when the band began "America," the throng took it up; the people knew the words. Fewer da-das and la-las came in "America" than came in the other songs. The singing was not pre-arranged. The occasion had no programme. The voices took up the music of the horns, and, without knowing it, a civilized Anglo-Saxon crowd was chanting a hymn of thanksgiving to the Lord of Hosts, even

as David's people must have thrown their souls into the psalm. And all this in an American country town, under electric lights, on paved streets, with half the singers leaning on bicycles as they sang.

But the young men aboard the train that rounded the curve and that shut out the town a few days before the good news came from Manila had no ethnological theories. Being young men, the soldiers enjoyed every band that met them at every depot between home and the State capital. The cheering crowds, the women bearing to the car windows boughs of lilacs and garden flowers of the new spring helped the youths' spirits; and when they had filed down the asphalt streets of the capital and had halted in front of the State House to hear the Governor make a speech, they were sure that it would be all up with Spain from that hour. During the early weeks of May, at each State capital, several thousand young gentlemen were acquiring useful instruction in the science of arms. Many pert young militiamen came up from the inland towns who fancied they were soldiers because they could get across a level piece of ground without stepping on their own feet. But after the first four or five hours of hard work, the proud lines of the guardsmen began to sag and then to cave in, and the enthusiastic youngsters in "nobby" blue clothes often found that they occupied a place in the esteem of the regular



"... choosing up sides and playing war with Spain."

army sergeant very little higher than the raw men held who stumbled around at their drilling in frightened, sweaty droves. These raw men looked like a grievance committee following the president's special car across a railroad yard.

Sleeping in tents is a lark for the first few nights for youngsters used to steel springs on their beds and Swiss curtains at their bedroom windows. "But,"—as the governor of a Western State said, when opposing mustering the militia on a tented field and urging the use of a neighboring fort lately abandoned by the regular army troops,—“but what if it rains?” The first week in May this year was a rainy week out West, and in the tented field of a certain State on the Missouri the measles broke out, and all the horses attached to the chariot of Mars shook their tugs a-laughing. Probably the first steps taken in making that human engine of death, a regiment, are always clumsy, and will provoke laughter to the end of time. Probably the original second lieutenant in the first militia company ever organized tried to get “chummy” with

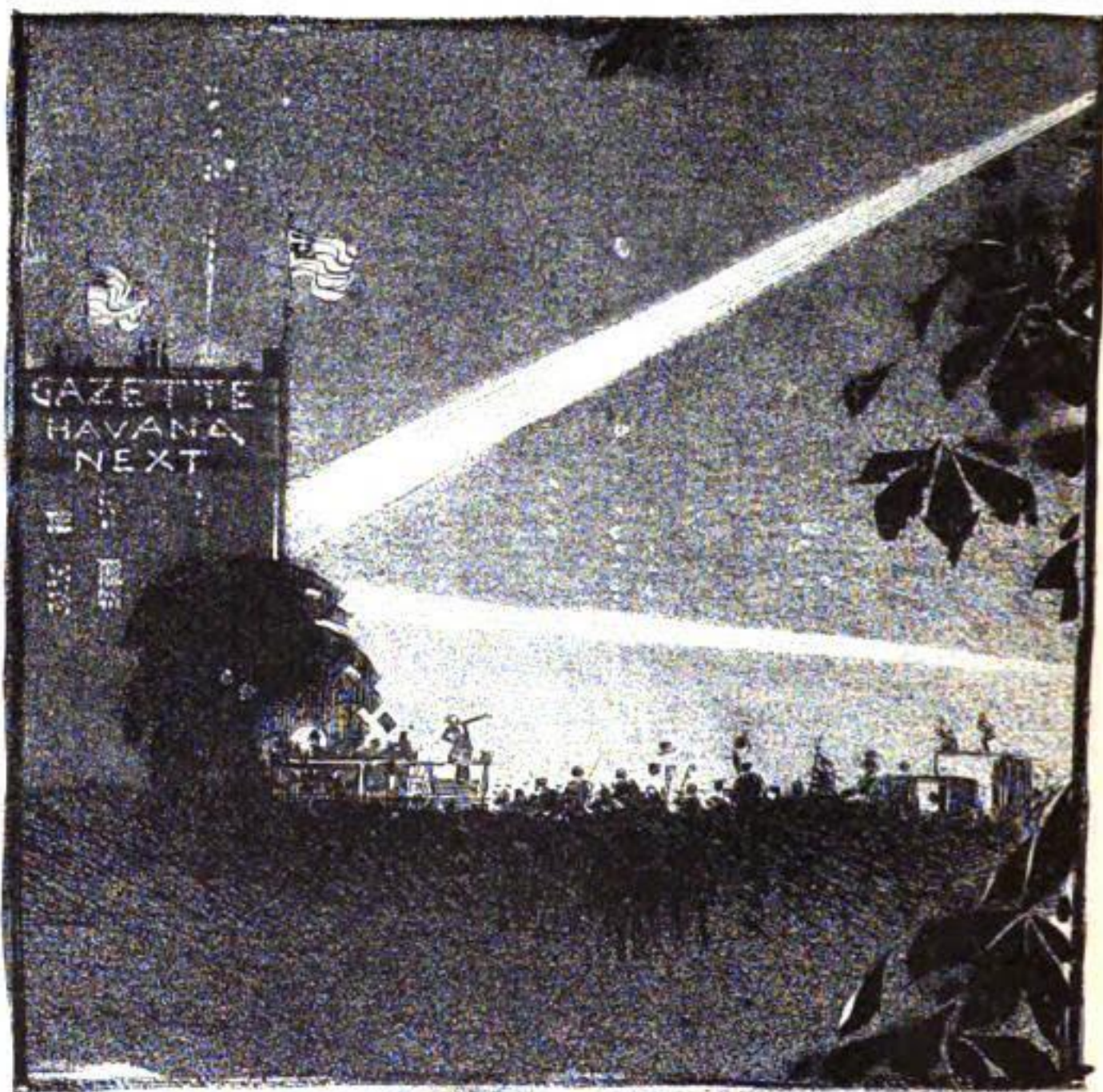
his colonel; but that fact did not make the spectacle any less absurd this spring, when it was being repeated all over the land. The banker's son in the ranks needs several weeks to learn that the dealer in staple and fancy groceries who has white on his trousers and gold braid on his cap must not be called “Bill” and slapped on the back. And, on the other hand, it takes time for the captain just from the blacksmith shop to learn that he must snub the young dry goods clerks who, two weeks before the call came for troops, would not have seen him on the street.

In the Civil War a Kansas cavalry regiment two days old was standing on a hill in Missouri, watching a fight. A company of Confederates took a position on a hill back of the Kansans. In a rash moment a Kansas horseman galloped toward the new-comers. The colonel saw the private, and called:

“Oh, Tom, come back here.”

“What do you want?” asked the private, checking up.

“Well, you come back here. What you goin’ over there for? They’ll get you,” answered the officer.



“... a most elevating and stirring set of gestures.”

“What if they do? If I want to get killed it's none of your business,” replied the private.

“Tom Jennings, I command you to come back here,” roared the colonel. Then the officer added, as Jennings didn't move: “Aw, Tom, don't be a fool; come on back.”

“Say, Marsh Murdock, you think you're mighty smart because you've gone and log-rolled and got to be colonel; but I'm right here to tell you that no little four-by-nine editor can boss me around. I'm goin' over to see who them fellers are.”

He started to turn around, when Colonel

Murdock cried: "Hold on, Tom. I'm responsible for you. Say, what you s'pose I'd tell your wife if I let you go over there and get killed?"

After some further argument the private returned. That evening the regiment took a vote on the question whether to stay where it was, to get into the fight, or go back to camp. On the road to camp the Kansas fellows, mistaken for Confederates, were charged by a Michigan regiment. The Kansans, running helter skelter, frightened a Confederate company into flight. When the Kansas men got into Kansas City, they bought the colonel a sword as a recognition of his bravery on the field of battle. The following night the privates broke into his tent, stole the sword, and pawned it for beer. But before the war was over that regiment became one of the best disciplined regiments in the West, and a terror to the enemy.

These few anecdotal lines are written with a purpose in view. That purpose is to show what an adaptive creature the American is. He may not know how to present arms in May, but he can be turned into a clean-cut, well-oiled cog in the fighting engine before the snow flies. To begin with, the American militiaman has this advantage over every recruit on earth: the American knows how to shoot, and he knows all about the mechanism of a gun. The average American boy of the inland States has owned an air-gun before he is ten. He has been hit in the hand, the foot, the arm, or the leg by a "twenty-two" before he is twelve. He has owned a shot-gun before he has grown a mustache. He has learned to hit a squirrel in a tree crotch with a rifle before he is twenty. When he is of age, he can take to

pieces any kind of a gun and put it together again. When the American recruit shall get the hang of the machinery of the army and see a battalion working, the mechanical poetry of the thing will fill him with joy. He will take pride in his cogship in it. But now he is a rollicking boy, who is being harrowed ten miles a day over rough roads, in all kinds of weather, for no other reason, so far as he can see, but to satisfy the caprices of an unfeeling superior officer who a few weeks ago drove a delivery wagon. He has no notion of being a hero these days, has the American recruit; but he is enjoying three good meals a day, sleeping like a log at night, and longing for a chance to fight. He is not fearing death, and he is not burdened with dreams of glory. But away down in his Anglo-Saxon heart the American boy feels the call of duty, and again he "hankers" for the fight.

And he is the boy for whom the flags are flying and for whom is all this cheering. The flags make a brave show in the dusty land; as for the cheering, it comes from bonny throats. The dainty white handkerchiefs should dance and be gay now—now, for to-morrow they may be heavy with tears. But tears are good. They make the world better. Sorrow is a great lever that pries the world upward. So war is good for the sorrow that it brings. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. And war, that tears the heart-strings of the old; war, that feeds on the flesh of young men; war, with its tragic gaiety, is good. It is one of God's weapons—his rod that chasteneth. Then should the nation bow beneath the rod, and smile back to heaven with the flags, the gay, merry, thoughtless flags.



McCLURE'S MAGAZINE IN WAR TIMES.

THE editors of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in common with thousands of other American citizens, have to face new conditions and new interests. The number in which these lines appear was very different, as originally planned, in contents and arrangement. It was in preparation, and in great part ready, for the press when the war opened. The page plates, filled with pictures, then ready were put aside, and plans in tentative operation for such a change as the altered conditions demanded were pushed forward. The result is before the reader, and will give an indication, all too slight for our wishes, of the editorial spirit which animates this magazine and of the resources at its command.

It was not only necessary for us to meet the new interests of the time adequately and quickly, but the increased demand for the magazine added to the difficulties of the problem. At the present moment (and it is still several weeks until publication) the actual orders from subscribers and dealers for the June number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE amount to a little more than 400,000 copies. To manufacture so large a first edition in

time, it is necessary that our press-room and bindery run day and night. It is our intention to continue printing the June number until all orders are filled.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has representatives, contributors, artists, and photographers with every branch of the army and navy and at every scene of probable action. The larger aspects and events of the war will be presented in the most authoritative and interesting manner in its pages from personal observation and experience, with expert interpretation and comment, and with authentic and interesting illustrations. The magazine is represented at Washington, on the Flying Squadron, on Admiral Sampson's fleet, at Hong Kong and Manila, at Tampa, Mobile, and in Cuba; and through its London office it is able to secure the most apt and important material from foreign sources. With these facilities and this organization, we hope to obtain a record that will have absorbing human and dramatic interest, as well as importance, at this time, and one that will prove to be of permanent historical value.

H Y M N .

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULTS.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

O LORD Almighty, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live:

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute, material pride:

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave:

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought;
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will;
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

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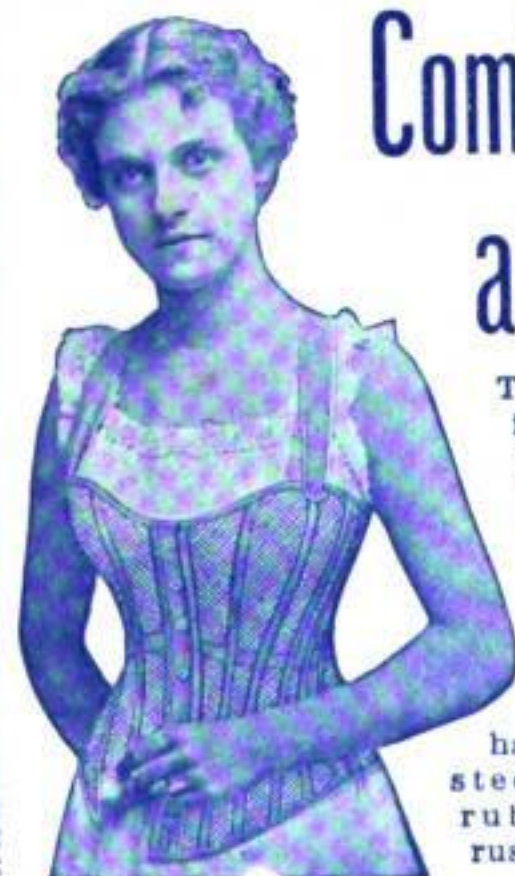
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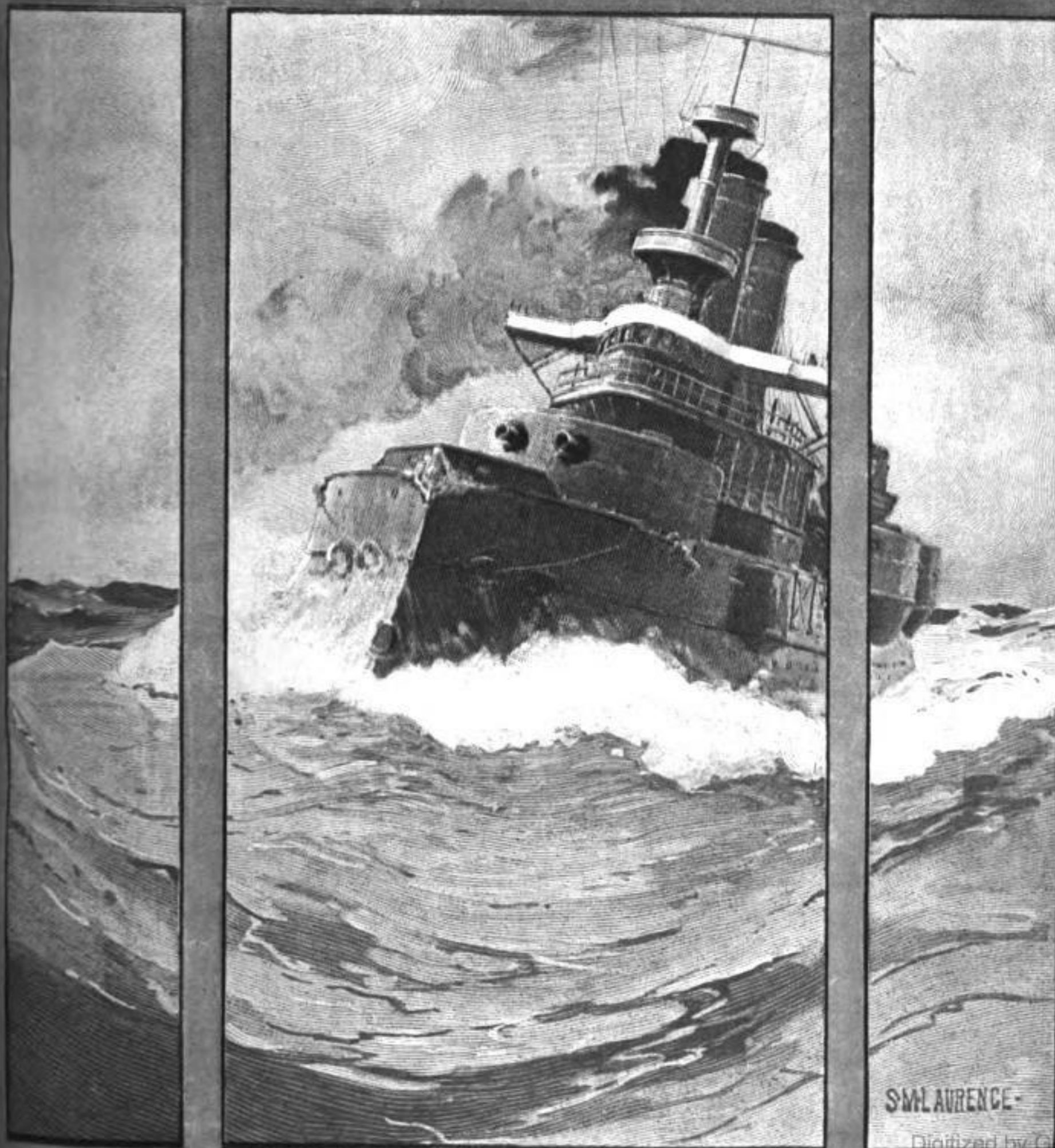
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INCIDENTS AND NOTES FROM LIFE, WITH MANY PICTURES

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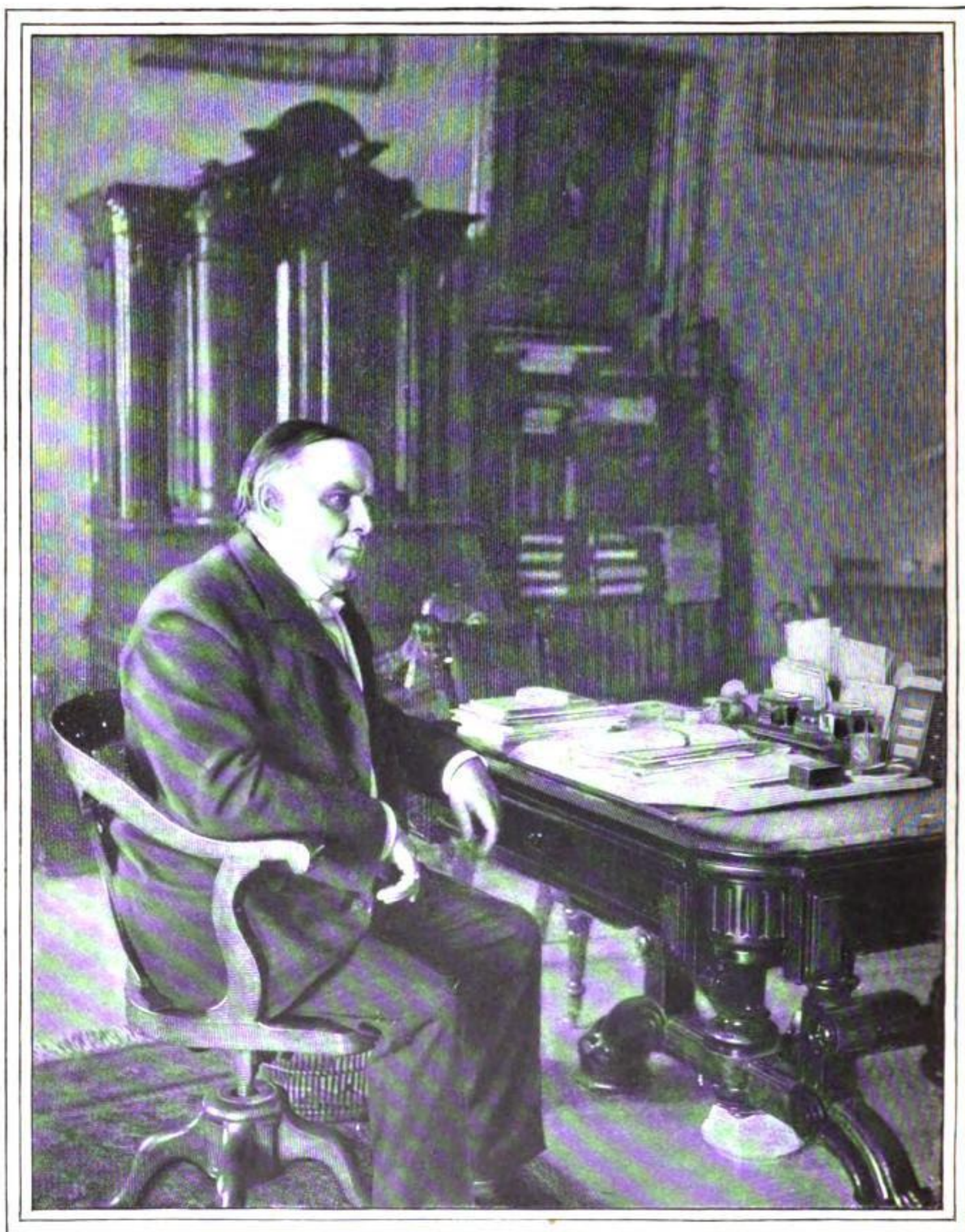
FOR JULY.



S. W. LAURENCE



Pears
Soap
AND AN
ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE
WOULD IMPROVE
THE COMPLEXION
OF THE
UNIVERSE



PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

From a photograph taken at the White House June 7, 1898, expressly for **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE**, by
Frances Benjamin Johnston.

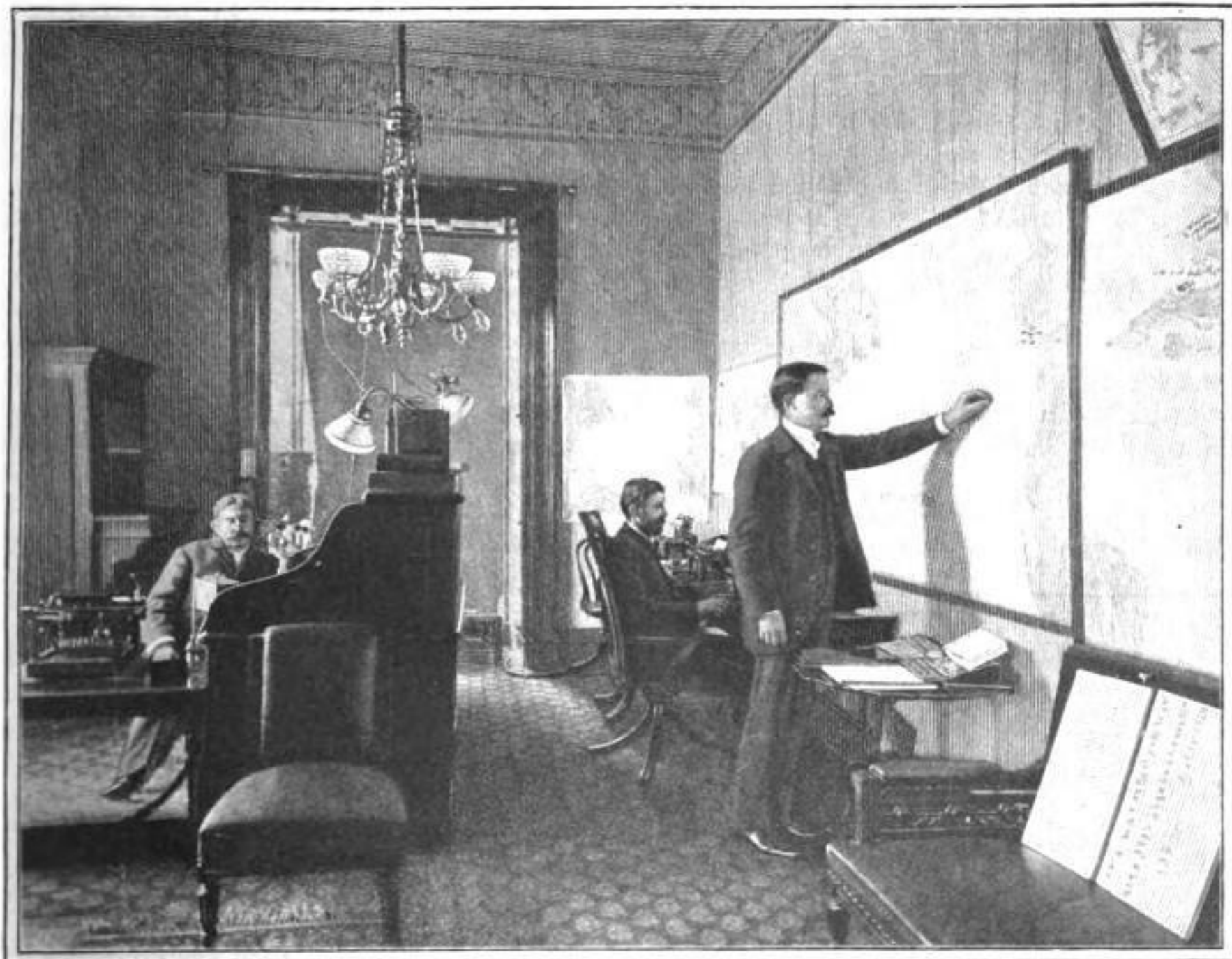
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

JULY, 1898.

No. 3.

THE WAR ROOM AT THE WHITE HOUSE.



Captain B. Montgomery, Chief Telegrapher
and Executive Clerk.

Telegraph Operators.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY IN WAR TIMES.

NOTES AND INCIDENTS FROM LIFE: MEMORANDA FOR A HISTORICAL PORTRAIT OF OUR FOURTH WAR PRESIDENT.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

Of the twenty-four different men who have been Presidents of the United States but four can be characterized as War Presidents. Washington, "first in war," was a peace President. His first term began in 1789, six years after the signing of the treaty which closed the Revolution. The first war waged by the United States was that of 1812, during the administration of James Madison. Then in 1846, when James K. Polk was President, came the 17-months' war with Mexico. Abraham Lincoln was the third War President. Eight peaceful

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administrations followed, until in April of the present year the Spanish-American war broke out. Mr. McKinley is, then, our fourth War President. The present article attempts nothing more than to record certain impressions of the President as he appeared to those near him during the first trying days of the war crisis. It is in no sense an estimate; it is rather memoranda to aid in a future estimate.

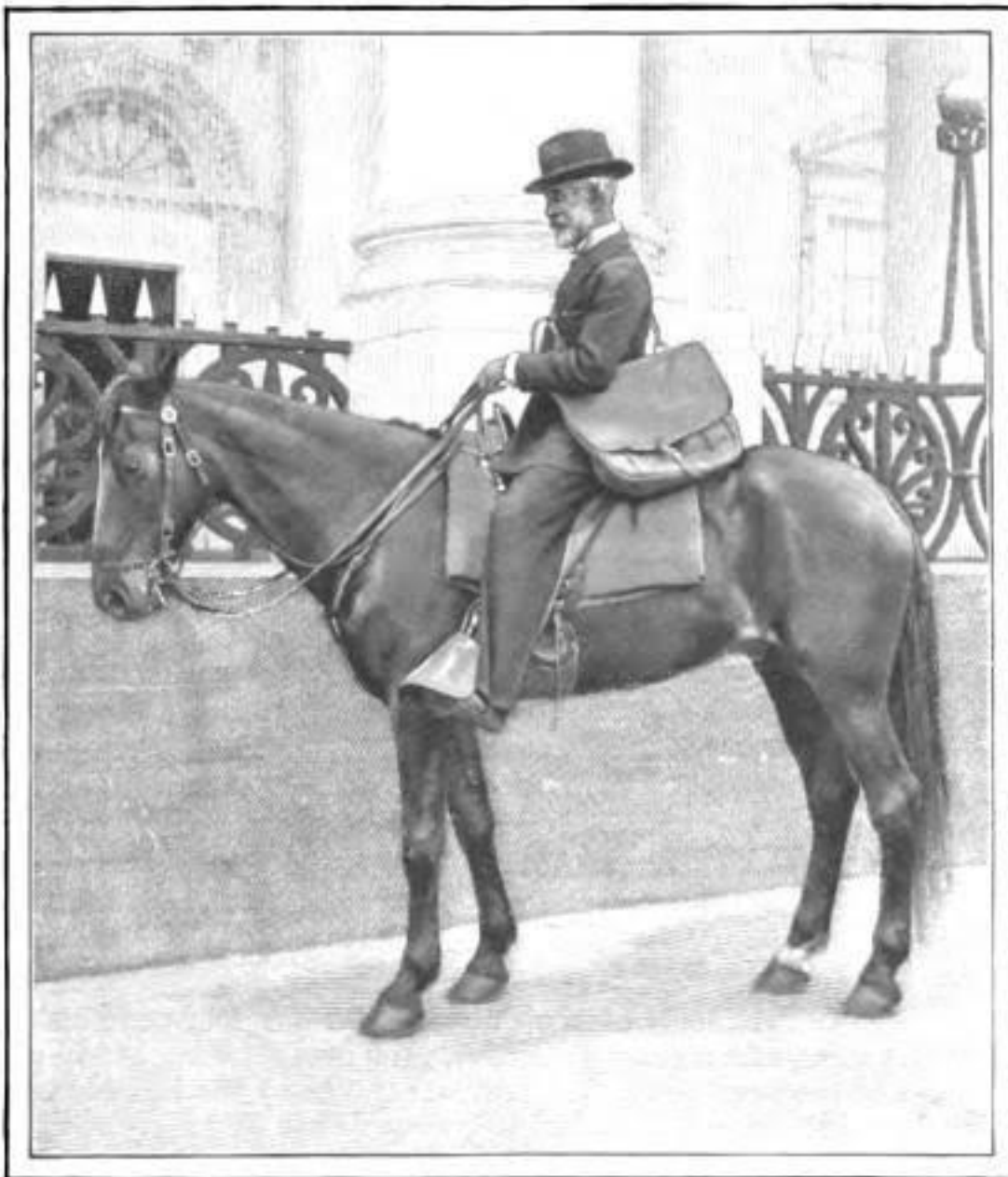
The actual daily life of the Administration, as it is engaged in the business of making war, has inspired the illustrations of the article. Mr. Stevens's sketches were made in and about the White House, at Army Headquarters, and in the offices of the Navy Department. He has caught groups which the unusual conditions have made common at the seat of government, and has portrayed the leading actors in the great drama with a vigor and truthfulness that have rarely been equaled in off-hand portraiture. Miss Johnston's photographs have been made especially for the article under exceptional conditions, and have the same actuality. The frontispiece portrait of President McKinley himself, in addition to its general faithfulness as a likeness, has the added interest of special timeliness, since it was taken only a week or two ago expressly for use here.

WHEN a man is elected President of the United States, it is with the expectation that he will devote himself to realizing the two or three central ideas of his party, with which he is supposed to be especially qualified to grapple. When he takes his oath of office, however, he inherits from his predecessor a budget of unfinished business, which, not infrequently, turns out to be more insistent than the platform on which he came into office. President McKinley is an example in point. Elected on financial issues, there was every reason to suppose that his administration would occupy itself principally with the money question and that he would be known in history as the Sound Money President or the Protective Tariff President. No one thought of him as a War President. Yet to-day, fourteen months

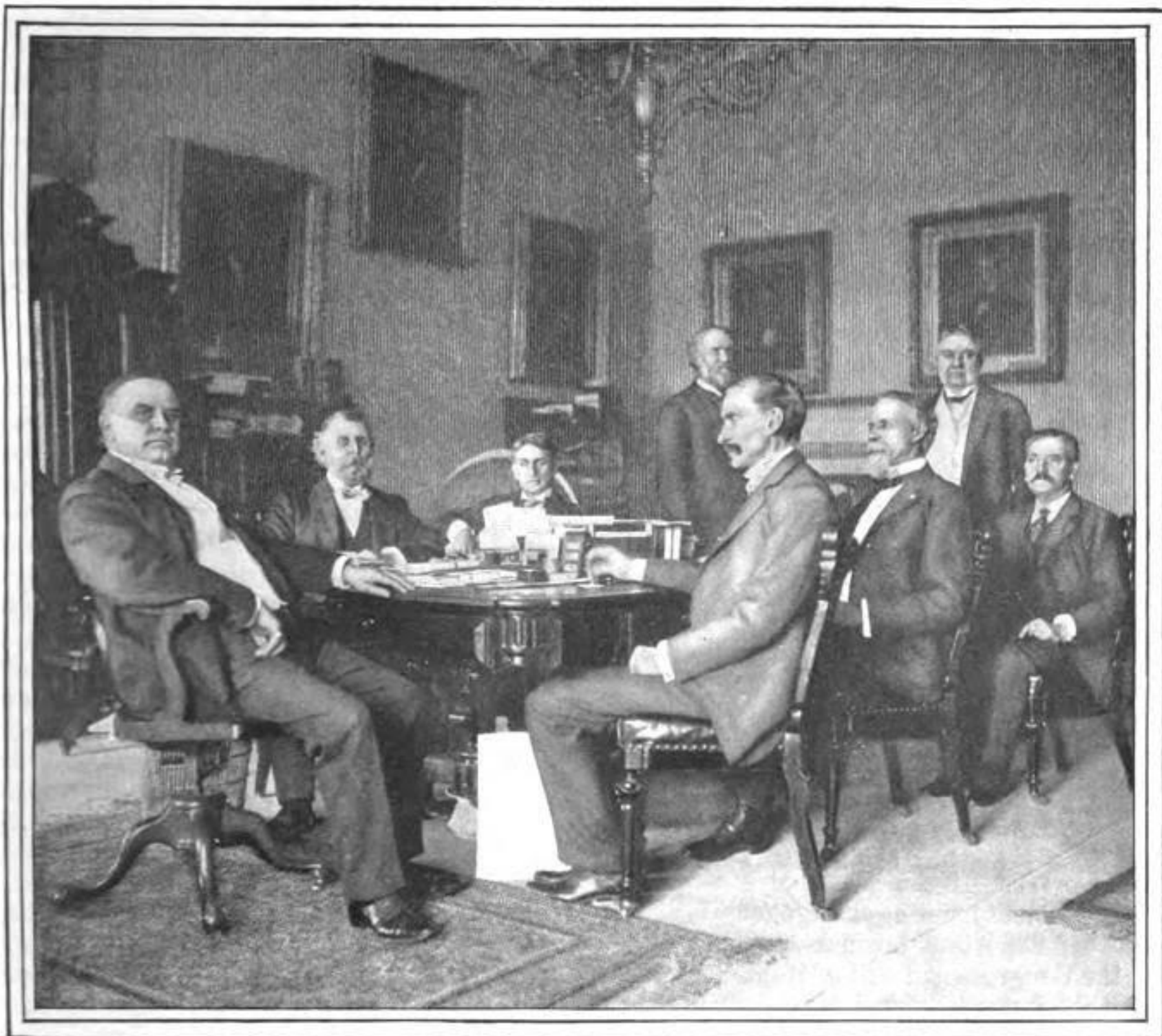
after his inauguration, it is his skill in conducting a trying foreign complication and, when forced into a war, in meeting the emergencies of that situation, that has distinguished his term. It is undoubtedly as a War President that he will be known to history.

The war is not of Mr. McKinley's making. The materials for it were all in his inherited budget of unfinished business—a collection of documents known to the public only vaguely. It is possible that the country at large would never have realized the serious difficulties in the Cuban question to which Mr. McKinley fell heir if, nearly a year after his inauguration and at a time when he himself believed he was on the road to a righteous settlement of the complications, a match had not been put to the mass of dangerous papers which ever since he entered office he had been handling with the greatest caution.

It was between three and four o'clock on the morning of February 16th, that the President was awakened from sleep to be informed of the destruction of the battleship "Maine." An hour before, the Secretary of the Navy had been aroused by a cablegram from the commander of the "Maine," which for three weeks had been anchored, a friendly visitor, in the harbor of Havana. The commander announced that, at 9.40 o'clock on the evening of February 15th, his ship had been entirely destroyed by an explosion, and that it was supposed that many men were wounded and many killed. The Secretary of the Navy hurried the startling news to the White House. President McKinley at once dressed and went to his office, where he was soon joined by Secretary Long,



THE WHITE HOUSE MESSENGER.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET.

The President.

Sec. Gage.

Sec. Griggs.

Sec. Wilson.
Sec. Day.

Sec. Alger.

Sec. Bliss.

Sec. Smith.

* From a photograph taken at the White House, June 7, 1898, expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, by Frances Benjamin Johnston. At the time the photograph was taken, Secretary Long was confined to his house by sickness, and for that reason his portrait does not appear in this group.

and the two discussed the affair until breakfast time.

The President received the announcement of the "Maine" explosion with outward calm, but he knew the latent feeling towards Spain and the Cuban question too well not to realize that, when the news reached the country, as it must in a few hours, it would arouse a commotion which only the greatest firmness on the part of the Administration could control. Soon after breakfast, he summoned his Cabinet to consider the situation, and here he decided what his policy towards the event should be. Until a thorough investigation revealed the cause of the disaster and a competent Board of Inquiry fixed the responsibility, he should consider the destruction of the "Maine" as due to an accident. The public should know the real truth of the matter as rapidly as he did himself, and until

the whole truth was clear he asked a suspension of judgment.

It was not an easy policy to enforce. Before ten o'clock of the day of the publication of the "Maine" affair, the horror and indignation of the country had reached the White House.

There was little difficulty in the people making their feelings known to the President. They had four direct methods of reaching him: through Congress, through the personal interview, through the mails, and through the press. The life of the President is in fact regulated so that he may listen to public opinion as expressed in these ways. Thus it is one of the regulations of the White House that a Congressman shall always have free access to the President's outer reception-room, and that here he shall promptly have the ear of Secre-



In the anteroom at the White House, showing a press table and the door into Secretary Porter's office, with the doorkeeper, Simmons, in the background.

tary Porter. If the President is not in Cabinet meeting or engaged in other important business, and if the Congressman will wait his turn, he is sure of an interview. The "Maine" affair for days brought to the White House groups of Senators and Representatives of all grades of opinion. One group urged the President to hurry, another to delay. One came to complain, another to encourage. There was thus an incessant daily pressure on President McKinley from the body to which he is bound to harken since it represents directly the people by whom he was himself elected.

It was not only Congressmen who sought the President on the "Maine" affair. The simple democratic procedures at the White House in time of both peace and war are such that any man of fairly honest appearance can enter, between the hours of ten and two, for sight-seeing. On explaining to the messenger at the foot of the east stairway, which leads to the business end

of the White House on the second floor, that he wishes to speak with Secretary Porter or with the President, he is allowed to go to the anteroom, through which the Cabinet room, the President's reception-room, and the offices of the various secretaries and clerks are reached. Here visitors are waited upon by the experienced Simmons, a doorkeeper of unfailing courtesy and discretion. Simmons has stood so long on duty that he seems to know by intuition who ought to be aided in meeting Secretary Porter at once and who may safely be kept waiting. Into this anteroom the "Maine" affair brought, from the morning of February 16th, a great unofficial throng. They came at first seeking news, a few of them being women whose sons or husbands or brothers were on the ship. Others brought for the President's consideration curi-



Learning the business of the White House visitors.

ous theories of the accident. There were those who came with protests against any sort of delay, who urged immediate war. There were many who sought the President's aid in furthering personal schemes—in case there should be war. There were contractors, would-be soldiers, inventors. Happily there were many who simply came to commend the President's wisdom. Not all, of course, of these unofficial visitors reached the President, but such is the courtesy of the White House, under this Administration, that the great majority did get his personal attention.

The one man who stood between the President and this unofficial throng was Secretary Porter. Formerly the man nearest the President in the White House was known as the Private Secretary. Mr. McKinley dignified the position by dropping the word "Private" and giving his right-hand man the title of "Secretary." A bill to this effect passed Congress session before last, and the salary of the position was raised fifteen hundred dollars. The position is at all times one of the most responsible and difficult in the Administration, and in war times it becomes doubly difficult, requiring the highest order of executive ability and great physical strength, or rather great nervous force, as the Secretary's work goes on without cessation night as well as day. Secretary Porter superintends the official end of the White House. It is to him that mail, telegrams, and people come, and it is his delicate task to decide what and who shall reach the President. He must be able to grasp at once the significance of the thousands of requests which come, to distinguish value, to sift out the erratic, the curious, the trivial. He must decide who ought to be admitted directly; how others best make their requests. He must use tact and good humor in disposing of cases to which he judges it improper or unnecessary to call the President's attention. Only the very intimate personal relation between the President and Secretary Porter has made it possible for the latter to discharge his duties. He understands the President's views and desires. He has perfect sympathy with them. He is thus able to do the President's will as



The President receiving visitors.

completely as one man can another's. The admirable way in which matters have gone at the White House the last four months is proof that Secretary Porter is the man for the place.

The mail and the telegraph at once responded to the "Maine" disaster. Since the 16th of February, the President's mail has numbered from 800 to 1,500 letters a day. It is the wish of the President that all letters sent to him be read and answered. Though this has not been the practice under all Administrations, since Secretary Porter entered the White House a letter has received the same attention as a visitor. The great increase of mail which has come since the "Maine" affair has made it necessary to bring in extra clerks. The President himself sees only a fraction of the letters, his Secretary using his discretion about what should go to him.

The opinions of the press come to the President in various ways. He is himself a reader of newspapers, and scarcely a day has gone by, even in the hottest of the war excitement, that he has not found time to run through a large number, including five or



ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR MEIKLEJOHN AT HIS DESK IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

six New York dailies, the Washington evening and morning papers, one or two from Chicago, and perhaps a half dozen others from large cities. One paper which he reads regularly is that from his Ohio home—the Canton “Repository.”

A digest of the newspapers comes to him of course in conversation with his Secretary and friends, and in Cabinet meetings, where articles of special value and suggestiveness are frequently read and discussed; but his most intimate connection with the press comes from the peculiar relation which news-gatherers have to the White House. The President, as a matter of fact, has the newspaper man always with him. He is as much a part of the White House personnel as Simmons or Pendel or the big police inspector at the door. Accommodations are furnished him there, and his privileges are well-defined and generally recognized. Thus in the outer reception-room of the business part of the White House, a corner containing a well furnished table and plenty of chairs is set aside for reporters. Here representatives of half a dozen or more papers are always to be found, and during Cabinet meetings and at moments of grave importance the number increases many fold. Here they write, note the visitors who are admitted to the President, catch the secretaries as they come and go, and here every evening about ten o'clock they gather around Secretary Porter for a kind of family talk,

he discussing with them whatever of the events of the day he thinks it wise to discuss.

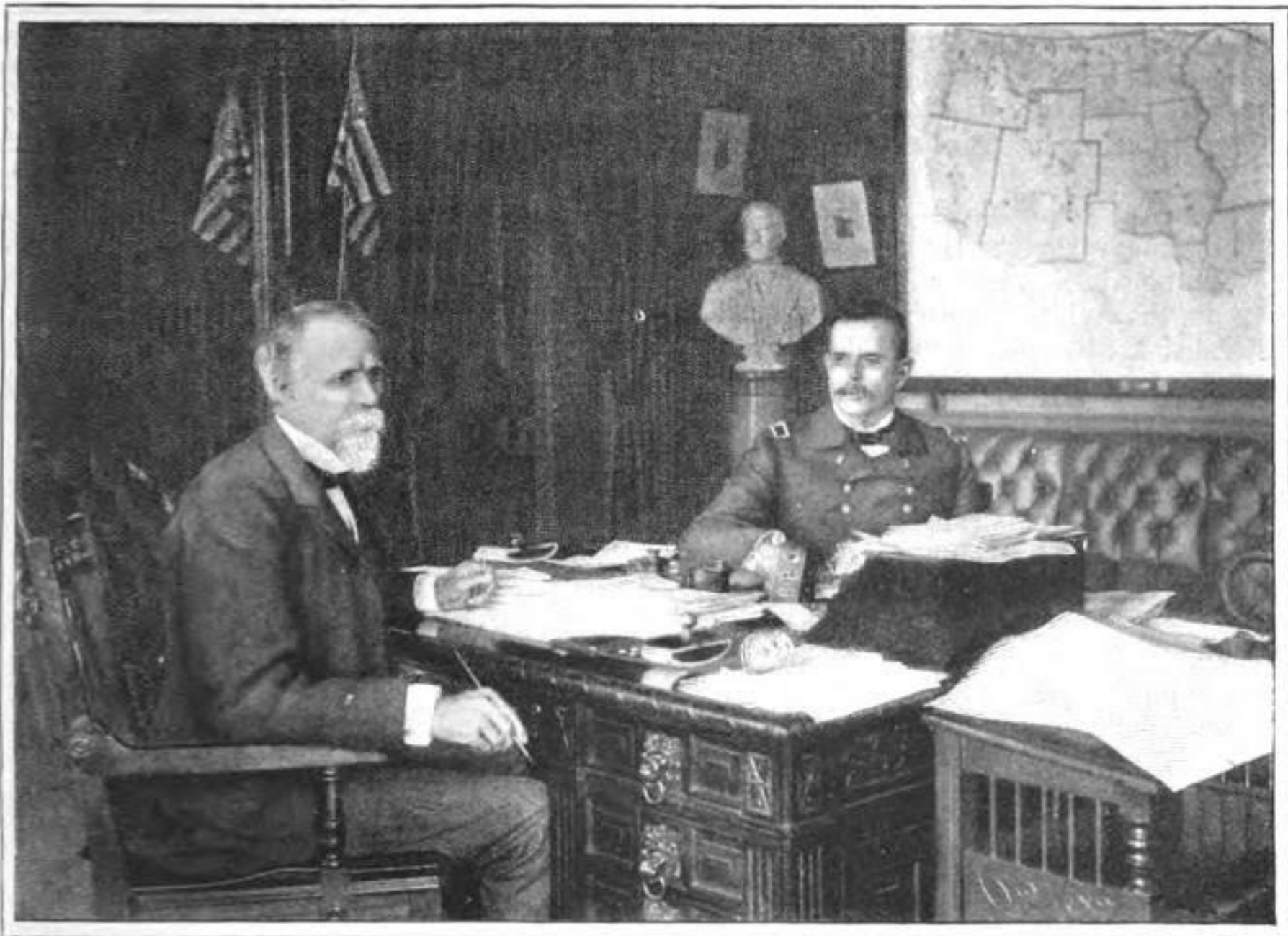
It is in “Newspaper Row,” as the east side of the great north portico is called, that the White House press correspondents flourish most vigorously. Here they gather by the score on exciting days, and, in the shadow of the great white pillars, watch for opportunities to waylay important officials as they come and go. No-

body can get in or out of the Executive Mansion without their seeing him, and it is here that most of the interviews, particularly with the Cabinet officers, are held. Close to “Newspaper Row” is a long line of wheels belonging to messengers and telegraph boys, alert, swift little chaps, a half dozen of whom are always in waiting at the foot of the big columns, discussing the war, or on warm days catching the forty winks of sleep they are always sadly in need of.

It is part of the unwritten law of the White House that the newspaper men shall never approach the President as he passes to and fro near their alcove or crosses the portico to his carriage, unless he himself stops and talks to them. This he occasionally does, for he knows all of the reporters by name and treats them with uniform kindness. If a man disappears, Mr. McKinley is sure to inquire soon what has become of him, and if one falls ill, he asks regularly after him.

It was through all these various channels that the people let the President know how they felt about the “Maine.” His steadiness under the incessant buffeting was admirable. He never for an instant wavered from his first determination to have no opinion until the report of the Board of Inquiry came in. To every visitor his counsel was the same: “Wait until we know the facts.”

Perhaps nothing contributed more at this



GENERAL ALGER, SECRETARY OF WAR, AND GENERAL CORBIN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, IN THE SECRETARY'S ROOM AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

time to keep those who sought the President calm than the fact that so far as possible he pursued his ordinary habits. Nothing could be simpler and more methodical than President McKinley's daily life in the White House has been since he came to Washington. By ten o'clock in the morning, he is ready to receive visitors, and he works steadily until four or five in the afternoon, when he goes to drive or to walk. Frequently Mrs. McKinley accompanies him in his drives, and nothing which the public sees of the President does more to awaken respect for him than the chivalrous tenderness with which he cares for his fragile, sweet-faced, invalid wife. Even if he is not going with Mrs. McKinley, the President often accompanies her himself to her carriage. In pleasant weather he goes out almost daily in his Victoria, in rainy weather in a kind of "bachelor's coupé." Secretary Porter often rides with the President, though if a Cabinet officer happens to be at the house at the time, the President frequently suggests that they finish their talk while he takes his drive. These drives are a great delight to him, and he explores every road around Washington, himself choosing the route which the coach-

man shall take. The Soldiers' Home grounds, the National Park, the road to Cabin John and to Arlington are among his favorite routes. He is fond of the peculiar street life of Washington, and nobody knows better the houses of Washington and the history and peculiarities of their occupants.

Of course the President receives considerable attention when taking his exercise. Washington children are particularly fond of him, for he always notices them and nods and smiles. Curiously enough, they do not often call him "Mr. President." Mr. McKinley has been so long in Washington that he is better known as "Major" than as Mr. President, and it is not an infrequent thing for a bevy of children to run up to his carriage as he passes and call out "Halloa, Major!"—a greeting that always brings out "How do you do, boys?" or "How do you do, girls?" from the President.

Mr. McKinley is a rapid and erect walker, and he is frequently seen about the White House grounds or on Connecticut Avenue and Pennsylvania Avenue, walking with his Secretary, or one of the members of the Cabinet. He apparently enjoys the walks exceedingly, and is very punctilious in responding to the

bows of passers-by. Particularly does he notice workmen, who, knowing this trait, almost invariably lift their hats to him. After Mr. McKinley gets in from his drive, he usually runs through the newspapers, rests a little time, then dresses for dinner. His evenings are as often as possible given to quiet social pleasures. He never goes to the theater, or at least never has since he has been in the White House; but quiet little musicales are occasionally held in the East Room, a few intimate friends coming in to enjoy them with the President and his wife. Quite frequently informal dinners, too, are given in the White House.

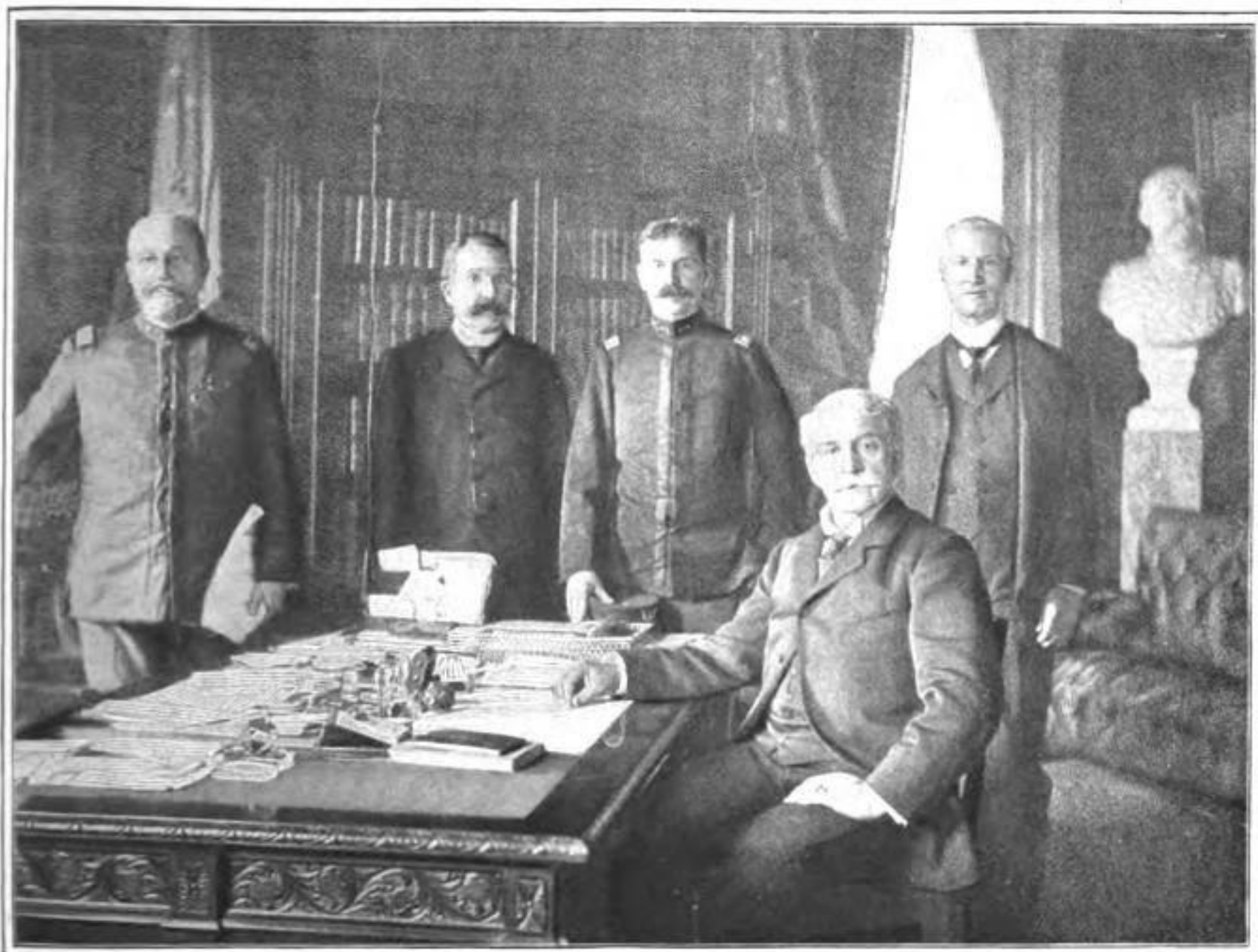
Except when taking his afternoon drive or walk, Mr. McKinley is rarely seen outside of the White House. During the war excitement, one may say that he has never been seen outside. He is a striking contrast in this respect to our last War President, Mr. Lincoln, who went daily, sometimes many times a day, across the White House lawn to the old War Department to seek news, and who frequently visited the Capitol and the Departments in search of some person whom he wanted.

During all the war crisis, Mr. McKinley has never been in Congress or gone to one of the Departments. The arrangements at the White House are such that this is possible, which was not true in Lincoln's time. There is a telegraph-room, to which all messages can be sent—something Mr. Lincoln did not have. Then there is the telephone connecting the office of the White House with every important man in Washington. Through the business rooms of the White House, however, Mr. McKinley moves very freely. He has been occupying the Cabinet-room of late as his office, the old President's office being now a reception-room; beyond this reception-room is the Secretary's office; parallel with these rooms, and opening into each one of them, is the large anteroom where visitors wait until they can be received in the reception-room. As one sits in this anteroom, he frequently sees the President coming from the telegraph-room or the Secretary's office and passing rapidly to the Cabinet-room. He may stop as he passes to speak to some one whom he knows, though he is more likely to go directly through.

The President receives persons who have business with him every day, except Cabinet days and Sundays, between twelve and one o'clock, in his private reception-room, on the second floor of the White House. Here he usually finds waiting for him when he enters a dozen or more little groups of people and many individuals who have come alone. He moves from one to another as it pleases him, shaking hands with each. His hand-grasp is quite up to date; he holds his hand high, and touches the ends of the fingers rather than clasps the palm. He is a most interesting figure as he stands, with his left hand in his trousers pocket, pushing back the skirt of his long coat, and slowly twirling his eyeglasses in his right hand. After a pleasant word, he always leads immediately to the subject in hand. He seems to get at once at the point of a man's wishes. In fact, he has been informed before he goes in, as a rule, what the man wants to see him about, and he never forgets. He re-



General Miles, in his office at the War Department, receiving a visit from Secretary Alger.



Major Edward Davis.

Colonel J. C. Gilmore.

Captain Marlon P. Maus.

Brigadier-General John I. Rodgers.

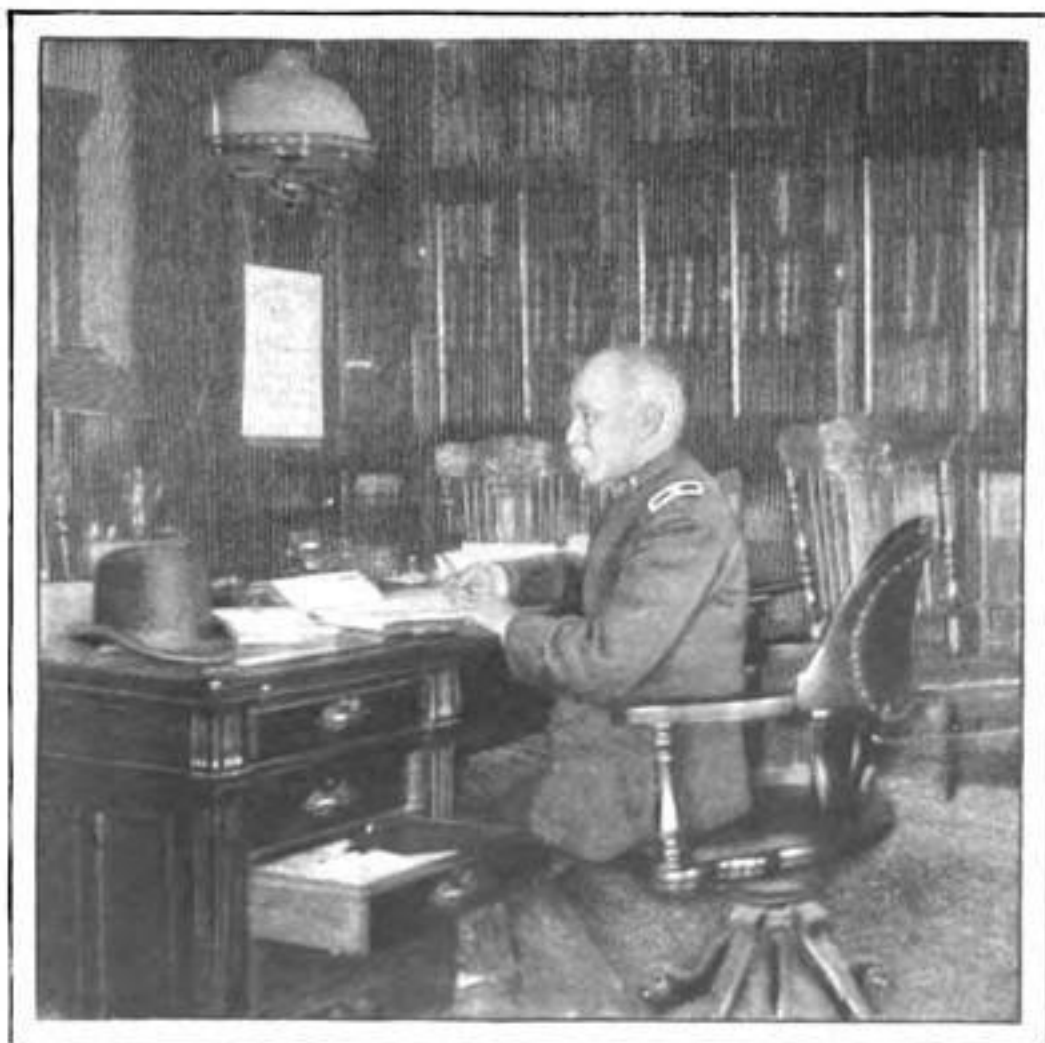
GENERAL MILES AND MEMBERS OF HIS STAFF.

members names with extraordinary exactness and places people immediately.

As the President passes about the room from one group of visitors to another, he takes in from the corner of his eye everybody waiting for him. His quick side glance is one of the most interesting things about his calm, immovable face; he sees everything in going about the room, though only a keen observer would notice that he saw anything.

Many of these little interviews are very amusing. Of course, a great many people see the President, and have done so even through the trying war time, simply for the sake of shaking hands. No bride comes to Washington without desiring to see Mr. McKinley, and I doubt if there was any time when the pressure was so great on him that a bride and groom, if accompanied by their Congressman, did not get a hand-shake from him, and very often the bride carried away the carnation from his buttonhole.

During most of the time since Mr. McKinley came to the White House it has been impos-



GENERAL STERNBERG, SURGEON-GENERAL, UNITED STATES ARMY, IN HIS OFFICE AT THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



Mr. Finney, Secretary Long's private secretary, receiving visitors in the reception-room at the Navy Department.

sible for him to read, though, in leisure, he is a great lover of books. One of his chief recreations, in fact, is novel-reading, and when on his summer vacation he will devour a novel a day with ease.

President McKinley's coolness and firmness checked the first excitement of the "Maine" disaster, and did much to restore the country to self-control and reasonableness. A little later his adroit suggestion that \$50,000,000 be appropriated to increasing the defenses of the country gave a healthy vent to the war spirit of Congress, and diverted public attention from too exclusive concentration on the "Maine," while at the same time it permitted him to begin preparation for the war which he saw clearly enough from the first he might be compelled to wage. He had the public well in hand in fact when it received a new shock, one scarcely less violent in its effects than the news of the destruction of the "Maine."

In the excitement of February no one had thought particularly of the departure for Cuba of Senator Redfield Proctor of Vermont, nor was much attention given to the announcement made a few weeks later that he was to tell the Senate what he had seen on

his trip. But when he did speak, on March 17th, it was to give a report of the conditions, so simple, so unprejudiced, and yet so awful that the effect on the country was instantaneous. The "Maine" was for the moment forgotten in the realization that all the horrors of which the country had been hearing through the newspapers for months were not only true, but actually fell short of the truth. Curiously enough, all the information which had come to the country up to that time on the reconcentrados was partially suspected or unheeded. There had been repeated letters published from respectable newspaper correspondents, and at least one serious writer of ability, Mr. Stephen Bonsal, had, in the "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day," made a passionate appeal for aid for the starving of the island. The State Department and the President knew, to be sure, from the reports of their consuls, something of the suffering. Mr. Mc-

Kinley's request in May, 1897, that Congress appropriate \$50,000 for the relief of Americans in Cuba, and his later propositions to send aid for the reconcentrados, were all the result of the consular reports, but these documents were unknown to the country. Congress had asked for them on February 14th, but in the excitement caused by the "Maine" affair coming the very next day, the President had withheld them. It was Senator Proctor's speech which convinced the country at large that the condition of the non-combatants in Cuba was one that we had no right to tolerate any longer. It was that speech which convinced Congress. "I never believed that the condition of the reconcentrados anywhere approached its real awfulness until Senator Proctor made his report," said an eminent member of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to the writer.

The President was at once made to feel this new element in the situation. The press took up the cry of humanity with a force and passion which was irresistible. The great floods of letters and telegrams were now filled with appeals for immediate relief. Delegations from Congress, from the

churches, from all conditions of society, besieged the President. The relief of the reconcentrados became as distinct an issue as the case of the "Maine," and it occupied the country no less completely, until the report of the Board of Inquiry reached Washington.

It was commonly enough repeated in the days preceding the arrival of the report that President McKinley knew what its findings were. This is wrong. He did not know until the report was laid before him on Saturday, March 26th. The document reached Washington the night before, Lieutenant-Commander Marix, Judge Advocate of the Court, having himself carried it, securely sealed in a seaman's haversack, all the way from Key West. Early on the morning after his arrival, he laid it before Secretary Long, who at once accompanied him to the President. Here for the first time the seals on the white canvas bag were broken and the document revealed. The President and his Cabinet spent six hours that day considering the "Maine" report, Commander Marix remaining with them to explain the testimony and conclusions. It was Saturday, and the conference was resumed again Sunday morning. By Monday morning, the President had determined to give the report to Congress as it stood, with only a résumé of its contents and without comment or recommendation other than that of "deliberate consideration." The report was submitted on Monday, March 28th, and the next day, when Congress convened, a printed copy lay on each desk in the House and Senate. The bulky volume of 300 pages, illustrated by twenty full-page half-tone engravings of the wreck and by many diagrams made by the

order of the Board of Inquiry, and containing even an index, had been prepared in a night. It was the most remarkable piece of book-

making ever accomplished by the Government Printing Office. The manuscript, containing over 100,000 words, did not reach the printing office until six o'clock in the evening. With it were the materials for the illustrations. At eight o'clock the next morning the printed volumes were delivered to the Foreign Affairs committees of the House and Senate; "and the only reason they weren't delivered sooner," says Captain Brian, the foreman of printing in the establishment, "was there was nobody



Secretary Long at his desk in the Navy Department.

at the Capitol to receive them."

The war storm broke with the "Maine" report. Even the members of Congress who desired peace were convinced, as soon as the contents of the report were known, that war was inevitable, a canvass of the Senate and House showing but five in the former body and fifteen in the latter who believed a peaceful solution possible.

The House, which up to this time had yielded to Speaker Reed's policy of peace, broke into a fury, which increased day by day. The President had said in his message accompanying the report, that he had ordered the findings and the views of this Government in the affair to be communicated to Spain, and that he did not permit himself to doubt that the sense of justice of the Spanish nation would dictate a course of action suggested by honor and the friendly relations of the two nations. This calm and entirely statesmanlike view of the matter was stigmatized by the warlike as a "compromise with hell," and repeated delegations



CHARLES H. ALLEN, WHO SUCCEEDED MR. ROOSEVELT AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

urging immediate and aggressive action waited upon him. To hold the House back from declaring immediate war on Spain became the task of Speaker Reed. He would only promise to "try." As the days went on he declared the task impossible. "Dissuade them from war," he said to a friend who urged it upon him, "you might as well ask me to stand out in the middle of a Kansas waste and dissuade a cyclone."

The Senate was no less tempestuous, and though the group of Administration Senators did their best, urging incessantly, "Stand by the President," the great majority did not hesitate to declare that, if the President did not act

quickly, Congress would outrun him and declare war.

It was with this din of threats and entreaties in his ears that President McKinley was obliged to conduct the final delicate negotiations with Spain by which he hoped to prevent war. Through the minister at Madrid he had, during all the excited period after February 15th, been carrying on a correspondence with the Spanish government. The result of this correspondence was, that on March 27th he submitted a proposition that Spain grant an armistice to the Cuban insurgents to last until October 1st, and that in the interval negotiations for peace be conducted with the good offices of the President of the United States. By this means President McKinley hoped to put an end temporarily to the war in Cuba. To relieve at once the suffering of the reconcentrados, he asked that these people be allowed to return to their farms and that their immediate wants be supplied with provisions from the United States, the Spanish authorities to cooperate with the United States in giving relief. At the same time the "Maine" report was submitted to the Spanish government.

President McKinley realized fully that he must have substantial concessions

from Spain to show the country if he was to settle the trouble by diplomacy. With the hopefulness which characterizes all his undertakings, he waited for the reply. It reached the White House on the night of March 31st. It was evasive and unsatisfactory. The immediate cessation of hostilities, the only measure which at that moment would have appeased the country, was deferred, and a scheme for "preparing peace" submitted. The proposition to aid the reconcentrados was accepted. The "Maine" affair was treated in a manner most unsatisfactory to public feeling—it was proposed to submit it to arbitration. The President felt that he was at the end of his ef-



Mr. Holland, the inventor of the Holland submarine boat, waiting for an interview at the Navy Department.

forts—that there was nothing to do but lay the matter before Congress with his recommendations and conclusions, and he at once began the composition of a special message.

The making of a President's message is not the work of a day. The subject it treats is more often than not a growth of years, and it must be reviewed succinctly and lucidly. Nor can a message be the President's work alone; his Cabinet must be consulted, and his phrases and often his views are modified in the discussions which follow. In the Cuban message the general plan was Mr. McKinley's. He decided to tell the country what the condition of things in Cuba was when he first took up the question in March,

1897, and to review his own actions in dealing with the trouble. He would rehearse fully his own notions of what the government of the United States had a right to do in order to put an end to a condition of things which he believed to be intolerable, and he would tell why his conclusions were what they were. He would then make his recommendations.

But to review concisely and yet sufficiently the three years of war which had preceded his administration, and to give reasons and precedents for deciding against the recognition of the independence of Cuba and against the recognition of the insurgents as belligerents, and in favor of intervention, as he had concluded to do, required a large amount of research and condensation. State Department officials were put at this work, and the material, as rap-

idly as it was put into form, was turned over to the President. At the same time he consulted the best authorities in international law, and in Cabinet sessions the message was

discussed informally, and the best way in which to treat all the questions on which the people and Congress especially demanded his views was considered.

Throughout the week in which it was understood that the President was preparing his message he was the war center of the country. Every possible influence was brought to bear upon him to secure more aggressive recommendations than he was willing to make. He was literally besieged in the White House by the warlike element. Not only

was every influence brought to bear upon him to secure a recommendation of war, but the time which he felt was necessary to a



Captain A. S. Crowninshield, Chief of the Navigation Bureau.



Captain Mahan, of the Board of Strategy, reading his morning mail at the War Department.

careful consideration of the document was denied. A stop-watch seemed to be held over his head as he wrote.

The message was ready on April 4th, and that afternoon was read at a Cabinet meeting. It was promised to Congress two days later, April 6th. Long before the doors of the Capitol were opened that day, an eager and for the most part belligerent crowd had gathered. When nine o'clock came, they surged in, filling the galleries, and there they waited patiently for the hour of two, when it was rumored the message would be sent in. But instead of the message came the President's request for delay. Convinced by the telegrams from the Consul-General at Havana that warlike action on the part of Congress would result in riots there and the possible murder of American citizens, he had the courage to brave those who were hurrying him, and to withhold the message until such time as the Americans were out of Cuba. For five days the President kept back the document. Finally he erased the date April 6th, wrote April 11th in its place, and turned the message over to Congress. Not, however, until he had added a postscript saying that, twenty-four hours

before, Spain had granted the armistice for which he had asked on March 26th, and which, in her reply of March 31st, she had evaded. The President knew well that this last concession would have little effect on Congress. The day of diplomacy was past. He might recommend, as he did, that if this measure (the armistice) attained a successful result, our aspirations as a Christian, peace-loving people would be realized; but he knew that the recommendation, like every other recommendation of his message, was overruled in advance, and that he could do with the information only what he did with the whole Cuban question, leave it with Congress.

In the fortnight bounded by the submitting of the "Maine" report and of his message, President McKinley suffered the keenest pressure of the war crisis. Neither night nor day was he free. Interviews began as soon as he was out of bed, and night after night the light shone from the windows of the Cabinet-room until nearly morning. He had no opportunity for daily exercise, for relaxation of any kind. Under this enormous strain, he never lost his calm or his good humor. He sat hour after hour listening to

this or that man, gauging the rise and fall of public opinion, but expressing no opinion himself other than that of caution, and waiting, positively refusing to do anything until he knew exactly what the effect of a previous move had been. While the press and the people were calling for war he had but one reply: "I pray God we may be able to keep peace." When the result of an action was different from what he desired and tended to the war which he was trying to escape, he took it with perfect philosophy, his only remark being, "Well, whatever comes, we have done the best we could." All through the crisis he has been, as one of his companions said, "a don't worry man." The unwavering calm and silence which have characterized Mr. McKinley are due largely to his optimistic temperament. He believes firmly that things will come out right in the end, a belief inspired by his strong religious faith.

The most perceptible effect of this tremendous strain was his



Senator C. K. Davis, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations.



SECRETARY DAY AT HIS DESK IN THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

gradual loss of color. He steadily grew paler and thinner, and his eyes seemed more deep-set than ever. For a few nights, during the worst of the trouble, he lost sleep, but when he resumed his daily exercise, as his physician compelled him to do, he soon was sleeping regularly.

In spite of the terrible pressure upon him, he has devoted a great deal of time to the routine of his position. While waiting for the "Maine" report, while holding back his message, while waiting for news from Dewey, he has gone on making appointments and examining basketfuls of applications. This unruffled application to routine work, in the midst of the excitement of pending and of actual war, recalls one of the most dramatic episodes in Mr. McKinley's life, an action of his at the battle of Antietam. At that time he was a boy under eighteen, a sergeant in the Twenty-third Ohio, and commissary of his company. The Twenty-third went into battle on the morning of September 17th without breakfast, being called suddenly from its slumbers. For hours the fighting was something terrific, and the commissary of the company, seeing this was likely to continue

and unwilling that his company should go without their morning coffee, deliberately prepared the mess, hitched up a span of mules, and drove at a gallop into the midst of the line, handing out coffee right and left to the boys as they fought. He was repeatedly ordered away, but he would not go. One of his mules was killed, but he continued to distribute coffee, and it was not until every man of the band had been served that Sergeant McKinley retired. His commanding officer afterward told the story, saying, that no one could tell how much the coffee did for the exhausted men.

It was on April 11th that the President submitted his message to Congress and asked authority to intervene in Cuba. On the 19th, Congress passed the Cuban resolution, declaring:

First—That the people of the island of Cuba are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

Second—That it is the duty of the United States to demand, and the Government of the United States does hereby demand, that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third—That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is, directed and empowered to use the

entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such an extent as may be necessary, to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth—That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

The day following the passage of these resolutions, the President signed them at the White House, and they were cabled to Madrid with the following ultimatum:

To Woodford, Minister, Madrid:

You have been furnished with the text of a joint resolution voted by the Congress of the United States on the 19th inst., approved to-day, in relation to the pacification of the island of Cuba. In obedience to that act the President directs you to immediately communicate to the Government of Spain said resolution, with the formal demand of the Government of the United States that the Government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba, and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters. In taking this step, the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty, jurisdiction, or control over said island, except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination when that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people, under such free and independent government as they may establish.

If by the hour of noon on Saturday next, the 23d day of April, instant, there be not communicated to this Government by that of Spain a full and satisfactory response to this demand and resolution whereby the ends of peace in Cuba shall be assured, the President will proceed without further notice to use the power and authority enjoined and conferred upon him by the said joint resolution to such extent as may be necessary to carry the same into effect.

Less than twenty-four hours later Minister Woodford was handed his passports, and the United States and Spain were at war.

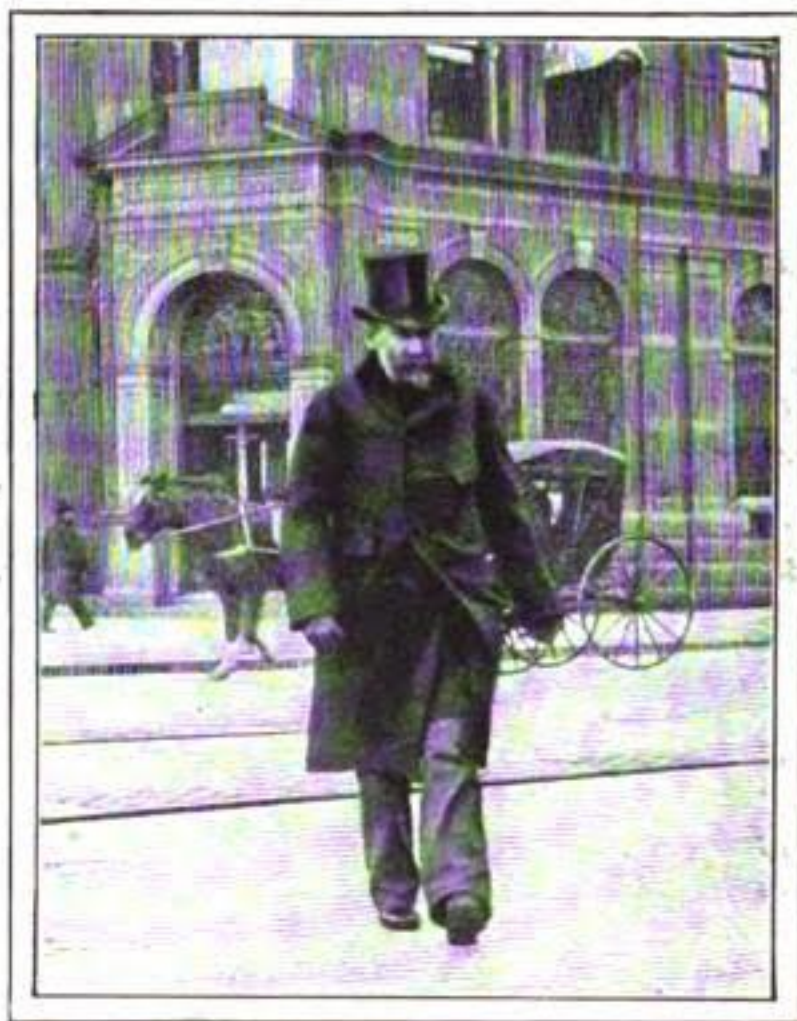
From the beginning of his administration President McKinley had seen the danger in the Cuban question. From the beginning he had resolved, in spite of this danger, to end a condition which he characterized as "not civilized warfare," but "extermination." Humanity, civilization, endangered American

interests, all gave him the right and made it his duty, he believed, to say that the war in Cuba must stop. He believed that with time and patience he could end it and avoid a rupture with Spain. When the "Maine" explosion precipitated the trouble and aroused the country's spirit of revenge, he refused to see in the disaster a *casus belli*—and in that

belief he persisted to the end, smilingly telling those who threatened him with the country's disapproval if he did yield on this point, that he could not very well "eat his own words." All through March, as matters became more complicated, he persisted in his hope of peace. "I do not expect war," he said; "I believe the whole matter can be settled diplomatically." And again, "I would rather my administration were an ignominious failure than that it be responsible for an unholy war."

But while fighting for peace, the Presi-

dent had prepared for war. It was by his suggestion that \$50,000,000 was appropriated for defenses, that our forts were put in order, new ships bought, recruits enlisted, troops sent to Key West and Tampa, a squadron sent to the Gulf, another concentrated in the Pacific, and another prepared for emergencies. Under his directions the army and navy had been put into such a shape, in the interval between February 15th and April 21st, when war was declared, that the very day hostilities began he was able to cable to the commander of our fleet in the Pacific to "defeat or destroy" the Spanish fleet guarding the Philippines, and on the next day, April 22d, to establish an effective blockade of Cuba. April 25th, he was ready to issue a call for 125,000 volunteers and to begin at once the great task of whipping them into a fighting army. In no particular, in fact, during the war crisis, has President McKinley shown more far-sighted wisdom, more flexibility, more patience, than in his preparations for the war which he so resolutely opposed and which he so long struggled to avert.



HON. NELSON DINGLEY, JR., LEADER OF THE REPUBLICAN SIDE IN CONGRESS.

the daring band of Argonauts sailing in the "Gussie" had wished to change her name. It seemed quite clear that, however daring our exploits might be, however worthy of Drake and Rodney, no one would believe in them when performed by men aboard a ship with this simpering, silly name, a name more suggestive of a seminary for young ladies than of the stern arbitrament of war. Thus a committee was formed to give the "Gussie," so unprotected in every other respect, at least the dignity of a war name. But before the committee had reached a conclusion of its labors, the "Gussie" had received a baptism of fire.

We left Key West on Friday afternoon with our escort the "Manning," but lost her during the night, probably owing to the fact that none of the blockading vessels are allowed to show lights. We picked her up the next morning, however, almost directly off Havana, and here we were also joined by the "Wasp," a very smart looking auxiliary cruiser under the command of Lieutenant Ward. The "Wasp" accompanied us on our cruise westward, as it was her duty to patrol on the coast opposite Pinar Del Rio. About noon we drew close in shore, a little to the east of Mariel; but, after an inspection of the lay of the land, the Cubans who were to go ashore here decided that they would prefer to land elsewhere. No one could blame them for their decision. It was apparent that the whole country was apprised of our coming and knew the purpose of it. The heliograph stations upon the low moun-

tains near the coast were at work signalling our presence, and were evidently expecting us to attempt a landing in force under the protection of our flanking gunboat. As we stood in very close to Mariel, a Spanish soldier now and again took a shot at us, but without effect. Up the inlet we could see the red tiled roofs of the great hospitals for which this place is sadly famous in the Span-

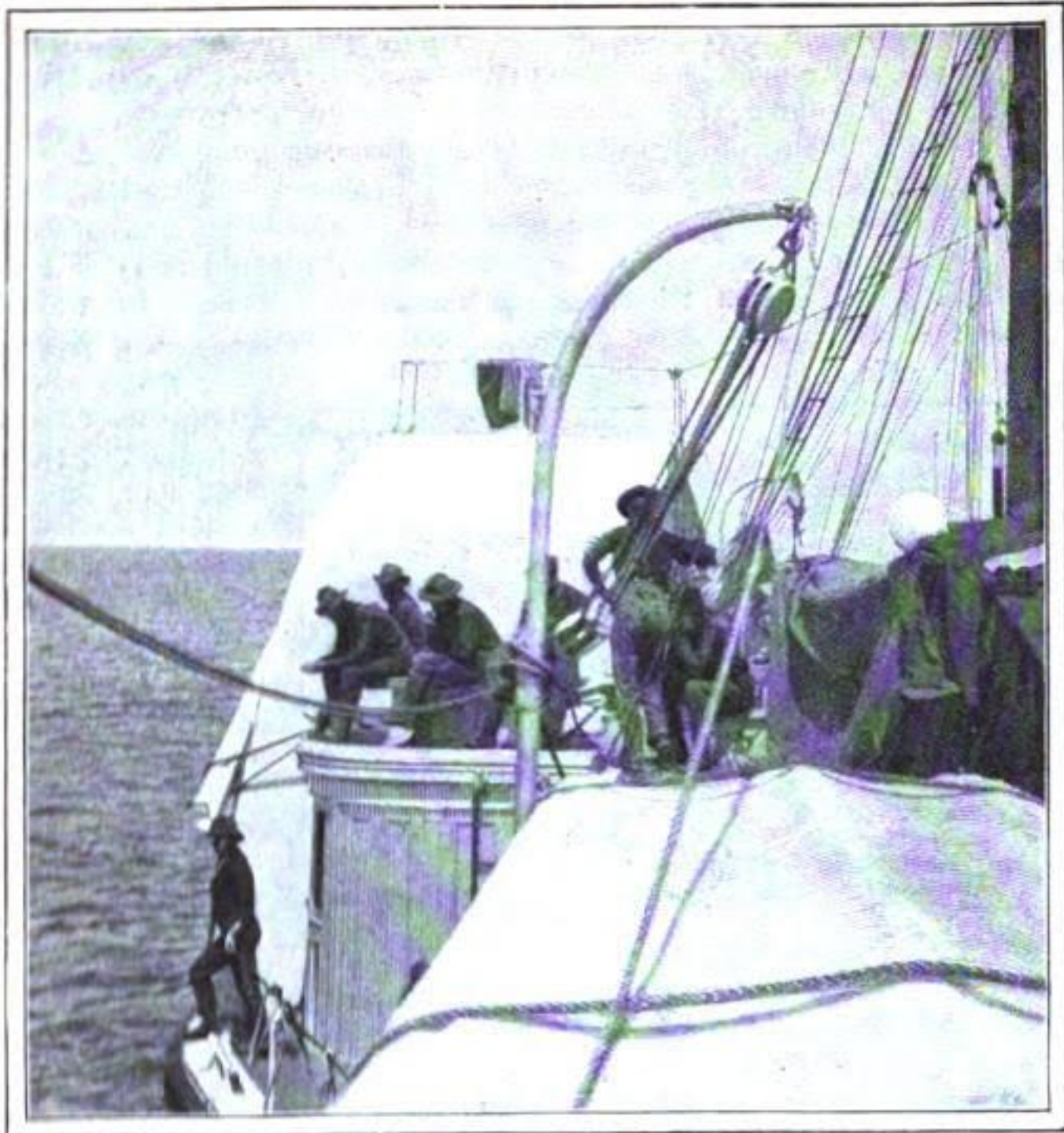
ish army. The blockhouse, or small fort, that stands out an excellent mark on the promontory to the west of and commanding the entrance to the harbor was thronged with soldiers, but no shots were exchanged. We steamed on for a few minutes, and soon Mariel and the fort were screened from view by a ridge of hills and a curtain of forest.

To the west of this ridge a broad red clay road wound its way over the hills, and as we came around the point we caught sight of a vidette of cavalry, motionless, but evidently watching our movements with



COLONEL J. H. DORST, COMMANDER OF THE EXPEDITION.

the closest attention. As we sailed along slowly more cavalrymen came creeping over the hills and closed up with the guard, which now must have numbered a hundred men. Becoming satisfied, probably, that we were aware of their presence and were continuing our westerly course, they broke from their cover, and, galloping wildly down the steep declivity, came along the beach at a wild pace, wasting ammunition by firing from their saddles as they rode. For more than an hour they followed us, pounding the heart out of their horses in the heavy sand of the beach, firing wildly out to sea, and shaking



THE "FIRST FOOT" AT SEA.

their rifles and machetes derisively in the air.

On the high ground a little to the east of Cabanas, there were several ruined sugar mills, and one of these ruins had been converted into a fort, and was evidently strongly garrisoned. From this place there came a volley of musketry, which passed over our heads. The "Manning" returned the fire with her four-pounders, and we sailed on. Not five minutes had elapsed before the sound of continuous volley firing came across the sea to where we were slowly keeping on our course. The firing lasted for fully half an hour, but we never knew exactly what the hornet's nest was that our desultory shooting had stirred up. Probably the action to which we listened and of which we could see nothing was a chance encounter between our pursuers and the insurgents who were coming to receive our arms and ammunition. As we passed into the inlet of Cabanas drizzling rain began to fall, which soon turned into a regular drenching tropical downpour.

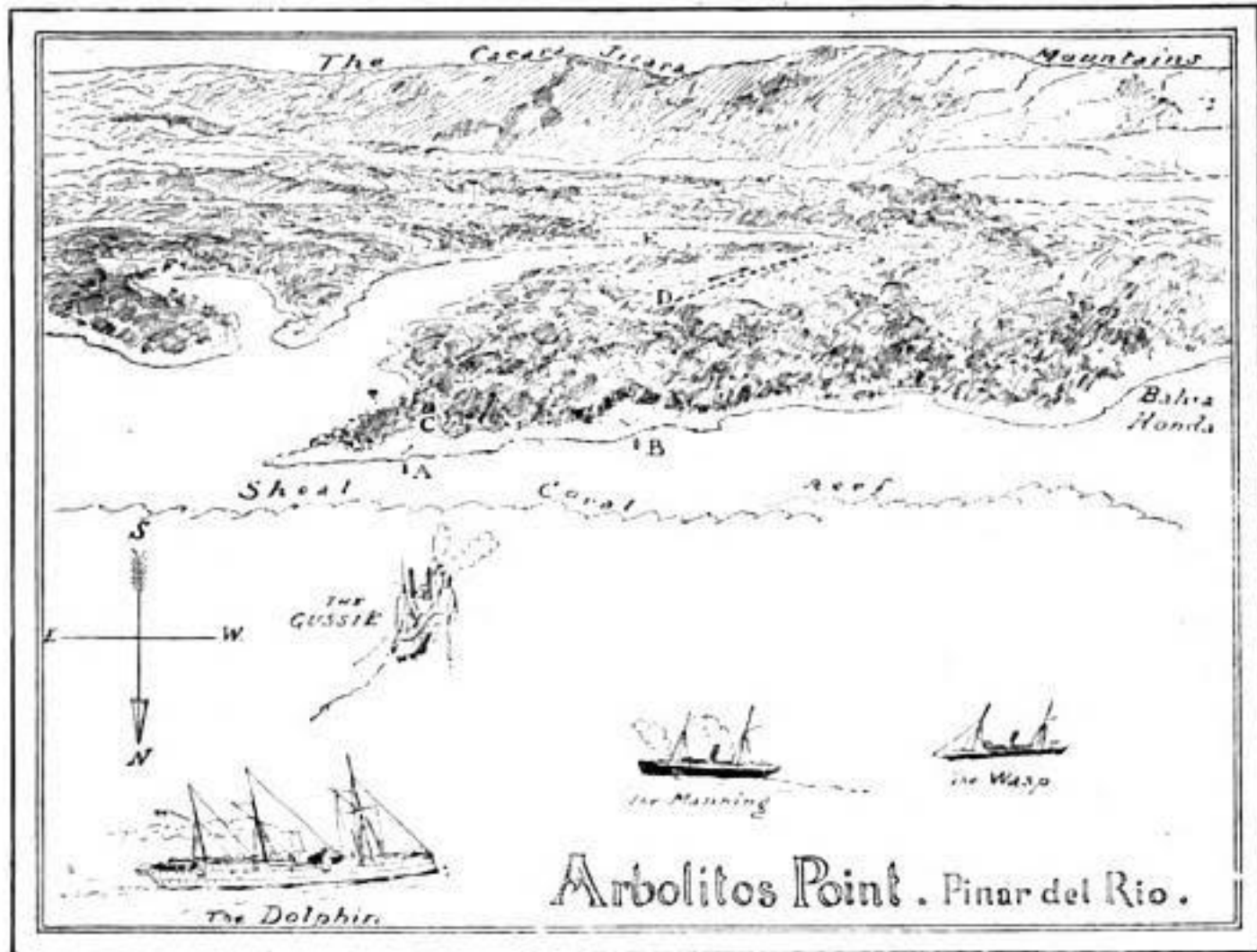
We now drifted close into shore and, off Arbolitos Point, decided to land our scouts.

We dropped anchor about four hundred yards from shore, at a place where the coral reef seemed passable for small boats. The rain was falling steadily; it beat down the sea, but was in other respects very disagreeable. Our three Cuban scouts went first, in a light skiff, to show the way over the reef, but their boat was promptly capsized, and they had to make their way to the beach in a very broken skirmish order, now swimming, now wading. Two boats carrying about forty men of E Company, commanded respectively by Captain O'Connell and Lieutenant Crofton, now pushed off from the

ship. The first landing of American troops upon Cuban soil was about to take place. At this moment, however, two newspaper tugs which had followed our movements from afar came steaming up, with their whistles blowing and their crews wildly gesticulating, thus leaving no room to doubt that they had information of the most vital importance to impart. The forward movement of the landing boat was arrested, and our gray-haired captain glanced anxiously up and down the coast to discover from what quarter the hidden danger of which we were warned with all the power and emphasis at the command of the press was to come. It was an exciting moment. The rain had died away again into a drizzle; the wind had veered around to the north, and was blowing up quite a sea on shore. The breakers went to pieces with a tremendous roar upon the coral reefs. It was with difficulty that we at last made out, above the roar of the surf and the rising winds, what the Samaritans and Scribes were singing out through their speaking-trumpets. "What's the name of that man in the bow of the first boat?"

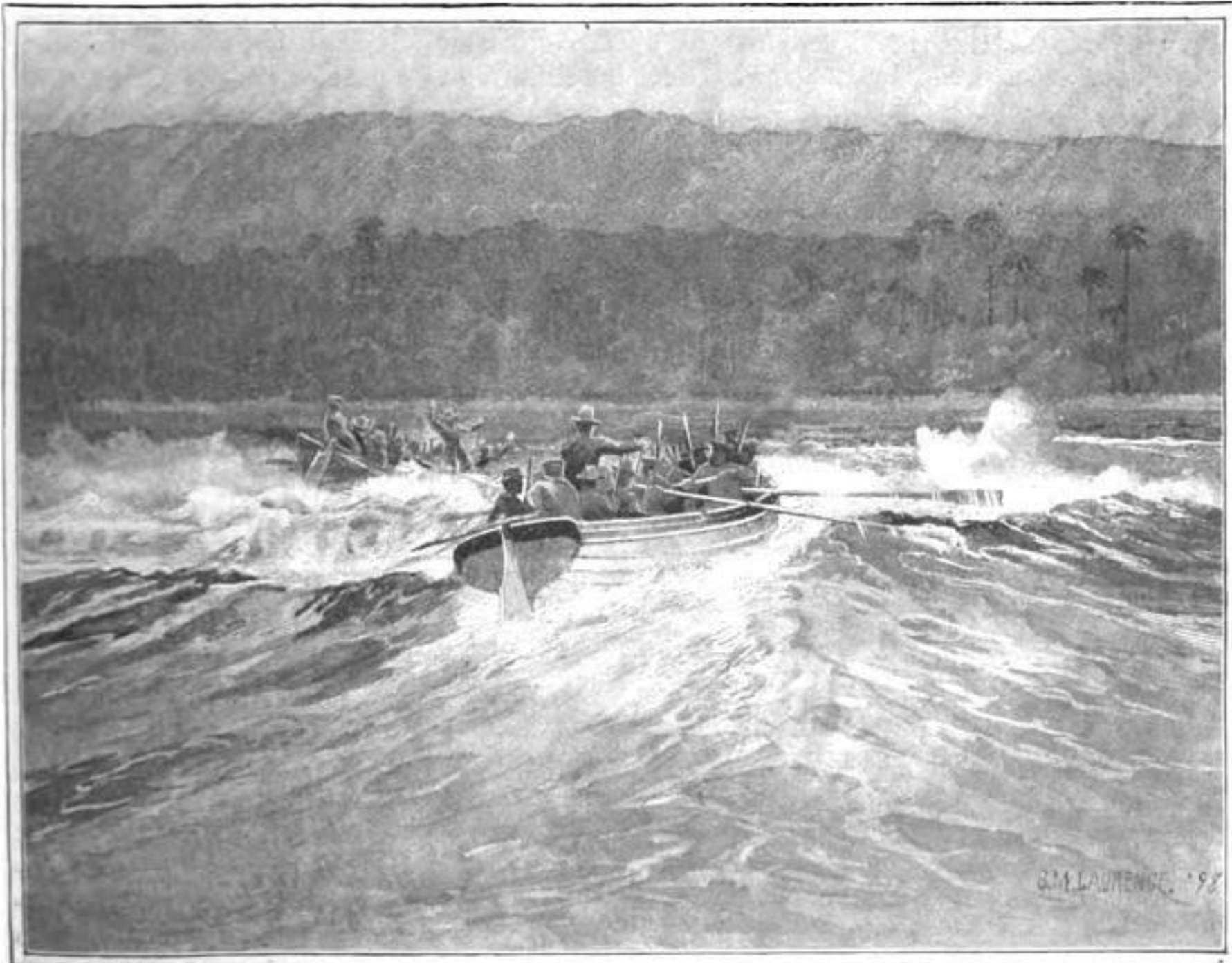
The soldier answered timidly, "Metzler, of E Company," and so it was written down in history that Metzler was the first soldier of the United States Army to land upon Cuban soil. But he was not, for Captain O'Connell's boat, which had cleared first from the transport, got into difficulties in crossing the reef and was finally upset, while the second boat went ahead and landed first.

Lieutenant Crofton's command landed near



SCENE OF THE FIRST ENCOUNTER BETWEEN AMERICAN AND SPANISH TROOPS, MAY 12, 1898.

A. Point where Lieutenant Crofton's boat landed. B. Point where Captain O'Connell's boat landed. C. The hut of the charcoal-burner who was taken prisoner. D. Where the Spanish guerrilla was encountered. The dotted line indicates the direction of the retreat of the Spaniards. E. Bridge or causeway across the lagoon.

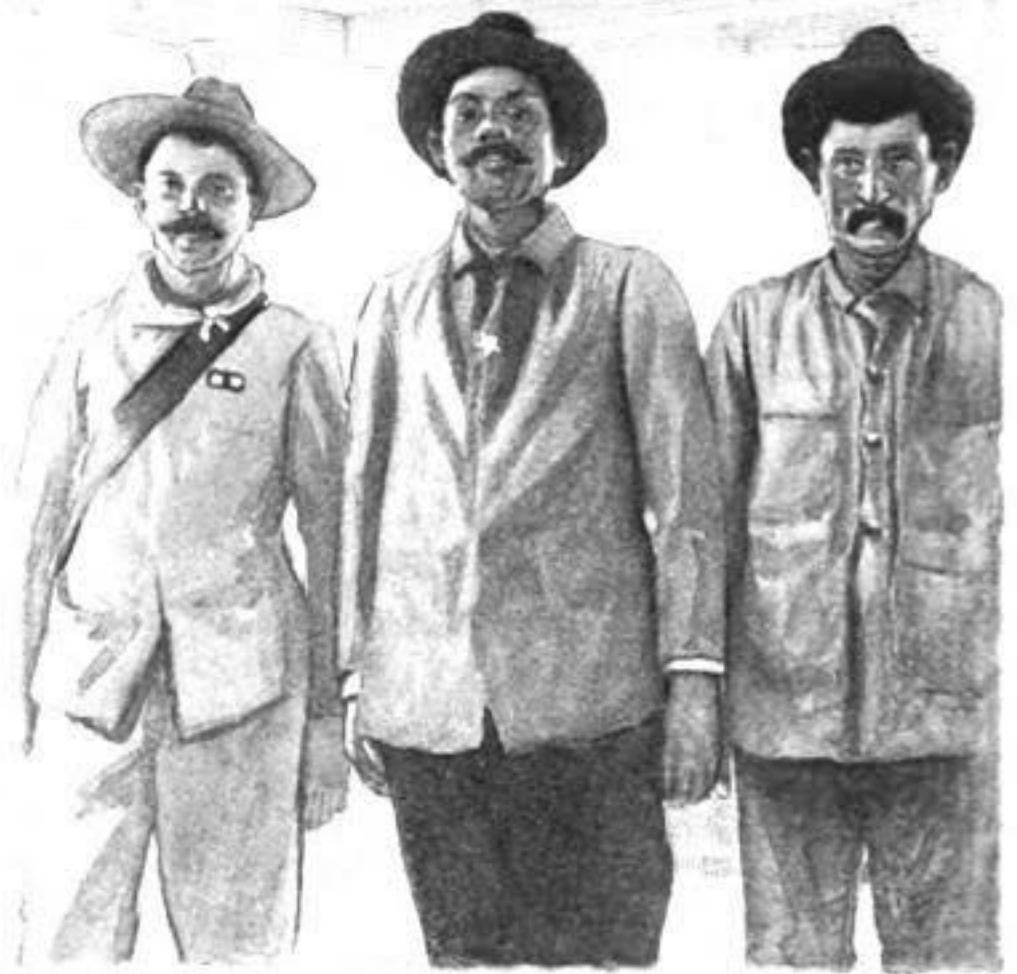


THE LANDING AT ARBOLITOS POINT. THE TWO LANDING-BOATS, UNDER COMMAND, RESPECTIVELY, OF LIEUTENANT CROFTON AND CAPTAIN O'CONNELL, IN THE SURF ON THE CORAL REEF.

the end of the point, and, after drawing his boat upon the beach, he disappeared from view in the chaparral, which grew almost down to the water. His men went ahead in skirmish line about twenty feet apart to explore the country. It was, indeed, a pretty scene as the blue coats disappeared from view in this luxuriant jungle, tip-toeing as though upon the trail of Apaches, with their rifles ready, and their campaign hats drawn up in a peak to escape the branches and thorns. The jungle in which they disappeared was a labyrinth of tropical trees and trailers, bamboos and banyans, woven together into an inextricable web with grape and sycamore vines. In this network of shrubbery, and right upon the crest of the ridge commanding the landing-beach, we discovered twenty or thirty rifle-pits. Had they been held by the Spaniards when the landing was attempted, the fight on Arbolitos Point would have been very different in its result.

Captain O'Connell, in the meantime, had reached the beach about three hundred yards to the right, and his party strong, some mounted and some on foot, immediately scattered in skirmish line but all evidently pushing on with the greatest haste to occupy the rifle-pits. They were the first to fire; but only one bullet of their several discharges found a billet. This was in the arm of a newspaper man, Mr. Archibald, who had accompanied the "First Foot" all the way from the Pacific Slope, to secure the honor of shedding the first American blood on Cuban soil since the outbreak of the war. Our men faced about, and firing at ease brought down four of the Spaniards. Thereupon the Spaniards, thoroughly panic-stricken at such marksmanship, left the road, and made off into the jungle, firing wildly as they retreated. Metzler of E Company brought down the commanding officer of the band, who proved to be a lieutenant of that crack corps, the Civil Guard.

Captain O'Connell and his party, fifty yards from the beach, came out upon a long disused and grass-grown road running out upon the Point. Along this, and only fifty yards



DE SOTO, CAÑAS, AND PADRON, THE CUBAN SCOUTS LANDED AT ARBOLITOS POINT.

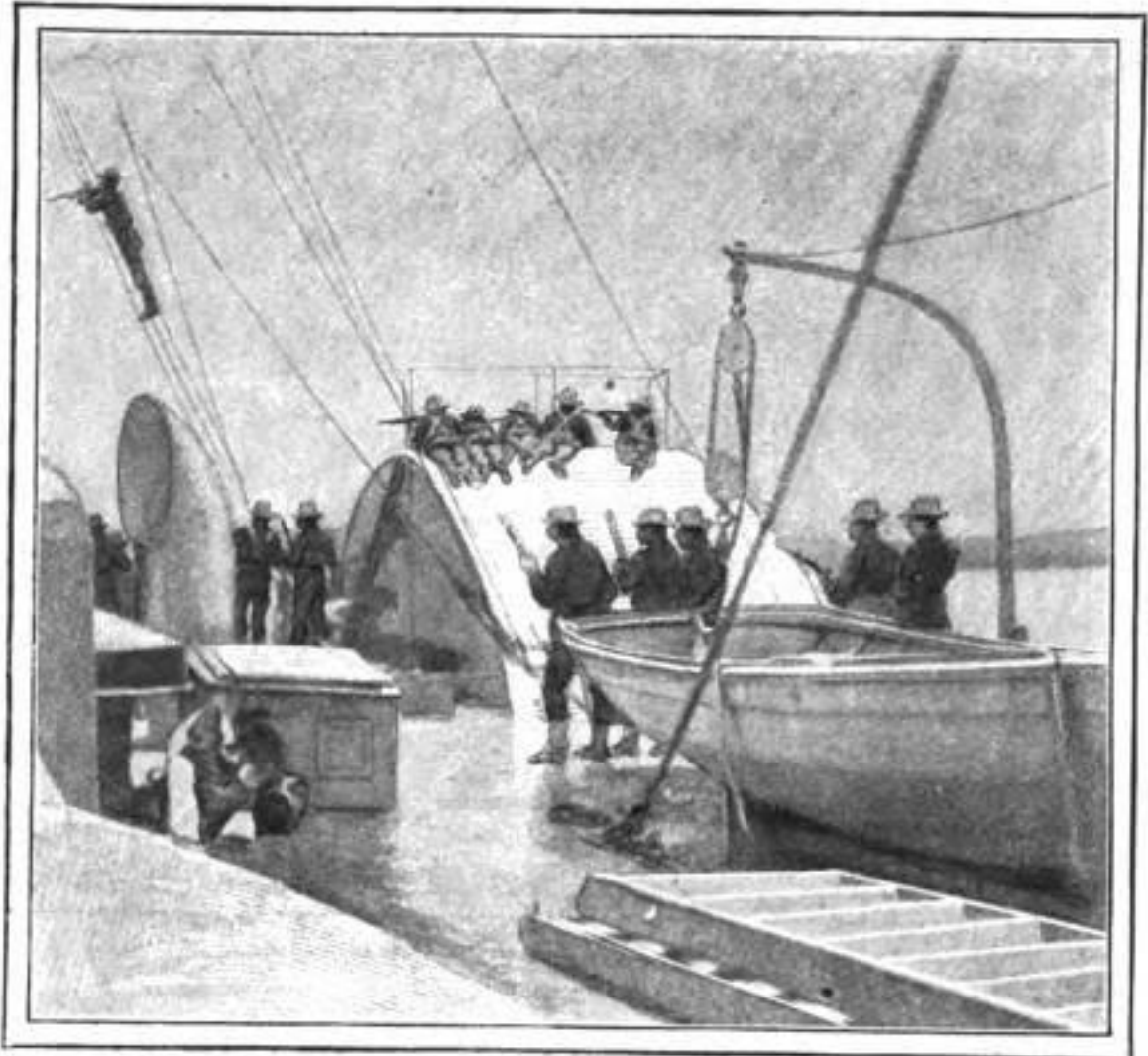


A SPANISH PRISONER CAPTURED AT ARBOLITOS POINT.

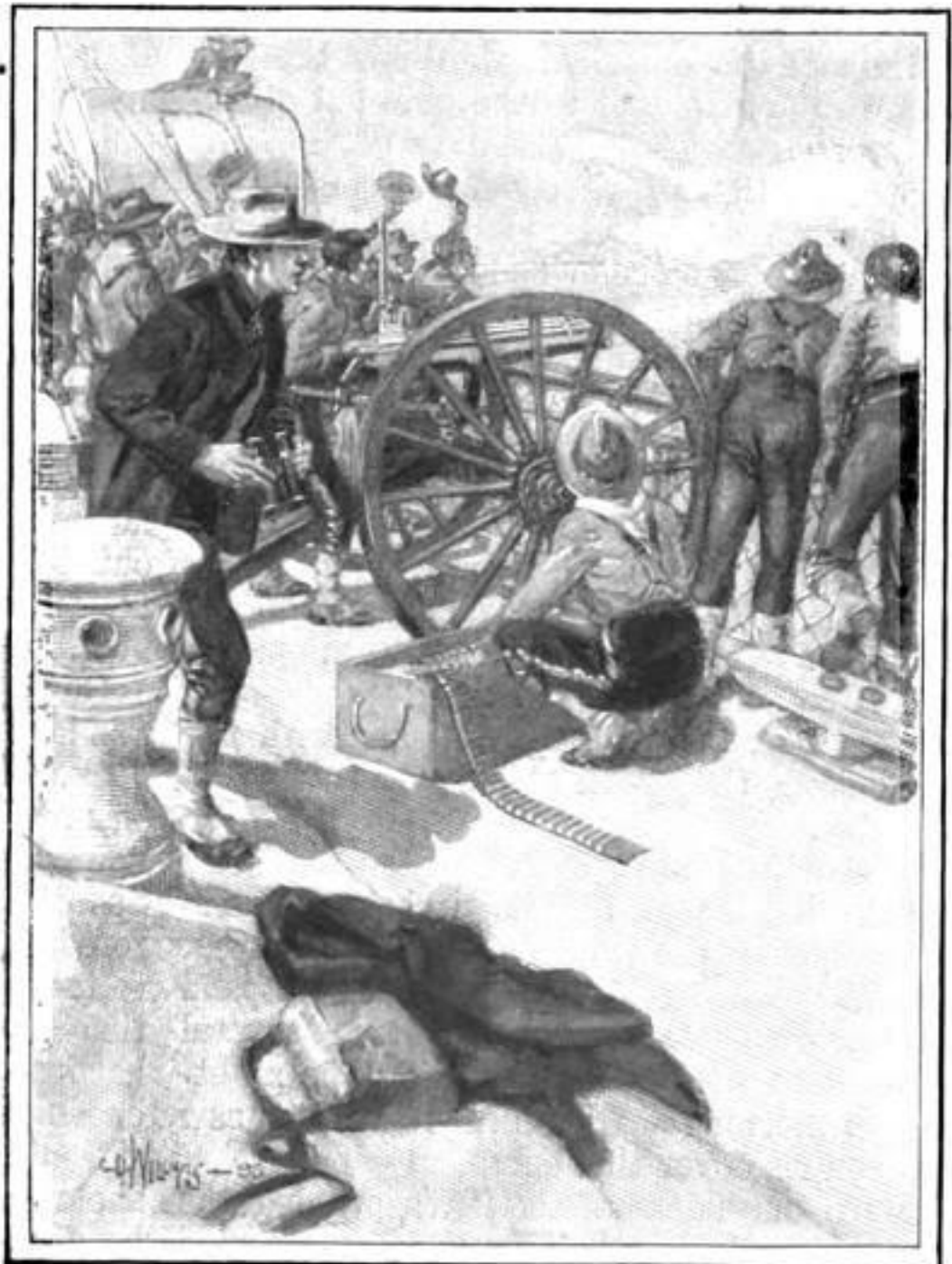
came a Spanish guerrilla about fifty hundred yards to the right, and his party strong, some mounted and some on foot, immediately scattered in skirmish line but all evidently pushing on with the greatest haste to occupy the rifle-pits. They were the first to fire; but only one bullet of their several discharges found a billet. This was in the arm of a newspaper man, Mr. Archibald, who had accompanied the "First Foot" all the way from the Pacific Slope, to secure the honor of shedding the first American blood on Cuban soil since the outbreak of the war. Our men faced about, and firing at ease brought down four of the Spaniards. Thereupon the Spaniards, thoroughly panic-stricken at such marksmanship, left the road, and made off into the jungle, firing wildly as they retreated. Metzler of E Company brought down the commanding officer of the band, who proved to be a lieutenant of that crack corps, the Civil Guard.

Lieutenant Crofton and his men now came up from the left, and joined in the skirmish line, which was extended across the road and into the jungle beyond for about a hundred yards, to a swampy lagoon. Our position now, a skirmish line of only two hundred yards in extent, facing the quarter from which the Spanish attack must come, would have been very strong had we had any certainty that the Point on our left flank was not also occupied by the Spaniards. At this juncture Captain O'Connell returned to the transport, and after conferring with Colonel Dorst and pointing out from the spar-deck the point where the Spaniards were last seen, went on board the "Manning" and the "Wasp" and gave their officers the same information. He then returned to his men on shore, who, perfectly oblivious of their critical position, were behaving as coolly as though on parade.

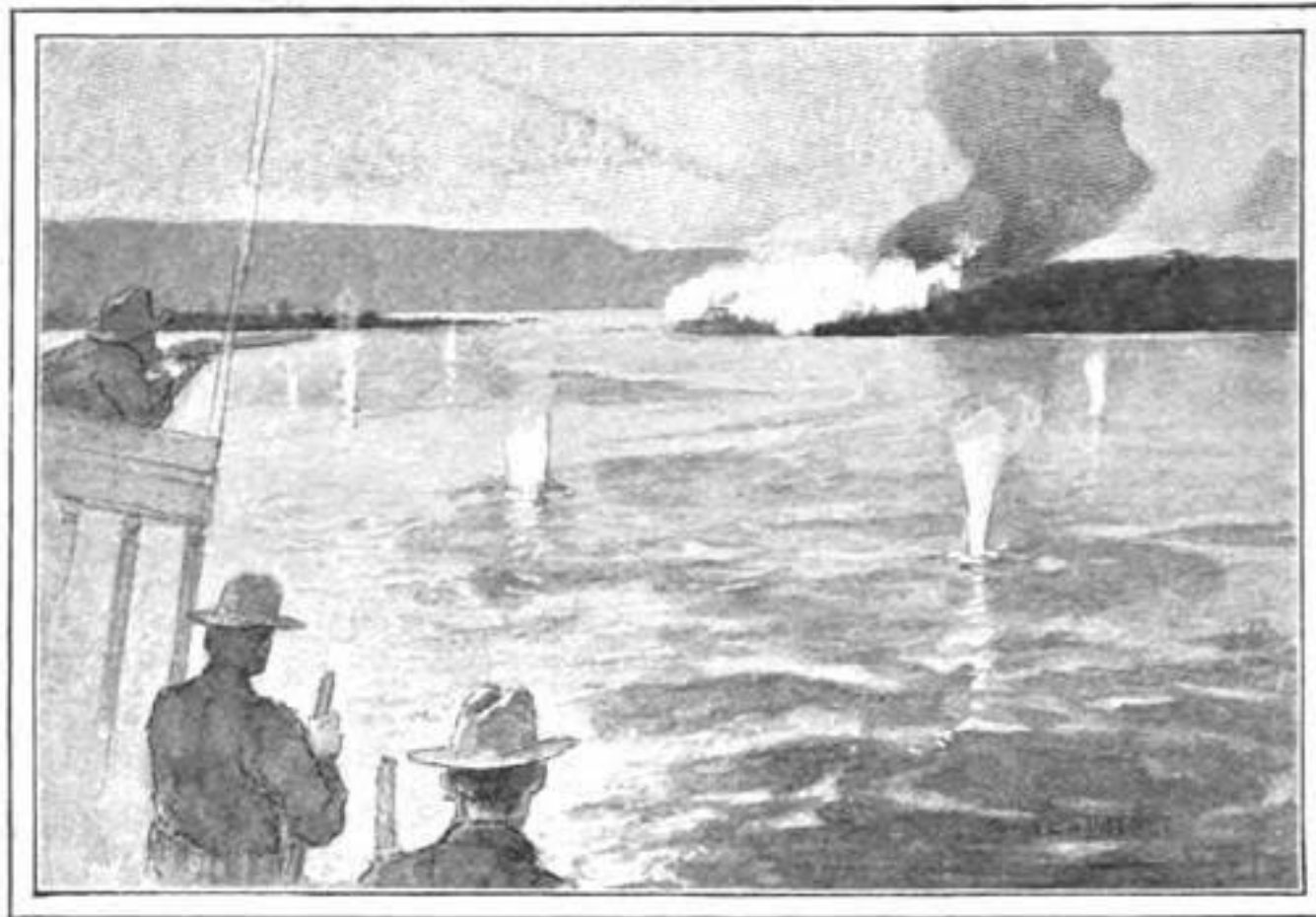
While our two gunboats tore the jungle and the chaparral to the right of our skirmish line with shot and shell, the men of Company G, under Captain Phister, fired half a dozen volleys in the same general direction. Now and again a shot came back in reply, but it was evident that we carried heavier metal than the Spaniards and that they were thinning out to the westward. The horses of our Cuban scouts were now landed, or rather made to swim ashore, with considerable difficulty; and, after a consultation with Colonel Dorst, the Cubans rode slowly and cautiously along the beach for a mile or two, and then disappeared suddenly in the jungle. They had a dangerous ride of nine or ten miles before them to the camp of Perrico Diaz, at the foot of the Cacara-Jicara mountains, which loomed up darkly on the



COMPANY G FIRING FROM THE DECK OF THE "GUSSIE," AT ARBOLITOS, MAY 12.



THE GATLING GUN BROUGHT INTO THE ACTION.



THE "GUSSIE" FIRED UPON BY THE BATTERIES AT BANES.

horizon; but they had in their favor a perfect knowledge of the country, good horses and weapons, and the shadows of evening, which were now gathering, and doubtless before morning they safely reached their destination.

The men of Company E were now brought back to the ship, wet to the skin but otherwise unhurt. The first action of the war fought on Cuban soil between Spanish and American troops had resulted decidedly in our favor. The enemy had lost at least four dead whose bodies were seen, and doubtless many more were killed or wounded by the heavy firing from the gunboats and the transport. Lieutenant Crofton brought with him a prisoner of war, a charcoal-burner who had given the first landing party misinformation, and who is thought to have been a decoy in the pay of the Spaniards. We lost our anchor in getting under way, but soon pulled out from our position, which was growing more dangerous with nightfall and with the wind from the north steadily increasing in velocity.

We drifted all night in the warm and oily waters of the Gulf Stream, which oozed and trickled from the ship's side like molasses. The "Vicksburg," that most vigilant and tireless of blockaders, brought us up several times with a round turn during the night. In the morning we lay off Havana, and saw the sun rise over the Morro.

Here our flankers, the "Wasp" and the "Manning," picked us up, and we steamed westward. About nine o'clock we entered a broad bay between Baracoa and the Torrejon

of Banes. Here the long grass and the chaparral grew close down to the silver streak of sandy beach, which was dotted by royal palms. As we steamed slowly along, our lookout, and soon all on board, caught sight of a white flag in front of us, extended to the breeze from one of the tallest of these palm trees. It would be waved for a minute or two and then vanish, but only to reappear again some mo-

ments later a few hundred yards to the westward. We followed this will-o'-the-wisp, which we thought to be a signal from our Cuban friends who were kindly guiding us towards a safe place to make a landing. We had been lured on to within 300 yards of the beach, when the Spaniards opened upon us from two field batteries concealed in the jungle of shrubbery and vines up shore, and another gun, recently mounted in the Martello tower of Banes, at the same moment gave tongue. These first shots exhibited very alarming marksmanship. They were one and all perfect, absolutely perfect, as to direction, and only a little out as to distance. The nearest went about ten feet over our spar-deck, with a grumbling, humming noise, and fell about thirty yards out to sea with a great splash, such as a frog makes when he plunges into a tranquil pool. The others fell about fifty feet short.

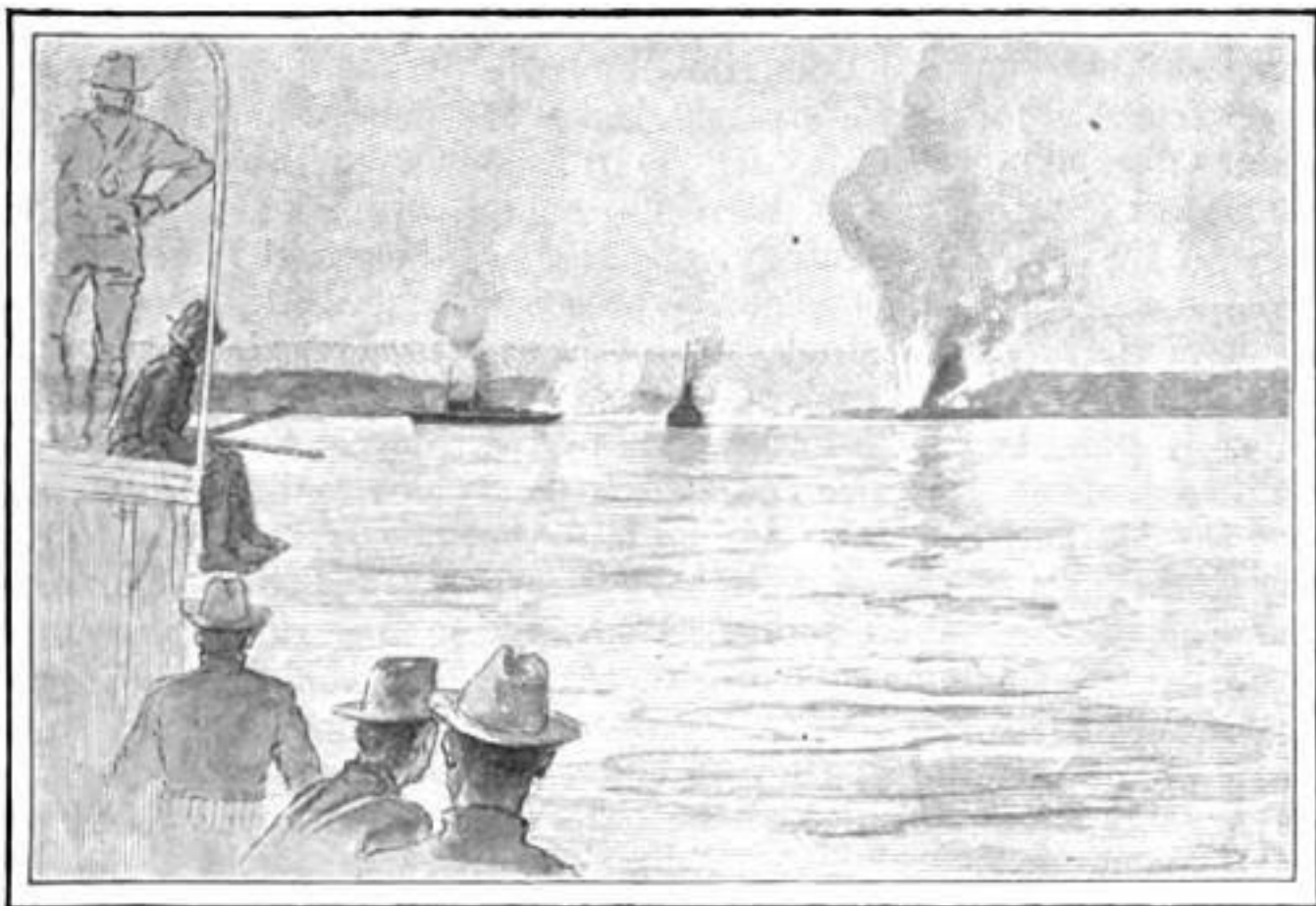
Our captain was the kindest, most gentle-minded man that ever walked the quarter-deck. Nothing could convince him that there was anything in this war but some very loud newspaper talk. While he watched the Spanish shells falling all around us, and before he gave the order for our virgin filibuster to take to her heels, he had a quiet talk with the Spaniards, addressing them as he might have addressed a reckless driver who was endangering the lives of passing pedestrians. "Don't those fools know that one of them shots would go right through my ship?" said he, frowning in the direction from which the unchivalrous Dons were firing. "They don't seem to know the condition of my

vessel. Why, sir, only yesterday one of them fat soldiers stumbled down the companion-way, and before we could stop him he had fallen through the planking of three decks—and they call this Christian warfare. Why, sir, if there was anything flying the Spanish flag around here, I wouldn't run away, I'd ram her! I would, sir!"

Fortunately none of the Spanish flags flying were afloat, so our military leaders brought pressure upon the captain, and finally induced him to steam out from the shore. But we had gone so far into the trap that for the first five minutes of retreat our course brought us nearer, perhaps, to the line of hostile fire, and it seemed longer than it probably was before the pattering of the heavy shot about us entirely ceased.

The "Wasp" and the "Manning" steamed in to cover our retreat, and soon we had the pleasure of seeing one side of the Martello tower on the beach knocked out by a shot from the "Wasp." The gunnery of the "Manning" was not nearly so good, which is not to be wondered at, for the men on board the converted revenue cutter had not fired ten shots from big guns before in their lives. The field-batteries, however, were never located with any precision; we only had the deceiving clouds of smoke to fire at.

We steamed westward, trying to look as if we didn't care, and when off Havana harbor and within close range of the telescope upon the Morro, we came together, noses on, with the big blockaders, to have an amphibious council of war, Colonel Dorst going on board the "Mayflower" in our dory. The council of war was not of long duration; the colonel soon reappeared upon the deck, and, embracing his colleagues of the navy warmly, shouted: "Can I do anything for you in Key West?" as he dropped over the side. If the Dons on the Morro did not hear him, it was only because they were too chivalrous to have out their ear-trumpets.



THE BATTERIES AT BANES BOMBARDED BY THE "MANNING" AND THE "WASP."

"Regards to Forsyth, that's all," was the answer.

Then with a great tooting of whistles, dipping of flags, and waving of caps, and salutations in characteristic language between the jackeys and our "dough-boys," the "Gussie" departed. Any one acquainted with the element of strategy and the rules of civilized warfare should have understood from all this that the "Gussie" would be located in Key West, watering and coaling, for at least a week to come; but the stupid Spaniards did not.

Gradually Cuba sank from view beneath the horizon, and when we had gone about ten knots farther the "Gussie" turned coyly to starboard and steamed with her crab-like slide towards the Matanzas coast.



AMBROSITO, THE CUBAN SCOUT WHO ATTEMPTED TO LAND FROM THE "GUSSIE" OFF BARADERO, MATANZAS.

When the deep significance of this nautical change of base dawned upon the "dough-boys" from California, the straight-jacket of military discipline had all it could do to keep them from bursting out in three cheers in honor of the Board of Strategy.

The moment now came when the presence on board of a certain stout Cuban was explained. Those who loved him called him Ambrosito, and he had been selected by the Junta as a suitable messenger for us to land upon the Matanzas coast and send into the Purgatorio Hills to acquaint Betancourt and others of our arrival off shore. When the moment for action came Ambrosito showed considerable misgivings as to the propriety of the selection which the Cuban Junta had made. "Is it not ridiculous," he asked all open-minded people on board, "to make me slide on my belly for twenty miles in the long grass when there are so many thin men available?"

The representative of the Junta on board then announced that, though he had never put foot on the coast of Matanzas, rather than have the Cuban Junta disgraced he himself would land, and die or succeed in carrying the letters to Betancourt. On hearing this Spartan resolve, Ambrosito grew tearful and reconsidered his refusal. He would land if any man could, he said, only the *machete*, the one with the dog-head handle, which the Junta had loaned him for his personal defence upon this and similar expeditions, must be given him outright. He wanted it as an heirloom, something to keep in the family as a reminder of the services which he had been enabled to render the cause. This concession was made, and armed with his weapon, the *machete* with the dog-head handle, Ambrosito was transferred to the "Manning," from which vessel, under cover of darkness, he was to be put on shore.

We steamed slowly up and down the Matanzas coast all night, and in the morning met the "Manning," as had been arranged, off Baradero, a little seaport half way between Cardenas and Matanzas. We were engaged in all other known means of sea telegraphy, to satisfy our curiosity as to how it had fared with Ambrosito when, to our surprise, he appeared coming over the side of the revenue cutter, with a smile so broad upon his countenance that, however much others might be affected, it was plain that he was not altogether dissatisfied.

"Lord be praised for my safe return," he sang out as he came once more upon the "Gussie." "All the Spaniards in Cuba are

on the beach, and no one can land from this expedition. We started for shore about midnight. The beach was filled with lights, flitting here and there, and the young officers asked me what they might be. I told them that I knew the coast and the country, that the lights could not be in the hands of the Spaniards, there are not so many in the country. I said that they must be the fire-flies, our own native *cucujos*, that had assembled to light Ambrosito upon his dark journey to the hills of Purgatorio. As we neared the surf line, Roman candles and rockets and a few rifle shots went up from the beach. We could hear the patrolling parties hailing one another, and so we rested on our oars and waited. But the Spaniards did not move away. So I have come back to you." Then he added thoughtfully, with the mien of a man who is endeavoring to make the best of a bad business and endeavoring to reconcile himself to his position, "And, my brothers, my little brothers, it is good to live on the 'Gussie,' better than being cut down on the beach; here are all doing well, divinely—*como papas*—like potatoes."

A week later I caught my last glimpse of him; he was painting his house in Tampa. Hung with flags and inscriptions the *machete*, the one with the dog-head handle, was suspended over his mantel, and under it a photograph of the old scout in full Cuban regimentals. "I have nothing to complain of," said Ambrosito. "I shall not tempt Providence again, not while all the Spaniards are on the beach and here I am doing well, divinely—*como uno papa*—like a potato."

It was now only too evident that the stores and the munitions which we carried for the insurgent armies could not be landed with any assurance of their escaping the Spaniards. We had approached the land at the points in the three western provinces which had been prearranged, and in each case the insurgents had failed to meet us. By this statement, which is simply one of fact, no reflection is intended upon the Cubans. In view of the Spanish forces along the coast it would have been poor policy for them to have appeared. So we flew to the breeze the homeward-bound pennant, and after sailing around Matanzas Bay and taking photographs under the guns of the batteries on the Punta Maya, simply to show that our confidence in the little cherub up aloft who had been looking after the "Gussie" upon this cruise was unabated, we laid our course over the blue waters of the coral reefs towards the green seas beyond and to Key West.

THE FASTEST VESSEL AFLOAT.

THE "TURBINIA," AND THE NEW ERA SHE PROMISES IN OCEAN TRAVEL.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.



REAT honor among cities has Newcastle-on-Tyne, with its coal, and its ships, and its clanging hammers. Here, about sixty years ago, was the locomotive born, and to this day the "Puffing Billy," Stephenson's model, stands in the Central Station for tourists to gaze upon, the first iron horse driven over the rails by steam. And now comes Parsons of Newcastle with his record-breaking "Turbinia," the first iron vessel to be driven over the sea by an application of steam that must rank in its importance to the world with Watt's original discovery. Builders of torpedo-destroyers and other ocean craft that call for the highest attainable speed are to-day hesitating to undertake fresh contracts until they decide what is to be the outcome of this new engineering departure; and the feeling is abroad that another era has opened in marine propulsion.

I have been spending a week in Newcastle with Mr. Parsons and the "Turbinia"; I have gone out to sea on this wonderful craft, twenty miles or more at the speed of an express train; I have been through the factory where are made the turbine motors that may soon do away, in great part, with the familiar steam-engine; and I shall put down now some of the things I have seen myself and some that I have learned.

Let us first take a look at the boat herself as she lies at her moorings a few miles down the river, just off the spread of twenty-three acres where the works of the Parsons Marine Steam Turbine Company will soon be in full operation. There she is, with flag flying proudly and clean painted sides, low in the water, long and narrow in the body (one hundred feet by nine feet), sharp as a knife at the bow, speed in every line of her. The massive smoke-stack amidships, short and thick, gives her a kind of military dignity; but one asks where the engines and boilers

and furnaces can be that go with such a monster air-blast. There is certainly no room for them in sight. "They are underneath the water line," explains Mr. Barnard, the officer in charge. "I will show them to you presently."

A skiff takes us aboard, and we walk about over black plates of iron, riveted into a level floor, and peer down black openings here and there that lead below. I notice a stoker giving the smoke-stack a fresh coat of yellow.

"We do that," says Mr. Barnard, "after every run, because the fire licks the paint off when we drive her fast with the forced draught. If you go out to-morrow, you will see the flame wind round that smoke-stack like a scarf round your neck."

In a forward shelter, like a pilot-house, is a two-foot wooden wheel, and before it a semi-circle of little windows for the steersman to look through. On top of the shelter is a platform with guards around it.

"The lookout stands up there, and passes the word to another man, who passes it to the man at the wheel."

"What, two men to pass the word a few feet?"

"Yes, it takes two. When she's doing her best, you can't hear anything six inches from your ear except a steady roar."

"But what word is there to pass? Can't you keep your own lookout through the windows?"

The officer smiles.

"Why, sometimes, sir, when we're making a run in rough weather, it seems as if the whole German Ocean was coming over us. We shot by a man-of-war on a day like that, and the officers said afterwards that all they could see of us was our bow and the tip of our smoke-stack. In the trial to-morrow you will understand why we need a lookout."

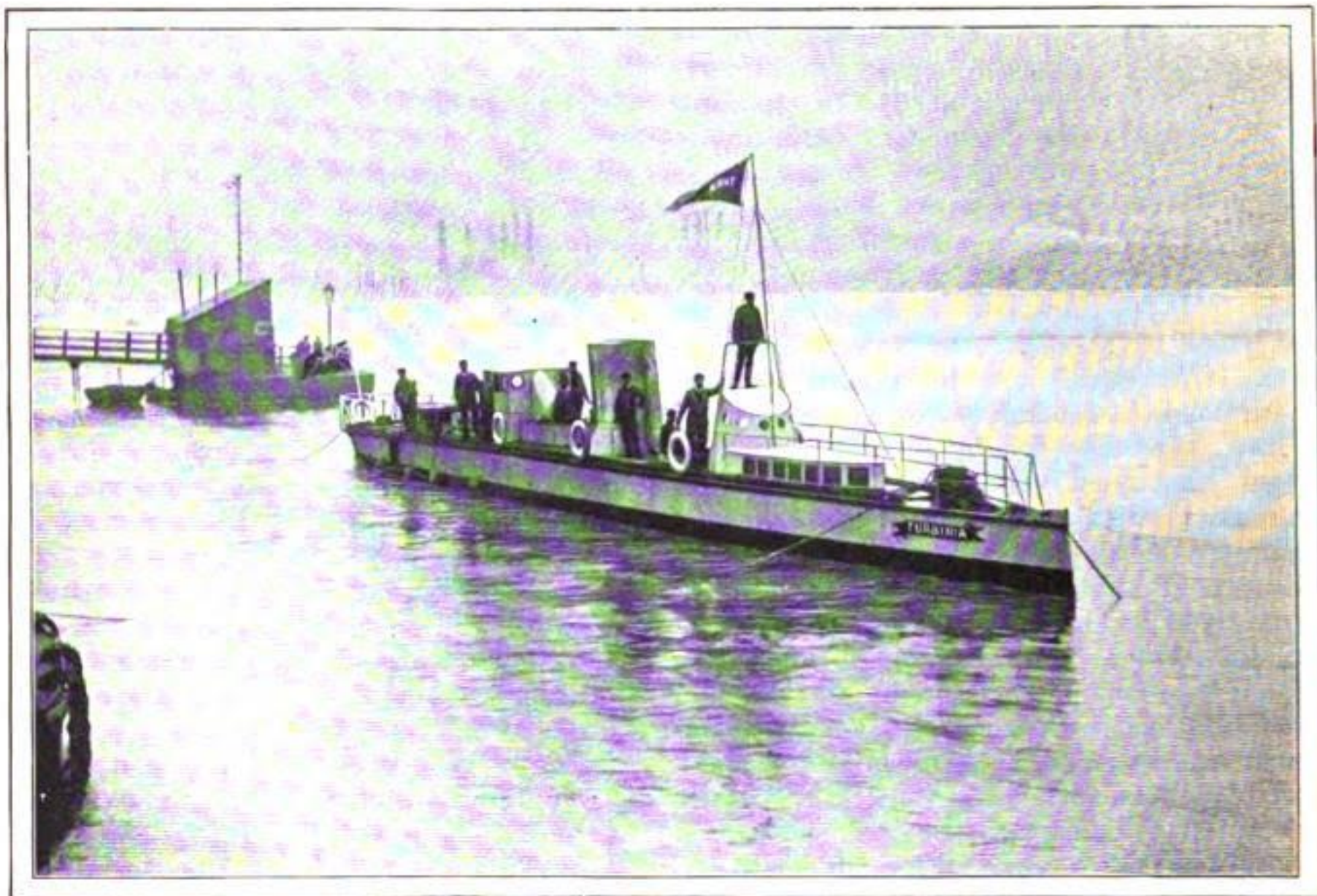
At one side of the wheel is an ordinary marine telegraph, with the signals "Full speed," "Stop," "Reverse," etc., on its dial plate.

"The steersman signals with these to the engineer—that is, Mr. Parsons himself—who stands back there in the other shelter, watching the gauges and regulating the speed. He controls the whole craft from the deck—boiler pressure, forced draught, go-ahead turbines, reversing turbine, everything. There never was an easier boat to run than this one. Ten men are her full crew—deck hands, engine-room hands, stokers, everybody."

"And yet she's the fastest vessel afloat?"

"Undoubtedly; she has 2,100 horsepower, which is four times as much as any vessel of her size ever had before; she has a steam-producing capacity of 30,000 pounds an hour; and she carries a pressure on her boiler of 225 pounds to the square inch. We'll go below, if you like."

We squeeze ourselves down little ladders into the lower regions of this iron doll's house of a ship. Here the stokers ply their shovels and swing the furnace doors in iron-walled chambers hermetically sealed, where the air is compressed by a fan for the forced



THE "TURBINIA"—"LOW IN THE WATER, LONG AND NARROW IN THE BODY, . . . SHARP AS A KNIFE AT THE BOW, SPEED IN EVERY LINE OF HER."

"I haven't heard of anything that can beat her. The record speed for vessels of her size has been twenty-four knots an hour—made by second-class torpedo-boats; she will do that with open stoke-holes; and, under forced draught, she will steam thirty-five knots an hour, and keep it up until her coal gives out."

"How soon would that be?"

"In about three hours; that is, she can run a hundred knots at full speed. You see her bunkers only carry seven tons, and her whole displacement is only forty-four and one-half tons."

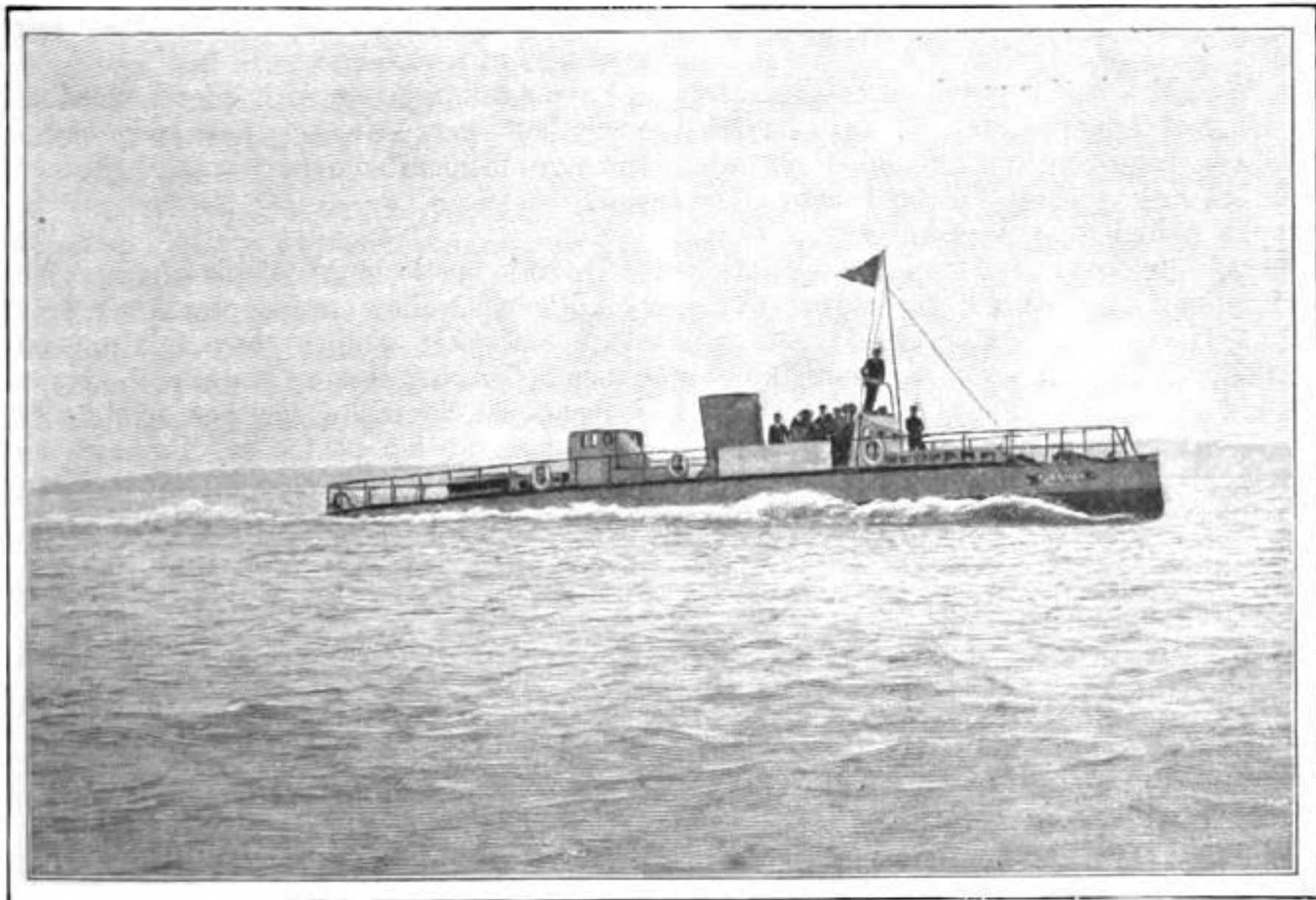
"And she's the most powerful vessel afloat, isn't she, for her size?"

draught. Here is the water-tube boiler. Here is the engine room, with great pipes curving about that seem entirely too large for so small a boat; they carry steam to the turbines and the condenser. And now comes an explanation of these same turbines, in the working of which for driving the "Turbinia" and reversing her lies the beginning and the end of the whole Parsons achievement. The "Turbinia" is propelled by an engine different from any that was ever before put in a boat. It has no fly-wheel, no cylinders, no back and forth movement of rods and pistons, no intricate valves; it is a hundred times simpler than the ordinary steam-engine, and as easy to understand as

a windmill. Indeed, it is quite like a windmill in this, that the steam, being driven against the fans of specially made wheels on the three propeller shafts, makes these turn very rapidly, and of course the screws turn with the shafts. I will give a more detailed explanation of these turbines when we visit the factory.

"The plain result of it all is," says Mr. Barnard, "that we have a motor here capable of turning faster and faster, with practically no limit so long as we increase the

since there are no dead centers of cranks to be considered, nor danger from water hammers in the cylinders. Off the Tyne last summer, we ran the screws up to a twenty-eight-knot rate from a standstill in twenty-eight seconds, and we could certainly bring them to full speed from a standstill in thirty seconds. That does not mean that the vessel would be making full speed in thirty seconds, for it would take some time to overcome her inertia, but the screws would be turning at that rate."



"SHE RUNS AS SMOOTHLY AS A BICYCLE ON ASPHALT, AND THE DECK IS LIKE A BILLIARD-TABLE . . . AND PRESENTLY WE PUT OUT INTO THE OPEN."

steam pressure. The screws of the 'Turbinia' make about 2,500 revolutions a minute, without any vibration, whereas the best marine engine in the world, with reciprocating motion, would tear itself to pieces doing one-fourth as many. We could run our turbo-motors up to 5,000 or 10,000 revolutions a minute, if there was any advantage in doing so, and still there would be no vibrations, since the force of the steam is exerted always in the same direction, around and around, not back and forth."

"Then you can get up speed very quickly?"

"Yes, that is one of the 'Turbinia's' strong points. We can practically increase the steam pressure as fast as we please,

"How long would it take an ordinary marine engine to work up to full speed from a standstill?"

"I should say at least fifteen minutes."

"And can you reverse her quickly?"

"We can reverse her instantly, as far as the engines are concerned; it would be merely a question of bending the propeller blades. You are sure to see some reversing to-morrow in the trials, for there will be French engineers on board who are particularly interested in that very point. Mr. Parsons has put in a special reversing turbine which may be connected with the central propeller shaft, so that all he has to do now, when he gets the signal 'Reverse,' is to shut off steam from the go-ahead

turbines and turn it into the reversing one."

"And how fast will she run backwards?"

"Ten knots an hour. You see, at present, there is only one shaft working when she goes that way; but reversing turbines could easily be fitted to all the shafts, without much increase in weight."

"Do I understand correctly, that the 'Turbinia' has three propeller shafts?"

"Yes, and each one carries three screws, one behind the other, so that she is driven by nine screws in all."

"What is the advantage in having so many?"

"We get a better purchase on the water. In his first experiments Mr. Parsons tried only one screw on a single shaft, making that one large enough for the desired effort; but he found that the water was simply churned into foam with the rapid revolutions and nothing was left for the thrust to act upon. Then he substituted three shafts with a smaller screw on each, but something of the old trouble remained; so he finally put three screws on each of the three shafts, placing the screws at intervals of several

feet. Since then, all has gone well, although he is still experimenting with different models."

"How large are the screws used now?"

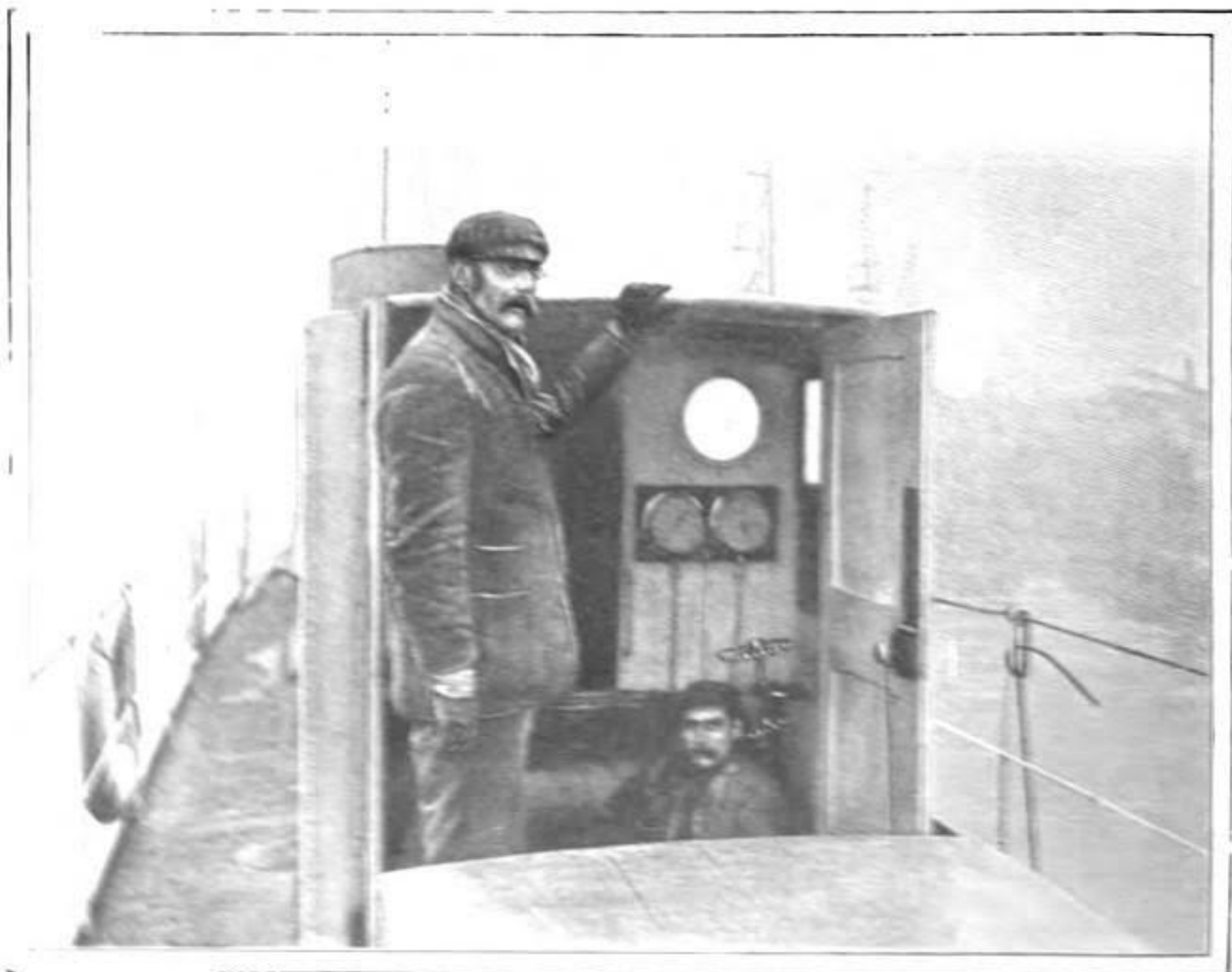
"About eighteen inches in diameter; you will see them at the factory."

"And how far back of the vessel do the shafts extend?"

"They do not extend back at all, but enter the water at a slight downward slant, some twenty-five feet forward of the extreme stern. The middle shaft is very much farther aft than the other two, say a dozen feet, which prevents interference by giving each screw its own water to work in."

So our talk runs on with question and answer, but I may leave this now and come to the more memorable experiences of the morrow.

There is bustle on the deck of the "Turbinia," her yellow smoke-stack sends up black puffs, her gauges show full pressure in the boiler, her stokers stand with nervous shovels, she is ready for her trial. Mr. Parsons is at his post; Mr. Barnard, the steersman, is in his shelter; Mr. Leyland,



MR. PARSONS AT HIS SHELTER—THE "TURBINIA" WAS HERE WHEN SHE FIRST TRIED HER NEW POWER AS SHE WAS RUNNING.

the lookout, is on the bridge. They wear high boots, snug caps, and rough sea clothes, in contrast to the citified garments of some gentlemen forward, men who have come from a distance to see the little racer show her heels. Among the latter are experts in marine engineering from the famous Le Creusot works.

"We are going to start, gentlemen," says my friend, the officer. "You had better put these on," and he points to a pile of oilskins and overalls; "you will need them soon."

Off go top hats and overcoats with velvet collars, and presently we are sailors with the best of them. Meanwhile the "Turbinia" is steaming down the Tyne toward the ocean, five miles away.

"The law requires us to go slow," says the officer, "until we reach the sea. We're under natural draught now."

She runs as smoothly as a bicycle on asphalt, and the deck is like a billiard-table. No need yet for the overalls. We meet a Chinese cruiser just out of the Armstrongs' vast yards, which lie yonder; we pass the famous Tyne dock, which ships more coal

every year than any other dock in the world; we go by a forest of masts and towering chimneys that line this great ship-building avenue. And presently we put out into the open, leaving behind the lighthouse and the one o'clock gun at North Shields, fired daily from Greenwich, and the twin sea walls.

"Now we can let her go a little," says the officer, and shuts down the iron doors that seal the stoke-holes. Forthwith the fan for the forced draught begins to hum and the condenser pump sets up a quicker beat. We are going faster every second.

"She is make—how much now?" calls out one of the Frenchmen, holding down his cap against the wind.

"About—twenty," the officer calls back.

At the forward shelter four men brace themselves in positions of splendid alertness, heads forward, eyes over the bows; the steersman hooks his elbows through the spokes of the wheel; the lookout clutches behind him the rope for the danger whistle. Once, for want of watching, the "Turbinia" drove her bows clean through the side of a merchantman, and that was running slow. What she would do at top speed if she caught



"WE BEGIN TO TURN IN A LONG, BOILING CIRCLE, STILL RUNNING AT FULL SPEED [THIRTY-FIVE KNOTS AN HOUR] . . . AND WHAT A PATH WE ARE LEAVING NOW IN OUR WAKE!"

a liner broadside on, is something her owners hope never to find out.

"One point port," says the lookout.

"One point port," says the man who passes the word. And the wheel responds instantly.

We are running into big slapping waves, and the spray breaks over us. I go back to Mr. Parsons's shelter, where things are dryer.

"Twenty-four knots," he says, and then leans forward suddenly to the window. The rope tightens from the lookout platform, and a long whistle sounds from beside the smoke-stack, then three short ones. We are passing a sailing vessel on our starboard beam.

"Twenty-eight knots," says Mr. Parsons.

"How can you tell?" I ask.

"By the gauges."

I hurry to the stern, and ask my photographer to take the picture of an extraordinary wave that is forming higher and higher in our wake, a greenish-blue tumbling mass, a solid mound of water with crest as high as the deck, tons of water swollen into a head that races after us like some angry monster. I have noticed this wave coming down the Tyne; but it becomes more noticeable now with every increase in our speed. The photographer starts to do as requested, but the rush of air tips his tripod as he tries to set it up, and a shower of spray drenches him.

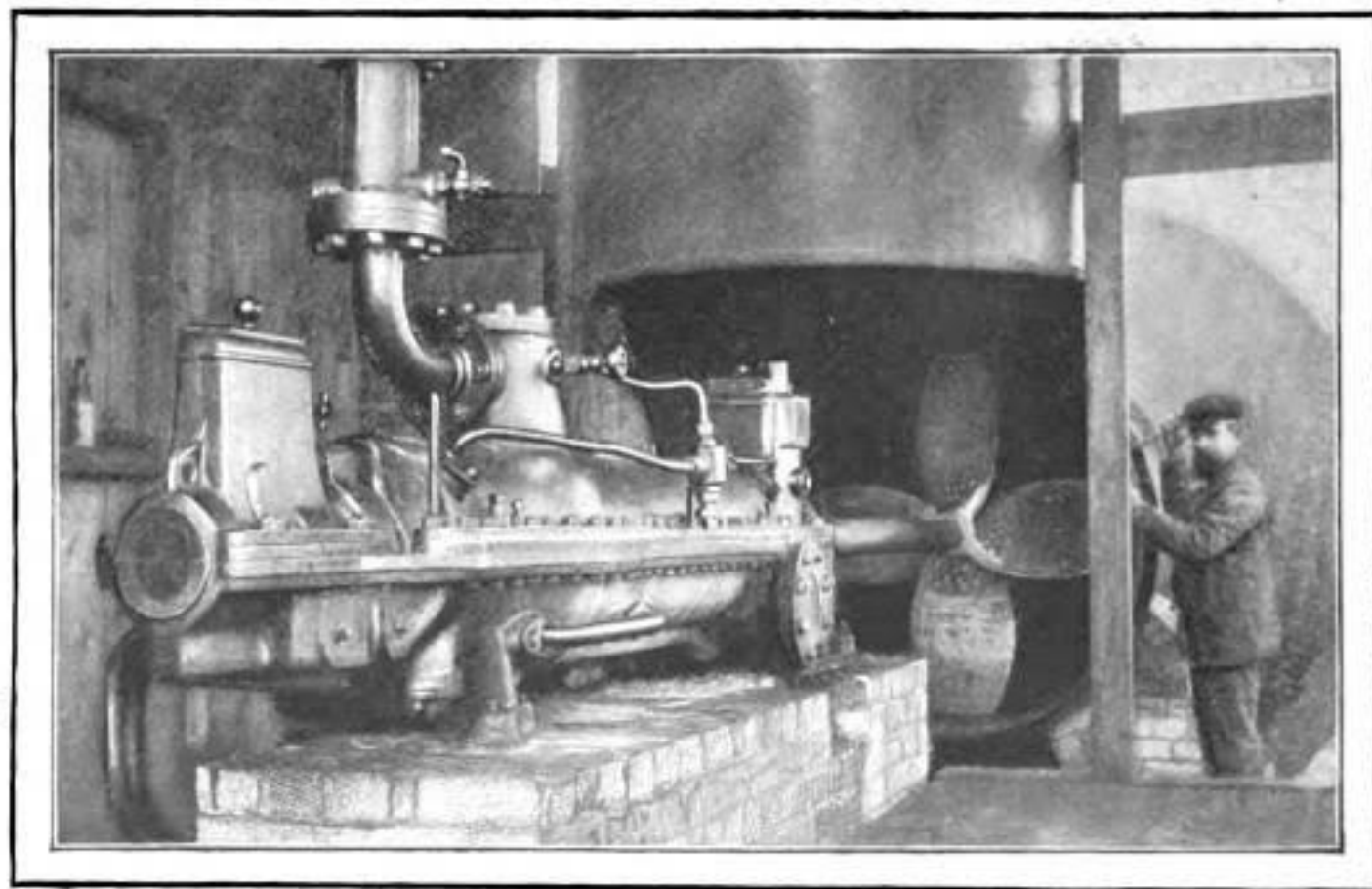
"Look there," he cries, and I can hardly hear him for the roar of the vessel.

I turn, and see a long, thick tongue of flame darting toward us from the smoke-stack. It curves and shoots into fantastic shapes as the wind catches it, and sometimes it licks the iron sides, and the paint cracks and peels. We struggle with the camera together, I holding the tripod while the photographer gets the focus. A red-hot cinder strikes the cloth, and sets it smoldering; another strikes my overalls, and sets them smoldering. It is raining red-hot cinders, and one finds lodgement on a Frenchman's neck. From a distance we must look like a long, flying splash with fire coming out of it.

"Thirty-one and a half," shouts some one passing near us. The forced draught has been on scarcely two minutes, and already we have worked up to nearly full speed. Sheets of water sweep the deck almost continuously; yet the boat is quite steady underneath us.

Thirty-five knots an hour we are making now—Mr. Parsons has waved the news—that is, forty miles an hour! But there is a poignancy of sensation in this that could never be felt on a locomotive, not even if you rode at the very front of it. There is the sea hurling along below you and beside you and over you at locomotive pace, fighting you on every side, spitting at you from the front, foaming after you from behind. And there is the roar and blast of wind and fire, and the drowning of everything in noise.

Now we are out of sight of land, we have run through mists of coal dust into clearer air. Mr. Leyland, from his lookout perch, sweeps a wide horizon; we sweep what we can through stinging sheets. I go forward again, and look down the knife-edge of the bow; it cuts the ocean clean, with scarcely a ripple: the buffeting of waves comes from the



A TURBINE MOTOR. ONLY THE EXTERIOR OF THE STEAM-CHEST IS SHOWN HERE. REVOLVING INSIDE THE CHEST IS THE THREE-COLLARED SHAFT, WITH ITS MANY BLADES. THE MOTOR IS DRIVING A VENTILATING FAN, WHICH ALSO APPEARS IN THE PICTURE.

shoulders of the boat and because we are so near the water (only three feet or so above it), and because we ride over nothing, but cut through everything, though it be a wall of water ten feet high. And still the "Turbinia" is steady; only a slight lifting fore and aft, and no rolling at all; in the shelter I can write quite easily.

I see the steersman bend to the speaking-tube; some word has come from Mr. Parsons. Then he throws the wheel over, and we begin to turn in a long, boiling circle, still running at full speed. She minds her helm quickly. And what a path we are leaving now in our wake—a heaped-up ridge of foam, the white clashing together of waves that rush in from right and left to fill the flying void.

I walk aft again, clutching the rope for safety and bending from the spray. I never saw the ground rush by, not even on the Empire State Express, as the water seems now to be rushing by. The smoke-stack is tossing up chunks of coal in dancing thousands, like some giant corn-popper; Mr. Parsons's shelter, through the glimmering heat, becomes the head of a queer lavender creature, with big round eyes and a splendid cylindrical nose bolted fast between them; the Frenchmen (no disrespect) appear like squatting toads; the photographer is plainly in distress. Are we really traveling forty miles an hour over the sea; or is this some mad snow-plow driving us forty miles an hour through blinding drifts, or are we shooting the Whirlpool Rapids at forty miles an hour on a blazing raft?

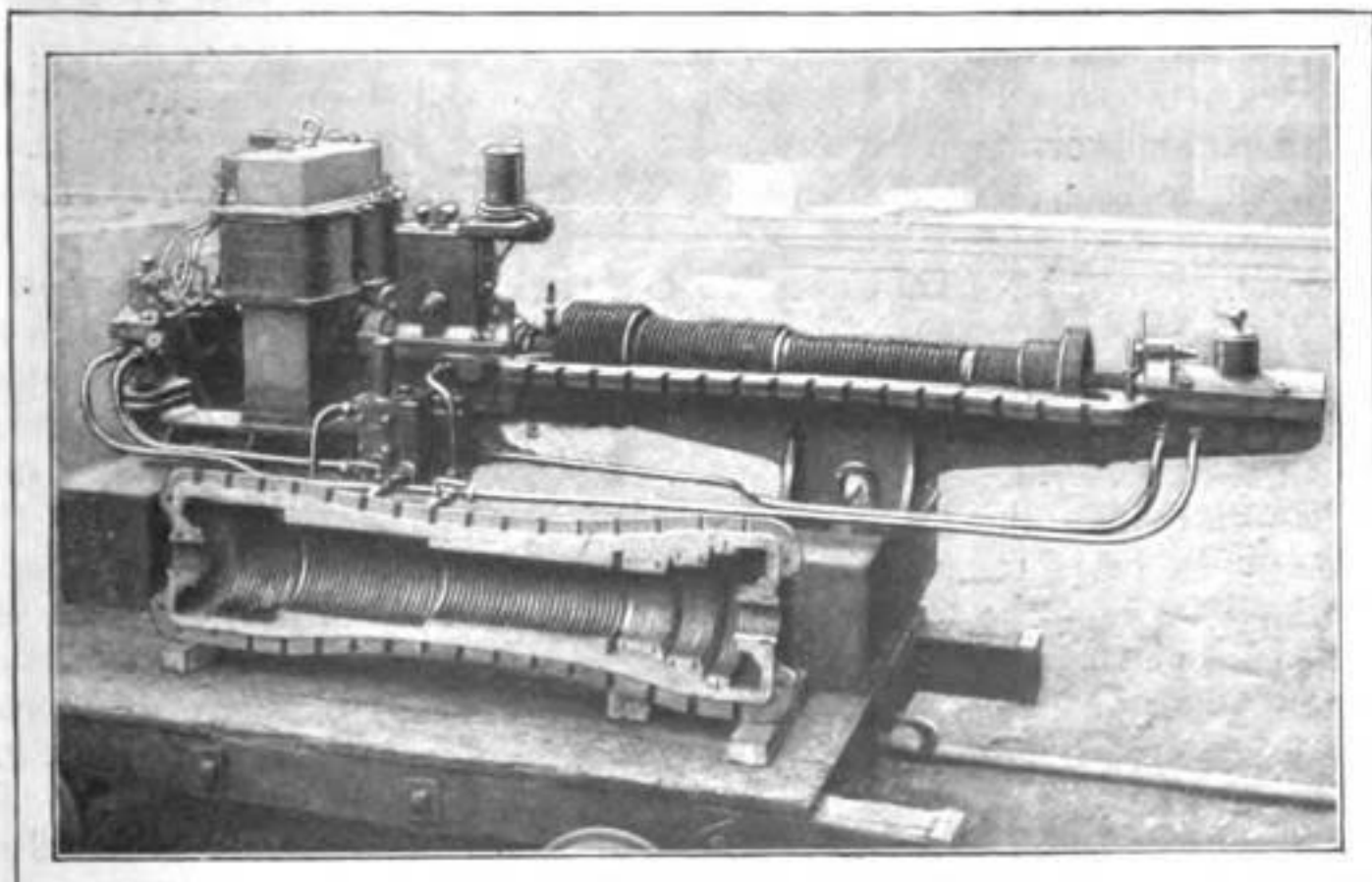
Once more I stand at the heart of the ship where Mr. Parsons is; this is the focus for all the sound aboard, the growl of the blast, the beat of the pump, the hum of the fan, all blended now into one steady note, the song of the "Turbinia." Mr. Parsons's back is turned, his eyes are on

the gauges. This is *his* boat, *his* invention. What must his feelings be to think, if he has time to think, that since the ocean was made no man has wrought upon it such a wonder as he is working now. Then I reflect on heredity: his father, Lord Rosse, built the great telescope named after him; his brother, the present Lord Rosse, is an astronomer of note. There is virtue in good blood!

It is simple enough, what he has to do just now: if the boiler pressure falls below 225, open the forced-draught damper, and drive more air into the stoke-holes; if the pressure goes above 225, shut off the forced draught. If he wants to go full speed, turn that big brass wheel until the go-ahead valve is wide open; if he wants to go slower, shut the valve. If he wants to talk to the steersman or the engine room, there are the tubes. If he—hello, what's he up to now? Slowing down; yes, that means two wheels to turn and boiler pressure dropping, officer opening the stoke-hole covers, and poor devils of stokers coming up to gasp.

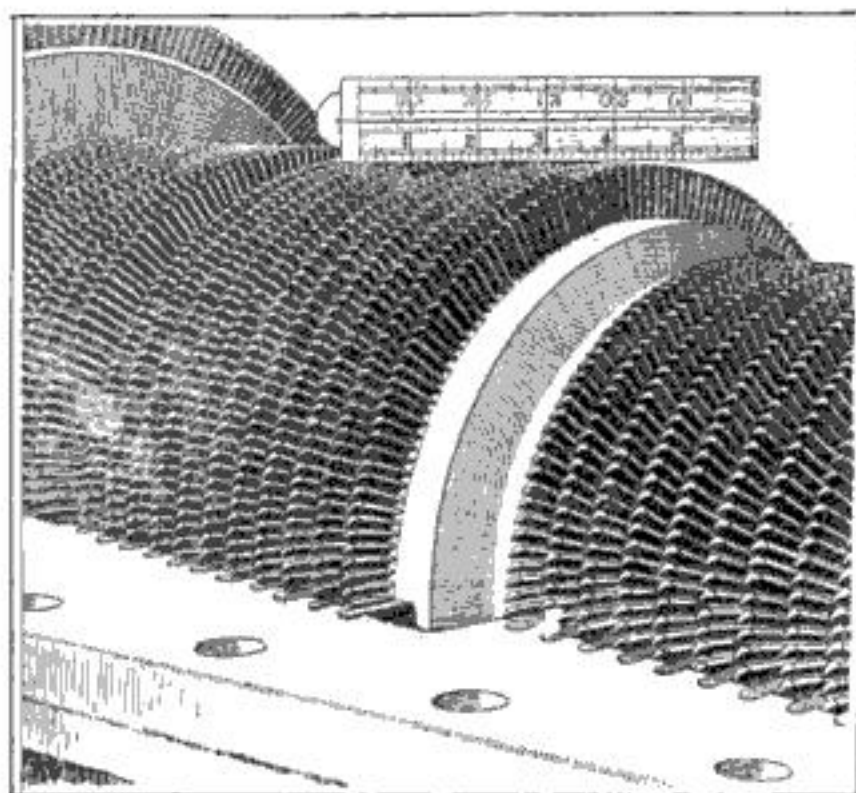
Mr. Parsons turns, and calls out that he is going to reverse her as soon she drops to twelve knots. The Frenchmen gather behind him.

"That's about it," he says, pointing to the steam gauge, and forthwith, with busy elbows, shuts off steam from the go-ahead turbines and opens the valve of the reversing turbine. In other words, he has reversed her instantly when she is making about fifteen miles an hour. There is no sign, how-



A TURBINE MOTOR WITH THE TOP OF THE CHEST LIFTED OFF, SHOWING THE THREE-COLLARED SHAFT WITH ITS BLADES, AND THE CORRESPONDING COLLARS AND BLADES IN THE CHEST. HERE THE MOTOR IS DRIVING AN ORDINARY DYNAMO, WHICH IS SHOWN ATTACHED TO IT ON THE LEFT.

ever, that anything special has happened; the boat slows up quickly, like a well-trained horse when the rein is drawn, and then, without jar or disturbance save for a rushing forward of the wave behind, begins to back. And for several minutes she continues to back, working up to her maximum



SECTION OF THE SHAFT OF A TURBINE MOTOR, SHOWING COLLARS AND THE HUNDREDS OF LITTLE BLADES AGAINST WHICH THE STEAM IS DRIVEN AS IT PASSES FROM RIGHT TO LEFT.

reversal speed of ten knots an hour. The Frenchmen are delighted.

And now the sensational part of the trial is over. We have run out beyond Newbiggen Point, nearly twenty miles, and we steam back slowly at a twenty-four-knot pace. The Frenchmen prefer it so; they have had excitement and wetting enough for one day, and they all declare, with gestures and accents that leave no doubt of their sincerity, that *jamais, jamais*, have they seen such a boat as this. She reverses easily and at sufficient speed, she minds her helm, and, beyond any question, she is the fastest thing afloat. Such is their verdict.

On the day following the run, Mr. Parsons, with his foreman, Mr. Gerald Stoney, took me through the works at Heaton, where turbine motors are made, not only to drive boats like the "Turbinia," but to operate machinery of all kinds. And I looked inside these motors, and saw the beautiful turbine principle on which they run. To understand this principle two points must be considered. The first is, that a shaft may be made to turn inside an iron steam-chest if blades are fixed upon the surface of the shaft so that the steam rushing through will press against

them just as the wind presses against the blades of a windmill.

The second point is, that as the steam exerts its power it expands continually, and so has less and less force for turning as it moves along the shaft. But every one knows that by increasing the leverage a small force may be made to overcome the same resistance as a larger force. Therefore, if the blades on the shaft are made longer and longer as they go from end to end, the expanding steam may still exert a uniform effort in turning the shaft. And this is exactly what is done in the turbine engine; the shaft is made to carry three collars of increasing diameter; each collar bearing on its surface hundreds of the little windmill blades shown in the accompanying illustration (page 250). These collars are so placed that the steam, when it enters the turbine at its greatest pressure, strikes the shortest blades first; then, when it has passed part way through the turbine and lost a portion of its energy, it strikes a larger set of blades, which offer a greater leverage for it to act upon; and finally, just before leaving the steam-chest, when it has expanded still further, it strikes the largest set of blades, which offer the greatest leverage of all, the result being that the shaft receives a uniform rotary pressure throughout its whole length in the steam-chest. This chest, seen from the outside, suggests a great iron cannon, the shaft coming out of its mouth like a massive ramrod. On the inner surface of this long, cylindrical box are fixed hundreds of stationary blades corresponding to the moving blades on the shaft, and these are curved in opposite ways, so as to form channels for the steam and direct it against the moving blades at the most effective angles.

Such is the arrangement of the ordinary turbine motor, and it is hard to imagine how an engine could be simpler: the steam blows upon the shaft, and the shaft turns; there is nothing else in it. In driving the "Turbinia," however, this modification is introduced, that the steam goes through its three stages of expansion in three separate steam-chests instead of in a single one; that is, in three separate turbines arranged side by side beneath the floor of the engine room. These three turbines, like the collars just referred to, are of different diameters, and each one has a surface composed of hundreds of little blades as already described. The smallest turbine receives the steam first, as it comes from the boiler, and discharges it into the intermediate turbine, the larger

diameter of which offers greater leverage, as seen before, to the lessened steam pressure, so that shaft No. 2 is turned with the same energy as shaft No. 1. And so it is with the third and largest turbine, which receives the steam last, when it has expanded to its lowest pressure. The shaft of this turbine No. 3 is driven with the same energy as the other two, because the steam acts upon a collar of much larger diameter, with blades extended so that what is lost in pressure is made up in increased leverage. And it results from this nice proportioning of lessening steam pressure and increasing blade leverage that the three shafts of the "Turbina" are driven with the same energy, although the steam which drives them works at a constantly decreasing pressure.

And there also results from this triple turbine system an economy of energy such as has never been possible in any other engine, the steam being used continuously from the moment it enters the first turbine, at a boiler pressure of 225 pounds, until it leaves the third turbine, to enter the condenser, at an absolute pressure of one pound or less. As against this is the case of the most efficient marine and stationary engines, which condense their steam at an absolute pressure not under seven pounds, and thereby waste the energy of the steam from the seven-pound point down to the one-pound point. This loss for them and saving for the turbines is a matter of enormous consequence in the practical daily running of motors and machines. It means, for instance, increased speed when applied to marine propulsion, and greater economy in coal wherever applied.

So much I learned after talking with Mr. Parsons for an hour or so. And there was much more to learn.

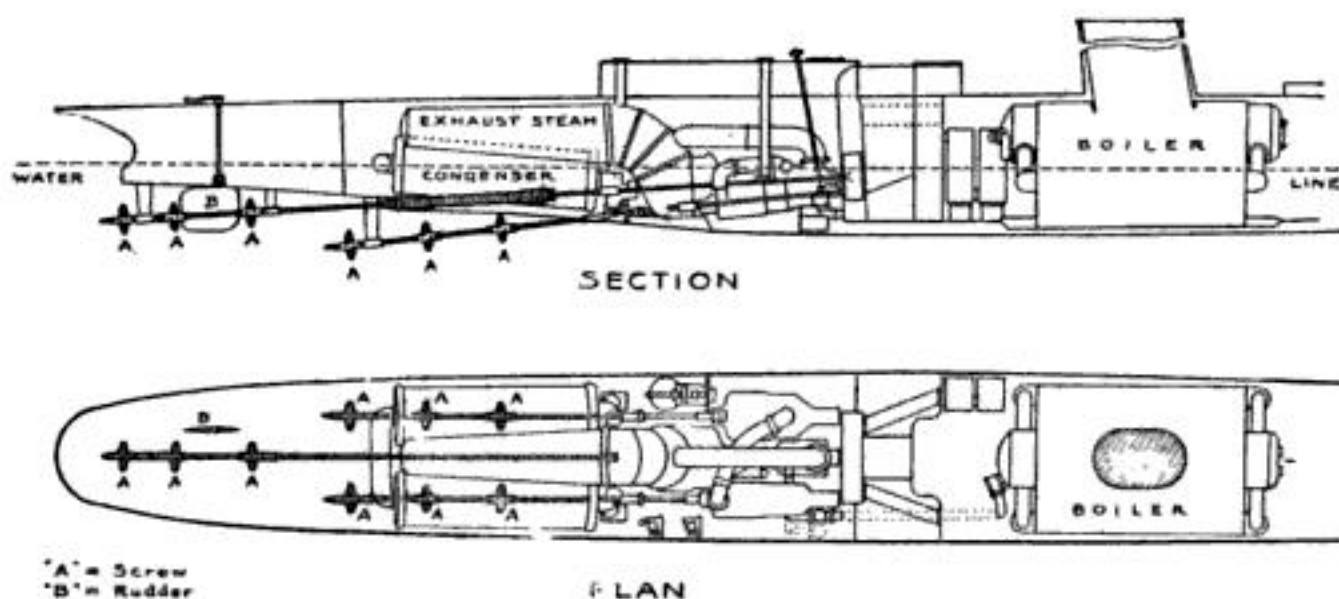
"We shall give vessels," he continued, "many things besides greater speed. We shall give them greater stability and greater safety in time of war, by putting the vital parts far below the water line. We shall give them greater carrying capacity, by re-

ducing the weight of machinery and the space occupied by it, the ratio in these respects between turbine engines and reciprocating engines being about one to four. We shall save them money for machinery and expense of maintenance, since our motors cost far less than ordinary ones of the same efficiency. We shall also give them absence of vibration. You saw yourself how steadily our little boat ran yesterday. It would be the same for an ocean liner; it is the same in various plants where turbo-motors have been substituted for the old-style ones."

Then, as we walked about the shops, Mr. Parsons pointed out various applications of the turbine engine that have been already made. Thus they manufacture portable dynamos for ships going through the Suez Canal at night, to produce the electric light at the bows, without which no vessel may pass. Ships having no electric plant of their own merely hoist over the side a turbo-generator rented for the occasion, connect a steam pipe with it from their boilers, and the thing is done.

"Can you substitute the turbine engine," I asked, "for the ordinary stationary engine in factories?"

"That simply depends on one thing which



SECTION AND PLAN OF THE "TURBINIA," SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE TURBINES, BOILER, SHAFTS, SCREWS, ETC.

is now being determined, the possibility of gearing down the high speed shaft of the turbine to such lower speeds as would be required. For six months we have had a turbo-generator in our electric lighting works at Newcastle geared down from 9,600 to 4,800 revolutions a minute, and it has given excellent satisfaction. That is encouraging, and if we continue to get good results in gearing, we shall be able to compete with the reciprocating engine in all its industrial applications with the same advan-

tages on our side that I have pointed out. Think of being able to put a stationary engine upon any ordinary floor without attachments or foundations and to have it work away there quite steadily with reduced expense, reduced weight, reduced space, and practically no limit to speed."

"And the locomotive? Would you enter that field too?"

Mr. Parsons hesitated. "I think the locomotive is doubtful, the complications would be endless. I prefer to leave the locomotive out of present consideration. I am talking about possibilities of the immediate future."

"Well, then, how about possibilities on the ocean for larger vessels like the 'Turbinia'?"

"You mean on the Atlantic Ocean."

"On any ocean."

"I will say that on the Mediterranean the problem is a perfectly easy one. We can build now a fleet of passenger steamers to ply between Marseilles, the Italian ports, Athens, Constantinople, Smyrna, stopping to coal every day or two, that will have a speed of forty knots, that is forty-six miles an hour. These steamers would be about 500 or 600 feet long, would have a displacement of 12,000 tons, and would burn about 2,000 tons of coal a day. We could even run their speed up to fifty knots, that is about fifty-eight miles an hour, if passengers enough could be found to pay for the 3,000 tons of coal that would be burned a day, and if the practical difficulties of handling that amount of coal could be disposed of. The Atlantic, however, is quite another matter; there are no coaling stations on the way across, and to build a liner large enough to carry the coal she would need running 3,000 miles, at, say, fifty knots an hour, would mean to build a steamer about five times as long as the Great Eastern."

"Then you can hold out no hopes on the Atlantic?"

"None for a fifty-knot rate; the talk about that in the newspapers has been ill-considered."

"How about a forty-knot rate?"

"Impossible on the Atlantic, for the same reasons. We can furnish the engines, but who will furnish the coal? You must come down to a thirty-knot rate before there is anything to be said."

"Well, what is to be said then? Thirty knots an hour is something, isn't it?"

"You can figure it out this way: for a given distance the consumption of coal per knot increases as the square of the speed;

that is, if you double your speed, you quadruple your coal burned, and so on. Also, the horse-power increases as the cube of the speed, so that if——"

Mr. Parsons went on with this sort of thing for some time longer, and seemed to regard it as perfectly simple. I waited for the conclusion, which was:

"I believe that a liner of 15,000 tons can be built with engines like the 'Turbinia's,' capable of running between Sandy Hook and Roches Point in three days. She will burn nearly three times as much coal per day as the present models, say 1,500 tons; she will save weight and space in boiler and engine room which will enable her to carry about the same number of passengers and the same cargo as a 15,000-ton steamer carries to-day."

"And she would have no vibrations from the machinery?"

"None whatever, no more than the 'Turbinia' has. Indeed I may say this confidently, that the turbine principle in marine propulsion is seen to greater and greater advantage as the vessels increase in size."

It occurred to me here to ask Mr. Parsons about a matter of much concern to New Yorkers.

"What could you do in running passenger boats between New York and Staten Island?"

"How far is it?"

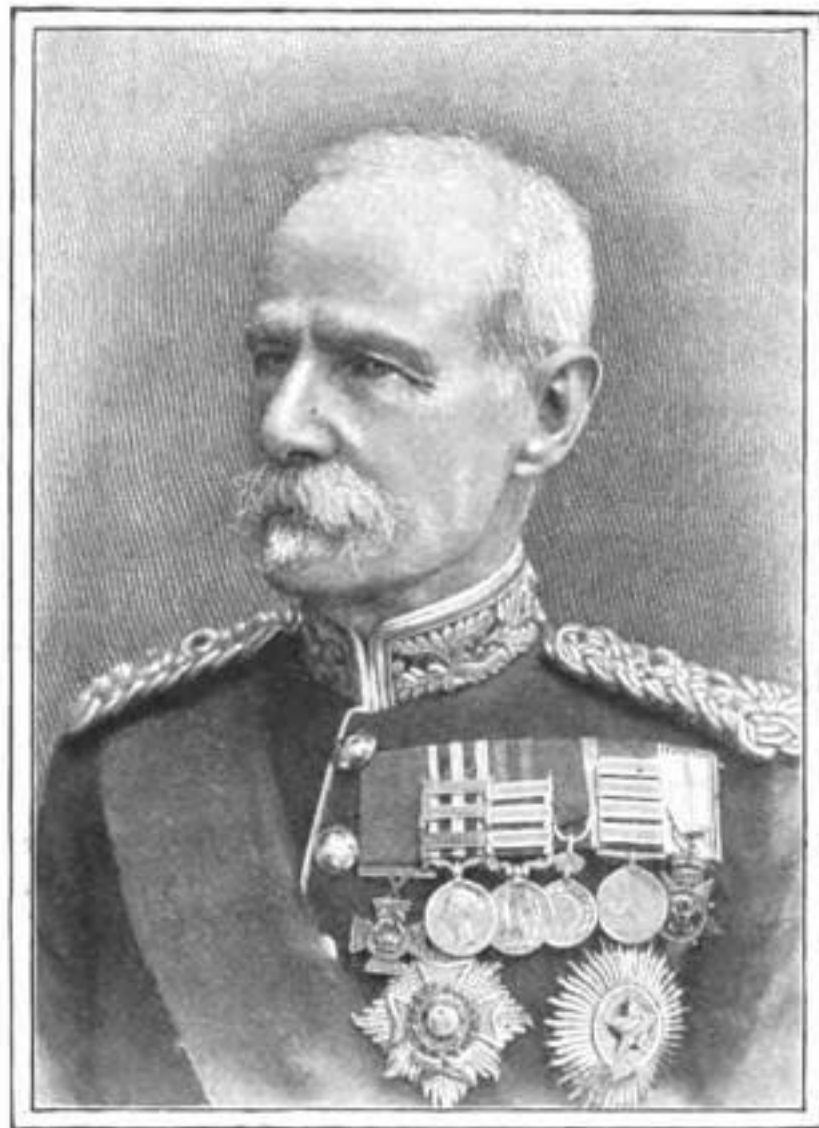
"About ten miles; our fastest boats now take half an hour to go across."

"We could put on a fleet of passenger boats, that is, a company could, of small tonnage, say 200 or 300 tons, that would run at a forty-knot or fifty-knot pace and cover the distance in twelve or fifteen minutes. They would be built with closed-in decks like railroad cars, to protect passengers from the wind, and there would be enough of them so that each one could lay off to coal every five or six trips. If you despatched such boats every six or seven minutes, you could carry a good many thousand people every day."

What such a change as this would mean to residents of New York and land owners on Staten Island will be understood at once when it is remembered that here are two islands, parts of the same metropolis, the one long and narrow and crowded almost beyond human endurance, the other big and round and almost uninhabited save for a fringe of people on one side. Hitherto half an hour of water travel has separated the latter from the business heart of the former. Suppose this was reduced to twelve minutes!



FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT LORD WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE BRITISH ARMY.



LORD ROBERTS ("ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR"), COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN IRELAND.

From copyrighted photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company.

THE MILITARY AND NAVAL GLORY OF ENGLAND

AS SEEN AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE, JUNE, 1897.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

WHEN I left the United States early in May, 1897, I had no anticipation of witnessing the Jubilee in honor of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession to the throne of Great Britain. While at Constantinople, however, I received orders from Washington to represent our country at that great ceremony. As soon as I had ended my observations of the Turkish and Greek armies, I started for London, arriving there on June 15th. As the military representatives of our country, I and my aide-de-camp, Captain Marion P. Maus, were guests of the British government; and quarters were assigned us in the Buckingham Palace Hotel, across the street from Buckingham Palace, a place which had been taken for the time by the government for the purpose of entertaining foreign guests.

The vast concourse of people who were to take part in the celebration had already commenced to assemble. All the principal

governments of the world had been invited to send representatives, who were to be for ten days the guests of the British government. The different colonies of Great Britain in every quarter of the globe had also been invited to send bodies of troops or citizens. The result was that the streets of London were thronged by the most picturesque and cosmopolitan assemblage that ever was gathered in any city of the earth. Not even the triumphal march of a Roman emperor could equal it. Among the Jubilee guests were representatives from four countries of Asia not under English rule—Corea, Japan, China, and Siam; from two countries of Africa—Liberia and Egypt; and seven of South America—Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Paraguay, Peru, and Uruguay. The countries of Europe sent their crown princes, grand dukes, distinguished generals and admirals, hereditary princes, and pashas. All of these personages were attended by

suites, so that the number of Jubilee guests, representing all corners of the earth, was very great. Of course, they wore the costumes peculiar to their countries—a fact which contributed no little to the brilliancy of London. The contrasts one saw frequently in the throngs about Buckingham Palace, in Hyde Park, and along Piccadilly were most striking.

The ceremonies of the Diamond Jubilee began on June 20th, the real accession day, that is the sixtieth anniversary of the Queen's coronation. As it fell on Sunday, it was made a day of national thanksgiving, special services being held all over the kingdom. For ten days following June 20th the celebration continued. The most brilliant of the functions during this period were the reception by the Queen to representatives of foreign governments, held at Buckingham Palace on June 21st, the Jubilee procession on June 22d, the review of the colonial troops on June 23d, the gala night at the opera, the Lord Mayor's lunch on June 25th, the great naval review on June 26th, and on July 1st the review of British troops at Aldershot.

The representatives of the United States, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid; Admiral Miller, U. S. Navy, with his aide, Commander Emory; and myself, with my aide, Captain Maus, were presented to her Majesty at the reception held at Buckingham Palace on the evening of June 21st. On being presented to the Queen, I was graciously received, and the Prince of Wales, who stood near her Majesty, came forward and greeted me cordially, referring to his visit to our country many years ago. I had not seen the prince since I saw him, then a young man, reviewing the troops on Boston Common, Massachusetts, in 1859. He seemed to recall his visit to our country, and the cordial manner in which he was received and entertained by our people, with great pleasure.

The most interesting feature of the recep-

tion was the presentation of the colonial premiers and the Indian princes. Eleven of the premiers had accepted the invitation of her Majesty's government to join in the



THE PRINCE OF WALES.

As he appeared in the Jubilee procession. From copyrighted photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

Jubilee celebration. They were a body of as fine and sturdy looking men as one often sees. Several of them were natives of the colonies at the head of which they stood, though the greater number were born in England and had removed in youth to the colonies. They had risen to their positions by a variety of roads. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, of Canada; Sir William Whiteway, of Newfoundland; the Rt. Hon. George Houston Reid, of New South Wales; and the Rt. Hon. Charles Cameron Kingston, of South Australia, entered politics by way of the bar. The premier of Queensland, Sir Hugh Muir Nelson, was for thirty years a farmer on a large scale before he turned his attention to politics. Sir Edward Braddon, premier of Tasmania, did not go to that country until 1878, and that after thirty years of exciting life in India, where he was engaged in the construction of the East India Railway, serving against the rebel sepoys, winning a Mutiny medal, and later holding other high positions in the Indian service. Sir John Forrest, of Western Australia, has led a particularly active life. Born in that colony when it was still only a convict station, he became, while yet a boy, interested in exploration. When only twenty-three years old he headed an expedition to search for the remains of an explorer lost in the wilds of Australia. He proved himself so skillful in this undertaking that he was asked to conduct other expeditions into unknown portions of the country. He became Surveyor-General of the colony, and later Commissioner of Crown Lands. His services were of the greatest value in opening the island, and he was liberally rewarded for them by the government. When, in 1890, Western Australia was given a constitution, Forrest was by general consent called to be premier, a position he has held ever since.

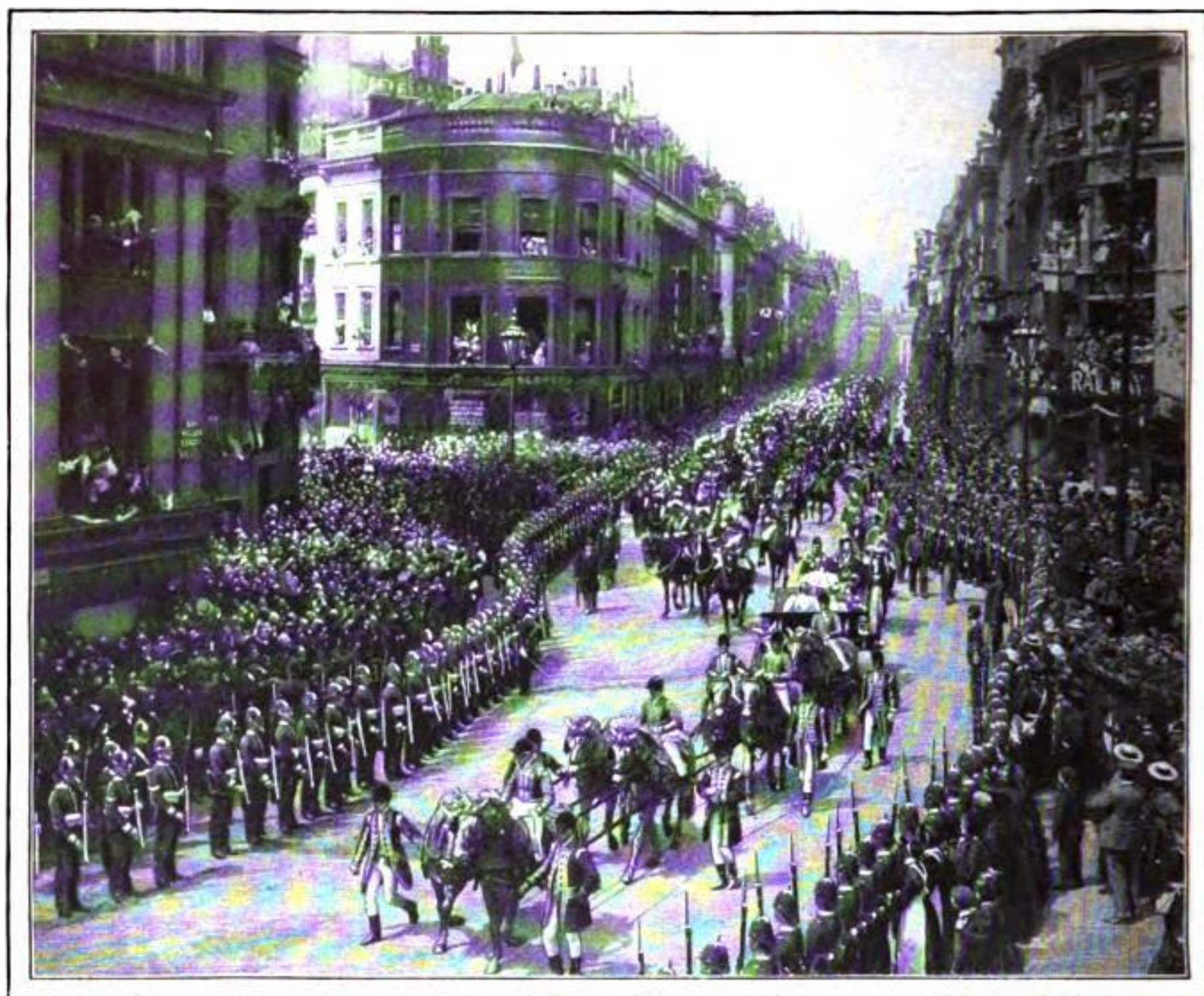
The loyalty and devotion of the colonies to the British Government was amply proved by the presence at the Jubilee of these men. Indeed, in one case, the desire that the colony be represented at the Jubilee was so strong that political action was temporarily suspended in order that the premier might feel free to go. This was in Victoria. Sir George Turner, of Victoria, felt, when he received his invitation to the Jubilee, that he could not leave because parliament meets there in June. The opposition, however, promised to suspend hostilities during his absence if he would accept.

The presentation to the Queen of the Indian princes was an especially interesting incident. They were usually tall, slender, erect

men, as active and supple as panthers, and quite military in appearance. They wore the most gorgeous uniforms, glistening with rare and brilliant jewels. As they bowed their heads almost to the floor and presented their swords in token of loyalty to their acknowledged sovereign, Victoria graciously greeted them with a few words of recognition, spoken in their own language, and, placing her hand upon the hilts of their swords as they were presented one after the other, indicated her acceptance of their assurances of devotion and loyalty in a most gracious manner.

Several of the princes spoke excellent English, and one of them, Sir Bhagvat Sinh Jee, was a graduate of Edinburgh University and had received honors from other English institutions of learning. The most popular man among them seemed to be the Maharaja Pertab Sing of Jodhpur. He is prime minister and regent of a state as large as Scotland, with a population of 2,000,000. He is considered one of the most loyal and able of the native princes, and is a great favorite with the English authorities in India. He is said to be a superb horseman, and is fond of all kinds of sports. Lord Roberts, in his "Forty-one Years in India," tells a very good story of the bravery of the maharaja. In 1893, before leaving India, Lord Roberts visited Jodhpur, and was given opportunity there to indulge himself in what he considers the chief of sports—pig-sticking.

"I had wounded a fine boar," writes Lord Roberts, "and on his making for some rocky ground where I could hardly have followed him on horseback, I shouted to Sir Pertab to get between him and the rocks and turn him in my direction. The maharaja promptly responded, but just as he came face to face with the boar, his horse put his foot into a hole and fell; the infuriated animal rushed on the fallen rider, and, before the latter could extricate himself, gave him a severe wound in the leg with his formidable tushes. On going to his assistance, I found Sir Pertab bleeding profusely, but standing erect, facing the boar, and holding the creature (who was upright on his hind legs) at arm's length by its mouth. The spear, without the impetus given by the horse at full speed, is not a very effective weapon against the tough hide of a boar's back, and on realizing that mine did not make much impression, Pertab Sing, letting go his hold of the boar's mouth, quickly seized his hind legs, and turned him over on his back, crying: 'Maro, sahib, maro!' ('Strike, sir, strike!') which I instantly did, and killed him. Anyone who is able to



THE JUBILEE PROCESSION IN KING WILLIAM STREET.

Heading the procession is the Queen's carriage, followed by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, and officers of the Life Guards. From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

realize the strength and weight of a wild boar will appreciate the pluck and presence of mind of Sir Pertab Sing in this performance. Fortunately my wife and daughter, who had been following the pig-stickers in a light cart, were close at hand, and we were able to drive my friend home at once. The wound was found to be rather a bad one, but it did not prevent Sir Pertab from attending some tent-pegging and other amusements in the afternoon, though he had to be carried to the scene."

When we consider that most of the vast territory which these men at the Queen's reception represented has been added to the British Empire since she ascended the throne, we begin to understand why the English glory in her reign. In 1837, when Victoria was crowned, the entire white colonial population was only 1,250,000. To-day it is over 10,000,000. At that time India was not yet a direct dependency of the crown, but was still under the rule of the East India

Company. Hong-Kong had not been added as a military outpost, nor was nearly so large a part of the Malay Peninsula under British control. In all Australasia, in 1837, there were only about 100,000 British colonists—scattered in Tasmania, New Zealand, and South Australia—and most of these were supposed to be felons and convicts. The interior of Australia was entirely unexplored. The resources were unknown, its future undreamed. To-day Australasia is made up of seven rich provinces, and has a population of 4,000,000, as loyal, intelligent, and progressive British subjects as exist on the globe. In South Africa, sixty years ago, the English domain was confined to the southern point of the continent; to-day it extends, with only one important break, from the Cape to the sources of the Nile. When Victoria ascended the throne, the British in North America were nearly all gathered in Ontario and Quebec, and the Hudson Bay Company occupied all the cen-



ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN'S CARRIAGE AT ST. PAUL'S.

From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

tral and western provinces of what is now known as the Canadian Dominion. British Columbia was an unknown waste, only to be reached by a terrible sea voyage around Cape Horn. Yet to-day the Imperial Government is in force over all this vast territory. London is now only ten days from Vancouver, and every year is seeing the development of new resources in a territory once believed to be useless save as a fur-producing country.

THE JUBILEE PROCESSION.

Although the presentation of the foreign representatives to the Queen suggested the territorial extent of the empire, it was from the Jubilee procession, on June 22d, that I received my deepest impression of the vastness, the variety, and the power of the English domain. The Jubilee procession was a military display of wonderful splendor and impressiveness. In it were represented not only all the varied military forces of the British islands, but those of at least twenty-

five of the colonies. These colonial troops came from the most distant points of the empire—from Canada, New South Wales, Hong-Kong, Cape Colony, Jamaica. Headed by Lord Roberts, they formed the first portion of the procession, of which the line of progress was from Buckingham Palace over a great circle described through the center of London. The Canadians were at the front of the colonials—a band of mounted troops from the Royal Dragoons that form part of the permanent corps maintained in the Dominion. Canada has a large and well or-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The persons shown in the group at the top of the next page (258) are : 1. Sir John Bramston, Assistant Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies ; 2. Mr. E. Wingfield, Permanent Under-Secretary ; 3. Sir. H. M. Nelson, Premier of Queensland ; 4. Mr. J. Anderson, a secretary in the Colonial Office ; 5. Mr. C. C. Kingston, Premier of South Australia ; 6. the Earl of Selborne, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies ; 7. Sir J. Forrest, Premier of Western Australia ; 8. Mr. H. Escombe, Premier of Natal ; 9. Mr. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand ; 10. Sir E. N. C. Braden, Premier of Tasmania ; 11. Sir W. Laurier, Premier of Canada ; 12. Sir G. Turner, Premier of Victoria ; 13. Mr. G. H. Reid, Premier of New South Wales ; 14. Sir W. V. Whiteaway, Premier of Newfoundland ; 15. Sir J. G. Sprigg, Premier of Cape Colony ; and, seated in front, the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies. From copyrighted photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8



9 10 11 12 13 14 15

COLONIAL PREMIERS AND HEADS OF THE COLONIAL OFFICE. (See note on page 257.)

ganized militia corps, and this now forms practically her only defense, the imperial troops which formerly guarded the country having been reduced to about 2,000 men, at the fortress of Halifax. The whole male population between eighteen and sixty may be called upon to serve in one or another class of this militia force. About 45,000 men are drilled for sixteen days each year in what is



Photograph by Langtry & Co., London, by permission of "The Navy and Army Illustrated."
INDIAN NATIVE CAVALRY GUARD OF HONOR.

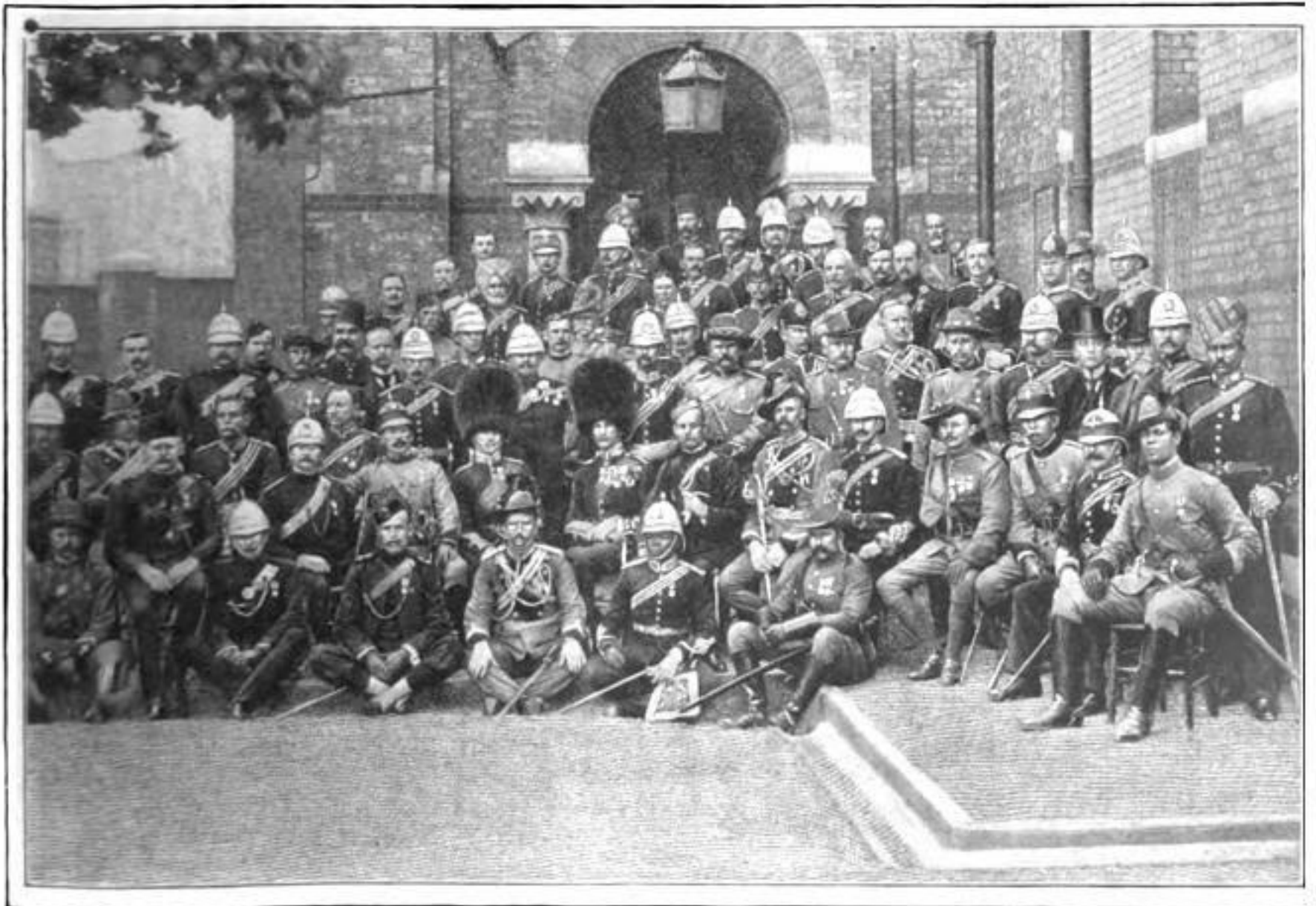
known as the reserve militia, while the active militia, numbering about 35,000, serves three years. The permanent force represented at the Jubilee is small, but the men are of a fine, hardy type. Towards the end of the colonial troops in the procession was another band of Canadians that interested me much—the mounted police, who have

for many years done such good work in keeping order in British Columbia, and, recently, in protecting and aiding the gold-miners in the Klondike.



TYPES OF SOLDIERS IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

Starting at the left the types shown are: Sikh infantryman, New South Wales hussar, Manik dragoon, West Indian infantryman, Victoria mounted rifleman, New South Wales lancer, member of Hong Kong police, and member of the North Borneo police. From copyrighted photograph by Elliot Fry, London.



A GROUP OF COLONIAL OFFICERS IN ATTENDANCE AT THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.

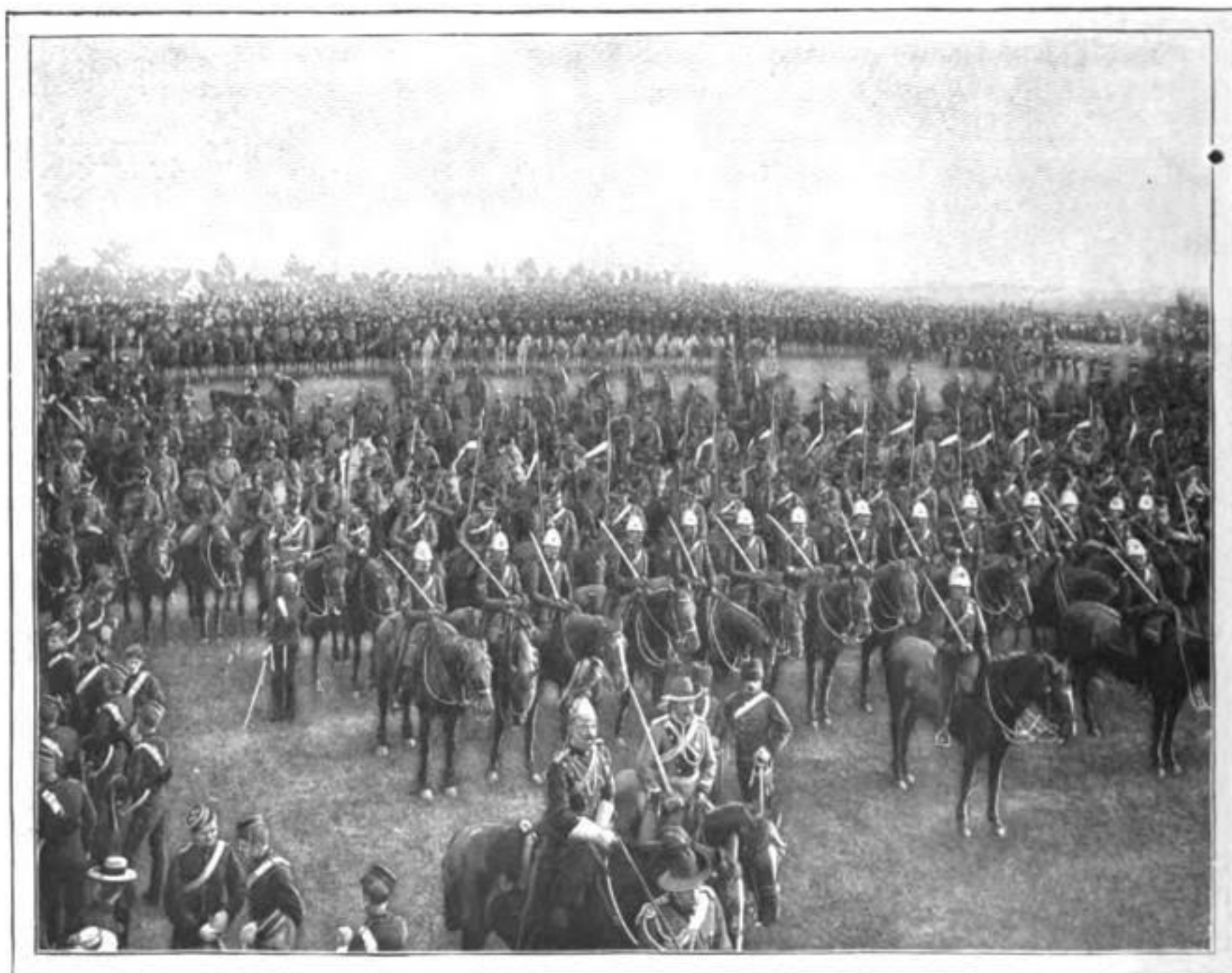
From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

There were several bands of troops from the provinces of Australasia in the colonial contingent. They attracted great attention, perhaps as much by the contrast between their plain, serviceable uniforms and the dazzling ones of other British soldiers in the town, as by their fine bearing and excellent horsemanship. These uniforms were as a rule light brown, or drab, in color, simply made, with little or no ornamentation. High boots, or leggins, were worn, and a broad-brimmed, soft hat of the same color as the uniform, turned up on the side. In some cases feathers were fastened to the side of the hat which was turned up. There was a dash of the Texan ranger, or frontiersman, about the uniform, which harmonized perfectly with the stalwart forms and martial bearing of the men themselves.

The armies which these fine troops represented are small, but in every way sufficient. Thus in New South Wales, the whole defense force, including the navy, is less than 7,500 men; in New Zealand it is but little larger; in South Australia it is less than 2,000 men. All of the Canadian and Australasian troops

were fine, well-developed men—larger and more stalwart than the average English soldier. No doubt this is the result of the freer life in the colonies.

Many of the finest regiments in the procession were not Englishmen at all, however; nor even white men. They were the black, yellow, or bronzed representatives of the various native troops which help in keeping order and in defending the dependencies of the nation. They were splendid illustrations of the way in which England makes men from the indolent and superstitious races of the four quarters of the globe. Perhaps of these colored soldiers, the ones of which Her Majesty had most reason to be proud were those forming the contingent from the imperial service troops of India. The army in India is made up of European and native troops, the former numbering about 75,000, the latter 145,000 men. Before the Mutiny, the European force was only 40,000, while the native was 215,000. Ten years ago, in 1887, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, the Indian princes offered a large body of men to Her Majesty



JUBILEE MANEUVERS AT ALDERSHOT.

From copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

for imperial defense. Since that time, these troops, which at the start were undisciplined and more or less disaffected, have become the finest in India. The native princes maintain them at their own expense, and take the greatest pride in their efficiency and equipment. There were no more distinguished-looking soldiers in the procession than the members of this contingent. Their uniforms were handsome. The only detail in which they differed radically from European uniforms was the headgear: the men all wore turbans of gay colors, which were most effective above their bronzed faces.

A great variety of native troops from the smaller dependencies were represented. Among them the Cypriote Zaphites were conspicuous by a half-Turkish costume which was not at all popular with the crowd, who seemed to believe that the men must be Turks. The fez was worn also by some of the Africans, but there was no possibility of mistaking them for Turks. In the bands of native troops one of the most conspicuous was the Hong-Kong police. They wore a peculiar headgear, not unlike a shallow basket turned upside down, and a thoroughly Chinese costume. There were numerous bands of native police, for in the tropical regions in Africa and Asia it is found difficult to secure



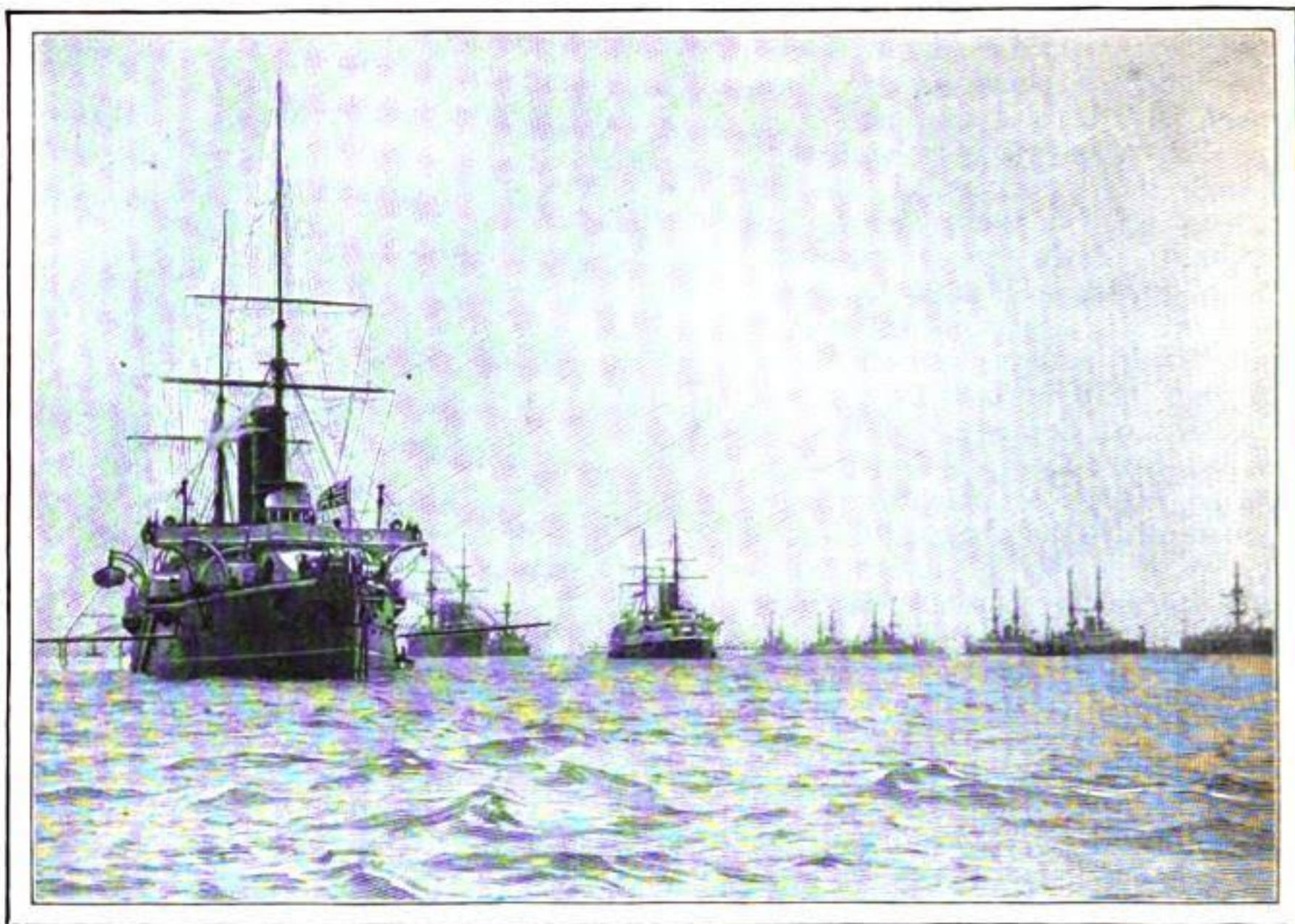
Photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

THE HON. MAURICE GIFFORD AND CAPTAIN AMES.



SOLDIERS OF THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by Gregory & Co., London; by permission of "The Navy and Army Illustrated."



Galatea. Terrible. Australia. First-class battleships.

SHIPS IN LINE AT THE JUBILEE REVIEW OF THE BRITISH NAVY.

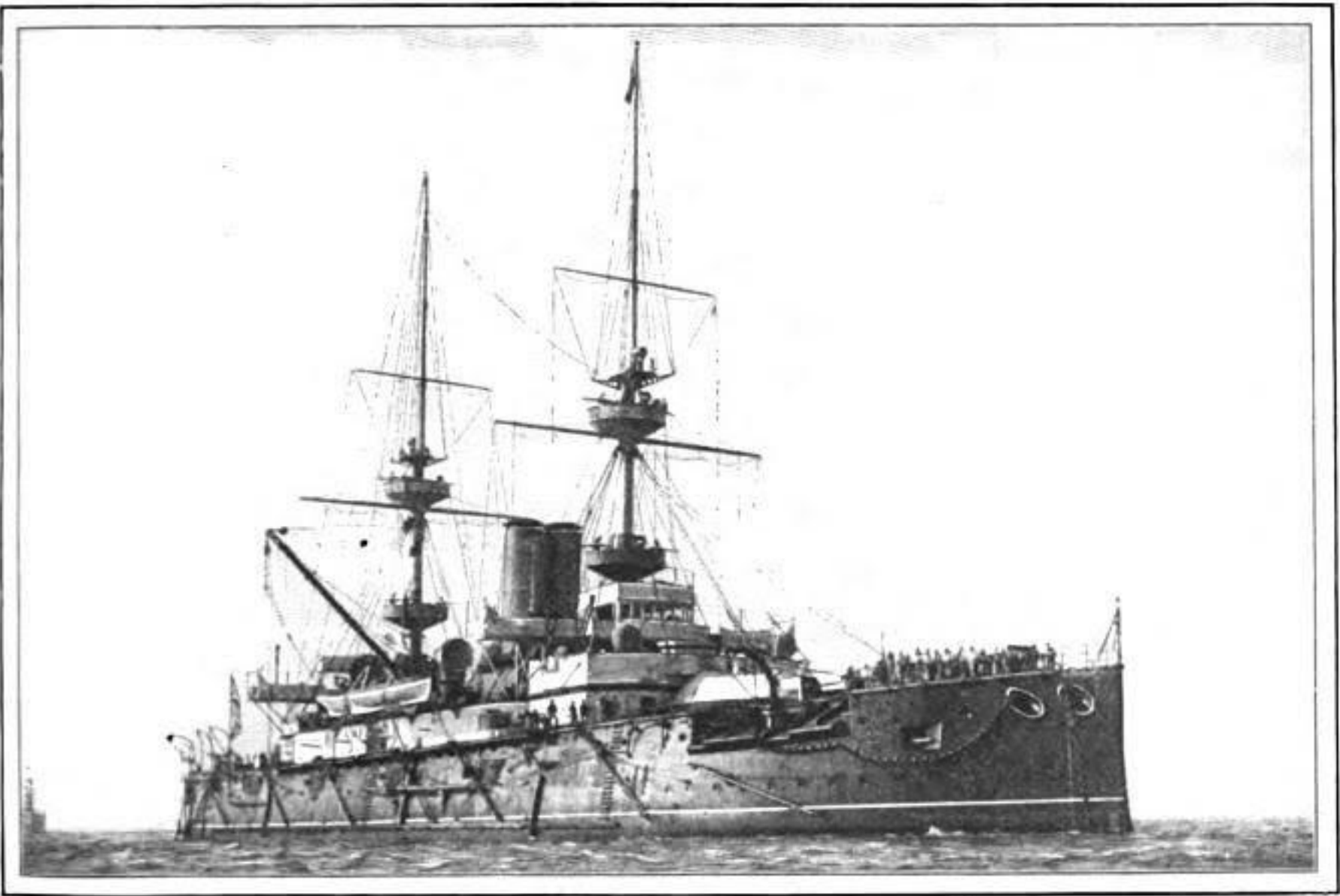
From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

white men for the service. In North Borneo the English have even succeeded in making a good force of the Dyaks, the aborigines of the island. There were men of the North Borneo police sent to London who had been originally savages of the purest type, even to the degree of enjoying head-hunting; one of them was said to have taken in his day some thirteen heads as proofs of his courage. They looked tame enough as they appeared in London, clad in brown holland uniforms, with bright red caps, and going through their evolutions with exactness and ease.

The reception given the visiting troops by the crowd was very hearty, though they saved their warmest cheering for certain celebrities in the procession. Unquestionably it was the Queen who received the most affectionate welcome from the populace. No one could hear the greetings she received without realizing something of the love the English people have for her. The whole line of march was an intense, enthusiastic demonstration of devotion for the sovereign. Many times the Queen was moved to tears by the signs of loyal affection. But the English people owe the Queen all the affection they give. She has been rightly

said to be "the most queenly woman and most womanly queen" that has graced a home and throne; and her reign, considering the history of the past sixty years—the important political events that have occurred, the progress made by the whole world, and the important part that Great Britain has played in that progress and the influence its sovereign has constantly exercised upon the affairs of the world—is the most remarkable in the history of any country.

After the Queen, there is no doubt that the Princess of Wales is the most popular woman in England. I saw many signs of this during Jubilee week. One of the most striking was at the Lord Mayor's luncheon on June 25th. The toasts customary on such occasions—to the Queen, the royal family, the royal guests—had been given and replied to, when the Lord Mayor rose and said that he wanted to forget precedent this time and propose a toast to that princess whom all England loved and honored—the Princess of Wales. The toast was received with the warmest approbation by all present. The evening after the Jubilee procession came a state performance at the opera at Covent Garden, which was attended



TYPE OF THE ENGLISH BATTLESHIP IN THE JUBILEE REVIEW—THE "PRINCE GEORGE."

Displacement, 15,140 tons. Length, 390 feet. Beam, 75 feet. Speed, 18.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 9 inches; deck, 4 inches; barbettes, 18 inches; turrets, 14 inches. Guns—four 12-inch (42-ton), twelve 6-inch rapid-fire, sixteen 12-pounders, twelve 3-pounders, eight mitrailleuse. Torpedo tubes, 5.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

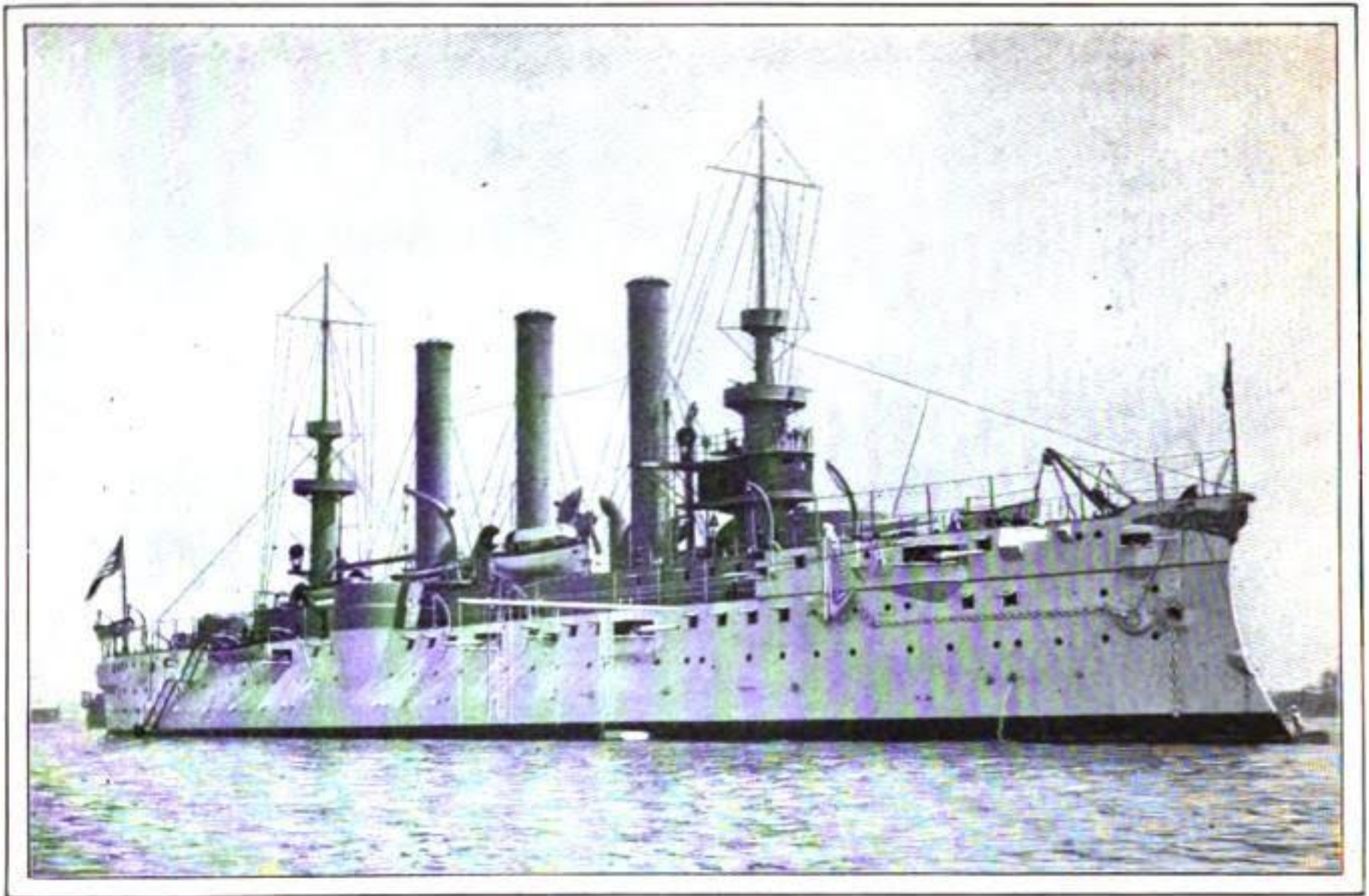
by almost every royal personage who had taken part in the Jubilee celebration, except Her Majesty, as well as by all the colonial premiers and foreign ambassadors. The marked attention and respect paid to the Princess of Wales on this occasion was noticeable to all present.

It is a combination of beauty, good taste, conscientiousness, and goodness that makes the princess so much beloved of English women. Her bearing is queenly in its dignity—the grace of her figure and graciousness of her manner give her all the charm of a youthful princess; no woman was ever more conscientious in the discharge of the duties of her position, and her goodness to the poor and the suffering is endless. For example, her chief contribution to the Jubilee was inaugurating a dinner to 300,000 of the poor of London. Almost the entire day before the state performance at the opera she had spent in visiting buildings in the east end of the city where these dinners were being served.

Among the officers in the procession there were several evident favorites. There was Captain Ames, of the Second Life Guards, who is the tallest officer in the British army,

and rode at the head of the royal procession. He was put there evidently as the British ideal of a soldier, and was warmly applauded. Maurice Gifford, of the Rhodesian Horse, was another favorite; but here it was the man's record which touched the crowd. Gifford lost an arm in the late war with the Matabeles, and the empty sleeve pinned to his heart awakened murmurs of sympathy and admiration wherever he went.

There was a great deal of applause for Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. He is a fine type of the English soldier, and his record is one of distinction. Lord Wolseley is now a man about sixty-five years of age. He has served in many exciting campaigns—in Burmah, in the Crimea, at Lucknow, and in China; he suppressed the Manitoba rebellion in 1867; he was the commander of the forces in the Ashantee war of 1873, and later in Cape Colony and the Transvaal. His last campaign was in Egypt, where he won the victory of Tel-El-Kebir. For this he was gazetted a full general and made a peer. He succeeded the Duke of Cambridge as Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in 1895. Lord Roberts appeared to hold a



THE CRUISER "BROOKLYN," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

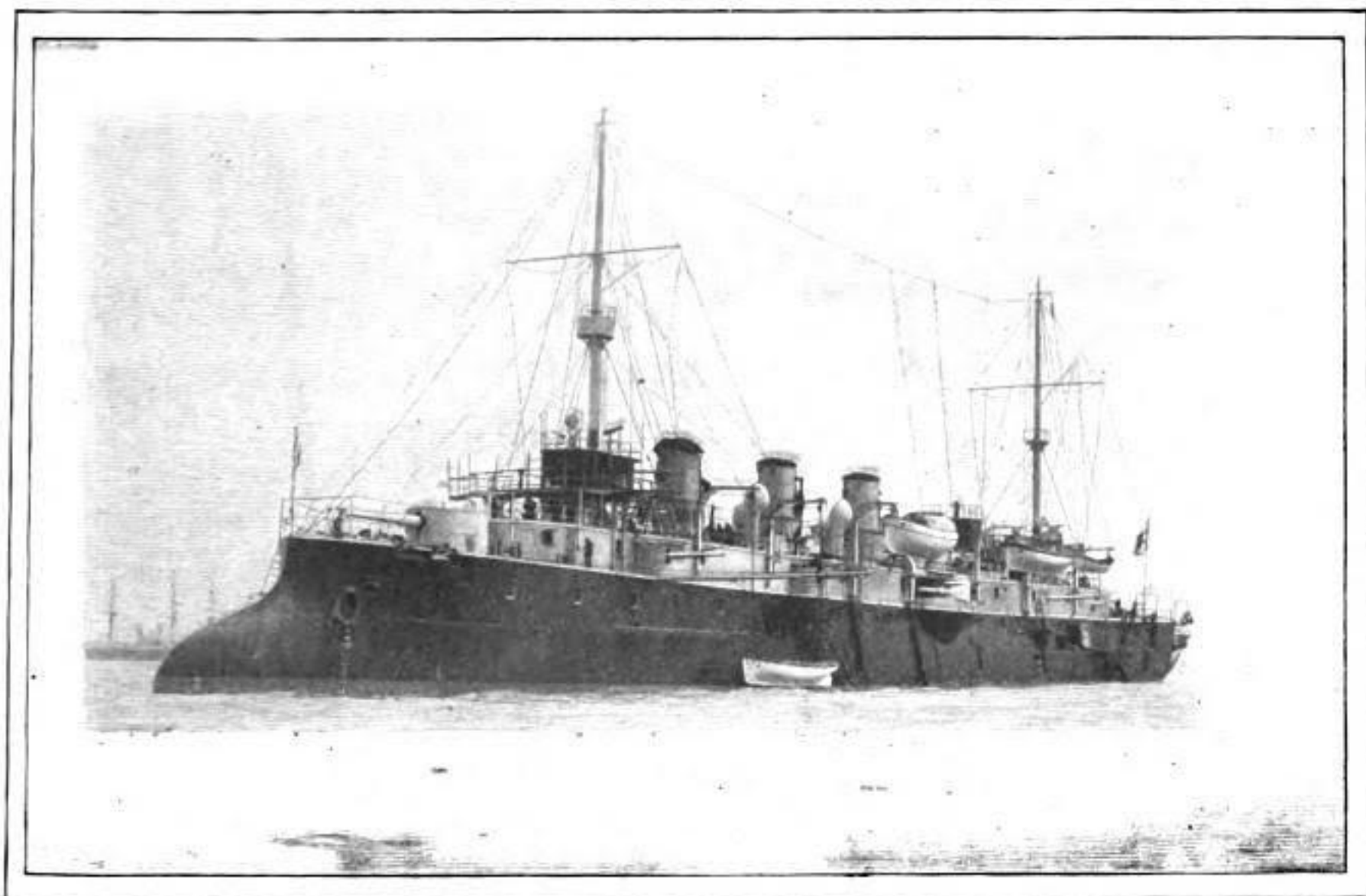
Displacement, 9,215 tons. Length, 400 feet. Beam, 64 feet. Speed, 21 knots. Armor—Belt, 3 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 8 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—Main battery: eight 8-inch, twelve 5-inch rapid-fire; secondary battery: twelve 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, two field guns. Torpedo tubes, 4.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

high place in the affections of the people, and as he rode along cries of "Bobs," the Britisher's popular name for him, were heard on every side. Lord Roberts is about Lord Wolseley's age. For forty-one years he served almost continuously in India, gradually working his way to the rank of Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, one of the highest positions England gives to her military men. Lord Roberts left India in 1893, and is now in command of the British forces in Ireland. His career in the East was full of dramatic deeds. He first went into service there in 1851, joining his father, General Sir Abraham Roberts. The Mutiny began soon after young Roberts reached the army, and he took an active part in the whole terrible tragedy. He was an officer in the force which for weeks besieged Delhi, and he was present in the awful final storming of the city. As soon as Delhi had fallen, Roberts joined the column which went to the relief of Lucknow, where he was one of the first to enter the city. He served in several subsequent engagements of the Mutiny. The campaigns which brought him greatest glory were those in 1878-80 against the Afghans. It was there that for

the first time he was given command of a field force. He made the memorable advance on Kabul, an achievement which he himself considers greater than the famous march from Kabul to Kandahar, for which the English give him particular honor, even the title of "Roberts of Kandahar." In his "Forty-one Years in India," Lord Roberts says that his only explanation for the fact that the world regards the latter exploit as greater than the first is the glamor of romance thrown around the Kandahar expedition by the fact that an army of 10,000 men were lost to view for nearly a month. While the number of victories to his credit in the Eastern wars is very large, he accomplished with the army results which are quite as much to his credit. It is he who has carried out largely the scheme of frontier defense by which England hopes to protect her Indian boundaries against Russian aggression. He did in his time, too, a great deal to improve the condition of all the soldiers in India, and to work the native population into effective troops.

To one who rode in the Jubilee procession it was the crowd of spectators, not only lining the sidewalks but filling every window and roof, which was the wonder of the day. It



THE CRUISER "AMIRAL POTHUAU," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF FRANCE AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 5,365 tons. Length, 360 feet. Beam, 49 feet. Speed, 19.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 2.3 inches; deck, 3.3 inches; turrets, 7 inches. Guns—Two 7.5-inch, ten 5.5-inch rapid-fire, ten 1.8-inch rapid-fire, eight 1.4-inch. Torpedo tubes, 5.

From a copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

was estimated that five million people witnessed the procession. They were as orderly, quiet, and good-natured as any I ever saw assembled. In fact, I did not observe a single case of disorder or an arrest made by the police. When we realize that this great mass of humanity finds occupation in London, supporting itself in fairly prosperous condition, being apparently well clad and well housed, we realize what a great center of commerce the city is. Yet this great manufacturing community, which has absorbed cheap labor from the masses of other European countries, does not present the best type of the English people. The crowd in London on Jubilee Day appeared to me as a class short of stature, lacking in appearance as compared with the stalwart soldiers and sturdy yeomanry that we find in the English, Irish, and Scotch country districts.

Along the entire line of march our national colors mingled with the bright colors of other nations. The Stars and Stripes waved in every block, and there was no more hearty cheering than that which came from the tens of thousands of American citizens as an expression of their respect for the gracious sovereign, and as a token of their appreciation of the fact that through-

out her long reign peace and friendship have existed between our two nations. Friendly sentiments were heard from Americans on every hand. Possibly the best expression of the general feeling is found in the letter sent by President McKinley to Her Majesty:

To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India:

Great and Good Friend: In the name and on behalf of the people of the United States, I present their sincere felicitations upon the sixtieth anniversary of Your Majesty's accession to the crown of Great Britain.

I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens in wishing for your people the prolongation of a reign illustrious and marked by advance in science, arts, and popular well-being.

On behalf of my countrymen I wish, particularly, to recognize your friendship for the United States and your love of peace, exemplified upon important occasions.

It is pleasing to acknowledge the debt of gratitude and respect due to your personal virtues. May your life be prolonged, and peace, honor, and prosperity bless the people over whom you have been called to rule. May liberty flourish throughout your empire under just and equal laws, and your government continue strong in the affections of all who live under it.

And I pray God to have Your Majesty in His holy keeping.

Done at Washington, this 28th day of May, A.D. 1897.

By the President, your good friend,

WM. McKINLEY.

JOHN SHERMAN, *Secretary*.



THE CRUISER "ROSSIA," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF RUSSIA AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 12,195 tons. Length, 475 feet. Beam, 86 feet. Speed, 22 knots. ARMOR—Belt, 8 inches; deck, 3 inches. GUNS—Four 8-inch, sixteen 5.9-inch, six 4.7-inch rapid-fire; twenty-six 1.8-inch and 1.4-inch. Torpedo tubes, 5.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southampton, England.

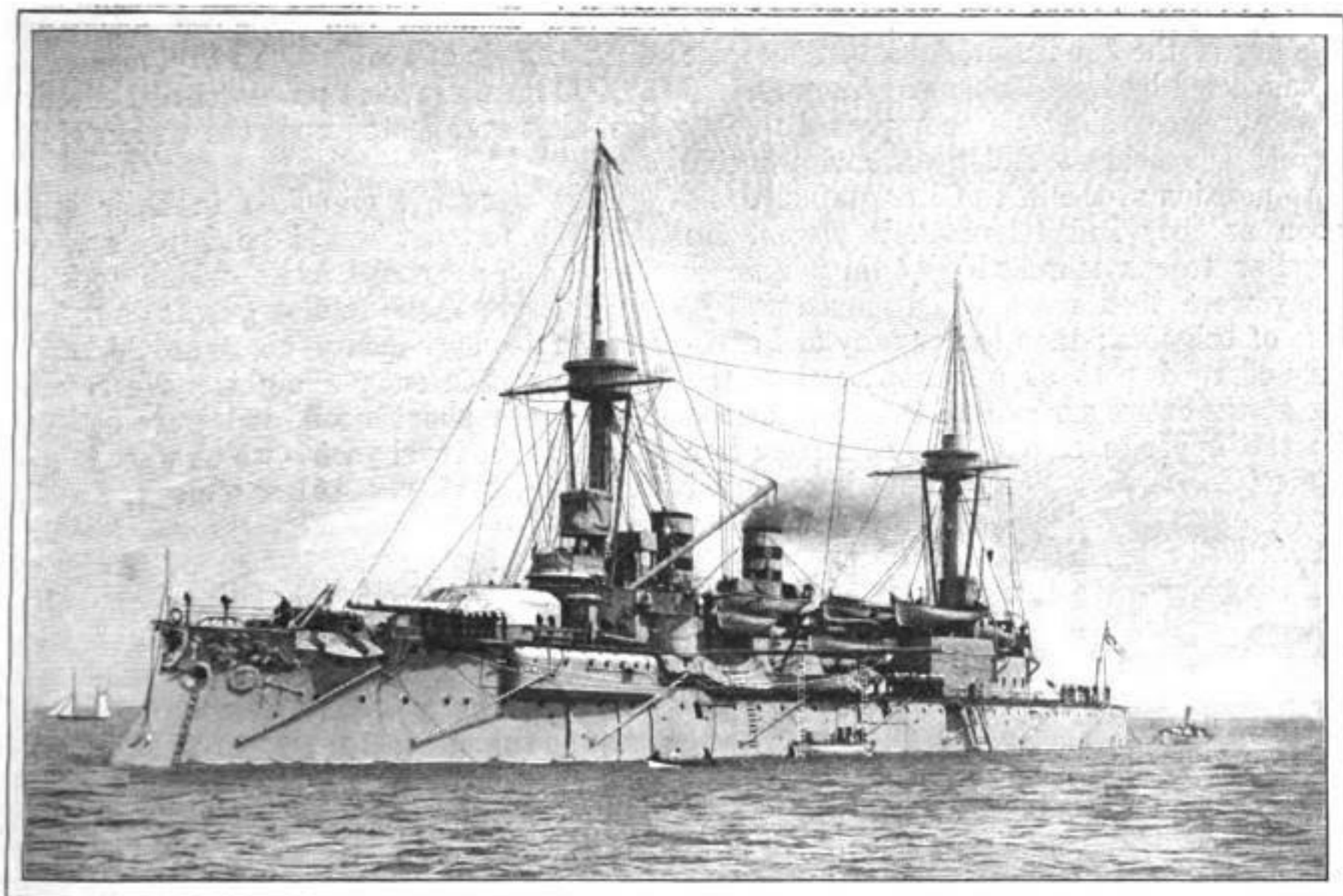
THE BRITISH ARMY.

The Jubilee ceremonies offered an especially fine opportunity for studying the British army. Fully 50,000 men were gathered in London for the procession, and they were conspicuous at every ceremony of the ten days' celebration which followed. These men all belonged to English, Irish, and Scotch regiments of the regular army; so that their concentration in London was a comparatively simple matter. England keeps at home about 100,000 soldiers at present, of which number some 25,000 form the Irish army. About 5,000 men are usually in Egypt, and other colonies absorb some 22,000 more. This makes up the regular British army, exclusive of the 76,000 troops in the Indian service. The force at home is stationed in military districts in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Channel Islands.

Men go into the army by voluntary enlistment, but once there, they must stay for a term of service, unless they are willing to buy their discharge. This costs ninety dollars in the case of men who have served

in special instances. There are two terms of service—one of twelve years with the colors and with no reserve afterwards, and one of seven years with the army and five with the reserve. Recruits are not difficult to secure, from 35,000 to 40,000 being approved yearly for both the regular army and the militia. The regular army was finely represented in the Jubilee by picked men from the Life and Dragoon Guards and from the Royal Artillery and Engineers.

The most imposing military display, however, was the 40,000 soldiers who lined both sides of the route of the procession—a distance of seven miles. They were marched into lines by nine o'clock of Jubilee Day, and remained in place until the procession had ended. At certain points where the crowd was very great, as about Trafalgar Square and around St. Paul's, the lines were doubled. The greater number of the troops belonged to the army, although they were varied by detachments from the naval brigade. The blue-jackets were one of the smartest bodies of men out, and received great attention from the crowd, to whom evidently they were not nearly so familiar as the red-jackets.



THE BATTLESHIP "WÖRTH," THE REPRESENTATIVE OF GERMANY AT THE JUBILEE NAVAL REVIEW.

Displacement, 10,200 tons. Length, 380 feet. Beam, 68 feet. Speed, 17.2 knots. Armor—Belt, 15.7 inches; deck, 3 inches; turrets, 11.8 inches. Guns—Six 11-inch, six 4.1-inch rapid-fire, eight 3.4-inch, two small calibre, ten mitrailleuse. Torpedo tubes, 7.

From copyrighted photograph by West & Son, Southsea, England.

Besides her regular army, Great Britain has a reserve force of militia, volunteers, and yeoman cavalry sufficient, in time of need, to bring her force up to something like 725,000 men, including the white troops of India. The reserve troops were represented at the Jubilee by fine regiments from various parts of the British Islands.

The annual cost of this army is, of course, great. In 1896-97 it amounted to some \$90,000,000. This appropriation covered, not only the cost of the regular troops, but of the reserve force; it included also military education, gratuities, pensions, rewards—everything, in short, pertaining to the army.

Of the general efficiency of the training of the troops I had an excellent opportunity to judge at a review given on July 1st in the presence of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Crown Prince and Princess of Italy, the Duke and Duchess of York, Lord Wolseley, and other high officials of the British and other governments. This review was held at Aldershot, a small town about forty miles southwest of London, where there is a permanent camp and barracks. On account of its proximity to London, Aldershot is a favorite point for reviews and manœuvres.

Fortunately, July 1st was a bright, beautiful day. The field where the review took place was not large, but it was covered with a strong, green English turf, and with the forests and rolling hills in the background, made a perfect place for a display of troops. About 28,000 men assembled for the review, of whom fully 1,000 were colonials. The scene was one of indescribable brilliancy, because of the great variety of uniforms and the splendid equipment and discipline of the troops. I was very much impressed by the strong colors of the British uniform, now that I saw them massed. On a single soldier one does not notice them particularly; but in large bodies the black, green, scarlet, and blue are wonderfully bright and effective. To the beauty of the day and brilliancy of the troops was added the best and most inspiring music I heard in Europe. The pipes of the Highlanders, and the splendid military bands of the English and Irish regiments were equal to any I have ever heard. Mingled with the national airs, such as "British Grenadiers," the notes of some of Sousa's best marches greeted my ears again as they had done in Constantinople.

The colonials were given the place of honor in the review, that is, they were the

first to march before Her Majesty. As on the day of the Jubilee procession, they were commanded by Lord Roberts. They formed a picturesque sight as they passed rapidly across the field at Aldershot and wheeled into position at the left of Her Majesty. As soon as they had taken their places, the regular troops marched past in divisions. They were then massed and moved past in line of brigades; then the cavalry and artillery charged past at a gallop; and at the close, the entire army of 28,000 men formed on the opposite side of the field from Her Majesty's carriage, and moved in one solid body across the field and halted in perfect line within a hundred yards of the carriage. All the bands then struck up "God Save the Queen," and the entire body shouted "Long Live Victoria!" Thousands manifested their enthusiasm by placing their hats upon their bayonets and swords and waving them in the air, making it one of the most remarkable scenes I have ever witnessed, and one of the greatest demonstrations of loyalty and devotion that could possibly be made by an army toward a sovereign. The Queen was so moved by it that her face was bedewed with tears of gratitude, and thousands and tens of thousands of the British people looked on with moistened eyes.

THE GREAT NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD.

Imposing as is England's army in numbers, efficient as it is in every way, much as its varied services, now in Africa, now in China, now in the Pacific, appeal to our admiration, yet England's real defense is her navy. For more than two thousand years, the nation that has controlled the seas has to a great extent dictated the politics of the world. This was true of Rome and Spain, and has been true of England. For a short time, the United States navy was the most powerful, in fact the only modern navy of its kind afloat; but the prominence it occupied in 1865 remained with us but a few years. The sea power of England is to-day the bulwark and salvation of the British Empire. By that power it is enabled to hold its own provinces and to exert the most powerful influence in the politics of the world. The English are not only proud of their present sea power, but they glory in the events of the past, and they justly felt that a review of their fleet would be one of the significant and splendid features of the Jubilee ceremonies. To carry out their plans they assembled off Spithead, in the

English Channel, one hundred and sixty-eight vessels of the British navy, manned by 38,000 men, the most powerful and effective fleet that ever floated upon the waters of the earth.

They were not mistaken in their belief that the pageant would be imposing. No man on the special train which took the royal party and the Jubilee guests down from London to Portsmouth on June 26, 1897, had ever seen such a sight. We reached Portsmouth about noon, and were assigned places on the royal yachts which were to pass the fleet in review. At two o'clock, a salute was fired, and the "Victoria and Albert," the yacht having the Prince of Wales on board, started from the harbor of Portsmouth, followed by a line of vessels bearing the guests. To understand the manner in which the review was conducted one should examine the bird's-eye view of the fleet as it lay at anchor (reproduced on Page 269). That view shows how the one hundred and sixty-eight battleships and cruisers which formed the fleet were arranged in lines running from east to west, thirty in the first line, thirty in the second, thirty-eight in the third, forty-eight in the fourth. South of them were arranged first a line of visiting battleships, and beyond that a row of merchant vessels. To the north were some twenty torpedo-boats. By this arrangement great water avenues were formed, and it was up and down these that the reviewing vessels passed.

Every ship in the fleet was gaily decorated with hundreds of flags and pennants, and the yards were manned by seamen. As the Prince of Wales passed, the band of each ship played "God Save the Queen" and other national airs, and the great batteries thundered their salutes. In the line of foreign vessels was a single warship of the United States, the "Brooklyn." She was the only vessel in the line painted white, and the irreverent tars called her the "cement factory." Her decks were crowded with a good company of enthusiastic Americans. The review occupied some two hours, and after it was over the vessels returned to Portsmouth, where the Prince of Wales signaled to the admiral who commanded the fleet, Sir Nowell Salmon, his satisfaction with the display. That evening the fleet was illuminated—a surpassingly beautiful spectacle. An excellent description of this illumination was given by Mr. Steevens, and is here quoted:

"Out on the sea front you could see the lights of the fleet like glow-worms in the dark. Then suddenly

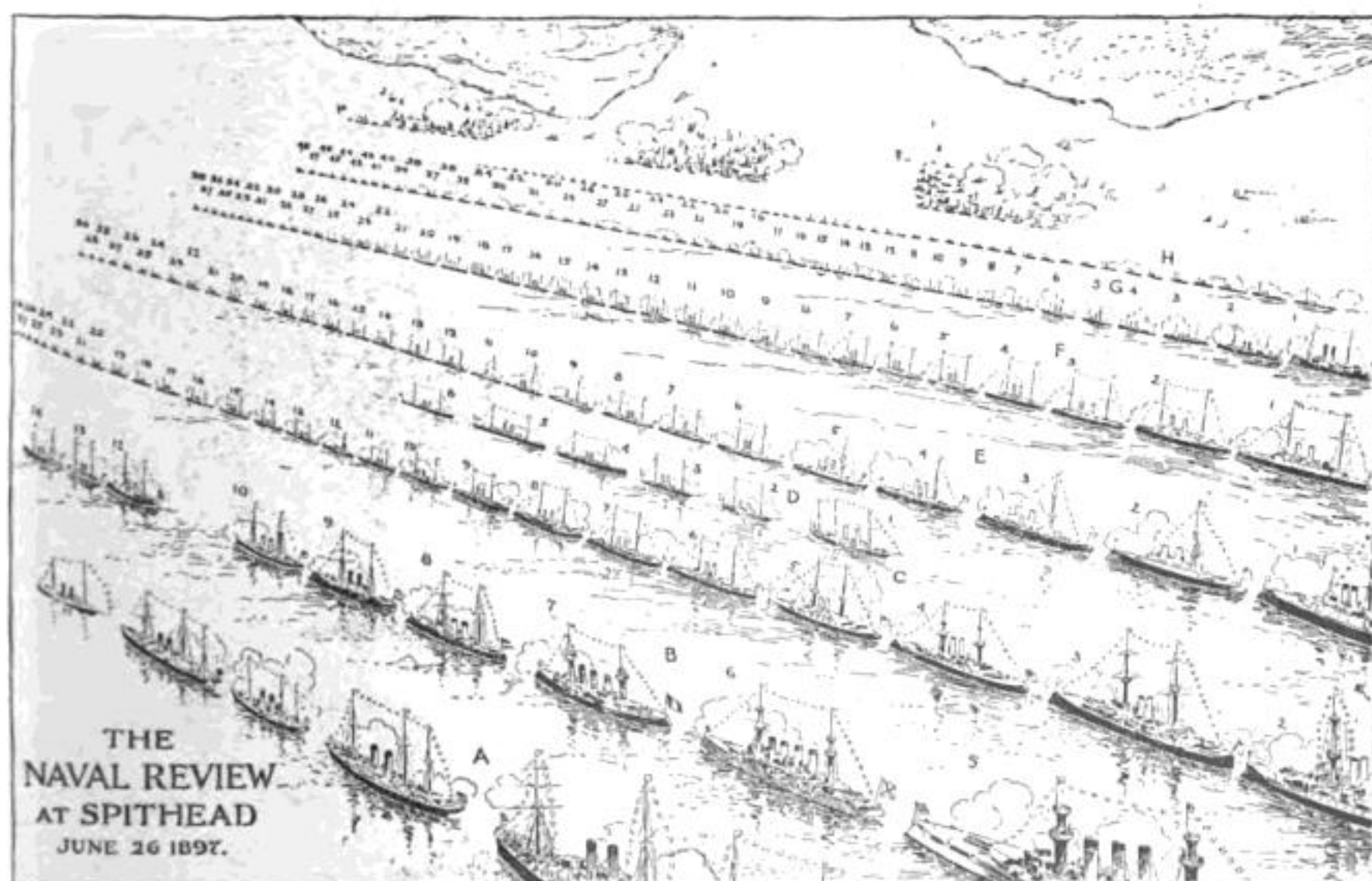
there sounded a gun; and as I moved along Southsea Common there appeared in the line a ship of fire: a ship all made of fire-hull and funnels and military masts with fighting tops. And then another, and another, and another. The fleet revealed itself from behind the castle, ship after ship traced in fire against the blackness. From the head of Southsea they still came on—fresh wonders of grace and light and splendor, stretching away, still endlessly, as in the daytime, till they became a confused glimmer six miles away. It was the fleet, and yet not the fleet. You could recognize almost any ship by her lines and rig—just as if it had been in day—only transmuted from steel and paint into living gold. . . .

"For three hours this miracle of brightness shone wondrously at Spithead. At half-past eleven or so the Prince returned the second time as before, and the golden fleet sent a thunder of salute after him. Then, as I stood on the high roof of the Central Hotel, the clock struck twelve, and before my eyes the golden fleet vanished—vanished clean away in a moment. You could just see it go. Here half a ship broken off, there masts and funnels hanging an instant in the air; it all vanished, and nothing at all was left except the rigging lights, trembling faintly once more on the dark sea."

One of the most significant things of the day to me was that within view of this great fleet of modern warships lay that link which binds the glories of the past with the grandeur and power of the present—the small battleship "Victory," the flagship of Nelson, who contributed so much to the perpetuity and fame of the British navy. It is

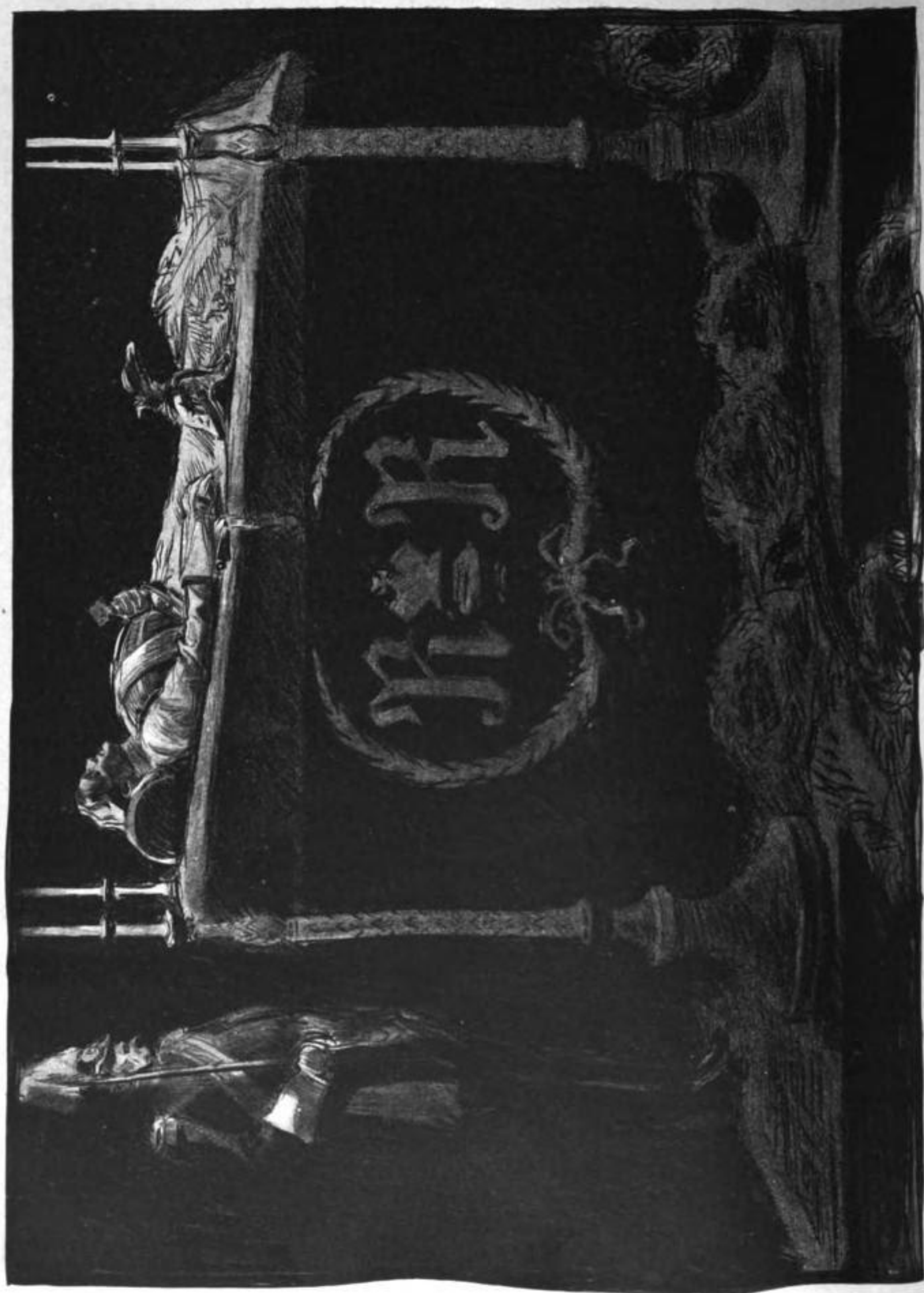
still preserved with great care, and the place on the deck where Nelson stood when he received his mortal wound, and the little cabin where he died amid the storm, the horror, and the gleam of victory of the great battle of Trafalgar.

The most wonderful fact about the review was that not a single vessel from the Mediterranean, Asiatic, or Pacific squadrons was drawn to make up this powerful body of warships. The review fleet was but a minor part of the great naval force which Great Britain has scattered in all parts of the globe. The British fleet entire—which at the time of the review was manned by 100,000 men and had cost upwards of \$400,000,000—consisted of 467 ships of all classes, with sixty-four building. Of this number, 28 were first-class battleships, 34 first-class cruisers, 125 first-class torpedo craft. When we remember that England must keep vessels in all quarters of the globe—in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, off the coast of North America and in the West Indies, at the Cape of Good Hope and in the Pacific, as well as a great number for general service—the need of this vast armament is apparent. It is the one effective safeguard, not only of England, but of her world-wide colonies.



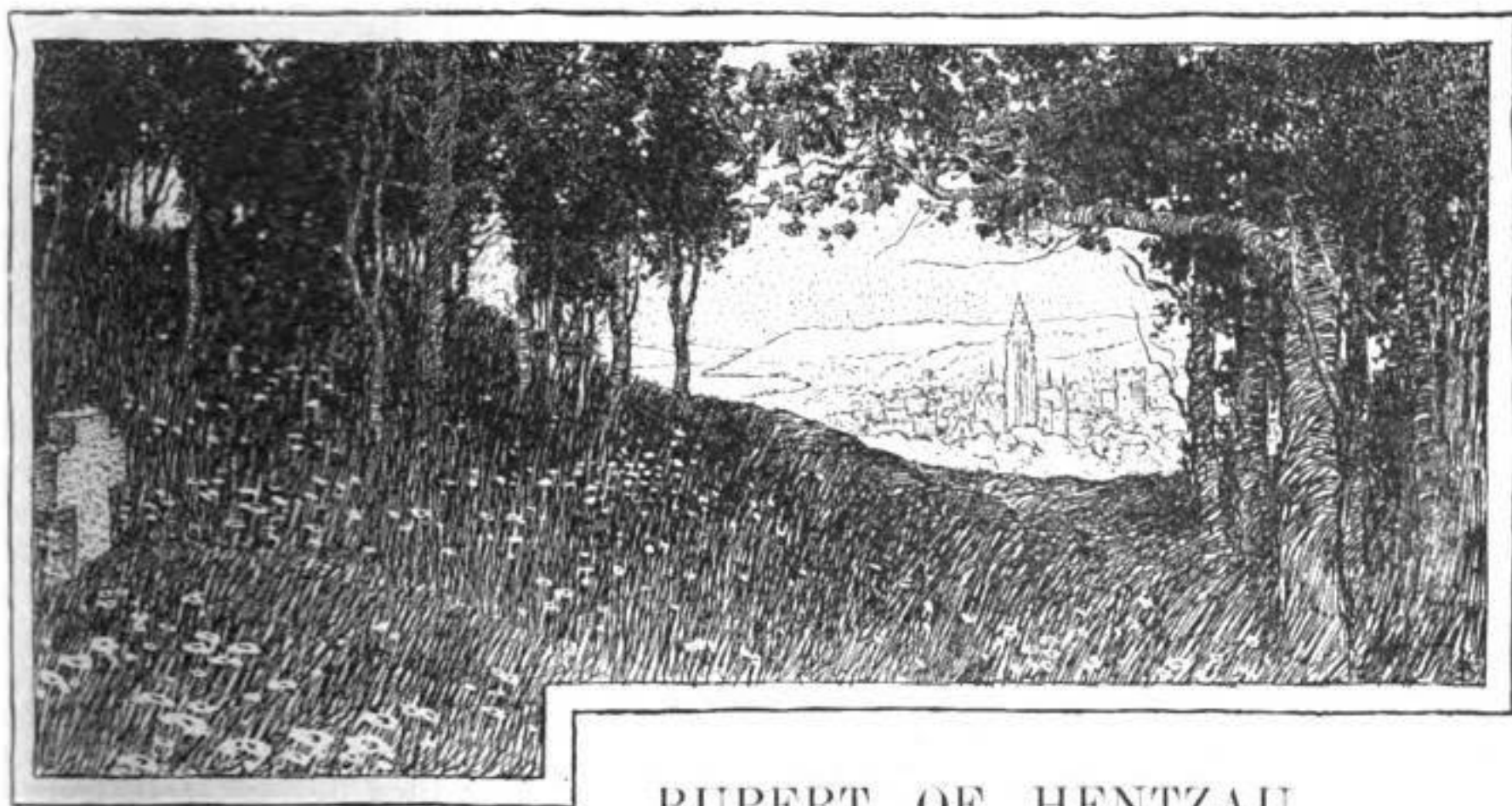
"ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-EIGHT VESSELS OF THE BRITISH NAVY, MANNED BY 38,000, THE MOST POWERFUL AND EFFECTIVE FLEET THAT EVER FLOATED UPON THE WATERS OF THE EARTH."

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON



See page 279.

"THE DECISION OF HEAVEN."



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER XIX.—*Continued.*

FOR OUR LOVE AND HER HONOR.

SAPT finished his lesson or his story. A sob burst from the queen, and she hid her face in her hands. Bernenstein and I, amazed at this strange tale, scarcely understanding whether it were jest or earnest, stood staring stupidly at Sapt. Then I, overcome by the strange thing, turned half-foolish by the bizarre mingling of comedy and impressiveness in Sapt's rendering of it, plucked him by the sleeve, and asked, with something between a laugh and a gasp:

"Who had that other corpse been, Constable?"

He turned his small, keen eyes on me in persistent gravity and unflinching effrontery.

"A Mr. Rassendyll, a friend of the king's, who with his servant James was awaiting his Majesty's return from Strelsau. His servant here is ready to start for England, to tell Mr. Rassendyll's relatives the news."

The queen had begun to listen before

now; her eyes were fixed on Sapt, and she had stretched out one arm to him, as if imploring him to read her his riddle. But a few words had in truth declared his device plainly enough in all its simplicity. Rudolf Rassendyll was dead, his body burnt to a cinder, and the king was alive, whole, and on his throne in Strelsau. Thus had Sapt caught from James, the servant, the infection of his madness, and had fulfilled in action the strange imagination which the little man had unfolded to him in order to pass their idle hours at the lodge.

Suddenly Mr. Rassendyll spoke in clear, short tones.

"This is all a lie, Sapt," said he, and his lips curled in contemptuous amusement.

"It's no lie that the lodge is burnt, and the bodies in it, and that half a hundred of the peasants know it, and that no man could tell the body for the king's. As for the rest, it is a lie. But I think the truth in it is enough to serve."

The two men stood facing one another with defiant eyes. Rudolf had caught the meaning of the great and audacious trick which Sapt and his companion had played. It was impossible now to bring the king's body to

Strelsau; it seemed no less impossible to declare that the man burnt in the lodge was the king. Thus Sapt had forced Rudolf's hand; he had been inspired by the same vision as we, and endowed with more unshrinking boldness. But when I saw how Rudolf looked at him, I did not know but that they would go from the queen's presence set on a deadly quarrel. Mr. Rassendyll, however, mastered his temper.

"You're all bent on having me a rascal," he said coldly. "Fritz and Bernenstein here urge me; you, Sapt, try to force me. James, there, is in the plot, for all I know."

"I suggested it, sir," said James, not defiantly or with disrespect, but as if in simple dutiful obedience to his master's implied question.

"As I thought—all of you! Well, I won't be forced. I see now that there's no way out of this affair, save one. That one I'll follow."

We none of us spoke, but waited till he should be pleased to continue.

"Of the queen's letter I need say nothing and will say nothing," he pursued. "But I will tell them that I'm not the king, but Rudolf Rassendyll, and that I played the king only in order to serve the queen and punish Rupert of Hentzau. That will serve, and it will cut this net of Sapt's from about my limbs."

He spoke firmly and coldly; so that when I looked at him I was amazed to see how his lips twitched and that his forehead was moist with sweat. Then I understood what a sudden, swift, and fearful struggle he had suffered, and how the great temptation had wrung and tortured him before he, victorious, had set the thing behind him. I went to him and clasped his hand: this action of mine seemed to soften him.

"Sapt, Sapt," he said, "you almost made a rogue of me!"

Sapt did not respond to his gentler mood. He had been pacing angrily up and down the room. Now he stopped abruptly before Rudolf, and pointed with his finger at the queen.

"I make a rogue of you?" he exclaimed. "And what do you make of our queen, whom we all serve? What does this truth that you'll tell make of her? Haven't I heard how she greeted you before all Strelsau as her husband and her love? Will they believe that she didn't know her husband? Ay, you may show yourself, you may say they didn't know you. Will they believe she

didn't? Was the king's ring on your finger? Where is it? And how comes Mr. Rassendyll to be at Fritz von Tarlenheim's for hours with the queen, when the king is at his hunting-lodge? A king has died already, and two men besides, to save a word against her. And you—you'll be the man to set every tongue in Strelsau talking, and every finger pointing in suspicion at her!"

Rudolf made no answer. When Sapt had first uttered the queen's name, he had drawn near and let his hand fall over the back of her chair. She put hers up to meet it, and so they remained. But I saw that Rudolf's face had gone very pale.

"And we, your friends?" pursued Sapt. "For we've stood by you as we've stood by the queen, by God we have—Fritz, and young Bernenstein here, and I. If this truth's told, who'll believe that we were loyal to the king, that we didn't know, that we weren't accomplices in the tricking of the king—maybe, in his murder? Ah, Rudolf Rassendyll, God preserve me from a conscience that won't let me be true to the woman I love, or to the friends who love me!"

I had never seen the old fellow so moved; he carried me with him, as he carried Bernenstein. I know now that we were too ready to be convinced; rather that, borne along by our passionate desire, we needed no convincing at all. His excited appeal seemed to us an argument. At least the danger to the queen, on which he dwelt, was real and true and great.

Then a sudden change came over him. He caught Rudolf's hand and spoke to him again in a low, broken voice, an unwonted softness transforming his harsh tones.

"Lad," he said, "don't say no. Here's the finest lady alive sick for her lover, and the finest country in the world sick for its true king, and the best friends—ay, by heaven, the best friends—man ever had, sick to call you master. I know nothing about your conscience; but this I know: the king's dead, and the place is empty; and I don't see what Almighty God sent you here for unless it was to fill it. Come, lad—for our love and her honor! While he was alive I'd have killed you sooner than let you take it. He's dead. Now—for our love and her honor, lad!"

I do not know what thoughts passed in Mr. Rassendyll's mind. His face was set and rigid. He made no sign when Sapt finished, but stood as he was, motionless, for a long while. Then he slowly bent his head and

looked down into the queen's eyes. For a while she sat looking back into his. Then, carried away by the wild hope of immediate joy, and by her love for him and her pride in the place he was offered, she sprang up and threw herself at his feet, crying:

"Yes, yes! For my sake, Rudolf—for my sake!"

"Are you, too, against me, my queen?" he murmured, caressing her ruddy hair.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DECISION OF HEAVEN.

WE were half mad that night, Sapt and Bernenstein and I. The thing seemed to have got into our blood and to have become part of ourselves. For us it was inevitable—nay, it was done. Sapt busied himself in preparing the account of the fire at the hunting-lodge; it was to be communicated to the journals, and it told with much circumstantiality how Rudolf Rassendyll had come to visit the king, with James his servant, and, the king being summoned unexpectedly to the capital, had been awaiting his Majesty's return when he met his fate. There was a short history of Rudolf, a glancing reference to his family, a dignified expression of condolence with his relatives, to whom the king was sending messages of deepest regret by the hands of Mr. Rassendyll's servant. At another table young Bernenstein was drawing up, under the constable's direction, a narrative of Rupert of Hentzau's attempt on the king's life and the king's courage in defending himself. The count, eager to return (so it ran), had persuaded the king to meet him by declaring that he held a state document of great importance and of a most secret nature; the king, with his habitual fearlessness, had gone alone, but only to refuse with scorn Count Rupert's terms. Enraged at this unfavorable reception, the audacious criminal had made a sudden attack on the king, with what issue all knew. He had met his own death, while the king, perceiving from a glance at the document that it compromised well-known persons, had, with the nobility which marked him, destroyed it unread before the eyes of those who were rushing in to his rescue. I supplied suggestions and improvements; and, engrossed in contriving how to blind curious eyes, we forgot the real and permanent difficulties of the thing we had resolved upon. For us they did not exist;

Sapt met every objection by declaring that the thing had been done once and could be done again. Bernenstein and I were not behind him in confidence. We would guard the secret with brain and hand and life, even as we had guarded and kept the secret of the queen's letter, which would now go with Rupert of Hentzau to his grave. Bauer we could catch and silence: nay, who would listen to such a tale from such a man? Rischenheim was ours; the old woman would keep her doubts between her teeth for her own sake. To his own land and his own people Rudolf must be dead, while the King of Ruritania would stand before all Europe, recognized, unquestioned, unassailed. True, he must marry the queen again; Sapt was ready with the means, and would hear nothing of the difficulty and risk in finding a hand to perform the necessary ceremony. If we quailed in our courage, we had but to look at the alternative, and find comfort from the perils of what we meant to undertake by a consideration of the desperate risk involved in abandoning it. Persuaded that the substitution of Rudolf for the king was the only thing which would serve our turn, we asked no longer whether it were possible, but sought only the means to make it safe and yet more safe.

But Rudolf himself had not spoken. Sapt's appeal and the queen's imploring cry had shaken but not overcome him; he had wavered, but he was not won. Yet there was no talk of impossibility or peril in his mouth, any more than in ours: those were not what gave him pause. The score on which he hesitated was whether the thing should be done, not whether it could; our appeals were not to brace a failing courage, but to cajole a sturdy sense of honor which found the imposture distasteful so soon as it seemed to serve a personal end. To save the king he had played the king in old days, but he did not love to play the king when the profit of it was to be his own. Hence he was unmoved till his care for the fair fame of the queen and the love of his friends joined to buffet his resolution. Then he faltered; but he had not fallen. Yet Colonel Sapt did all as though he had given his assent, and watched the last hours in which his flight from Strelsau was possible go quickly by with more than equanimity. Why hurry Rudolf's resolve? Every moment shut him closer in the trap of an inevitable choice. With every hour that he was called the king, it became more impossible for him to bear any other name all his days. Therefore

Sapt let Mr. Rassendyll doubt and struggle, while he himself wrote his story and laid his long-headed plans. And now and then James, the little servant, came in and went out, sedate and smug, but with a quiet satisfaction gleaming in his eyes. He had made a story for a pastime, and it was being translated into history. He at least would bear his part in it unflinchingly.

Before now the queen had left us, persuaded to lie down and try to rest till the matter should be settled. Stilled by Rudolf's gentle rebuke, she had urged him no more in words, but there was an entreaty in her eyes stronger than any spoken prayer, and a piteousness in the lingering of her hand in his harder to resist than ten thousand sad petitions. At last he had led her from the room and commended her to Helga's care. Then, returning to us, he stood silent a little while. We also were silent, Sapt sitting and looking up at him with his brows knit and his teeth restlessly chewing the mustache on his lip.

"Well, lad?" he said at last, briefly putting the great question.

Rudolf walked to the window and seemed to lose himself for a moment in the contemplation of the quiet night. There were no more than a few stragglers in the street now; the moon shone white and clear on the empty square.

"I should like to walk up and down outside and think it over," he said, turning to us; and, as Bernenstein sprang up to accompany him, he added, "No. Alone."

"Yes, do," said old Sapt, with a glance at the clock, whose hands were now hard on two o'clock. "Take your time, lad, take your time."

Rudolf looked at him and broke into a smile.

"I'm not your dupe, old Sapt," said he, shaking his head. "Trust me, if I decide to get away, I'll get away, be it what o'clock it will."

"Yes, confound you!" grinned Colonel Sapt.

So he left us, and then came that long time of scheming and planning, and most persistent eye-shutting, in which occupations an hour wore its life away. Rudolf had now passed out of the porch, and we supposed that he had betaken himself to the gardens, there to fight his battle. Old Sapt, having done his work, suddenly turned talkative.

"That moon there," he said, pointing his square, thick forefinger at the window, "is a mighty untrustworthy lady. I've known her wake a villain's conscience before now."

"I've known her send a lover's to sleep," laughed young Bernenstein, rising from his table, stretching himself, and lighting a cigar.

"Aye, she's apt to take a man out of what he is," pursued old Sapt. "Set a quiet man near her, and he dreams of battle; an ambitious fellow, after ten minutes of her, will ask nothing better than to muse all his life away. I don't trust her, Fritz; I wish the night were dark."

"What will she do to Rudolf Rassendyll?" I asked, falling in with the old fellow's whimsical mood.

"He will see the queen's face in hers," cried Bernenstein.

"He may see God's," said Sapt; and he shook himself as though an unwelcome thought had found its way to his mind and lips.

A pause fell on us, borne of the colonel's last remark. We looked one another in the face. At last Sapt brought his hand down on the table with a bang.

"I'll not go back," he said sullenly, almost fiercely.

"Nor I," said Bernenstein, drawing himself up. "Nor you, Tarlenheim?"

"No, I also go on," I answered. Then again there was a moment's silence.

"She may make a man soft as a sponge," reflected Sapt, starting again, "or hard as a bar of steel. I should feel safer if the night were dark. I've looked at her often from my tent and from bare ground, and I know her. She got me a decoration, and once she came near to making me turn tail. Have nothing to do with her, young Bernenstein."

"I'll keep my eyes for beauties nearer at hand," said Bernenstein, whose volatile temper soon threw off a serious mood.

"There's a chance for you, now Rupert of Hentzau's gone," said Sapt grimly.

As he spoke there was a knock at the door. When it opened James entered.

"The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim begs to be allowed to speak with the king," said James.

"We expect his Majesty every moment. Beg the count to enter," Sapt answered; and, when Rischenheim came in, he went on, motioning the count to a chair: "We are talking, my lord, of the influence of the moon on the careers of men."

"What are you going to do? What have you decided?" burst out Rischenheim impatiently.

"We decide nothing," answered Sapt.

"Then what has Mr.—what has the king decided?"

"The king decides nothing, my lord. She decides," and the old fellow pointed again through the window towards the moon. "At this moment she makes or unmakes a king; but I can't tell you which. What of your cousin?"

"You know that my cousin's dead."

"Yes, I know that. What of him, though?"

"Sir," said Rischenheim with some dignity, "since he is dead, let him rest in peace. It is not for us to judge him."

"He may well wish it were. For, by heaven, I believe ' should let the rogue off," said Colonel Sapt, "and I don't think his Judge will."

"God forgive him, I loved him," said Rischenheim. "Yes, and many have loved him. His servants loved him, sir."

"Friend Bauer, for example?"

"Yes, Bauer loved him. Where is Bauer?"

"I hope he's gone to hell with his loved master," grunted Sapt, but he had the grace to lower his voice and shield his mouth with his hand, so that Rischenheim did not hear.

"We don't know where he is," I answered.

"I am come," said Rischenheim, "to put my services in all respects at the queen's disposal."

"And at the king's?" asked Sapt.

"At the king's? But the king is dead."

"Therefore 'Long live the king!'" struck in young Bernenstein.

"If there should be a king—" began Sapt.

"You'll do that?" interrupted Rischenheim in breathless agitation.

"She is deciding," said Colonel Sapt, and again he pointed to the moon.

"But she's a plaguy long time about it," remarked Lieutenant von Bernenstein.

Rischenheim sat silent for a moment. His face was pale, and when he spoke his voice trembled. But his words were resolute enough.

"I gave my honor to the queen, and even in that I will serve her if she commands me."

Bernenstein sprang forward and caught him by the hand.

"That's what I like," said he, "and damn the moon, Colonel!"

His sentence was hardly out of his mouth when the door opened, and to our astonishment the queen entered. Helga was just behind her; her clasped hands and frightened

eyes seemed to protest that their coming was against her will. The queen was clad in a long white robe, and her hair hung on her shoulders, being but loosely bound with a ribbon. Her air showed great agitation, and without any greeting or notice of the rest she walked quickly across the room to me.

"The dream, Fritz," she said. "It has come again. Helga persuaded me to lie down, and I was very tired, so at last I fell asleep. Then it came. I saw him, Fritz—I saw him as plainly as I see you. They all called him king, as they did to-day; but they did not cheer. They were quiet, and looked at him with sad faces. I could not hear what they said; they spoke in hushed voices. I heard nothing more than 'the king, the king,' and he seemed to hear not even that. He lay still; he was lying on something, something covered with hanging stuff, I couldn't see what it was; yes, quite still. His face was so pale, and he didn't hear them say 'the king.' Fritz, Fritz, he looked as if he were dead! Where is he? Where have you let him go?"

She turned from me and her eyes flashed over the rest.

"Where is he? Why aren't you with him?" she demanded, with a sudden change of tone. "Why aren't you round him? You should be between him and danger, ready to give your lives for his. Indeed, gentlemen, you take your duty lightly."

It might be that there was little reason in her words. There appeared to be no danger threatening him, and after all he was not our king, much as we desired to make him such. Yet we did not think of any such matter. We were abashed before her reproof and took her indignation as deserved. We hung our heads, and Sapt's shame betrayed itself in the dogged sullenness of his answer.

"He has chosen to go walking, madame, and to go alone. He ordered us—I say, he ordered us not to come. Surely we are right to obey him?" The sarcastic inflection of his voice conveyed his opinion of the queen's extravagance.

"Obey him? Yes. You couldn't go with him if he forbade you. But you should follow him; you should keep him in sight."

This much she spoke in proud tones and with a disdainful manner, but then came a sudden return to her former bearing. She held out her hands towards me, wailing:

"Fritz, where is he? Is he safe? Find him for me, Fritz; find him."

"I'll find him for you if he's above ground,

madame," I cried, for her appeal touched me to the heart.

"He's no farther off than the gardens," grumbled old Sapt, still resentful of the queen's reproof and scornful of the woman's agitation. He was also out of temper with Rudolf himself, because the moon took so long in deciding whether she would make or unmake a king.

"The gardens!" she cried. "Then let us look for him. Oh, you've let him walk in the gardens alone?"

"What should harm the fellow?" muttered Sapt.

She did not hear him, for she had swept out of the room. Helga went with her, and we all followed, Sapt behind the rest of us, still very surly. I heard him grumbling away as we ran downstairs, and, having passed along the great corridor, came to the small saloon that opened on the gardens. There were no servants about, but we encountered a night-watchman, and Bernenstein snatched the lantern from the astonished man's hand.

Save for the dim light thus furnished, the room was dark. But outside the windows the moon streamed brightly down on the broad gravel walk, on the formal flower-beds, and the great trees in the gardens. The queen made straight for the window. I followed her, and, having flung the window open, stood by her. The air was sweet, and the breeze struck with grateful coolness on my face. I saw that Sapt had come near and stood on the other side of the queen. My wife and the others were behind, looking out where our shoulders left space.

There, in the bright moonlight, on the far side of the broad terrace, close by the line of tall trees that fringed its edge, we saw Rudolf Rassendyll pacing slowly up and down, with his hands behind his back and his eyes fixed on the arbiter of his fate, on her who was to make him a king or send him a fugitive from Strelsau.

"There he is, madame," said Sapt. "Safe enough!"

The queen did not answer. Sapt said no more, and of the rest of us none spoke. We stood watching him as he struggled with his great issue; a greater surely has seldom fallen to the lot of any man born in a private station. Yet I could read little of it on the face that the rays of white light displayed so clearly, although they turned his healthy tints to a dull gray, and gave unnatural sharpness to his features against the deep background of black foliage.

I heard the queen's quick breathing, but

there was scarcely another sound. I saw her clutch her gown and pull it away a little from her throat; save for that, none in the group moved. The lantern's light was too dim to force notice from Mr. Rassendyll. Unconscious of our presence, he wrestled with fate that night in the gardens.

Suddenly the faintest exclamation came from Sapt. He put his hand back and beckoned to Bernenstein. The young man handed his lantern to the constable, who set it close to the side of the window-frame. The queen, absolutely engrossed in her lover, saw nothing, but I perceived what had caught Sapt's attention. There were scores on the paint and indentations in the wood, just at the edge of the panel and near the lock. I glanced at Sapt, who nodded his head. It looked very much as though somebody had tried to force the door that night, employing a knife which had dented the woodwork and scratched the paint. The least thing was enough to alarm us, standing where we stood, and the constable's face was full of suspicion. Who had sought an entrance? It could be no trained and practised house-breaker; he would have had better tools.

But now our attention was again diverted. Rudolf stopped short. He still looked for a moment at the sky, then his glance dropped to the ground at his feet. A second later he jerked his head—it was bare, and I saw the dark red hair stir with the movement—like a man who has settled something which caused him a puzzle. In an instant we knew, by the quick intuition of contagious emotion, that the question had found its answer. He was by now king or a fugitive. The Lady of the Skies had given her decision. The thrill ran through us; I felt the queen draw herself together at my side; I felt the muscles of Rischenheim's arm which rested against my shoulder grow rigid and taut. Sapt's face was full of eagerness, and he gnawed his mustache savagely. We gathered closer to one another. At last we could bear the suspense no longer. With one look at the queen and another at me, Sapt stepped on to the gravel. He would go and learn the answer; thus the unendurable strain that had stretched us like tortured men on a rack would be relieved. The queen did not answer his glance, nor even seem to see that he had moved. Her eyes were still all for Mr. Rassendyll, her thoughts buried in his; for her happiness was in his hands and lay poised on the issue of that decision whose momentousness held him for a moment mo-

tionless on the path. Often I seem to see him as he stood there, tall, straight, and stately, the king a man's fancy paints when he reads of great monarchs who flourished long ago in the springtime of the world.

Sapt's step crunched on the gravel. Rudolf heard it and turned his head. He saw Sapt, and he saw me also behind Sapt. He smiled composedly and brightly, but he did not move from where he was. He held out both hands towards the constable and caught him in their double grasp, still smiling down in his face. I was no nearer to reading his decision, though I saw that he had reached a resolution that was immovable and gave peace to his soul. If he meant to go on he would go on now, on to the end, without a backward look or a falter of his foot; if he had chosen the other way, he would depart without a murmur or a hesitation. The queen's quick breathing had ceased, she seemed like a statue; but Rischenheim moved impatiently, as though he could no longer endure the waiting.

Sapt's voice came harsh and grating.

"Well?" he cried. "Which is it to be—backwards or forward?"

Rudolf pressed his hands and looked into his eyes. The answer asked but a word from him. The queen caught my arm; her rigid limbs seemed to give way, and she would have fallen if I had not supported her. At the same instant a man sprang out of the dark line of tall trees, directly behind Mr. Rassendyll. Bernenstein uttered a loud startled cry and rushed forward, pushing the queen herself violently out of his path. His hand flew to his side, and he ripped the heavy cavalry sword that belonged to his uniform of the Cuirassiers of the Guard from its sheath. I saw it flash in the moonlight, but its flash was quenched in a brighter short blaze. A shot rang out through the quiet gardens. Mr. Rassendyll did not loose his hold of Sapt's hands, but he sank slowly on to his knees. Sapt seemed paralyzed. Again Bernenstein cried out. It was a name this time.

"Bauer! By God, Bauer!" he cried.

In an instant he was across the path and by the trees. The assassin fired again, but now he missed. We saw the great sword flash high above Bernenstein's head and heard it whistle through the air. It crashed on the crown of Bauer's head, and he fell like a log to the ground with his skull split. The queen's hold on me relaxed; she sank into Rischenheim's arms. I ran forward and knelt by Mr. Rassendyll. He still held Sapt's

hands, and by their help buoyed himself up. But when he saw me he let go of them and sank back against me, his head resting on my chest. He moved his lips, but seemed unable to speak. He was shot through the back. Bauer had avenged the master whom he loved, and was gone to meet him.

There was a sudden stir from inside the palace. Shutters were flung back and windows thrown open. The group we made stood clean-cut, plainly visible, in the moonlight. A moment later there was a rush of eager feet, and we were surrounded by officers and servants. Bernenstein stood by me now, leaning on his sword; Sapt had not uttered a word; his face was distorted with horror and bitterness. Rudolf's eyes were closed and his head lay back against me.

"A man has shot the king," said I, in bald, stupid explanation.

All at once I found James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, by me.

"I have sent for doctors, my lord," he said. "Come, let us carry him in."

He, Sapt, and I lifted Rudolf and bore him across the gravel terrace and into the little saloon. We passed the queen. She was leaning on Rischenheim's arm, and held my wife's hand. We laid Rudolf down on a couch. Outside I heard Bernenstein say, "Pick up that fellow and carry him somewhere out of sight." Then he also came in, followed by a crowd. He sent them all to the door, and we were left alone, waiting for the surgeon. The queen came up, Rischenheim still supporting her.

"Rudolf! Rudolf!" she whispered, very softly.

He opened his eyes, and his lips bent in a smile. She flung herself on her knees and kissed his hand passionately.

"The surgeon will be here directly," said I.

Rudolf's eyes had been on the queen. As I spoke he looked up at me, smiled again, and shook his head. I turned away.

When the surgeon came, Sapt and I assisted him in his examination. The queen had been led away, and we were alone. The examination was very short. Then we carried Rudolf to a bed; the nearest chanced to be in Bernenstein's room; there we laid him, and there all that could be done for him was done. All this time we had asked no questions of the surgeon, and he had given no information. We knew too well to ask: we had all seen men die before now, and the look on the face was familiar to us. Two or three more doctors, the most eminent in Strelsau, came now, having been hastily sum-

moned. It was their right to be called; but, for all the good they were, they might have been left to sleep the night out in their beds. They drew together in a little group at the end of the room and talked for a few minutes in low tones. James lifted his master's head and gave him a drink of water. Rudolf swallowed it with difficulty. Then I saw him feebly press James's hand, for the little man's face was full of sorrow. As his master smiled the servant mustered a smile in answer.

I crossed over to the doctors.

"Well, gentlemen?" I asked.

They looked at one another, then the greatest of them said gravely:

"The king may live an hour, Count Fritz. Should you not send for a priest?"

I went straight back to Rudolf Rassendyll. His eyes greeted me and questioned me. He was a man, and I played no silly tricks with him. I bent down and said:

"An hour, they think, Rudolf."

He made one restless movement, whether of pain or protest I do not know. Then he spoke, very low, slowly, and with difficulty.

"Then they can go," he said; and when I spoke of a priest he shook his head.

I went back to them and asked if anything more could be done. The answer was nothing; but I could not prevail further than to get all save one sent into an adjoining room; he who remained seated himself at a table some way off. Rudolf's eyes had closed again; old Sapt, who had not once spoken since the shot was fired, raised a haggard face to mine.

"We'd better fetch her to him," he said hoarsely. I nodded my head.

Sapt went while I stayed by him. Bernenstein came to him, bent down, and kissed his hand. The young fellow, who had borne himself with such reckless courage and dash throughout the affair, was quite unmanned now, and the tears were rolling down his face. I could have been much in the same plight, but I would not before Mr. Rassendyll. He smiled at Bernenstein. Then he said to me:

"Is she coming, Fritz?"

"Yes, she's coming, sire," I answered.

He noticed the style of my address; a faint amused gleam shot into his languid eyes.

"Well, for an hour, then," he murmured, and lay back on his pillows.

She came, dry-eyed, calm, and queenly. We all drew back, and she knelt down by his bed, holding his hand in her two hands. Presently the hand stirred; she let it go;

then, knowing well what he wanted, she raised it herself and placed it on her head, while she bowed her face to the bed. His hand wandered for the last time over the gleaming hair that he had loved so well. She rose, passed her arm about his shoulders, and kissed his lips. Her face rested close to his, and he seemed to speak to her, but we could not have heard the words even if we would. So they remained for a long while.

The doctor came and felt his pulse, retreating afterwards with close-shut lips. We drew a little nearer, for we knew that he would not be long with us now. Suddenly strength seemed to come upon him. He raised himself in his bed, and spoke in distinct tones.

"God has decided," he said. "I've tried to do the right thing through it all. Sapt, and Bernenstein, and you, old Fritz, shake my hand. No, don't kiss it. We've done with pretense now."

We shook his hand as he bade us. Then he took the queen's hand. Again she knew his mind, and moved it to his lips.

"In life and in death, my sweet queen," he murmured.

And thus he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMING OF THE DREAM.

THERE is little need, and I have little heart, to dwell on what followed the death of Mr. Rassendyll. The plans we had laid to secure his tenure of the throne, in case he had accepted it, served well in the event of his death. Bauer's lips were forever sealed; the old woman was too scared and appalled to hint even to her gossips at the suspicions she entertained. Rischenheim was loyal to the pledge he had given to the queen. The ashes of the hunting-lodge held their secret fast, and none suspected when the charred body which was called Rudolf Rassendyll's was laid to quiet rest in the graveyard of the town of Zenda, hard by the tomb of Herbert the forester. For we had from the first rejected any idea of bringing the king's body to Strelsau and setting it in the place of Mr. Rassendyll's. The difficulties of such an undertaking were almost insuperable; in our hearts we did not desire to conquer them. As a king Rudolf Rassendyll had died, as a king let him lie. As a king he lay in his palace at Strelsau, while the news of his murder at the hands of a confederate of Ru-

pert of Hentzau went forth to startle and appall the world. At a mighty price our task had been made easy; many might have doubted the living, none questioned the dead; suspicions which might have gathered round a throne died away at the gate of a vault. The king was dead. Who would ask if it were in truth the king who lay in state in the great hall of the palace, or whether the humble grave at Zenda held the bones of the last male Elphberg? In the silence of the grave all murmurs and questionings were hushed.

Throughout the day people had been passing and repassing through the great hall. There, on a stately bier surmounted by a crown and the drooping folds of the royal banner, lay Rudolf Rassendyll. The highest officer guarded him; in the cathedral the archbishop said a mass for his soul. He had lain there three days; the evening of the third had come, and early on the morrow he was to be buried. There is a little gallery in the hall, that looks down on the spot where the bier stood; here was I on this evening, and with me Queen Flavia. We were alone together, and together we saw beneath us the calm face of the dead man. He was clad in the white uniform in which he had been crowned; the ribbon of the Red Rose was across his breast. His hand held a true red rose, fresh and fragrant; Flavia herself had set it there, that even in death he might not miss the chosen token of her love. I had not spoken to her, nor she to me, since we came there. We watched the pomp round him, and the circles of people that came to bring a wreath for him or to look upon his face. I saw a girl come and kneel long at the bier's foot. She rose and went away sobbing, leaving a little circlet of flowers. It was Rosa Holf. I saw women come and go weeping, and men bite their lips as they passed by. Rischenheim came, pale-faced and troubled; and while all came and went, there, immovable, with drawn sword, in military stiffness, old Sapt stood at the head of the bier, his eyes set steadily in front of him, and his body never stirring from hour to hour through the long day.

A distant faint hum of voices reached us. The queen laid her hand on my arm.

"It is the dream, Fritz," she said. "Hark! They speak of the king; they speak in low voices and with grief, but they call him king. It's what I saw in the dream. But he does not hear nor heed. No, he can't hear nor heed even when I call him my king."

A sudden impulse came on me, and I turned to her, asking: "What had he decided, madame? Would he have been king?"

She started a little.

"He didn't tell me," she answered, "and I didn't think of it while he spoke to me."

"Of what then did he speak, madame?"

"Only of his love—of nothing but his love, Fritz," she answered.

Well, I take it that when a man comes to die, love is more to him than a kingdom: it may be, if we could see truly, that it is more to him even while he lives.

"Of nothing but his great love for me, Fritz," she said again. "And my love brought him to his death."

"He wouldn't have had it otherwise," said I.

"No," she whispered; and she leant over the parapet of the gallery, stretching out her arms to him. But he lay still and quiet, not hearing and not heeding when she murmured, "My king! my king!" It was even as it had been in the dream.

That night James, the servant, took leave of his dead master and of us. He carried to England by word of mouth—for we dared write nothing down—the truth concerning the King of Ruritania and Mr. Rassendyll. It was to be told to the Earl of Burlesdon, Rudolf's brother, under a pledge of secrecy; and to this day the earl is the only man besides ourselves who knows the story. His errand done, James returned in order to enter the queen's service, in which he still is; and he told us that when Lord Burlesdon had heard the story he sat silent for a great while, and then said:

"He did well. Some day I will visit his grave. Tell her Majesty that there is still a Rassendyll, if she has need of one."

The offer was such as should come from a man of Rudolf's name, yet I trust that the queen needs no further service than such as it is our humble duty and dear delight to render her. It is our part to strive to lighten the burden that she bears, and by our love to assuage her undying grief. For she reigns now in Ruritania alone, the last of all the Elphbergs; and her only joy is to talk of Mr. Rassendyll with those few who knew him, her only hope that she may some day be with him again.

In great pomp we laid him to his rest in the vault of the kings of Ruritania in the Cathedral of Strelsau. There he lies among the princes of the House of Elphberg. I think that if there be indeed any conscious-

ness among the dead, or any knowledge of what passes in the world they have left, they should be proud to call him brother. There rises in memory of him a stately monument, and people point it out to one another as the memorial of King Rudolf. I go often to the spot, and recall in thought all that passed when he came the first time to Zenda, and again on his second coming. For I mourn him as a man mourns a trusted leader and a loved comrade, and I should have asked no better than to be allowed to serve him all my days. Yet I serve the queen, and in that I do most truly serve her lover.

Times change for all of us. The roaring flood of youth goes by, and the stream of life sinks to a quiet flow. Sapt is an old man now; soon my sons will be grown up, men enough themselves to serve Queen Flavia. Yet the memory of Rudolf Rassendyll is fresh to me as on the day he died, and the vision of the death of Rupert of Hentzau dances often before my eyes. It may be that some day the whole story shall be told, and men shall judge of it for themselves. To me it seems now as though all had ended well. I must not be misunderstood: my heart is still sore for the loss of him. But we saved the queen's fair fame, and to Rudolf himself the fatal stroke came as a relief from a choice too difficult: on the one side lay what impaired his own honor, on the other what threatened hers. As I think on this my anger at his death is less, though my grief cannot be. To this day I know not how he chose; no, and I don't know how he should have chosen. Yet he had chosen, for his face was calm and clear.

Come, I have thought so much of him that I will go now and stand before his monument, taking with me my last-born son, a little lad of ten. He is not too young to desire to serve the queen, and not too young to learn to love and reverence him who sleeps there in the vault and was in his life the noblest gentleman I have known.

I will take the boy with me and tell him what I may of brave King Rudolf, how he fought and how he loved, and how he held the queen's honor and his own above all things in this world. The boy is not too young to learn such lessons from the life of Mr. Rassendyll. And while we stand there I will turn again into his native tongue—for, alas, the young rogue loves his toy soldiers better than his Latin!—the inscription that the queen wrote with her own hand, directing that it should be inscribed in that stately tongue over the tomb in which her life lies buried. “To Rudolf, who reigned lately in this city, and reigns for ever in her heart.—QUEEN FLAVIA.”

I told him the meaning, and he spelt the big words over in his childish voice; at first he stumbled, but the second time he had it right, and recited with a little touch of awe in his fresh young tones:

RUDOLFO
Qui in hac civitate nuper regnavit
In corde ipsius in æternum regnat
FLAVIA REGINA.

I felt his hand tremble in mine, and he looked up in my face.

“God save the Queen, father,” said he.

THE END.

THE FIGHTING STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES.

BY F. W. HEWES.

IN view of the war with Spain and the possibility presented by it of difficulties with other European nations, it becomes interesting to consider how the United States compare with the various nations of Europe in general power to prosecute and sustain war. Of course, in the matter of standing armies and permanent equipment—in everyday readiness for war—several European nations are better off than the United States; and in the earlier stages of a war, readiness is undoubtedly an advantage. But

it is not the only item, and in a long and general war it would not be the most important item, in what may be called a nation's war potential: that is, the assemblage and sum of all the resources upon which a nation must draw in the conduct and support of a war. Only by comparing them in the whole of their several war potentials, in the sum of their resources for war, can we come at any just determination of the relative capacities of the United States and the nations of Europe to cope with each other.

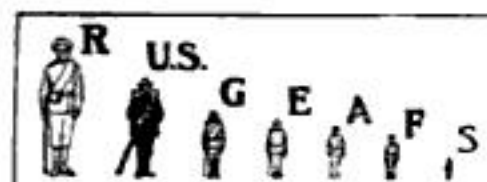


ILLUSTRATION NO. 1.

National quotas if nine per cent of population were called into service: Russia, 8,700,000; United States, 6,600,000; Germany, 4,700,000; England, 3,800,000; Austria, 3,700,000; France, 3,400,000; Spain, 1,600,000.

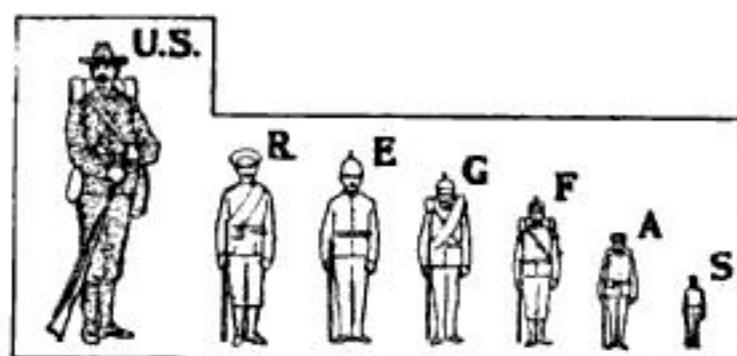


ILLUSTRATION NO. 2.

National quotas when equipped in proportion to national resources: United States, 20,500,000; Russia, 13,500,000; England, 13,200,000; Germany, 11,300,000; France, 11,000,000; Austria, 7,400,000; Spain, 3,900,000.

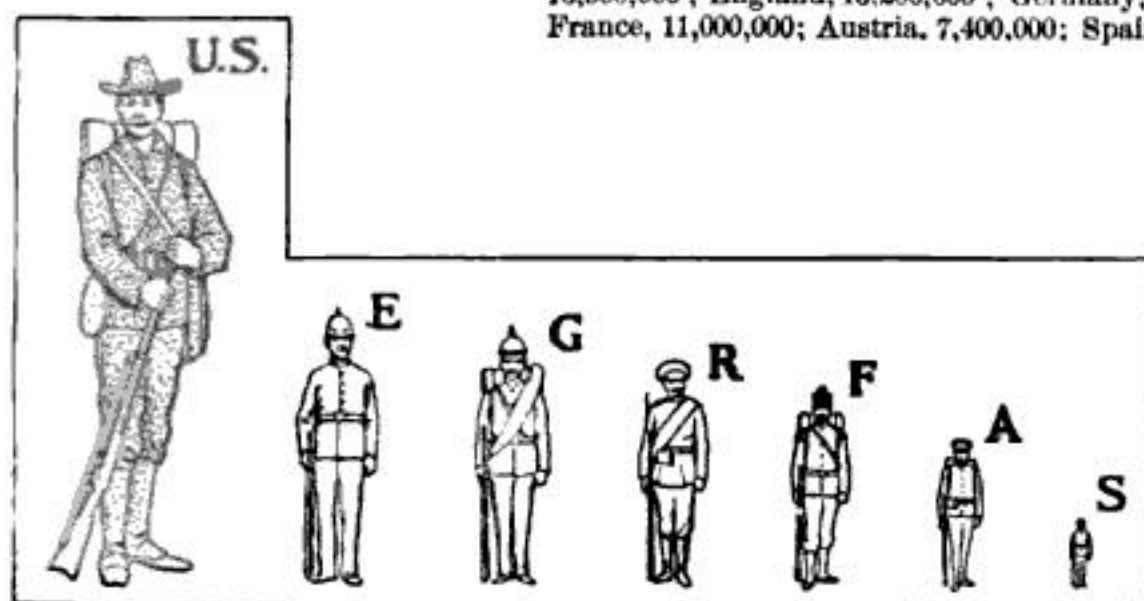


ILLUSTRATION NO. 3.

National quotas with additions made for relative equipment and relative efficiency: United States, 35,500,000; England, 22,000,000; Germany, 16,100,000; Russia, 15,700,000; France, 13,800,000; Austria, 9,250,000; Spain, 4,700,000.

It is such a comparison that is herein undertaken.*

Naturally, the first measure is that of numerical strength. According to the official reports on file at the War Department, as interpreted by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton, 5th Artillery, U. S. Army, the full military organization of Germany, on a war footing, including the first and second reserves, is nine per cent. of the total population. Adopting this percentage as the standard of what it is fairly possible to derive in soldiery from a given national population, and applying it to

* Most of the data used as the basis of comparison are derived from the eminent English statistician, M. G. Mulhall, and are, therefore, presumably very trustworthy; they especially cannot be suspected of unjustly favoring the United States. Mr. Mulhall's figures, however, bring the records down to only 1887-1890; and therefore miss the continued advancement of the United States since those dates. Such figures as are drawn from other sources are especially credited to those sources. In comparisons of industries and financial conditions, England means the United Kingdom, Russia means European Russia.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 4.

Production of pig iron (in tons) in the United States and England.

the United States, England, France, Austria, Russia, as well as to Germany, and also to Spain, and we have the result shown in Illustration No. 1.†

By this it is readily seen that, if each nation were to call out the full nine per cent. of its population, only Russia would

outrank the United States in the number of recruits secured for military service. Germany, England, Austria, France, and Spain would all fall below us, in the order named.

This, however, is the showing on a mere count of individuals, and compares only the unequipped and unorganized quotas of the several powers. In civilized nations there are two physical factors in military force—en-

rolled men and equipment. By equipment is meant clothing, food, shelter, accoutrements, and armament of both land and naval forces. A thousand men well fed, clothed, sheltered, and armed may easily be a match, as a mere physical force only, for two or three times their number, half starved, poorly clad and sheltered, and provided with inferior arms and accoutrements. The next step, then, is to compare the several armies after they have all been presumably equipped according to the relative resources of their respective nations.

That nation which has the largest wealth per capita is, other things being equal, in the position to most efficiently equip its army and navy; and among the nations chosen for this comparison that nation is England. The one having the

† In this comparison, England means the United Kingdom and Canada; under France and Spain none of their colonies are included; and Russia means simply European Russia. In most cases, colonies and dependencies are practically nations by themselves, and are properly left out of the comparison.

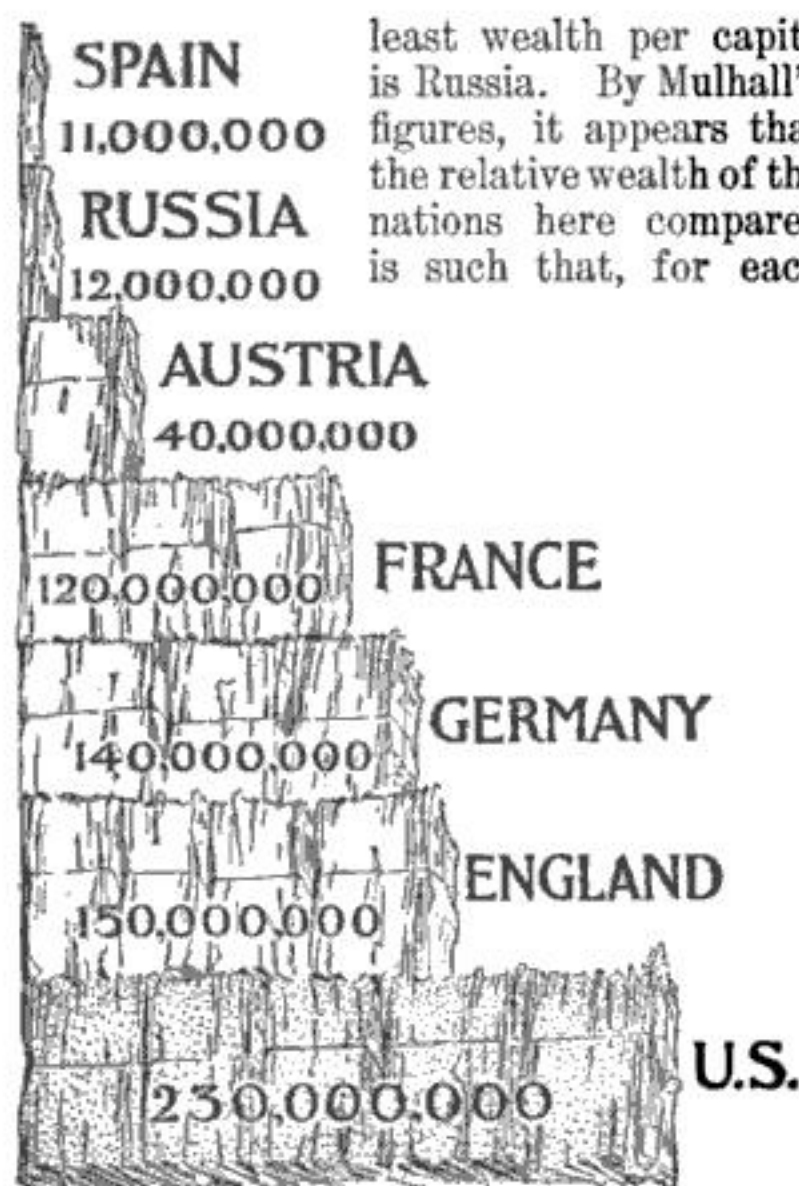


ILLUSTRATION NO. 5.

Monthly issues of newspapers.

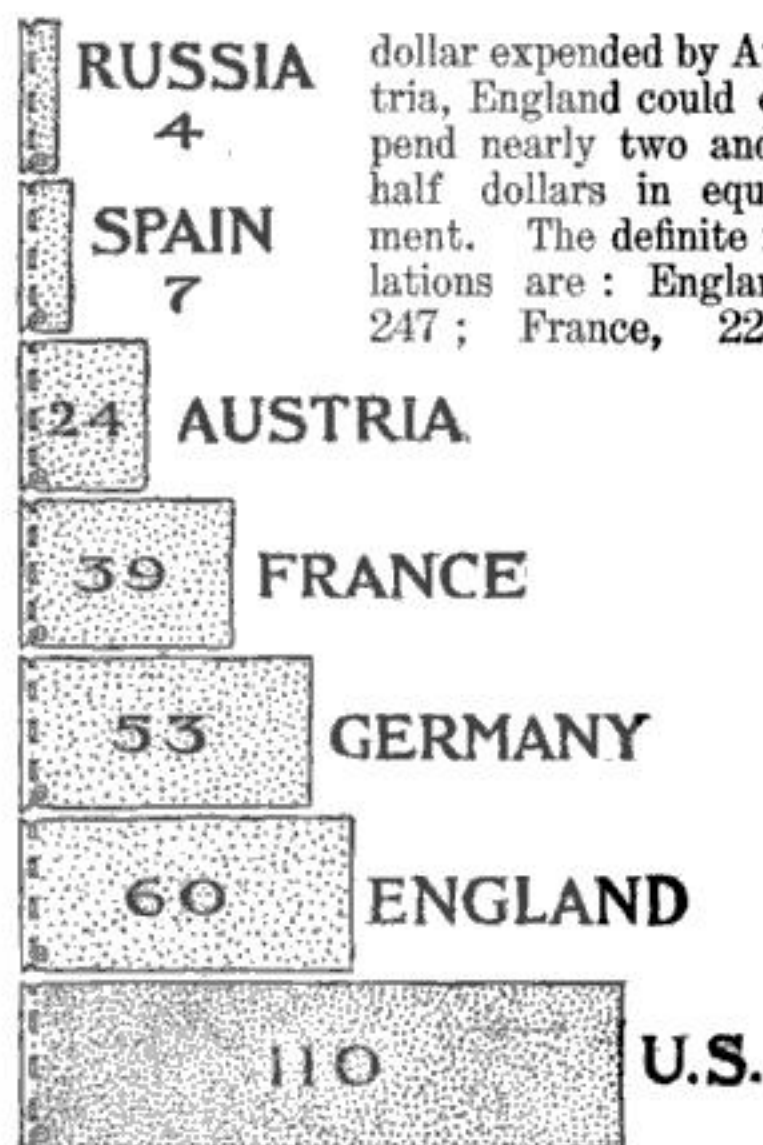


ILLUSTRATION NO. 6.

Post-Office Business.—Letters, papers, and parcels for each inhabitant.

least wealth per capita is Russia. By Mulhall's figures, it appears that the relative wealth of the nations here compared is such that, for each

United States, 210; Spain, 148; Germany, 140; Austria, 99; Russia, 55.

Now, assuming that at a wealth per capita represented by 100, the efficiency of the original national quota will be doubled by equipment, and increasing the equivalent of each of the original quotas, according to the ratios of per capita wealth indicated in Mulhall's figures, we arrive at the relative physical power of the several national armies. The result of this second step in the investigation is presented in Illustration No. 2.

England and Austria have almost equal original quotas as shown in Illustration No. 1. But as Austria's relative wealth is almost exactly one hundred, while England's is nearly two hundred and fifty, Austria's increase by reason of equipment is much less than that of England. England's three million, eight hundred thousand raw recruits have, by her superior equipment, become equivalent to thirteen million, two hundred thousand; and instead of occupying fourth place, as in the mere count of enrollment, she now occupies third place. Russia takes second place instead of first; and the United States, with an equivalent raised from six million, six hundred thousand to twenty million, five hundred thousand, takes first place, and is seven millions ahead of her closest competitor.

Thus far the respective armies are only collected and equipped. They are yet to be organized, drilled, and operated. They will be efficient in actual service exactly according to the intellectual or mental power and potential energy of the nation from which they are drawn. How can this element be measured? We get a very fair indication of it by comparing the relative national industrial advancement resulting from the application of steady, far-sighted intelligence. Another fair indication is had in a comparison of the numbers of newspapers and periodicals published and circulated; and yet another in a comparison of the amount of mail matter transported and distributed. Each of these is important; but back of them all, and giving the initial impulse to each of them, is the general educational policy of a nation and its practical, actual application. Of this the most available measure is the per capita expenditure of each nation for educational purposes. Ratios of such expenditures are given in the report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States for all the nations taken into our comparison, except Spain and Austria. No figures are given for Spain, and those for Austria are incomplete. The ratios for those two countries are therefore

estimated from Mulhall's records of newspaper issues and post-office business. The several ratios as thus ascertained are: United States, 228; England, 132; Germany, 103; France, 81; Spain, 50; Austria, 50; Russia, 26.

Assuming here, as in the matter of national wealth, that a per capita expenditure for educational purposes represented by 100 doubles the efficiency of the original quota, and adding accordingly, for each nation, to the total obtained by allowing for equipment and shown in Illustration No. 2, the result exhibited in Illustration No. 3 is obtained.

The position of the United States becomes, under this third comparison, so preëminent, that one almost doubts if the ground of the comparison is justly chosen. But we come to practically the same result if we employ other and more special comparisons. Thus it is a fair proposition that it takes sagacity and mental energy—that is, brain power—to persistently accumulate wealth, to rapidly reduce indebtedness, and to make persistent and rapid comparative industrial progress in the face of established and ascendant competition. Among European nations, England has most persistently accumulated wealth; she has steadily reduced her indebtedness, and has held the highest industrial position. Thus, during the thirty years between 1860 and 1890, England's accumulated wealth almost doubled. During the same period, however, the accumulated wealth of the United States almost quadrupled. Between 1880 and 1890, England's indebtedness per capita diminished until, from being \$102.52, it became only \$87.79. But in 1880 the debt per capita of the United States was only \$38.33, and it constantly lessened, so that in 1890 it was down to \$14.63. This is the comparison for a recent ten years of normal conditions. But the result becomes still more decisive in favor of the United States if we extend the term of the comparison; for back in 1867, at the close of the War, the debt per capita of the United States was \$69.26, and in 1893 it was only \$12.55. Of the relative standing of the two countries in general industrial progress we have a very fair index in Illustration No. 4, which shows the progress made in each in the production of pig iron. A comparison of them in the items of woolen and cotton manufactures results no less—indeed, rather more—to the credit of the United States. Other comparisons, of similar character, embracing the whole seven nations, all tending to exhibit their relations

in this one respect of mental quality and energy, and all enforcing the pre-eminence

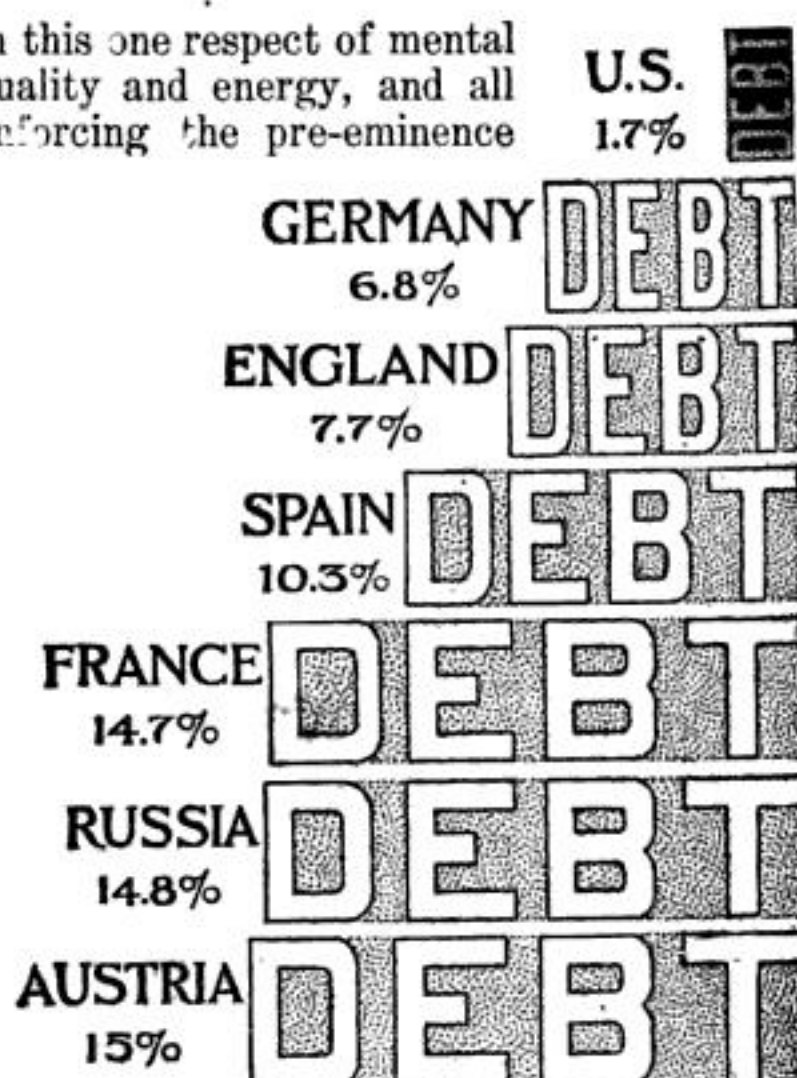


ILLUSTRATION NO. 7.

Percentage of national debt to national wealth.

of the United States, are made in the illustrations numbered from 5 to 12, both inclusive; in view of all which, the advantage enjoyed by the United States in Illustration No. 3 seems to be more than justified.

So far the national military forces have been compared individually, nation with nation. Suppose now that there were a combination of the greater European nations against the United

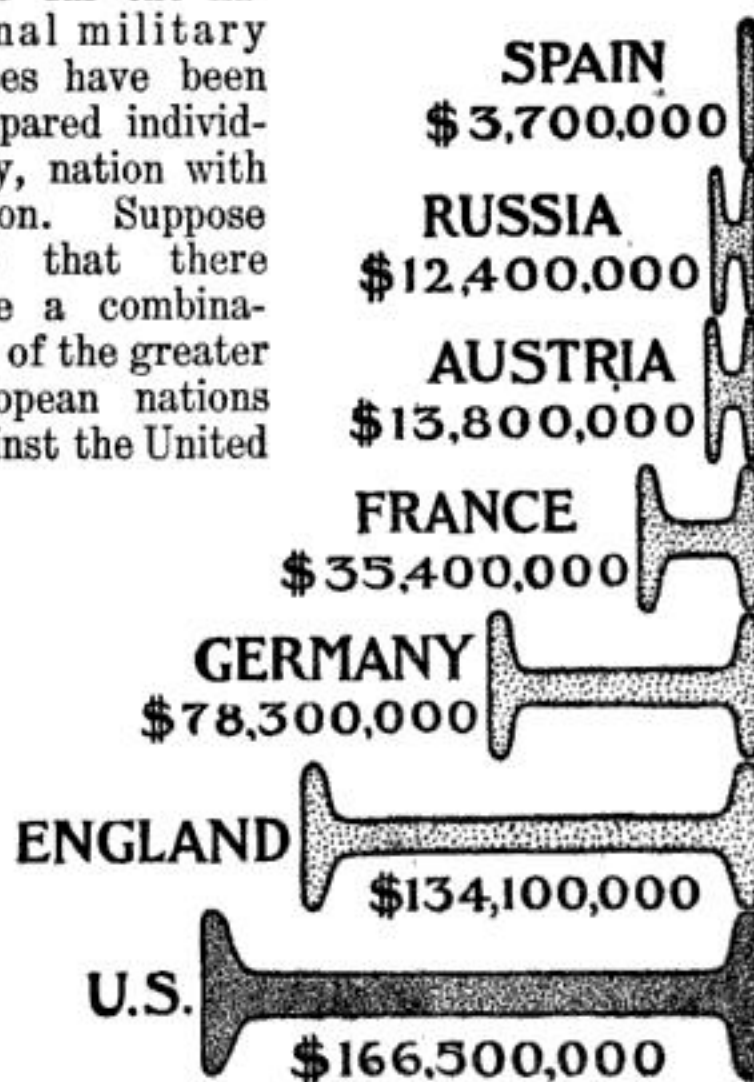


ILLUSTRATION NO. 8.

Value of iron and steel manufactures.

States, what position of relative strength would we occupy? To answer this question let us go back again to Illustration No. 3, and combine the six European armies into one great military force. This done, the result appears in Illustration No. 13; and it is readily seen that, under normal military conditions, the six great European powers combined greatly overmatch the United States.

If, however, these European armies were to attack the United States, the United States forces would have the advantage of defensive operations, and that under the greatly favoring condition of having one compact territory to defend, unembarrassed by outlying islands or detached portions. The advantage of defensive operations is usually estimated as at least two to one. Indeed, it is estimated that in the Civil War the aggregate number of soldiers enrolled in the Confederate army was less than half the number enrolled in the Union army; and yet, with poorer equipment, they stubbornly resisted the attacking forces of Union troops for four long years. For the sake, however, of keeping well within bounds, let us subtract only forty per cent., instead of fifty, from the total efficiency of the attacking forces, as the advantage of the United States from being on the defensive only, and we have the result shown in Illustration No. 14.

It still appears that the six European nations overmatch the United States. But this estimate, it is to be considered, presupposes that each army is operating with its base of supplies equally convenient to its field of action. In this instance the attacking force would be three thousand miles by water from its base of supplies; while the defensive army would have its source of support immediately at hand, with the most comprehensive system of railways in the world, to gather and distribute the largest supplies of food and other products on the face of the globe.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 9.

Value of live stock (cattle, horses, sheep, and swine) per capita.



ILLUSTRATION NO. 10.

Meat production (beef, mutton, and pork), pounds per capita.

These conditions would give the army of the United States an additional advantage quite as great as that of ordinary defense. Allowing now for this, the attacking force shrinks in equivalents to the proportion presented in Illustration No. 15; and the United States become a full match for the combined armies of the six great European powers, without taking into account the fact that the six powers would, if combined to act together to crush the United States, still have their individual interests to serve, which would yet further decrease their effectiveness, if it did not actually result in turning them against each other.

There are other significant items, that, while not showing great preponderance in favor of the United States, are yet worthy of mention. These are the physique and vitality of the men who would compose the

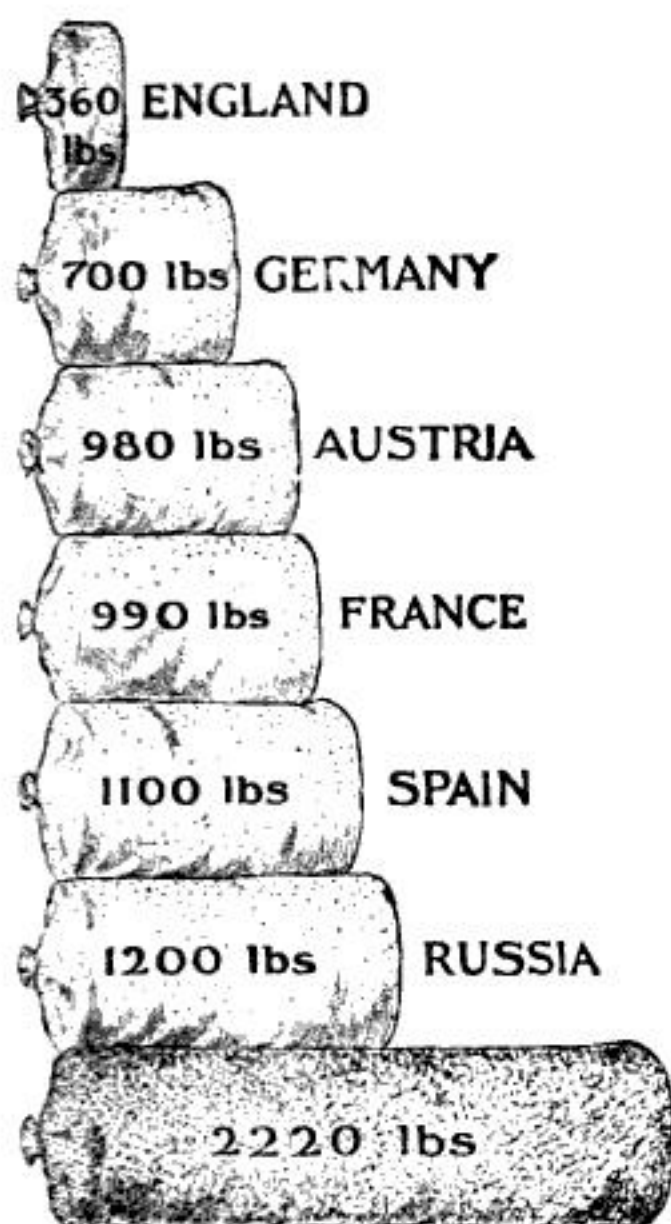
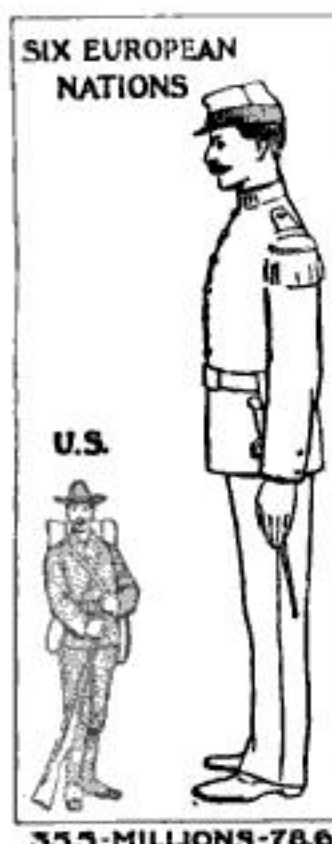


ILLUSTRATION NO. 11.

Grain production—pounds per capita.

armies. Dr. Gould, who investigated the physical condition of the soldiers constituting the armies of the United States in 1863 (during our Civil War), gives the average height of those born in this country as 67.8 inches (5 feet 7.8 inches); of those born in Canada, seven-tenths of an inch less; of those born in Ireland, eight-tenths of an inch less; of those born in England and Germany, one and one-tenth inches less; of those born in France, one and three-tenths inches less; and of those born in Spain, one and seven-tenths inches less.

Whether this superior physical development of the men of American birth is at the expense of vitality is indicated, in part at least, by Mulhall, whose figures make the expectation of life of males at thirty years of age 35.3 years if born in the United



35.5-MILLIONS-78.6

ILLUSTRATION
NO. 13.

35.5-MILLIONS-46.7

ILLUSTRATION
NO. 14.

35.5-MILLIONS-28.0

ILLUSTRATION
NO. 15.

STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES, IN COMPARISON WITH THE SIX EUROPEAN NATIONS COMBINED.

In No. 13 the conditions are equal for all the nations. In No. 14 the United States have the advantage of operating on the defensive, and in No. 15 is added to this the further advantage of having their enemy 3,000 miles from his base of supplies.

of but 32.1, and natives of Belgium an expectation of but 31.2 years.

It is of interest in this connection to inquire into the respective abilities of the

United States and England to sustain an independent existence were either to be completely blockaded by opposing forces. The group of comparisons given in the Illustrations 4 to 17, inclusive, presents a vivid picture of the ability of the United States to sustain an isolated existence. This country could subsist abundantly were all the other land area of the whole world sunk beneath the waves of a universal ocean. On the other hand, were England shut out from commerce with the world at large, her existence would be but brief unless she learned to live on very short rations. In 1860,

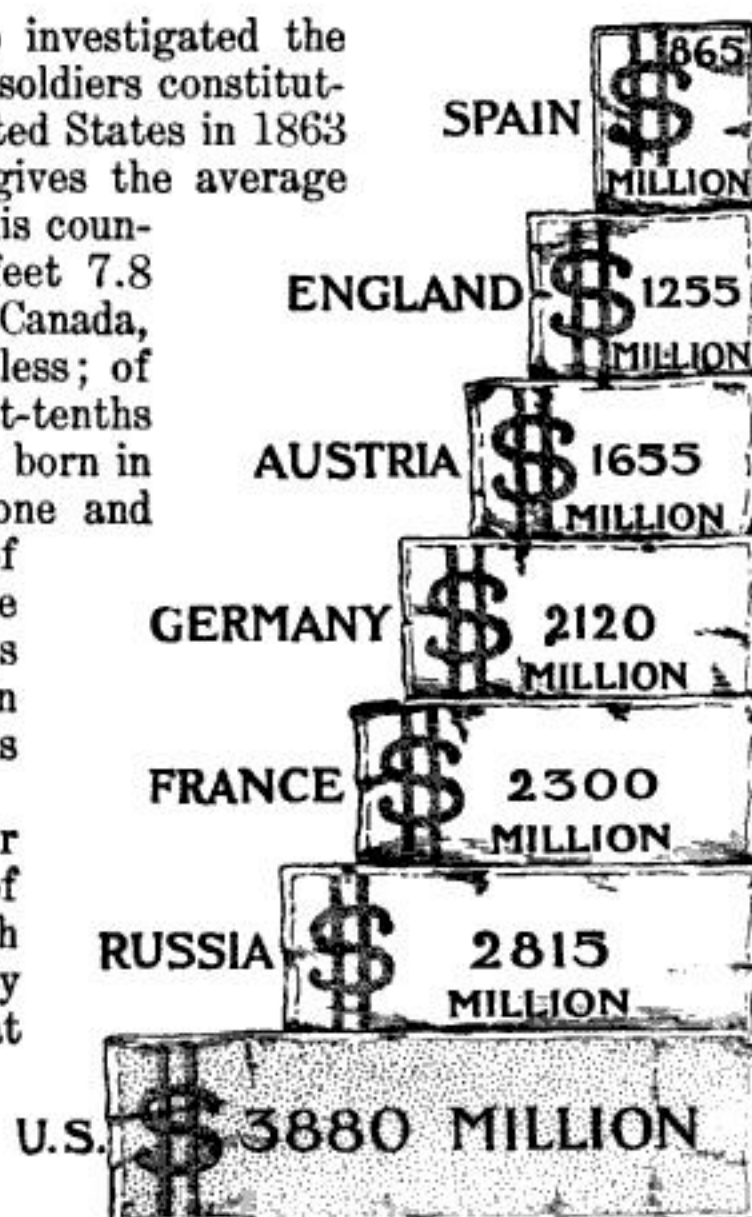


ILLUSTRATION NO. 12.

Total agricultural production.

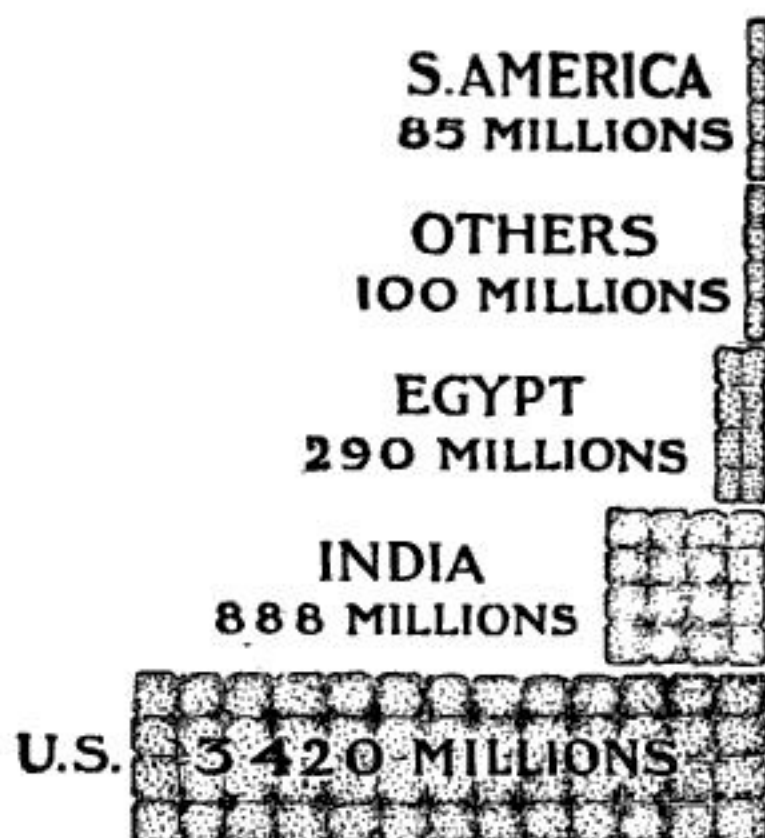


ILLUSTRATION NO. 16.

Raw cotton production of the world in pounds.

England imported seven per cent. of all the meat she consumed and thirty-three per cent. of all the wheat. Since then the proportion of both imported has continually increased; so that in 1889 thirty-nine per cent. of the meat consumed, and sixty-nine per cent. of the wheat, was imported. To reduce England's meat supply to sixty-one per cent. and her bread (wheat) supply to thirty-one per cent. of present consumption, would be to compel starvation for a very large share of her population.

There is much talk latterly of alliances, defensive or offensive or both, between the United States and Great Britain. If such an alliance came to pass, and the United States and Great Britain were pitted against a combination of Germany, France, Austria, Russia, and Spain, how would the war potential figure out for the respective



ILLUSTRATION NO. 17.

sides in so mighty an array? Under this assumption, in place of Illustration No. 13, there appears Illustration No. 18; and in the place of Illustration No. 14, Illustration No. 19. And now comes up the question whether, in the succeeding contest, the Continental al-

liance would make its attack on England or on the United States, or whether, by a division of forces, it would attack both at once.

Illustration No. 20 presents a comparison of the relative strengths were the attack made on England. In that event the equivalents of the American-English side are diminished from the proportions of Illustrations No. 18 and No. 19, since the equivalent of the United States would be reduced by forty per cent., for the reason that the United States forces, operating three thousand miles from their base of supplies, would be at the same disadvantage as would European forces operating on this side of the ocean. It is seen that the preponderance of military force would, even in that event,

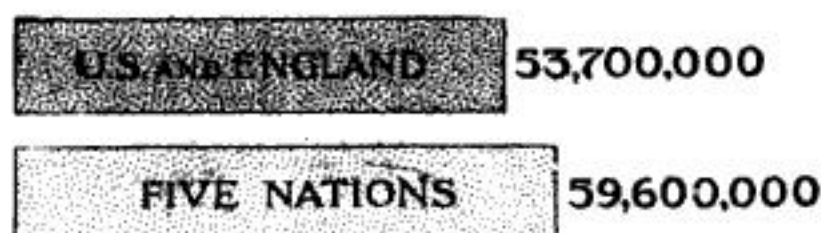


ILLUSTRATION NO. 18.

Conditions equal for all nations.

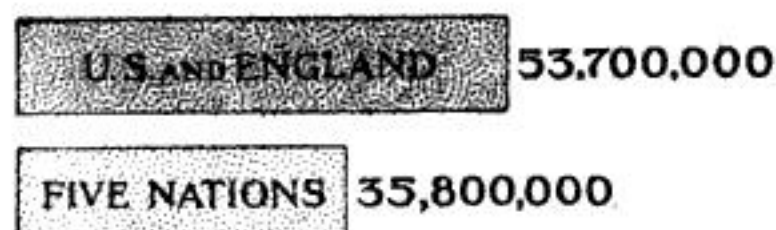


ILLUSTRATION NO. 19.

United States and England on the defensive; supplies equally convenient to all.

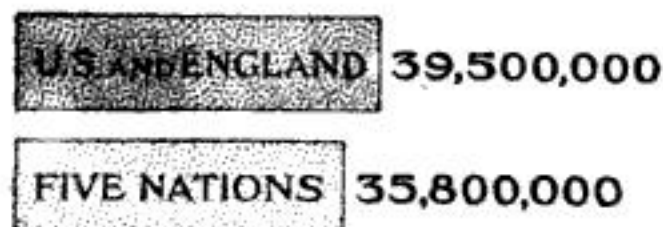


ILLUSTRATION NO. 20.

United States and England on the defensive, the attack being on England.

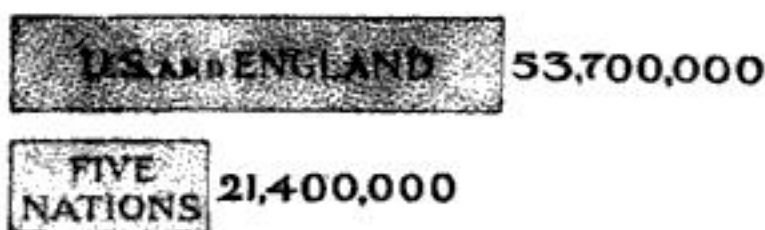


ILLUSTRATION NO. 21.

United States and England on the defensive, the attack being on the United States.

COMBINED STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND IN COMPARISON WITH FIVE CONTINENTAL NATIONS COMBINED.

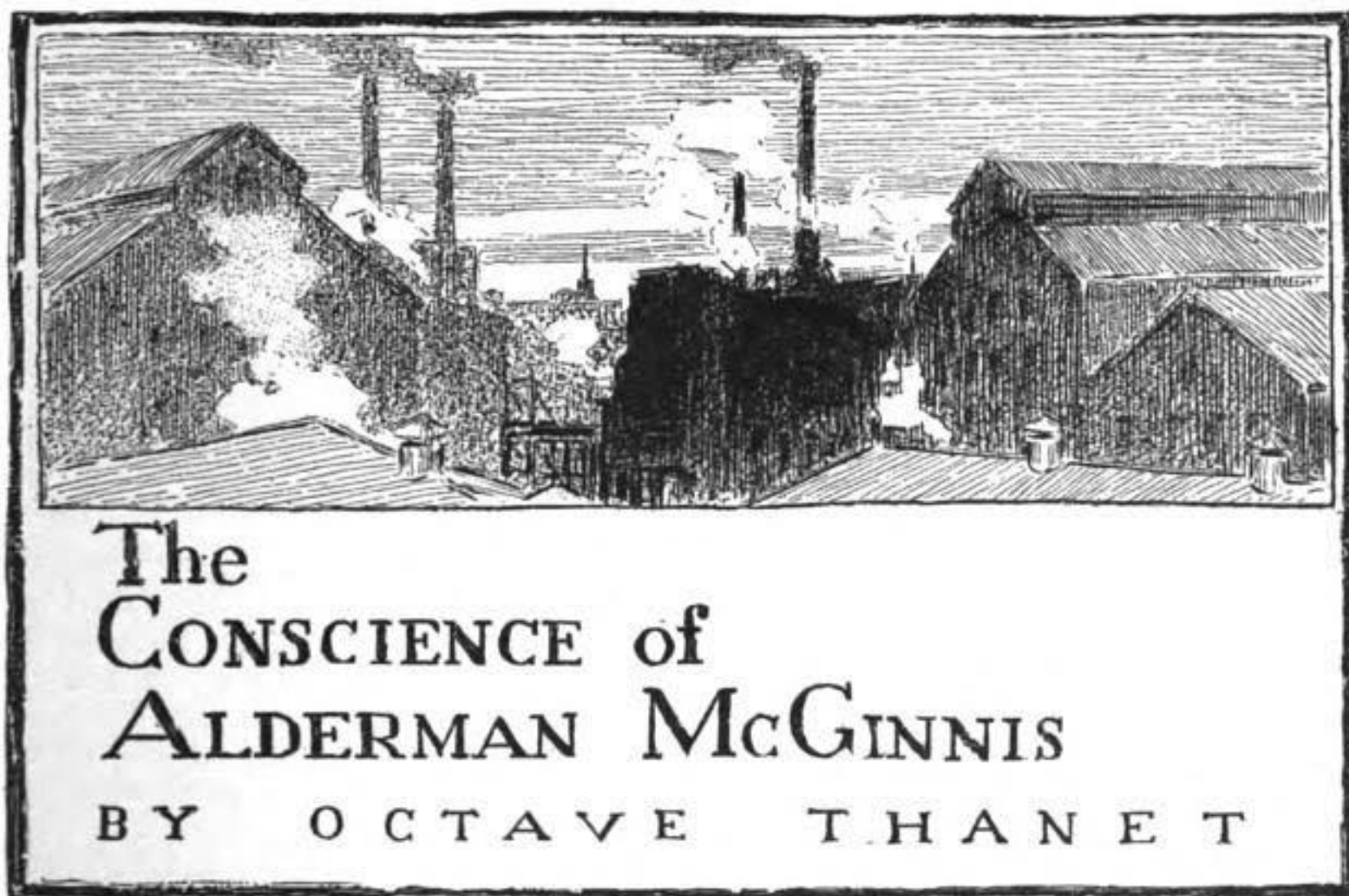
be on the side of the United States and England.

Were the combined attack to be made on the United States, the equivalents of the Continental nations would suffer a reduction of forty per cent. on account of operations three thousand miles from supplies, while England's armies, operating as allies of the United States, would suffer no reduction, because this country could easily furnish an abundance of supplies for both armies from its own immense resources. In that event, the preponderance of equivalents on the side of the United States and England is seen (Illustration No. 21) to be more than two to one.

Were the attack made on both England and the United States simultaneously, the

relative combinations of equivalents is found by returning to Illustration No. 19, and reducing the equivalents of the nations operating against the United States by forty per cent., because for those nations supplies would have to be transported across the Atlantic.

In alliance with England, therefore, and in a contest that depended, not on momentary advantages, but on absolute strength and resources, the United States would have nothing to fear from a European combination. And they still would have nothing to fear, in such a contest, though they stood alone and England were in alliance against them. In the final outcome of any war, therefore, the victory would certainly be with the United States.



BILLY HUNTER came back from the meeting at almost twelve o'clock, dead tired. His wife had the coffee hot for him, and brought him in a steaming cup, without asking a question. Judith Hunter had been out at service before she married Billy, and she had learned a good many things besides cooking beef to a turn.

Billy sat with his legs out and his head sagging on his breast. It was a spring day; but Iowa springs have chilly nights following sunny days, and the warmth of the fire, in

the air-tight stove, was grateful to him. To another observer it might seem a plain little parlor; and he might smile over the mingling of the gorgeous chromos that came with their garden seeds (neatly framed in brown paper) and two or three photographs of famous pictures. But to Billy the fresh paint and bright paper, the ribbon and lace tidies, the one plush easy chair and the glistening cabinet organ made it a dream of luxury. They had eight rooms in the house, if you include the lean-to, which was such a

comfortable laundry and summer kitchen for Judith. It was a very good house, indeed; and the garden was so large that Judith kept a tiny poultry-yard. In the summer it was beautiful to sit on their own piazza and be shaded by their tree (really a tree large enough to shade) and to look at the honeysuckle and geraniums and the green rows of onions and parsley. No landowner in town could be prouder than Billy had been yesterday of his little domain. Now his handsome brow wrinkled sullenly above his black eyes and he gazed about him in a dreary stare, seeing and not seeing, like a man taking farewell. He sighed before he drank the coffee. His wife, still saying no word, smoothed the short curls which his hat had matted on his forehead. He patted her hand. She was a tall woman, as tall as he, and of a fine, supple figure. Her eyes were very bright, and her skin very clear, and she had delicate, irregular features, which changed so prettily when she talked that no one ever found fault with their irregularity.

"It's you that I'm thinking about, Judith, you and the kid," said Hunter; he nodded his head towards the open door through which one could see a cradle-rocker.

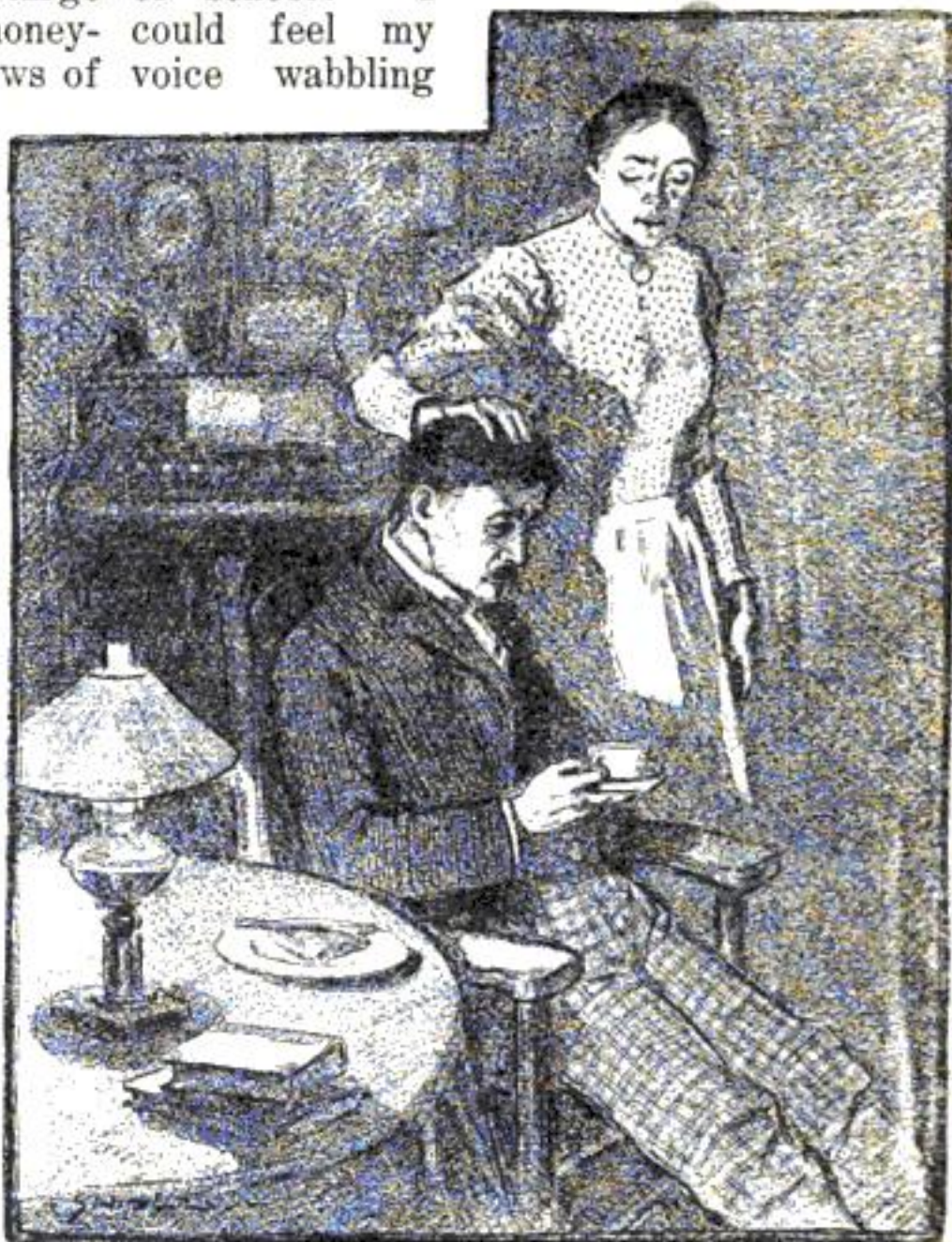
"We'll do, Billy," said Judith. "Come now, you eat a piece of pie; it'll do you more good now than for breakfast; and I'll get your pipe. Are they going to strike, then?"

"Well, as bad. They voted to send a committee to Hollister and ask him to submit their differences to an arbitration committee, or they'll strike Monday. Hollister won't listen to them. Not to anybody, I guess, and not to Robb and Luke Wigger, anyhow. He sent Luke off a week ago, and the other man is Johnny Mellin, who's mild as skim milk and was put on to represent us. He'll set there and git red in the face, and say, 'That's right,' to whoever speaks last."

"But did you speak to them, Billy? Did you say the things you were going to?"

Billy's face grew red. "Yes, I did; and I wish I hadn't; I never made a speech before; but I felt so worked up about this I thought I could talk to the boys, jest give 'em plain sense how this here strike ain't got a show on God's earth of succeeding; but—you'll say you got a fool for a husband,

Judy—I got up on my legs and I got scared; I was jest as scared as I used to be when I'd play hookey, when I was a kid, and met Father Mahan, and he'd be saying, 'Is your mother sick, Billy Hunter, that you're out of school?' I could feel my voice wabbling



"He sighed before he drank the coffee."

under me, and all I could get out was some fool things about a strike that failed was worse than no strike; and then Robb, he got up, so slick and with such a lot of fine, big words about organized labor and the great union behind us and capital already on the run; and he worked 'em up about those new fellers (and they are a disgrace; they can't manage their blast no how; and they may be killing somebody any day!) and he got the boys fighting mad; and he called me his cautious friend—like I was a coward! And then they all hollered. You see he's got such a way with him, a little, smiling, white-teethed feller and smart as a steel trap, and there ain't anything on earth we working-men like like a feller who can talk."

"Can't he see himself it's crazy?"

"He sees we've got \$2,000 in the treasury, and how we've been cut down and cut down this winter; and he sees Hollister's got some big orders on now; and that's all he does see. If you tell him Hollister's ob-

stinate's the devil, he jest laughs and says he's heard folks threaten to bite off their noses to spite their faces before, but they don't do it, all the same, and Hollister can't bluff him. I don't think Hollister's so bad as they make him out. But he's got the devil's own temper, when you git his mad up. They'd have struck this very same night if it hadn't been for young Fitzmaurice."

"But he don't belong to the union," said Judith, who was now seated by her husband, listening with absorbing interest; "how'd he get in?"

"Well, we've had him for a lawyer, 'cause he worked for nothing and he was a poor boy that's worked up; and he certainly has done well by us. Well, he came in, in time to see Robb wipe up the floor with me; and he made a speech; said he just got back to town this afternoon, with Alderman McGinnis, and he wasn't prepared to speak, but he hoped they would give themselves time to see things clear. Two things was necessary, to have a good cause and a fighting chance to win; so he got them to appoint the committee, that was the best he could do. Fitz is a good man, but he can't stop the boys. They've got a head of steam on, and they're bound to let her whiz. It's a kind of crazy fever. They're mad at me: boys I helped many a time. Now they're mad!"

His wife looked at him wistfully. "If they strike, will it be a long strike, Billy?"

"God knows! I went to see Harry Lossing, and says he: 'Don't you let the hotheads fool you. Hollister's got his mad up; he's going to run his business or quit. He knows where he can get some new men, and if you strike, he'll get them. You boys will maybe fight a week, a month, two months; and then you will have to go back on his terms, or you won't have the chance to go back at all.'"

Judith clasped her hands together involuntarily. "But if you strike, how will we pay for the house?"

"We can't pay for the house. Not unless—"

He hesitated, and she completed the word for him: "Not

unless my brother could pay you back what you lent him. But he'll be out of a job, too."

"That's it. And we got to live, too. And if the stores trust us, they'll have to be paid. Mr. Lossing, he was awful kind, and said, 'You tell Judy not to worry, she shan't lose her house;' but we can't lay right down on him. I don't see how a man, jest to git himself talked about, jest to make a name in the newspapers and have folks say what a big man he is—I don't see how he can be bringing other men to ruin that way. Josh felt awful 'bout it; he got up and said how he was situated, and how, after being sick so much and his family sick, he was jest gittin' on his feet and this would knock him flat again. He 'most cried, he felt so bad. But it didn't do no good. They're crazy!"

Judith found no word of cheer; but she did not ask him whether he could not keep at work whatever the others did. The workingman's wife recognizes the workingman's code of honor as well as he. "There's only one man," said Billy, "who can do anything; that's Alderman McGinnis—"



"He got the boys fighting with me."

"Oh, Billy, won't he? But they say he's a bad man, and you got some of the boys to vote against him."

"I don't know; that's what Mr. Lossing said, and young Harry; and you living so long in their family and they giving us such nice presents, of course I wanted to work like he asked; and I didn't think it was right spending so much money on the streets—though I may be glad enough to come to a street job myself, little as I ever thought it!" he added, with a groan. "I wish I hadn't gone against him now, for I got to go to see him, with Fitzmaurice and young Lossing, to-morrow."

"Will he help you, do you think, Billy?"

"I ain't much hope. You see he's after an oil or lard or some kind of inspectorship, good pay and awful little work; and Timberly can git it for him; and Timberly's for the strike, and I bet he won't mad Timberly and the boys, too."

"But why is Mr. Timberly for striking? Don't he know—"

"He don't care, Judy. He's running for

the legislature, and he wants the labor vote; so he's making a big splurge."

"How smart you are, Billy, about such things," said the wife, proudly.

But the unfeigned praise only brought a dark cloud to the man's brow. "I was forgetting another bad thing," said he. "Morris, the foreman, he is going to Illinois, to his wife's folks; he's got a job there; and he told me to-day he recommended me to the boss; and he as much as said he'd speak about me to Hollister—"

"Oh, Billy, do you call that bad news? It would be fifteen dollars a month more; it would pay the payments on the house!"

"And do you think," said Billy, bitterly, "do you think that they'll be making a striker a foreman? No; they'll bring a strange feller, and put him over us!"

He got up; he began to walk the floor in strong agitation. "Then, it ain't all that—it's more; I've worked at the Hollister, man and boy, for almost fifteen years. Well I remember my poor mother fetching me to Moore, who was foreman then, and his promising me a job. I began at a dollar and fifty cents a week, and I was that proud—oh, Judy, I'll be lost without the shop! One day Hollister, the old man himself, went through and seen me at a casting. 'That's a good job you're making, Hunter,' says he. He remembered my name. He knows a good job when he sees one. There's good things about the old man, if he is pig-headed."

"I can't but think it'll come right," urged Judith. She comforted him, unreasonably, but just as efficiently as wives do comfort their husbands, whatever their class, I may say, whatever their intellect. Insensibly, under the spell of her pretended hopefulness and her real tenderness, his heavy heart lightened and his sore vanity was soothed. But it was late in the morning before he fell asleep. Perhaps it was later before the wife, who had seemed so peacefully slumbering, drifted beyond the reach of her own forebodings.

Alderman McGinnis was popularly supposed to hold the Eighth Ward in the hollow of his hand. Rumor wagged her tongue and shook her head over the Alderman's paving contracts (his own private avocation was that of a contractor); she whispered how he led junketing parties of aldermen on visits to other cities, at the expense of rival railways, hoping to haul rival brickmakers' brick, and how



"The father came out, hearing them, followed, in a moment, by the son."

they partook freely of hospitality, both solid and liquid, furnished them; somehow, she declared aloud, he was in every "job" ever passed by the City Council. But the Eighth Ward, after every explosion of virtue on the part of his fellow citizens outside, grinned, and reelected Alderman McGinnis.

It was in the latest unsuccessful assault that young Harry Lossing had locked horns with the popular alderman—and been defeated. Harry, at this time, had just been taken into business with his father; he was just beginning to feel the exhilarating pressure of large affairs on shoulders so young and strong that they welcomed rather than flinched from burdens, and he was in the first blaze of a young man's enthusiasm for municipal reform. He had spent days, running about the town, marshaling the languid and reluctant forces of the "decent citizens" against a certain paving contract of the Alderman's, and when the Alderman was too strong for him in the Council, had defied him in his own ward.

Therefore, McGinnis had been elected by rather more than the usual majority, and that was how it came to pass that poor Billy Hunter, all night, was haunted by snatches of his own speeches against the arbiter of the Eighth Ward and tortured his brain trying (in the clumsy fashion of a man used to express himself by action only) to explain those fatal jokes and criticisms.

Before Harry had finished his breakfast next morning, the workingman was at the house, and the young reformer did not keep him waiting. It was barely half-past eight that Sunday morning, when Harry was seen by the neighbors driving his father's light surrey and the fast gray horses (with Billy Hunter on the back seat) at a rattling pace down the hill.

They went first to Tommy Fitzmaurice's. Tommy (at the period of which I am writing) was a ward politician, and, in spite of Harry's fiery eloquence and his own affection for Harry, quite content with his moral lot. Now, although he joined the two at once, he gave Harry the corner of a wet blanket in his greeting.

"I'll tell you," said he, with rather a shamefaced expression, "I don't know which way Mac is going. I hope he looks at the strike the way I do, and that's the way you do; but I'm under too big obligations to Mac



"The Whinnys had a teaspoon of a garden, and a small porch on which sat three of the wild boys, smoking."

to fight him in this and risk his job, and that's the truth."

"But have you considered what mischief a hopeless strike like this will work?" began Harry, eagerly.

"I haven't slept two winks this night, considering nothing else," growled Tommy; "but I ain't fixed to fight Mac, and I don't want to, either."

"And what will Mac do?" said Harry, biting off a useless argument at his cigar end, biting it hard.

"That I can't say," Tommy answered. "I was there right after the meeting last night. He wasn't home. I left word that I'd be over this morning, but when I went over before breakfast he was gone. Left word he would see me this afternoon. I sat down and wrote him all about the thing, and told him I was on the chase after him, and if I didn't catch him, would he come over to pa's for a talk? I guess he will, but we'll try running him down first, because the committee may do more mischief than even Mac can undo if we wait. They said he had gone to Meyers'. The son was after him with a story of his mother being dead—and I guess," added Tommy, meditatively, "that the Alderman is about the only person in the world who ever gives them a civil word, and he does it from habit, without knowing."

It was a relief to be diverted by the Meyers' house, the scolding-stock of the ward, a lean and livid two-story tenement,

where, plainly, tenants did their own repairs and patched the rickety outside staircase and mended the crooked windows from the Meyers' junk heap.

"Hello, Meyers!" hailed Tommy.

The father came out, hearing them, followed, in a moment, by the son. The old man had a patriarchal white beard, a shining, bald head, and a forehead scored by innumerable wrinkles. He fastened a dim eye on the visitors, the only sign of life that he gave. "He can't spik on Englis," explained the young man, who was short and bent and hollow-cheeked, and coughed as he talked.

"You have a bad cold," said Harry, with his ready interest.

"Oh, it notin', notin', only like it make me set down so often—when I git the bag full." He added: "Mister Alderman McGinnis give me medicine. A full bottle. Taked it out of his pocket."

"Isn't he here?"

"No, he gone to next street, Whinneys der name. Say, he's a good man!" He spoke rapidly to his father in his own tongue, and, as if in answer, the old man nodded several times and lifted his trembling hands.

"He prays for him, he is so good," explained the son with a reverent air; "he seen about my mother's coffin—everything. He lend me all de money, and he git a friend take my junk for so I can pay; he's good—you bet!"

"If he is so good he can't want the strike to go on," thought Billy, as they drove on to the Whinneys'. Harry, in front, said not a word; what he thought of Alderman McGinnis's goodness he kept to himself. Neither did Fitzmaurice speak until they were reining up before Whinneys' white picket fence. "Here's the Whinneys'," said he, "largest family in the ward, four votes in it. Mrs. Whinneys is a widow and an awful hard worker, but the boys are wild."

The Whinneys had a teaspoon of a garden, and a small porch on which sat three of the wild boys, smoking, in their Sunday clothes. They said that the Alderman had gone to the widow Hoffman's.

"You all well?" asked Tommy.

"Well, yes; but Jimmy's in trouble." This from the eldest, the others mutely assenting.

"What's the matter with Jimmy?"

"Fight. Tony Becker. And he hit him harder'n he meant."

"Either of them drunk?"

"Both," said the brother, sententiously

"Well, now, that's too bad," said Tommy sympathetically, as if he had been told that they were both cripples, and he clicked his tongue against his teeth.

"Ma's dreadful upset by it," said the youngest brother.

"Of course. Say, how about bail?"

"Oh, Mr. McGinnis seen about that. That'll be all right."

"Got into the papers?"

"No, sir. Mr. McGinnis he seen a reporter. Maybe he can keep it out."

"There's a man to tie to!" exclaimed Tommy, warmly.

"That's right!" cried all the Whinneys boys in concert.

Then Harry drove on to the widow Hoffman's. The widow was slowly dying of an incurable disease. She had been a woman of mark in the ward, rearing five orphan children with never a cent from her husband, nor so much as a lump of coal from the poor overseer; and yet of no one in the ward were there recorded more acts of kindness, small and great. The widow's Sunday cap showed at the window. She was a large-featured, gray-haired woman, who smiled with her eyes oftener than with her lips, a woman that strangers called plain, but it wouldn't be well for one to use that word in speaking of her in the Eighth Ward. No less than three nosegays and a loose bunch of hot-house roses brightened the table before her. She beckoned with her hand, and Tommy led the way into the house, the door of which was opened by her daughter. The Alderman had gone on, the girl explained; he only stopped to bring her mother some roses; but wouldn't the gentlemen step in—her mother was wanting to speak with Mr. Lossing.

"I was wanting to ask you, knowing you knew Mr. Hollister; will they strike at the Hollister?" the widow asked, an eager tremor in her tones.

"I hope not, I don't know," answered Harry, whom Tommy in his young days had often brought to see the widow; "we are looking for McGinnis, in hopes he can do something to stop it."

"That he can, and that he will," declared the widow, earnestly; "he is a good man, Michael McGinnis. And the influence he has is wonderful. Though why shouldn't he have, when he's always helping somebody? But I heard, yesterday, the men was terribly stirred up; and I've been that distressed, I can't quiet my mind at all."

"But," said Harry, rather stupidly, "I thought your sons weren't in the Hollister?"

The widow looked surprised. "No, to be sure, sir, God be thanked! Did you think it was for myself I was scared? Oh, it ain't for me and mine, it's for all the sore hearts there'll be in this neighborhood. Poor Mrs. Whinneys, she was crying over it this very

man. They heard of more than one saying and doing of his. Here it was a joke, and there a shrewd bargain, and most often a trivial, good-natured kindness. But they did not find him. And presently Fitzmaurice, who had grown thoughtful, spoke testily: "I hope to the Lord, Mac ain't lying low, waiting for the cat to jump before he commits himself. But it looks like it. If he is, it's all up with heading off the strike."

"Maybe he's in Moseley's," suggested Billy, "he goes there sometimes, or maybe home."

"He isn't home; did you see that boy talking to me at the last place we stopped? I sent him to Mac's, and he'd just got back. Mac hadn't been home, and he'd sent word he wouldn't be home to dinner. I don't like the way things look. But we can try Moseley's. No harm in trying, as the burglar said of the latch-key."

Moseley kept the corner grocery. He was sunning himself on his store steps, smoking one of his own "elegant cigars," which he retailed at a nickel apiece.

"Mac?" he said. "Why, certainly. I see him not two hours ago; he was driving by with Captain Timberly."

"Much obliged," said Tom-



Her mother was wanting to speak with Mr. Lossing.

morning. "The boys 'll be on the street from morning till night," says she, "and God knows what'll happen!" You've heard of her trouble? 'Twas the strike made the fight. And Molly Aiken, the dressmaker, she was worrying how she wouldn't have no work—oh, there's more misery than just losing wages comes from a strike; and so I told the Alderman."

"I hope he agreed with you, Mrs. Hoffman." Billy spoke out of his anxiety, meeting her eye at that second.

"He says, 'Don't you fret, Mrs. Hoffman; it'll all come right in the wash!' You know his joking way. And I'm hoping more now."

Billy's own hopes began to warm his heart again. He left the widow comforted. But Harry Lossing frowned. Tommy's handsome Irish face was as impassive as a mask.

They drove to many places after the Alder-

my. Harry's jaw dropped.

"Say they're going to have a strike at Hollister's," the grocer continued, while the two young men stood uncertain. "I hope not. Strike's a fearful bad thing for business, fearful. I got a lot of Hollister men on my books. They're good pay; there ain't no better pay than workin' people; but when you ain't got the money—where are you?"

"That's right," said Tommy, "good morning." He looked at Harry. Harry was driving very fast. "What's your next move?" said he.

"I'm going to Hollister, himself," said Harry. "McGinnis doesn't mean to risk his popularity or his job. He has no more conscience than a saloon sign. I'll drop you wherever you say, and Hunter and I will go to Hollister—I know he's at the office this morning—and we'll talk to him as two honest men to a third, and we may do something."



"He was running himself on his store steps."

"I may not be an honest man," said Tommy, quietly; "but if you let me, I'll go with you. I can't help it if I didn't find Mac."

Harry gave his friend a gleam of his blue eyes, which missed fire, however, for Tommy was scowling at the off horse's head. They drove along the wide street lined on either side by one and two story houses, many of them freshly painted, all with their little gardens. The windows, in general, had white lace curtains to one side. You could see that the families in the Eighth Ward kept a parlor. There were few people on the streets. The plain church, with the gleaming red walls and white spire that bore aloft the symbol of sacrifice and peace, sent forth a single peal of bells. Tommy, half unconsciously, bent his head and crossed himself. He looked up, and saw the grim walls of the great foundry where Hollister meant to run his own business. The smallest of the doors opened, through which four men emerged in a huddle. One of them swung the door half open again, for a parting speech. He was a portly man, still young, with black curls that shone in the sun. He wore a dazzling spring suit of gray flannel and a scarlet tie, and one large, white hand swung a gold-headed cane.

"If there isn't Mac, himself!" exclaimed Tommy.

"And Robb and Johnny and Luke with him!" gasped Hunter.

The three men looked up and nodded. Johnny Mellin bestowed a furtive wink and smile on the astonished Hunter, who barely noticed him, for Fitzmaurice had asked:

"How about the strike?" And the Alderman had answered: "Oh, the strike's off, I guess. Good morning, Mr. Lossing. While you're talking to Mr. Hollister, I want a word with Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hunter; I guess he and I will agree on this business, though we don't always. Hey, Mr. Hunter?"

Billy colored and choked. But he was spared necessity for reply, since the Alderman (towards whom he now felt a veneration similar to that expressed by the young Russian) had rested one foot on the hub of the wheel and was explaining the morning events to Tommy Fitzmaurice with much relish.

"I heard something down town last night that made me open my eyes. The idea of their cooking up such a thing when my back was turned! Well, I didn't lose no time. I went straight to Hollister and saw how he felt; he knew I would give him straight goods and treated me nice, and I got him to promise to see the committee, Robb and all"—he winked the eye furthest from Billy slowly at the young man on the front seat; and Tommy nodded gravely, to imply that he appreciated how far gratified vanity might work with a young labor leader—"then, I saw Wigger"—this time Billy was included in the wink, and the elbow on the cushion rail moved a hand suggestively in the molder's direction—"I guess we all understand what Luke wants, he wants to be greased! And I guess, if the truth was known, he's pretty near the bottom of this trouble. Robb is ambitious and young, and wants to make a name for himself, and goes off at half cock, but he's honest as the sun. But Luke Wigger went into this hoping to git his job back—that's Luke—or to git money if he couldn't. You got to bluff him or you got to buy him. Hollister wouldn't buy him, so, seeing I know a thing or two about brother Wigger, I bluffed him. Never mind how! His only chance to git any kind of a job is from us, and we've got him. Then I told Robb, Johnny Mellin and I, or you can put it, Johnny told Robb and I, the real state of things; and I added a little; and we went to the office. The old man saw us. When-

ever there was any hitch, I told 'em a story; and—well, before we went the old man had his cigars out; and I guess Robb knows it's better sometimes to settle a strike than to let her flicker.

"He's after a reputation as a peacemaker with honor now. But we got to hustle this afternoon, all of us, and git our men together, and then Robb will give 'em taffy, and Hollister has promised a little bit; and we'll have the meeting, and settle the strike flat! See?"

They were all three (for Billy was flattered deeply by the way the Alderman asked his opinion on subjects of which he knew a good deal) discussing how to see the most men and do the most in the shortest time when Harry Lossing returned. Some of Hollister's speeches were sticking in his brain.

"Look here, Lossing, you may say what you please, that Irishman has got something more than boodle in him,"—this was one of them—"the way he managed those fellows and by —, the way he managed me, was immense! And I'm hanged if I don't believe he was disinterested in the affair. He'll get knifed by Timberly for his meddling [a true prediction], and I don't see that he stands to gain a thing except the consciousness that he's been decent!" With these words puzzling him, Harry went straight at the fence.

"I wasn't sure how you would feel, Mr. McGinnis," says he.

"You ever seen a big strike, young man?"

"Yes, I know what it is."

"Well, now, take it in. This is the ward that I represent, to the best of my humble ability. As long as I'm representing it, I go for what will help and for—against what will hurt it. Every time. Look at those fellers! They couldn't win that strike. Hollister's hard, some ways, and desperately aggravating; but he's honest; and he does a good many fair things. Strikers have got to have a howling grievance to win the public sympathy, and they ain't got it. They couldn't git sympathy or contributions or pressure or nothing! Then what would happen? A strike is the devil! It stirs up bad blood all over. It ain't only losing the wages, there's the hard feelings; and the



"Billy's eyes followed him across the macadam."

boys idling on the streets and drinking; and the fights; and the women crying at home; and the store-keepers losing money; and the little bits of furniture going to the auction-room; and quarrels between friends—it's the very devil!"

"But Timberly?" Tommy said this.

"Timberly be hanged!" said the Alderman with deliberation.

"You haven't broken with Tim?" cried Tommy.

"I just have, then," said the Alderman; "between Mike McGinnis gitting an office, no matter how good, and the Eighth Ward going without meat for supper and having to sell its cabinet organs and sewing-machines and losing the little houses that ain't quite paid for—the office ain't in it, that's all I got to say!"

"Good leather!" shouted Tommy; and he wrung the Alderman's hand. Billy, blushing violently, held out his own. "You talk God's truth, Alderman," cried he, "and if you'll run for anything from President down, I'll feel honored to work for you. And Mr. Lossing can't blame me."

Harry laughed, and said something about being glad to work with McGinnis that day himself; and paid him a neat compliment with an ingenuous flush on his own young cheeks. Then, in turn, he held out his hand.

"Oh, that's all right," said McGinnis, looking rather surprised. It was several years before he understood entirely all that simple gesture meant from young Lossing. "Well, I see Father Mahan down the street, and I must git him ayfter the boys. See you later, gentlemen."

Billy's eyes followed him across the macadam. "He's a good man!" sighed Billy from the depths of a grateful heart.

"I think, myself, the recording angel can afford to do considerable blotting for Michael McGinnis on account of this day's work," says Harry. "He has a conscience, after all. And, Tom, I've been thinking this morning. I begin to see why Mac is so

popular. If we fellows would study some of the machine methods, without dropping any of our principles, either, we mightn't find election such a blamed cold day."

Tommy did not return the expected smile. "I've been thinking, too," said Thomas Fitzmaurice; "if it's right for him to sacrifice his own interests and risk his popularity for the good of the ward, why isn't it right to do as much and sacrifice the interests of the ward, too, if necessary, for the good of the whole town?"

"But that's municipal good government. That's reform!"

"Oh, Lord! I guess I'll have to go for it!" groaned Tommy.

And thus, in one Sunday morning, did Alderman Michael McGinnis lose a good office, avert a strike, and unconsciously plant the seed that was to convert the brightest of his machine politicians, slowly but surely, into a reformer.

ADMIRAL DEATH.

BY HENRY NEWBOLT,

Author of "Admirals All," etc.

BOYS, are ye calling a toast to-night?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 Fill for a bumper strong and bright,
 And here's to Admiral Death!
 He's sailed in a hundred builds o' boat,
 He's fought in a thousand kinds o' coat,
 He's the senior flag of all that float,
 And his name's Admiral Death.

Which of you looks for a service free?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 The rules o' the service are but three
 When ye sail with Admiral Death.
 Steady your hand in time o' squalls,
 Stand to the last by him that falls,
 And answer clear to the voice that calls,
 "Ay, ay! Admiral Death!"

How will ye know him among the rest?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 By the glint o' the stars that cover his breast
 Ye may find Admiral Death.
 By the forehead grim with an ancient scar,
 By the voice that rolls like thunder far,
 By the tenderest eyes of all that are,
 Ye may know Admiral Death.

Where are the lads that sailed before?
 (Hear what the sea-wind saith)
 Their bones are white by many a shore,
 They sleep with Admiral Death.
 Oh! but they loved him, young and old,
 For he left the laggard, and took the bold,
 And the fight was fought, and the story's told,
 And they sleep with Admiral Death.

AMERICA REVISITED IN WAR TIME.

BY HENRY NORMAN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Henry Norman is well known as an English traveler, author, and journalist. After courses of study in France and Germany, he chose Harvard for his university, and graduated there in 1881. His special field of work as author and journalist is foreign politics, and he may generally be looked for where any question of international diplomacy grows acute. This brought him to Washington immediately after President Cleveland's Venezuela message, and the abandonment of the "Schomburgk Line" as the special point in the British demand was due in large part to the official documents of half a century previous which Mr. Norman secured in Washington and cabled to the "Daily Chronicle." He was thanked by President Cleveland for his services to the cause of peace. His present visit to Washington is due, of course, to the war and the development of closer relations between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Norman spent four years in the Far East, visiting among other countries the Philippine Islands, and he has published two well-known books on the Far Eastern peoples and countries. Mrs. Norman is also an author. She was, before her marriage, Miss Méné Muriel Dowie, and is a grand-daughter of Dr. Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. She has written several books, the earliest being "A Girl in the Karpathians," and the latest, "The Crook of the Bough."

"OF course you fully understand," said Mr. Speaker Reed to me a few days ago, "that we have 'burst our swaddling-clothes'?" Everybody in the room smiled at the characteristic sarcasm. But does the inflated phrase rest upon a substratum of truth, or do the American people and the American idea stand virtually where they did three years ago? That is the most interesting question in the world to-day. It would be presumption to offer a confident answer: it is permissible to express an opinion.

When I graduated from Harvard, I thought I knew something of America. I found out my mistake after a few months spent in the West. During the seventeen years that have, alas! slipped away since then, American affairs have interested me in a degree second only to those of my own country. From time to time I have come back and corrected my impressions. On each occasion, however, a curious thing has happened. I have gone home profoundly impressed with the energy, the intelligence, the courage, the resources, and the prospects of the American people; and bit by bit this impression has oozed away, like water from a leaky tub, until I found myself doubting whether the United States is really on the up grade at all. The triumphs of corruption in politics, the hair-breadth escape from free silver and socialism at the White House, the growth of trusts, the tariff tinkered to fill the pockets of individuals, the capture of New York by Tammany, the capitulation of New England to the Irish, the social condition of the coal and iron districts of Pennsylvania, the dangers lurking in the presence

of the masses of human scum from Central Europe, the outbreaks of savagery which have characterized certain labor troubles, the degeneration of the Senate, the rejection of the Arbitration Treaty; above all, the apparently placid acquiescence of the better American individual in things which he loathed—these were some of the holes through which my optimism ran to waste. In fact, as Emerson said Englishmen do when they speak of America, I forgot my philosophy and remembered my disparaging anecdotes. Distance lent deception to the view. Now I come back, use my eyes and ears for a few weeks, talk intimately with many people, and what is corrupt and dangerous falls into its proper proportion and perspective, pessimism hides itself like a night-prowling animal at sunrise, and when I discuss with Americans the future of their country I am apt to find myself more royalist than the king.

Why is this the effect of America revisited? I begin with little things.

The observant visitor to America must be impressed first with the remarkable development of what may be called applied intelligence. Not only is there an extraordinary fertility of invention, but also, what is perhaps more striking still, there is apparently an instant readiness on everybody's part to make use of the things invented. In Europe, when we have a certain "fitment" in house or office that serves its purpose well, we are satisfied with it and go on with our work. If anybody comes along with something rather better, we look upon him as a nuisance. The thing we have is quite good enough. In America it seems that a man

will try an object one day and throw it away the next for something a trifle more convenient or expeditious. From visit to visit, for example, I have observed a constant improvement in the telephone. The instrument has grown smaller, neater, more graceful, simpler, and easier to use. As it stands on an American desk to-day, it might be a flower-holder. In some of the best and most expensive parts of London to-day you cannot have a telephone put in your house at all. When you do, it is the ugly box arrangement of ten years ago. I call upon a journalist friend in New York. Upon his desk stands an elegant little apparatus through which he converses every afternoon with Washington and Chicago. In a London newspaper office you might as well look for a machine for making liquid air. The street cars are another example. When I was here a short time ago, the system of traction was by underground cable. This is already apparently becoming extinct. The cars themselves, too, are often marvels of comfort and light. In London there is not, so far as I know, a single street car propelled by any mechanical means, and they are the dim and dirty vehicles of a quarter of a century ago. It is impossible to imagine a better system of street transport than prevails, for instance, in Washington. Even the traveling post-office runs by electricity along the tracks. Another striking example is builders' hardware. Locks, hinges, sash-pulleys, window-fasteners, bath-fittings, and the like are years ahead of us. There is not a hotel in Europe—I do not believe there is a private house—in which these things are as graceful and serviceable as they are at the hotel where I stayed in New York. On this visit I noticed a new fitting on the wall of the bathroom. It was an electric heater for curling-irons! To you this perhaps seems a very ordinary kind of thing. I stood before it in amazement. Or take what you call elevators and we call lifts. We are in the dark ages still. There is not a building in London, indeed not in Europe, constructed with the ingenuity, the convenience, the elegance of some of the new big buildings in Broadway. I happen to be interested at this moment in house-building; therefore I am taking home a supply of small objects and a collection of catalogues of every kind. The farm offers another set of examples. Since in England our farms are comparatively small, and the competition of the Western prairie and Russian steppe and Argentine plain is ruining

us, it is obvious that we should follow intensive cultivation and employ every possible appliance to get more and cheaper produce from the land. The facts are the exact opposite. American agricultural machinery has revolutionized farming for you. We stand virtually where we did twenty-five or fifty years ago. Every English farm laborer believes that hedgehogs suck cows. My own man suffocates his bees at the end of each season, because he says they get lazy and are not worth keeping. The most convenient implement I own is an American horse-hoe. Cut green bones form one of the valuable foods for poultry. There is not, to the best of my belief, a green-bone cutter in the United Kingdom. I have just ordered one in Massachusetts.

These are trifling matters, if you will; but they are extremely significant, and the same considerations apply in every direction. The English bicycle-makers tell you that a machine weighing less than thirty pounds is not really safe. I am a fairly heavy man, and I have ridden for three years a Columbia weighing twenty-five pounds, at all seasons and on all kinds of roads, and the first accident or breakage has yet to happen to it. American heavy electrical machinery is going all over the world. American locomotives are beating British ones in foreign markets. American mining machinery has long been without a rival. Naturally, it is not agreeable for me, as an Englishman, to chronicle these facts; and, of course, in other directions and enterprises the British manufacturer still beats the world. But I hold it to be a patriotic duty to warn my fellow-countrymen that they must alter their methods and make new and different efforts if they are to hold their own in the future.

I could fill pages with reflections suggested by "America Revisited." But the addendum "in War Time" suggests matters of vaster interest, so I hurry on. Two other observations, however, I must set down. First, it is obvious that not only in mechanical ingenuity and commercial enterprise are the American people advancing fast, but the growth of taste is also great and striking. In domestic architecture America has made great strides during the last few years, and to-day she is unsurpassed, even by England, the land of the beautiful home. In commercial architecture I think she is already ahead. There is a street-car terminus in Washington more attractive to the eye for sound artistic reasons than most city halls going up in Europe to-day. Better

taste is shown by American publishers in the binding of their books than is generally to be found in Europe. American women are to-day dressed with greater elegance than any women outside Paris. And this leads me to my second reflection. Unless my eye deceives me, the race of American women is growing taller and stronger and handsomer. During the twenty-two years I have visited the United States I have noticed this gradual development. Greatly daring, I express the conviction that in the world no gathering of more beautiful women can be seen than in the halls of the Waldorf Hotel any afternoon between five and six. Columbia is putting on beauty as a garment. When her voice becomes as attractive as her figure and her features, she shall be called Helen, and, like her of Troy, confer immortality with a kiss.

In "America in War Time," however, there are stranger things by far than these. Unless all signs fail, a vital modification has come over the country; a new era has opened; the great Republic has suffered a sea-change. This has not been deliberate. No statesman foresaw and willed it. Possibly a majority of the people do not desire it. The gods do not consult mortals. If the "Maine" had not been blown up, there would have been no war. If the Cuban insurgents had been as strong as was supposed, the war might have stopped with the freedom of Cuba. If Admiral Dewey had not been forced to make a new base for his fleet, he would not have smashed the Spanish squadron. If he had not smashed it, and thus become responsible for the islands, he would not have needed reinforcements. If ten thousand American troops had not been sent to him, there would have been no question of keeping the Philippines. A chain of events, forged by invisible hands, has drawn the American people to ask themselves whether their destiny restricts them forever within the limits of their own continent; why they should not appear among the Powers of the world in the coming struggle for the East, seize new markets for themselves, and set their flag over far-off lands to allure their pioneers and merchants to fresh fields. To such a question men of our race find instinctively but one answer. It is the sap of the tree pushing resistlessly up in spring. To Frenchman and German the founding of colonies is a mechanical, state-fostered, theoretically-justified operation. It is in an Englishman's blood; he cannot see a sea without desiring to cross it, or a mountain without wanting

to climb over it; the "back of beyond" draws him like a magnet.

I cannot help thinking it will be so with America also. Of course I know the objections well. The Constitution makes no provision for the government of alien races in remote lands; there is no class of trained administrators; the governorship of the first colony will go to the man who "fixed the fences" in the last election; colonial rivalry with foreign nations will bring entanglement in their quarrels; army and navy must be kept great; they will cost vast sums, and their existence will be a temptation to use them. These are strong arguments and may prevail. But the answers are as strong. The Constitution is not a law of nature: man made it and man can mend it; the imperative necessity for capable and honest men may be the death-blow to the system which distributes embassies and legations and consulates as political rewards; the war has brought America into sharp-cut relations with foreign Powers, and nothing can alter this; a strong navy is already building, and the American people will insist upon the formation of an army large enough, for instance, to avoid such a humiliation as having to wait all summer to collect and train a force strong enough to fight Spain in Cuba. It is like the antinomies of Kant: the contradictory propositions can both be proved. Some minds will be convinced by the one set of arguments, others by the other. But in the end, from all I have seen and heard, I fancy the subtle temptation of empire, the magic magnetism of the Orient, the *Drang nach Osten*, will prevail. It is like the hypnotism of the East over the traveler; once let its fever touch your blood, and you are enchained as the tide to the moon.

"Whoso has tasted the honey-sweet fruit from the stem of the lotus
Never once wishes to leave it, and never once seeks to go homeward;
There would he stay, if he could, content with the eaters of lotus,
Plucking and eating the lotus, forgetting that he was returning."

An American colonial policy will have some results which have not yet all been considered. "Blood is the price of admiralty," and many a brave life will be spent in the getting. When the war with China broke out, Japan sent 5,000 soldiers to the Pescadores, islands certainly not more trying to health than the Philippines. Thirty of these were killed in fight, and exactly 1,050 were

effective when the war was over. The remainder had either died or been invalided home. And the Japanese soldier is accustomed to an Eastern summer and Eastern food. Hong Kong was known for many years as the "grave of regiments." Its cemetery, called "Happy Valley," reads to-day like a military directory. British troops there are paraded every morning for "cholera-belt inspection," and any man found without that essential part of costume in the tropics gets "three days C.B." (confinement to barracks). When I was in Manila, an epidemic of cholera was raging; a hundred people were dying a day. The Spaniards, crying "*Colerico!*" stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths and turned their faces to the wall as a stricken man was carried to hospital in a hammock slung on a pole, covered with a sheet. One of the Chinese firemen of the "Zafiro" (now an American auxiliary vessel) died just before we sailed. And then the typhoons! Between Manila and Hong Kong is the most typhoon-haunted sea in the world. But it is needless to dwell on horrors. Such things have never deterred Englishmen, nor will they deter Americans. There is yellow fever in Florida; there are blizzards in Dakota; and I have been told that the climate of Arizona leaves something to be desired in summer. Besides, the Philippines are an inexhaustible storehouse of tropical wealth. They are also the home of the most marvelous orchids in the world; and American hothouses will soon blaze with unimagined splendor, while American beauty will lavish the tenderest nursing on the Philippine pioneer who brings her in his pallid and shaking hands a mysterious garment of *jusi*, woven silk and pine-fibre, the most diaphanous and exquisite fabric in creation. And that olive-skinned *mestiza* I saw, half emigrated Spaniard and half native Indian, with her loose jet-black hair eighty inches long, how interesting she would be as a social attraction—or an advertisement!

Another result of annexation has apparently escaped attention. When the Stars and Stripes float over the land which Magellan discovered and the city which Legaspi founded, presumably the native products will enter the United States free of duty. In that case the cheap cigar, and to some extent the more expensive cigar, of Cuba will disappear, and Key West may retire from business. Of Manila cigars, when I was there a few years ago, the yearly output was 140,000,000, besides tobacco. And what will become of the American cigarette, since

one of the score of factories in Manila turns out 38,000,000 a year? The Cigarette Trust must make haste to deploy its skirmishers.

Of all the results, however, big and little, of Philippine annexation, one stands out in sharp relief, dwarfing all the rest—the inevitable change in the relations of the United States and Great Britain. If America annexes the Philippines, a distinct and formal understanding with England is imperative for her, and certain. This certainty is only perceived yet by few people in this country, but in Europe every statesman sees it at a glance. The Far Eastern question has superseded the Near Eastern question—just as Lord Rosebery prophesied that it would—as the greatest international problem and the focus of the keenest coming struggle. I have no space here to set forth its vast complications; but, in a rough phrase, one may say that the fate of China has now taken the place of the fate of Turkey as the great question of the future. France is trying to put a commercial fence round the Southern provinces; Russia has already "jumped" Manchuria and will soon close it to other nations by a prohibitive tariff, if she is not prevented; Germany has demanded and secured "exclusive privileges" in one large province; Japan has ambitions so wide-reaching and world-affecting that she has not ventured yet to hint at them in public; England alone desires to keep China as it is—a country raising its revenue by a moderate tariff, developing as rapidly as may be in commercial enterprise, affording to the whole world, on equal terms, a market of 350,000,000 people. Now, these views are all in conflict among themselves, and, together with the score of smaller but still important issues, they keep the diplomatists busy to avoid a breach of the peace. As soon as the United States becomes possessed of a country in the Far East, situated in the center of traffic, so to speak, of 116,000 square miles and over seven millions of inhabitants, she takes a hand in the game, with a big stake upon the table. When the next diplomatic bout begins, she will be involved. However much she may desire it, she will not be able to remain a spectator. Her policy is settled for her beforehand. It would be fatal to her interests for China to become Russian and French and German. She must try to keep China for the Chinese. But that is British policy also. Therefore America and England will find themselves shoulder to shoulder, and, as soon as the first tug comes, they will mutually define their attitude once for all. That

will be the beginning of the *entente*. It is the first step which costs.

Here is another reflection. The day on which Great Britain and the United States sign a convention specifying their common purpose in the Far East will be the day of the salvation of China. We shall have saved a nation from destruction. England alone will not be able to do this—certainly not under her present government. No force short of the determination of all who speak English would be great enough to stop the impending deluge. Now, to save a nation is a righteous thing.

One understanding will lead to another. The question of open markets will not be limited to China. It may well arise in Africa before long. Peace is "the greatest of British interests," but it is the greatest of American interests also; and our two countries may decide to join hands in making war more difficult and less profitable. The Nicaragua Canal means either a formal agreement or a quarrel. I am somewhat alarmed by the airy tone taken by the serious American press in discussing this matter. The New York "Tribune," for example, reasons as follows concerning the Clayton-Bulwer treaty:

"That treaty has long been more honored in the breach than in the observance. Both governments have repeatedly expressed a wish to be rid of it. And it has long been tacitly agreed that dual building of the canal is impracticable, and that this Nation shall be free to do the job alone just as soon as it can summon up enough enterprise and energy. Use of it in time of war would naturally be granted to Great Britain, just as the use of the Suez Canal is granted to us. Of course we should not leave it open to any Power hostile to us, and, of course, Great Britain will not be hostile to us. And it is by no means inconceivable that our interests and those of Great Britain would be so nearly identical that we should be constrained to close it to any power hostile to her. For a war waged against Great Britain in American waters could scarcely avoid concerning us very deeply, and that in a manner that would lead us to sympathize with Great Britain and to make common cause with her."

I quote this, not because I have any intention or opportunity of discussing the whole matter here, but simply as a proof that the seriousness of this question is not fully appreciated by American writers. Who would imagine, for instance, after reading this passage from the "Tribune," that there exists a treaty of the most solemn and binding character between the United States and Great Britain, dated April 19, 1850, Article I. of which says that "the Governments of the United States and Great Britain hereby declare that neither the one nor the other will

ever obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over the said ship-canal"? Or that, in order that this common policy might be reached, Great Britain, in the words of a distinguished American historian, ex-assistant Secretary of State, freely resigned "an important military, naval, and political position on the Isthmus at a time when the relative strength of the two Powers was very different from what it is now"? The repudiation of one treaty would be but a poor basis upon which to base negotiations for another.

The truth is that a foreign alliance has hitherto been so remote from American policy that the whole question of alliance has not yet been fully grasped by many people in this country. When Mr. Chamberlain made his speech the other day, a leading New York newspaper dismissed it with the remark that Mr. Chamberlain's intention was obvious—he desired to conclude an alliance with the United States in order that American men and ships might help England to fight France for West Africa. And the writer appended to this sagacious observation some highly edifying moral comments. Until I saw this I would not have believed that any responsible writer could have been so pyramidally ignorant. The editorial writer in question evidently had not the slightest notion of the principles upon which great nations arrive at common understandings. Apart from the fact that there was quite certainly going to be no war about West Africa, since France would not rush upon destruction by trying to fight England single-handed, no nation dreams of either asking or conceding treaty promises such as this writer imagined. The offensive treaty is obsolete. A complete alliance might be signed, sealed, and delivered between America and England, yet England might fight twenty wars without America being concerned in the least. I was asked the other day whether an Anglo-American treaty would bind the United States to help England if Russia invaded India. You might as well ask if a life-insurance implies a marriage contract. I replied: "In the first place, England is abundantly able to take care of herself if Russia invades India; and if she is not, then she has ceased to be a first-rate Power, and has no right to invite you to make a treaty upon equal terms."

Treaties between great nations are made *ad hoc*—with reference to specific existing interests. Here, for example, would almost certainly be the first article of any Anglo-American treaty: England binds herself under no circumstances to seek or obtain

CHANT OF THE NEW UNION.

BY EDMUND RUSSELL.

BLOOD of the North

To the Blood of the South—

Are we the same blood?

Though in strife parted—born of one mother;

Now, as the forge-fires flame o'er the land,

Wake in a new love—brother to brother;

Lift we a loving-cup, hand clasped in hand.

Draining the same draught, though it be red;

Shouting the same cry, wherever led,

Drink to our Union!

Yes—

Now the same blood!

Heart of the North

To the Heart of the South—

Beat we the same heart?

In thirst and hunger, at the same altar,

Knead we the bread, to break with our wine.

Kneel we together, chanting our psalter;

Rise we together, freedom our sign.

All of our heroes look down from heaven,

Where our blood runs their blessing is given.

Sons of the Union!

Yes—

Now the same heart!

Sword of the North

To the Sword of the South—

Lift we the same sword?

Thrust in our hands for the vengeance of God.

Clasp we its hafts in the battles of Right,

Where Murder and Famine and Rapine have trod,

We lift to annihilate—righteous our might.

Wave we on high, heaven kissing the brand

That its gleam may be seen in a faint, stricken land.

Strike for our Union!

Yes—

Now the same sword!

Flag of the North

To the Flag of the South—

Float we the same flag?

Hallowed star-spangled one, calm, pure, and regal,

Lead us to reap where the harvest is sown.

Follow the scream of our cloud-circling eagle,

Burst from its cage, its war-pinions new-grown;

Spread and unfurl to tell victory's story,

Symbol of justice, symbol of glory.

Wave for the Union!

Yes—

Now the same flag!

Prayer of the North

To the Prayer of the South—

Breathe we the same prayer?

Death to oppression—succor to pain—

E'en through our vows shrill shrieks fill the air;

Rise! that they may not our hearts rive again.

Sheathe not! but strike for a nation's despair!

Lift the sword-cross as once God's soldiers prayed,

Pray as the Knights of a holy Crusade.

Pray for our Union!

Yes—

Now the same prayer!



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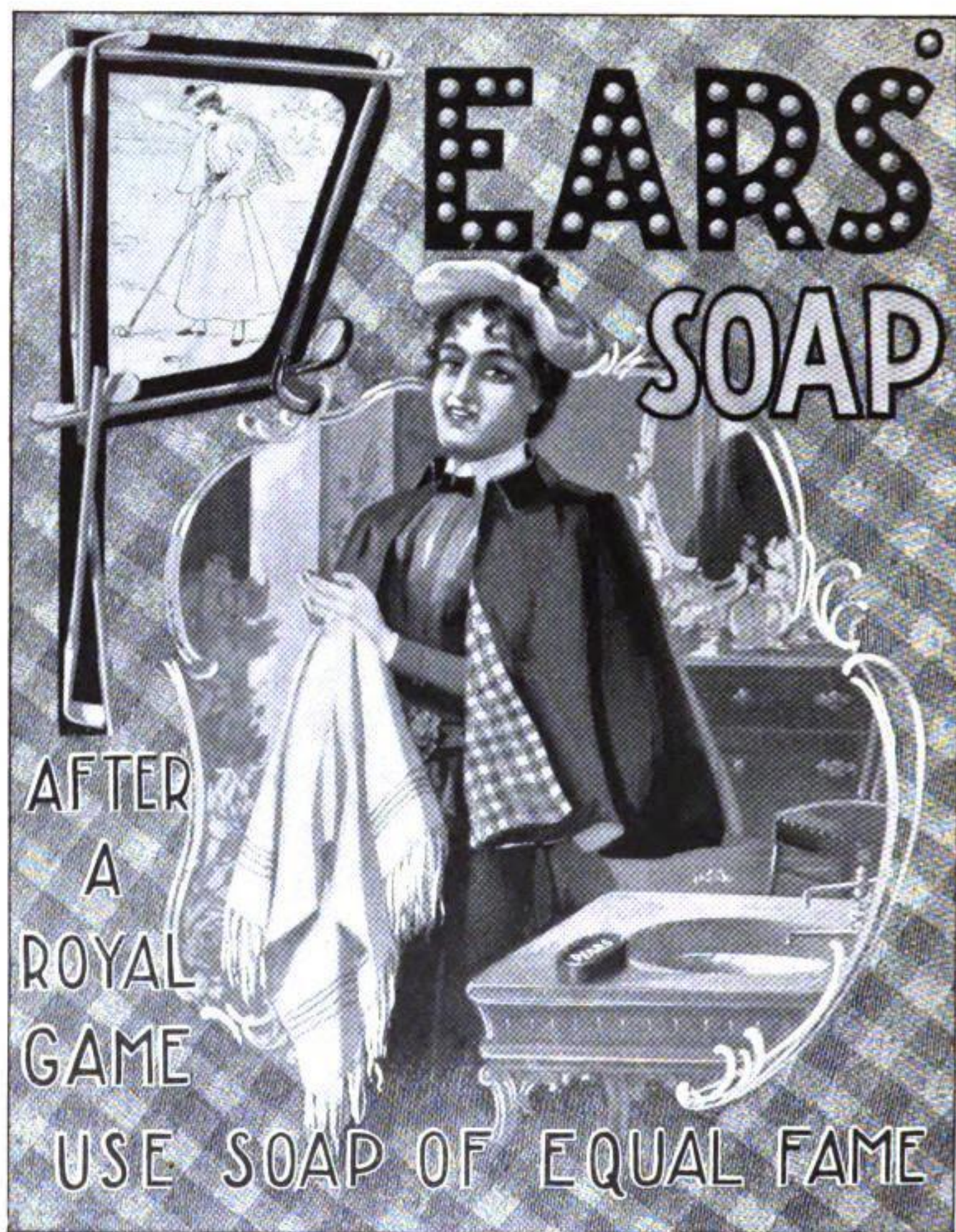
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1898

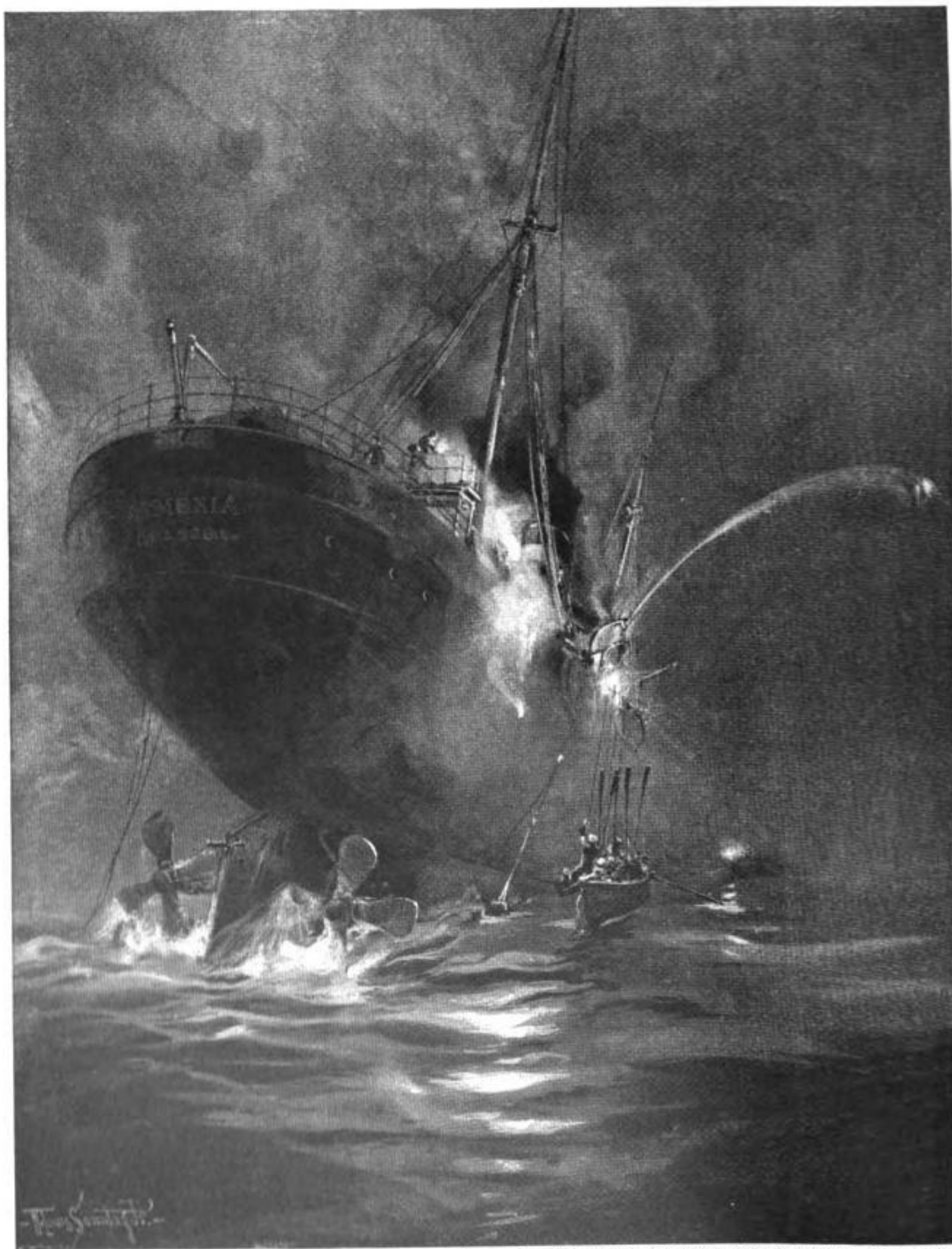




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"A continuous stream of rockets spouted from her superstructure." — See page 333.

THE LINER AND THE ICEBERG.

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VOL. XI.

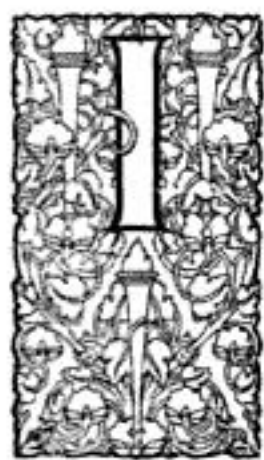
AUGUST, 1898.

No. 4.

"IN AMBUSH."

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.



IN summer all right-minded boys built huts in the furze-hill behind the College—little lairs whittled out of the heart of the prickly bushes, full of stumps, odd root ends, and spikes, but, since they were strictly forbidden, palaces of delight. And for the fifth summer in succession, Stalky, McTurk, and Beetle (this was before they reached the dignity of a study) had built like beavers a place of retreat and meditation, where they smoked like Red Indians.

Now, there was nothing in their characters as known to Mr. Prout, their house-master, which at all commanded respect, nor did Foxy, the subtle red-haired school sergeant, trust them. His business was to wear tennis-shoes, carry binoculars, and swoop down hawklike upon evil boys. Had he taken the field alone, that hut would have been raided, for Foxy knew the manners of his quarry; but Providence moved Mr. Prout, whose school-name, derived from the size of his feet, was Hooper, to investigate on his own account; and it was the cautious Stalky who found the track of his pugs on the very floor of their lair one peaceful afternoon when Stalky would fain have forgotten Prout and his works in a volume of Surtees and a new briar-wood pipe. Crusoe, at sight of the footprint, did not act more swiftly than Stalky. He removed the pipes, swept up all loose match-ends, and, in his own expressive tongue, "jolly well cleared out," to warn Beetle and McTurk.

But it was characteristic of the boy that he did not approach his allies till he had met

and conferred with little Hartopp, President of the Natural History Society, an institution which Stalky held in contempt. Hartopp was more than surprised when the boy meekly, as he knew how, begged to propose himself, Beetle, and McTurk as candidates; confessed a long-smothered interest in first-flowerings, early butterflies, and new arrivals, and volunteered, if Mr. Hartopp saw fit, to enter on the new life at once. Being a master, Hartopp was suspicious; but he was also an enthusiast, and his gentle little soul had been galled by chance-heard remarks from the three, and specially Beetle. So he was gracious to that repentant sinner, and entered the three names in his book.

Then, and not till then, did Stalky seek Beetle and McTurk in their house form-room. They were stowing away books for a quiet afternoon in the furze, which they called the "wuzzy."

"All up," said Stalky, serenely. "I spotted Heffy's fairy feet round our hut after dinner. Blessing they're so big."

"Con-found! Did you hide our pipes?" said Beetle.

"Oh, no. Left 'em in the middle of the hut, of course. What a blind ass you are, Beetle! D'you think nobody thinks but yourself? Well, we can't use the hut any more. Hooper will be watchin' it."

"'Bother! Likewise blow!'" said McTurk, thoughtfully unpacking the volumes with which his chest was cased. The boys carried their libraries between their belt and their collar. "Nice job! Means we're under suspicion for the rest of the term."

"Why? All Heffy has found is a hut. He and Foxy will watch it. It's nothing to

do with us; only we mustn't be seen that way for a bit."

"Yes, and where else are we to go?" said Beetle. "You chose that place, too—an'—an' I wanted to read this afternoon."

Stalky sat on a desk drumming his heels on the form.

"You're a despondin' brute, Beetle. Sometimes I think I shall have to drop you altogether. Did you ever know your Uncle Stalky forget you yet? *His rebus infectis*—after I'd seen Heffy's man-tracks marchin' round our hut, I found little Hartopp—*destricto ense*—wavin' a butterfly-net. I conciliated Hartopp. Told him that you'd read papers to the Bug-hunters if he'd let you join, Beetle. Told him you liked butterflies, Turkey. Anyhow, I soothed the Hartoffles, and we're Bug-hunters now."

"What's the good of that?" said Beetle.

"Oh, Turkey, kick him, won't you?"

In the interests of science bounds were largely relaxed for the members of the Natural History Society. They could wander, if they kept clear of all houses, practically where they chose; Mr. Hartopp holding himself responsible for their good conduct.

Beetle began to see this as McTurk began the kicking.

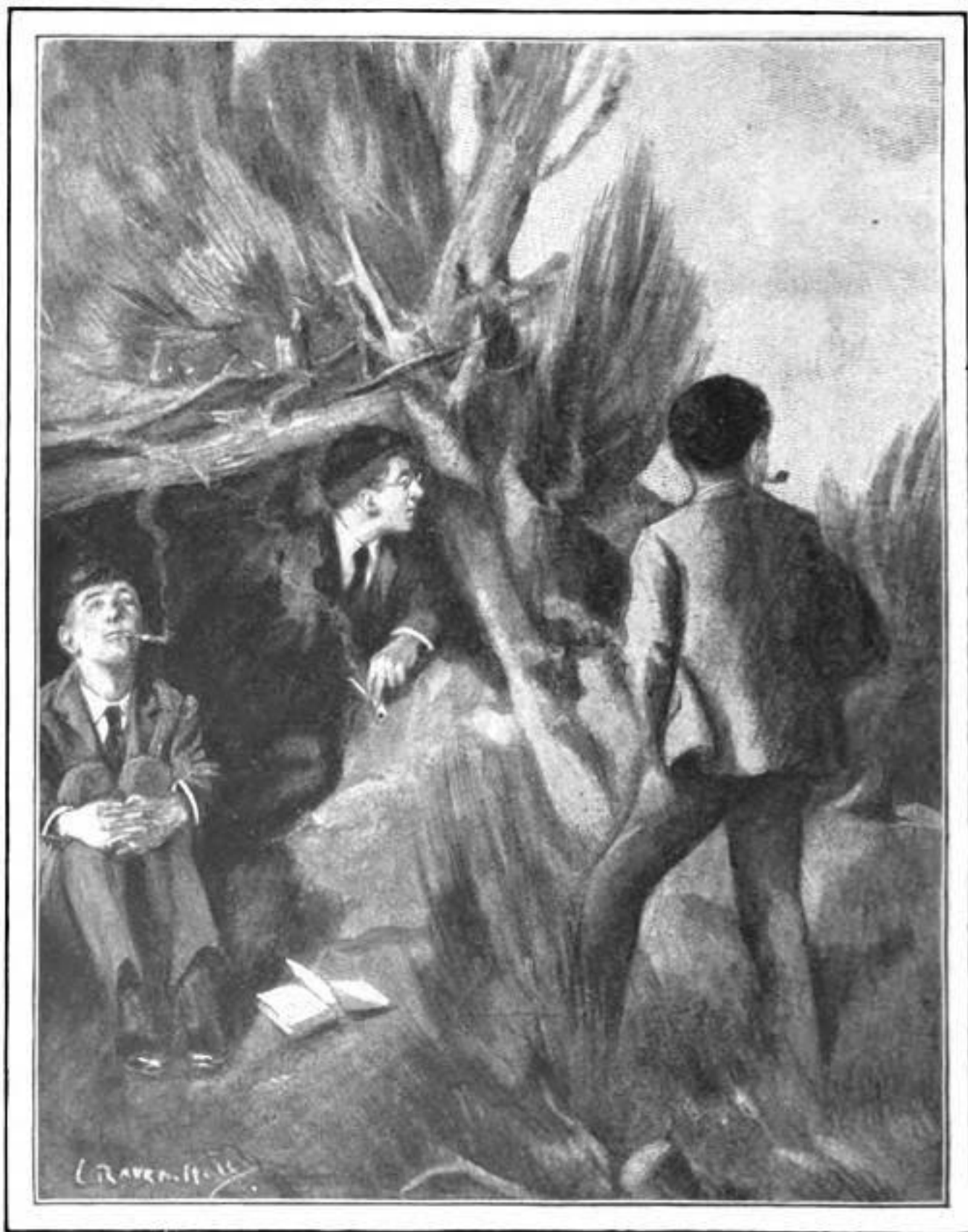
"I'm an ass, Stalky!" he said, guarding the afflicted part. "*Pax*, Turkey, I'm an ass."

"Don't stop, Turkey. Isn't your Uncle Stalky a great man?"

"Great man," said Beetle.

"All the same Bug-huntin's a filthy business," said McTurk. "How the deuce does one begin?"

"This way," said Stalky, turning to some fags' lockers behind him. "Fags are dabs at Natural History. Here's young Braybrooke's botany-case." He flung out a tangle of decayed roots and adjusted the slide. "Gives one no end of a professional air, I think. Here's Clay Minor's geological hammer. Beetle can carry that. Turkey, you'd



"... palaces of delight."

better covet a butterfly-net from somewhere."

"I'm blowed if I do," said McTurk, simply, with immense feeling. "Beetle, give me the hammer."

"All right. I'm not proud. Chuck us down that net on top of the lockers, Stalky."

"That's all right. It's a collapsible jam-



"... Stalky led them at a smart trot, ... crossing combe after gorzy combe."

boree, too. Beastly luxurious dogs these fags are. Built like a fishin' rod. 'Pon my sainted Sam, but we look the complete Bug-hunters! Now, listen to your Uncle Stalky! We're goin' along the cliffs after butterflies. Very few chaps come there. We're goin' to leg it, too. You'd better leave your books behind."

"Not much!" said Beetle, firmly. "I'm not goin' to be done out of my fun for a lot of filthy butterflies."

"Then you'll sweat horrid. You'd better carry my Jorrocks. 'Twon't make you any hotter."

They all sweated; for Stalky led them at a smart trot west away along the cliffs under the furze-hills, crossing combe after gorzy combe. They took no heed of flying rabbits or fluttering fritillaries, and all that Turkey said of geology was utterly unquotable.

"Are we going to Clovelly?" he puffed at last, and they flung themselves down on the short, springy turf between the drone of the sea below and the light summer wind among the inland trees. They were looking into a combe half full of old, high furze in gay bloom that ran up to a fringe of brambles and a dense wood of mixed timber and hollies. It was as though one-half the combe were filled with golden fire to the cliff's edge. The side nearest to them was open grass, but it fairly bristled with notice-boards.

"Fee-rocious old cove, this," said Stalky,

reading the nearest. "'Prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P.,' an' all the rest of it. Don't seem to me any chap in his senses would trespass here, does it?"

"Got to prove damage 'fore you can prosecute for anything! Can't prosecute for trespass," said McTurk, whose father held many acres in Ireland. "That's all rot!"

"Glad of that, 'cause this looks like what we wanted. Not straight across, Beetle, you blind lunatic! Anyone could spot us half a mile off. This way; and furl up your beastly butterfly-net."

Beetle disconnected the ring, thrust the net into a pocket, shut up the handle to a two-foot stave, and slid the cane-ring round his waist. Stalky led inland to the wood, which was, perhaps, a quarter of a mile from the sea, and reached the fringe of the brambles.

"Now we can get straight down through the furze, and never show up at all," said the tactician. "Beetle, go ahead and explore. Snf! Snf! Beastly stink of fox somewhere!"

On all fours, save when he clung to his spectacles, Beetle wormed into the gorse, and presently announced between grunts of pain that he had found a very fair fox-track. This was well for Beetle, since Stalky pinched him *a tergo*. Down that tunnel they crawled. It was evidently a highway for the inhabit-

ants of the combe; and, to their inexpressible joy, ended, at the very edge of the cliff, in a few square feet of dry turf walled and roofed with impenetrable gorse.

"By gum! There isn't a single thing to do except lie down," said Stalky, returning a knife to his pocket. "Golly! Look here!"

He parted the tough stems before him, and it was as a window opened on a far view of Lundy and the deep sea sluggishly nosing the pebbles a couple of hundred feet below. They could hear young jackdaws squawking on the ledges, the hiss and jabber of a nest of hawks

somewhere out of sight; and, with great deliberation, Stalky spat on to the back of a young rabbit sunning himself far down where only a cliff-rabbit could have found room. Great grey and black gulls screamed against the jackdaws; the heavy-scented acres of bloom

round them were alive with low-nesting birds, singing or silent as the shadow of the wheeling hawks passed and returned; and on the naked turf across the combe rabbits thumped and frolicked.

"Whew! What a place! Talk of natural history; this is it," said Stalky, filling himself a pipe. "Isn't it scrumptious? Good old sea!" He spat again approvingly, and was silent.

McTurk and Beetle had taken out their books and were lying on their stomachs, chin in hand. The sea snored and gurgled; the birds, scattered for the moment by these new animals, returned to their businesses, and the boys read on in the rich, warm, sleepy silence.

"Hullo, here's a keeper," said Stalky, shutting "Handley Cross" cautiously, and peering through the jungle. A man with a gun appeared on the sky-line to the east. "Confound him, he's going to sit down."

"He'd swear we were poachin', too," said Beetle. "What's the good of pheasants' eggs? They're always addled, too."

"Might as well get up to the wood, I think," said Stalky. "Don't want G. M. Dabney, Col., J.P., to be bothered about us so soon. Up the wuzzy and keep quiet. He may have followed us, you know."

Beetle was already far up the tunnel. They heard him gasp indescribably: there was the crash of a heavy leaping through the furze.

"Aie! yeou little red rascal. I see yeou!" The keeper threw the gun to his shoulder, and fired both barrels in their direction. The pellets dusted the dry stems

round them as a big fox plunged between Stalky's legs, and ran over the cliff-edge.

They said nothing till they reached the wood, torn, dishevelled, hot, but unseen.

"Narrow squeak," said Stalky. "I'll swear some of the pellets went through my hair."

"Did you see him?" said Beetle. "I almost put my hand on him. Wasn't he a wopper? Didn't he stink? Hullo, Turkey, what's the matter? Are you hit?"

McTurk's lean face had turned pearly white; his mouth, generally half open, was tight shut, and his eyes blazed. They had never seen him like this save once in a sad time of civil war.

"Do you know that that was just as bad as murder?" he said, in a grating voice, as he brushed prickles from his head.

"Well, he didn't hit us," said Stalky. "I think it was rather a lark. Here, where are you going?"

"I'm going up to the house, if there is one," said McTurk, pushing through the hollies. "I am going to tell this Colonel Dabney."

"Are you crazy? He'll swear it served us jolly well right. He'll report us. It'll be a public lickin'. Oh, Turkey, don't be an ass. Think of us!"

"You fool!" said McTurk, turning sav-



... it fairly bristled with notice-boards."

agely. "D'you suppose I'm thinkin' of *us*. It's the keeper."

"He's cracked," said Beetle, miserably, as they followed. Indeed, this was a new Turkey—a haughty, angular, nose-lifted Turkey—whom they accompanied through a shrubbery on to a lawn, where a white-whiskered old gentleman with a cleek was alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously.

"Are you Colonel Dabney?" McTurk began in this new creaking voice of his.

"I—I am, and—" his eyes traveled up and down the boy—"who—what the devil d'you want? Ye've been disturbing my pheasants. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye needn't laugh at it. (McTurk's not too lovely features had twisted themselves into a horrible sneer at the word pheasant.) You've been birds' nesting. You needn't hide your hat. I can see that you belong to the College. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye do! Your name and number at once, sir. Ye want to speak to me—Eh?

You saw my notice-boards? Must have. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did? Damnable, oh damnable!"

He choked with emotion. McTurk's heel tapped the lawn and he stuttered a little—two sure signs that he was losing his temper. But why should he, the offender, be angry?

"Lo-look here, sir. Do—do you shoot foxes? Because, if you don't, your keeper does. We've seen him! I do—don't care what you call us—but it's an awful thing. It's the ruin of good feelin' among neighbors. A ma-man ought to say once and for all how he stands about preservin'. It's worse than murder, because there's no legal remedy." McTurk was quoting confusedly from his father, while the old gentleman made noises in his throat.

"Do you know who I am?" he gurgled at last; Stalky and Beetle quaking.

"No, sorr, nor do I care if ye belonged to the Castle itself. Answer me now, as one gentleman to another. Do ye shoot foxes or do ye not?"

And four years ago Stalky and Beetle had carefully kicked McTurk out of his Irish dialect! Assuredly he had gone mad or taken a sunstroke, and as assuredly he would be slain—once by the old gentleman and once by the Head. A public licking for the three was the least they could expect. Yet—if their eyes and ears were to be trusted—the old gentleman had collapsed. It might be a lull before the storm, but—

"I do not." He was still gurgling.

"Then you must sack your keeper, sorr. He's not fit to live in the same county with a God-fearin' fox. An' a vixen, too—at this time o' year!"

"Did ye come up on purpose to tell me this?"

"Of course I did, ye silly man," with a stamp of the foot.

"Would you not have done as much for me if you'd seen that thing happen on my land, now?"

(Forgotten—forgotten was the College and the decency due to elders. McTurk was treading again the barren purple mountains of the rainy West coast, where in his holidays he was viceroy of four thousand naked acres, only son of a three-hundred year old house, lord of a crazy fishing-boat, and the idol of his father's shiftless tenantry. It was the landed man speaking to his equal—deep calling to deep—and the old gentleman acknowledged the cry.)

"I apologize," said he. "I apologize unreservedly—to you, and to the old sod. Now, will you be good enough to tell me your story?"



"A man with a gun."

"We were in your combe," McTurk began, and he told his tale alternately as a schoolboy, and, when the iniquity of the thing overcame him, as an indignant squire; concluding: "So you see he must be in the habit of it. I—we—one never wants to accuse a neighbor's man, sorr; but I took the liberty in this case——"

"I see. Quite so. For a reason ye had. Infamous—oh, infamous!" The two had fallen into step beside each other on the lawn, and Colonel Dabney was talking as one man to another. "This comes of promoting a fisherman—a fisherman—from his lobster-pots. It's enough to ruin the reputation of an archangel. Don't attempt to deny it. It is! Your father has brought you up well. He has! I'd much like the pleasure of his acquaintance. Very much, indeed. And these young gentlemen? English they are. Don't attempt to deny it. They came up with you, too? Extraordinary! Extraordinary, now! In the present state of education I shouldn't have thought any three boys would be well enough grounded. . . . But out of the mouths of—— No—no. Not that by any odds. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye're not! Sherry always catches me under the liver, but—beer, now? Eh? What d'you say to beer, and something to eat? It's long since I was a boy—abominable nuisances; but exceptions prove the rule. And a vixen, too!"

They were fed on the terrace by a gray-haired housekeeper. Stalky and Beetle merely ate, but McTurk with bright eyes continued a free and lofty discourse; and ever the old gentleman treated him as a brother.

"My dear man, of *course* ye can come again. Did I not say exceptions prove the rule? The lower combe? Ian, dear, anywhere ye please, so long as you do not disturb my pheasants. The two are not incompatible. Don't attempt to deny it. They're not! I'll never allow another gun, though. Come and go as ye please; I'll not see you, and ye needn't see me. Ye've been well brought up. Another glass of beer, now? I tell you a fisherman he was and a fisherman he shall be to-night again. He shall! Wish I could drown him. I'll convoy you to the Lodge. My people are not precisely—ah—broke to boy, but they'll know *you* again."

He dismissed them with many compliments by the high Lodge-gate in the split-oak park palings and they stood still—even Stalky, who had played second, not to say a dumb, fiddle—regarding McTurk as one from an-

other world. The two glasses of strong home-brewed had brought a melancholy upon the boy, for, slowly strolling with his hands in his pockets, he crooned:—"Oh, Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that's goin' round?"

Under other circumstances Stalky and Beetle would have fallen upon him, for that song was barred utterly—anathema—the sin of witchcraft. But, seeing what he had wrought, they danced round him in silence, waiting till it pleased him to touch earth.

The tea-bell rang when they were still half a mile from College. McTurk shivered and came out of dreams. The glory of his holiday estate had left him. He was a Colleger of the College, speaking English once more.

"Turkey, it was immense!" said Stalky, generously. "I didn't know you had it in you. You've got us a hut for the rest of the term, where we simply *can't* be collared. Fids! Fids! Oh, Fids! I gloat! Hear me gloat!"

They spun wildly on their heels, jodeling after the accepted manner of a "gloat," which is not unremotely allied to the primitive man's song of triumph, and dropped down the hill by the path from the gasometer just in time to meet their house-master, who had spent the afternoon watching their abandoned hut in the "wuzzy."

Unluckily, all Mr. Prout's imagination leaned to the darker side of life, and he looked on those young-eyed cherubims most sourly. Boys that he understood attended house-matches and could be accounted for at any moment. But he had heard McTurk openly deride cricket—even house-matches; Beetle's views on the honor of the house he knew were incendiary; and he could never tell when the soft and smiling Stalky was laughing at him. Consequently—since human nature is what it is—those boys had been doing wrong somewhere. He hoped it was nothing very serious, but . . .

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Stalky, still on his heels, whirled like a dancing dervish to the dining-hall.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" Beetle spun behind him with outstretched arms.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" McTurk's voice cracked.

Now was there or was there not a distinct flavor of beer as they shot past Mr. Prout?

He was unlucky in that his conscience as a house-master impelled him to consult his associates. Had he taken his pipe and his troubles to Little Hartopp's rooms he would,



"The keeper . . . fired both barrels in their direction."

perhaps, have been saved confusion, for Hartopp believed in boys, and knew something about them. His fate led him to King, a fellow house-master, no friend of his, but a zealous hater of Stalky and Co.

"Ah-haa!" said King, rubbing his hands when the tale was told. "Curious! Now my house never dream of doing these things."

"But you see I've no proof, exactly."

"Proof? With the egregious Beetle! As if one wanted it! I suppose it is not impossible for the Sergeant to supply it? Foxy is considered at least a match for any evasive boy in *ours*. Of course they were smoking and drinking somewhere. That type of boy always does. They think it manly."

"But they've no following in the school.

They are distinctly—er—brutal to their juniors," said Prout, who had from a distance seen Beetle return, with interest, his butterfly-net to a tearful fag.

"Ah! They consider themselves superior to ordinary delights. Self-sufficient little animals! There's something in McTurk's Hibernian sneer that would make *me* a little annoyed. And they are so careful to avoid all overt acts, too. It's sheer calculated insolence. I am strongly opposed, as you know, to interfering with another man's house; but they need a lesson, Prout. They need a sharp lesson, if only to bring down their overweening self-conceit. Were I you, I should devote myself for a week to their little performances.

Boys of that order—and I may flatter myself, but I think I know boys—don't join the Bug-hunters for love. Tell the Sergeant to keep his eye open; and, of course, in my peregrinations I may casually keep mine open, too."

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" far down the corridor.

"Disgusting!" said King. "Where do they pick up these obscene noises? One sharp lesson is what they want."

The boys did not concern themselves with lessons for the next few days. They had all Colonel Dabney's estate to play with, and they explored it with the stealth of Red Indians and the accuracy of burglars. They could enter either by the Lodge-gates on the

upper road—they were careful to ingratiate themselves with the Lodge-keeper and his wife—drop down into the combe, and return along the cliffs; or they could begin at the combe, and climb up into the road.

They were careful not to cross the Colonel's path—he had served his turn, and they would not outwear their welcome—nor did they show up on the sky-line when they could move in cover. The shelter of the gorze by the cliff edge was their chosen retreat. Beetle christened it the Pleasant Isle of Aves, for the peace and the shelter of it; and here, the pipes and tobacco once cached in a convenient ledge an arm's length down the cliff, their position was legally unassailable.

For, observe, Colonel Dabney had not invited them to enter his house. Therefore, they did not need to ask specific leave to go visiting, and school rules were strict on that point. He had merely thrown open his grounds to them; and, since they were lawful Bug-hunters, their extended bounds ran up to his notice-boards in the combe and his Lodge-gates on the hill.

They were amazed at their own virtue.

"And even if it wasn't," said Stalky, flat on his back, staring into the blue. "Even suppose we were miles out of bounds, no one could get at us through this wuzzy, unless he knew the tunnel. Isn't this better than lyin' up just behind the Coll—in a blue funk every time we had a smoke? Isn't your Uncle Stalky——?"

"No," said Beetle—he was stretched at the edge of the cliff spitting thoughtfully. "We've got to thank Turkey for this. Turkey is the Great Man. Turkey, dear, you're distressing Heffles."

"Gloomy old ass!" said McTurk, deep in a book.

"They've got us under suspicion," said Stalky. "Hoophats is so suspicious somehow; and Foxy always makes every stalk he does a sort of—sort of——"

"Scalp," said Beetle. "Foxy's a regular Chingangook."

"Poor Foxy," said Stalky. "He's goin' to catch us one of these days. Said to me in the Gym last night, 'I've got my eye on you, Mister Corkran. I'm only warning you for your good.' Then I said: 'Well, you jolly well take it off again, or you'll get into trouble. I'm only warnin' you for your good.' Foxy was wrath."

"Yes, but it's only fair sport for Foxy," said Beetle. "It's Hefflelinga that has the evil mind. Shouldn't wonder if he thought we got tight."

"I never got squiffy but once—that was in the holidays," said Stalky, reflectively; "an' it made me horrid sick. 'Pon my sacred Sam, though, it's enough to drive a man to drink, havin' an animal like Hoof for house-master."

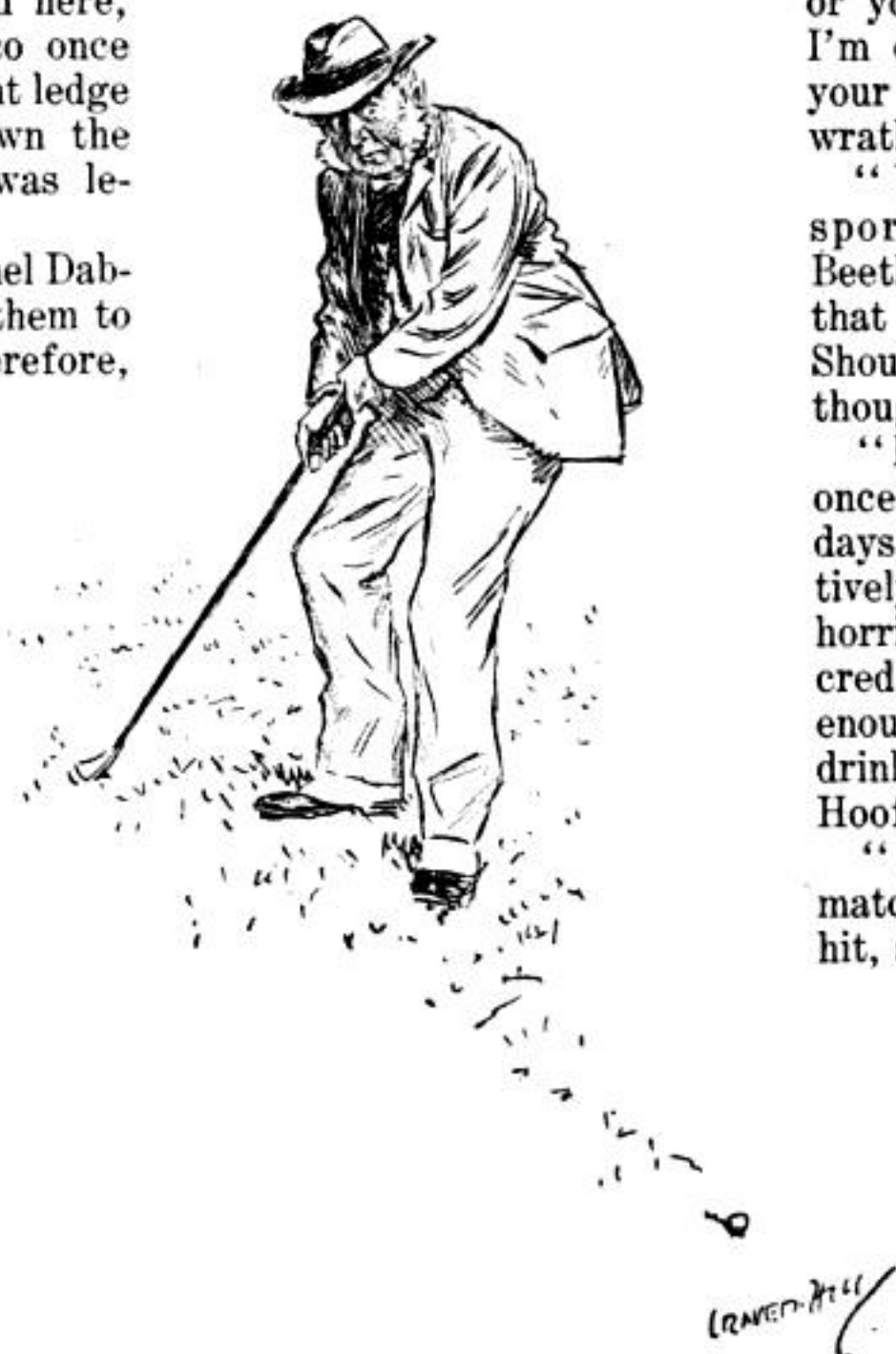
"If we attended the matches an' yelled, 'Well hit, sir,' an' stood on one leg an' grinned every time Heffy said, 'So ho, my sons. Is it thus?' an' said, 'Yes, sir,' an' 'No, sir,' an' 'O, sir,' an' 'Please, sir,' like a lot o' filthy fa-ags, Heffy 'ud

think no end of us," said McTurk with a sneer.

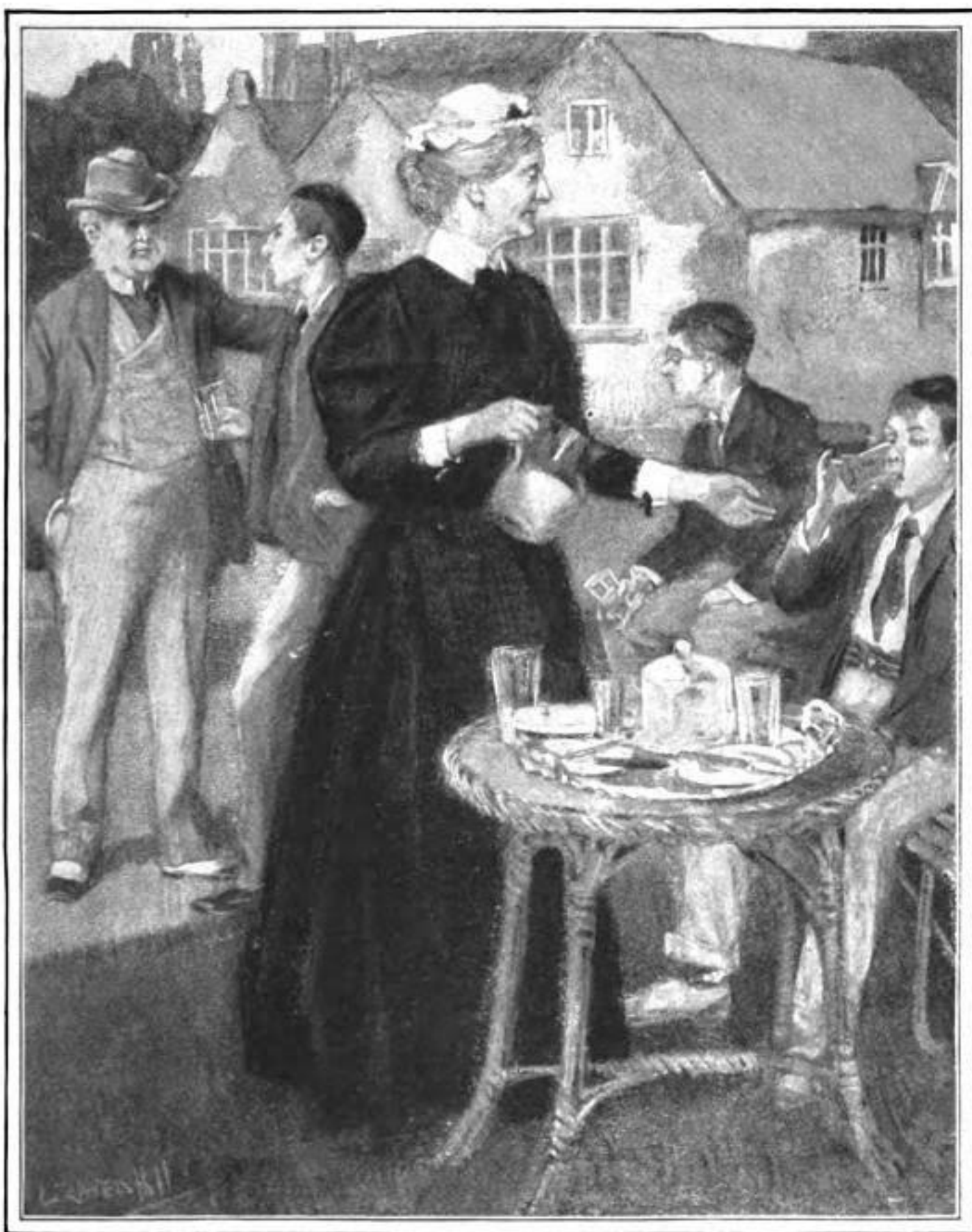
"Too late to begin that."

"It's all right. The Hefflelinga means well. But he is an ass. And we show him that we think he's an ass. An' so Heffy don't love us. Told me last night after prayers that he was *in loco parentis*," Beetle grunted.

"The deuce he did!" cried Stalky. "That means he's maturin' something unusual dam' mean. Last time he told me



"... alternately putting and blaspheming vigorously."



"They were fed on the terrace by a gray-haired housekeeper."

that he gave me three hundred lines for dancin' the cachuca in No. 10 dormitory. *Loco parentis*, by gum! But what's the odds as long as you're 'appy? We're all right."

They were, and their very rightness puzzled Prout, King, and the Sergeant. Boys with bad consciences show it. They slink out past the Fives Court in haste, and smile nervously when questioned. They return, disordered, in bare time to save a call-over. They nod and wink and giggle one to the other, scattering at the approach of a master. But Stalky and his allies had long outlived these manifestations of youth. They strolled forth unconcernedly, and returned in excellent shape after a light refreshment of strawberries and cream at the Lodge.

The Lodge-keeper had been promoted to keeper, *vice* the murderous fisherman; and

his wife made much of the boys. The man, too, gave them a squirrel, which they presented to the Natural History Society; thereby, checkmating little Hartopp, who wished to know what they were doing for Science. Foxy faithfully worked some deep Devon lanes behind a lonely cross-roads inn; and it was curious that Prout and King, members of Common-room seldom friendly, walked together in the same direction—that is to say, northeast. Now, Aves lay southwest.

"They're deep—day-vilish deep," said Stalky. "Why are they drawin' those covers?"

"Me," said Beetle sweetly. "I asked Foxy if he had ever tasted the beer there. That was enough for Foxy, and it cheered him up a little. He and Heffy were sniffin'

round our old hut so long I thought they'd like a change."

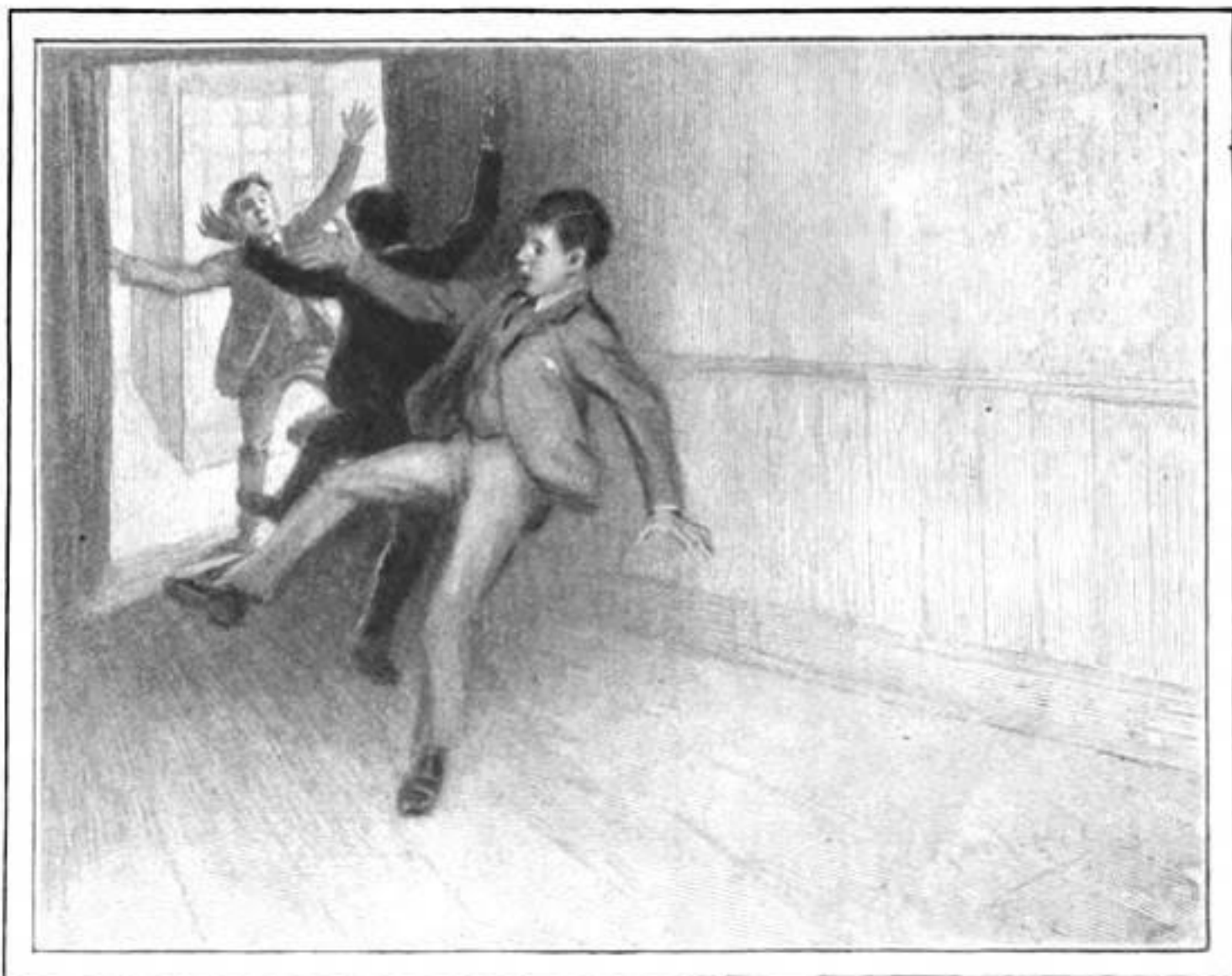
"Well, it can't last for ever," said Stalky. "Heffy's bankin' up like a thunder-cloud, an' King goes rubbin' his beastly hands, an' grinnin' like a hyena. It's shockin' demoralizin' for King. He'll burst some day."

That day came a little sooner than they expected—came when the Sergeant, whose duty it was to collect defaulters, did not attend an afternoon call-over.

"You see!" said Stalky, when they were out of ear-shot. "He *can't* keep a secret. He's followin' to cut off our line of retreat. He'll wait at the baths till Heffy comes along. They've tried every blessed place except along the cliffs, and they think they've bottled us. No need to hurry."

They walked leisurely over the combes till they reached the line of notice-boards.

"Listen a shake. Foxy's up wind comin' down hill like beans. When you hear him move in the bushes, go straight across to



"Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu! I gloat! Hear me!"

"Tired of pubs, eh? He's gone up to the top of hill with his binos to spot us," said Stalky. "Wonder he didn't think of that before. Did you see old Heffy cock his eye at us when we answered our names? Heffy's in it, too. *Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu! I gloat! Hear me! Come on!*"

"Aves?" said Beetle,

"Of course, but I'm not smokin' *aujourd'hui*. *Parce que je jolly well pense* that we'll be followed. We'll go along the cliffs, slow, an' give Foxy lots of time to parallel us up above."

They strolled towards the swimming-baths, and presently overtook King.

"Oh, don't let *me* interrupt you," he said. "Engaged in scientific pursuits, of course? I trust you will enjoy yourselves, my young friends."

Aves. They want to catch us *flagrante delicto*."

They dived into the gorse at right angles to the tunnel, openly crossing the grass, and lay still in Aves.

"What did I tell you?" Stalky carefully put away the pipes and tobacco. The Sergeant, out of breath, was leaning against the fence raking the furze with his binoculars, but he might as well have tried to see through a sand-bag. Anon, Prout and King appeared behind him. They conferred.

"Aha! Foxy don't like the notice-boards, and he don't like the prickles either. Now we'll cut up the tunnel and go to the Lodge. Hullo! They've sent Foxy into cover."

The Sergeant was waist-deep in crackling, swaying furze, his ears filled with the noise of his own progress. The boys reached the

shelter of the wood and looked down through a belt of hollies.

"Hellish noise!" said Stalky, critically. "Don't think Colonel Dabney will like it. I move we go into the Lodge and get something to eat. We must see the fun out."

Suddenly the keeper passed them at a trot.

"Who'm they to combe-bottom for Lord's sake? Master'll be crazy," he said.

"Poachers simply," Stalky replied in the broad Devon that was the boy's *langue de guerre*.

"I'll poach 'em to rights!" He dropped into the funnel-like combe, which presently began to fill with noises, notably King's voice crying: "Go on, Sergeant! Leave him alone, you, sir. He is executing *my* orders."

"Who'm yeou to give arders here, ginky whiskers! Yeou come up to the master. Come out o' that wuzzy! [This is to the Sergeant.] Yiss, I reckon us knows the boys yeou 'm after. They've tu long ears an' vuzzy bellies, an' you nippies they in yeour pockets when they'm dead. Come up to master! He'll boy yeou all you'm a mind to. Yeou other folk bide your side fence."

"Explain to the proprietor. You can explain, Sergeant," shouted King. Evidently the Sergeant had surrendered to the major force.

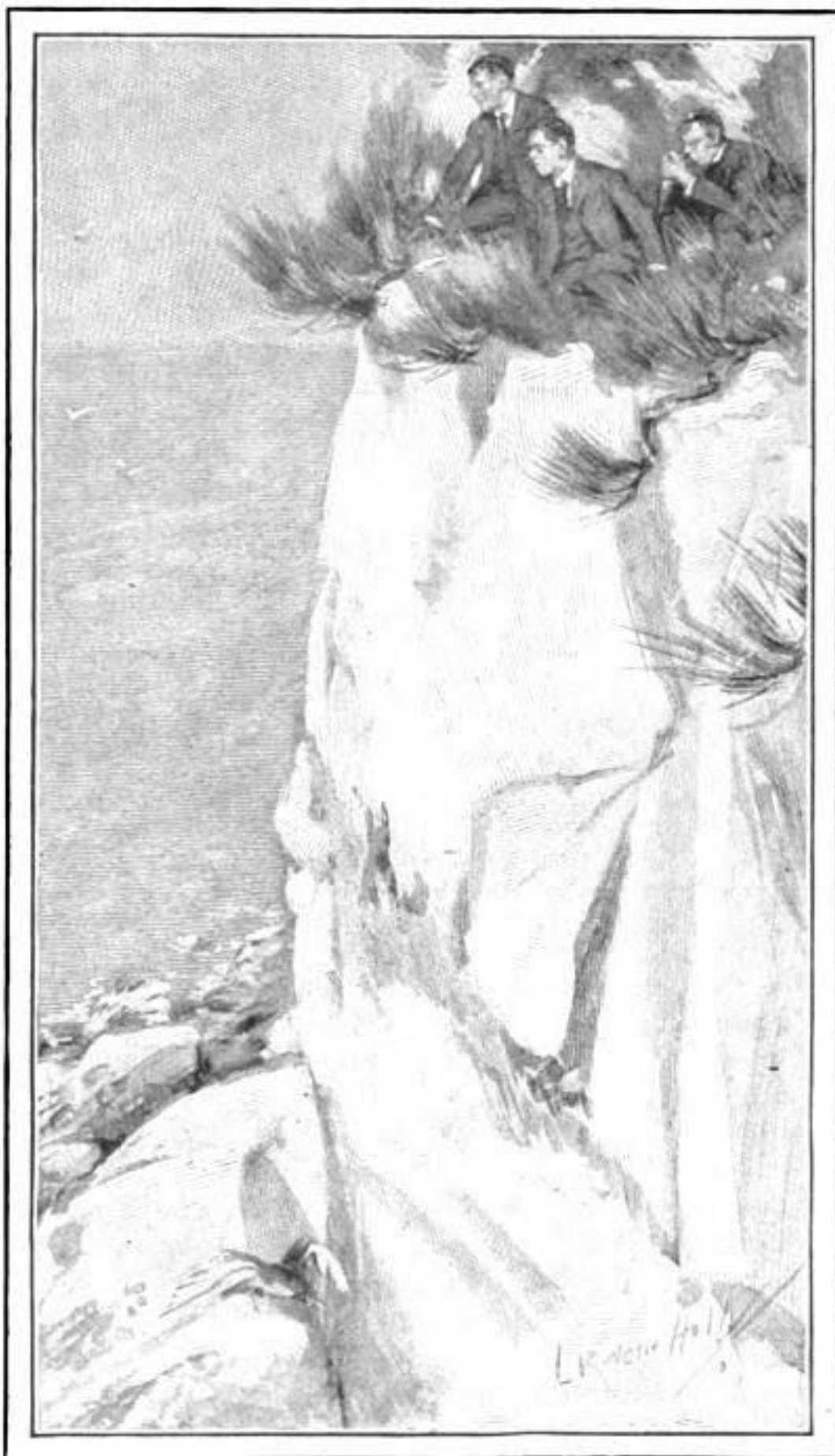
Beetle lay at full length on the turf behind the Lodge literally biting the earth in spasms of joy.

Stalky kicked him upright. There was nothing of levity about Stalky or McTurk save a stray muscle twitching on the cheek.

They tapped at the Lodge door, where they were always welcome.

"Come yeou right in an' set down, my little dearrs," said the woman. "They'll niver touch my man. He'll poach 'em to rights. Iss fai! Fresh berries an' cream. Us Dartymoor folk niver forgit their friends. But them Bidevor poachers, they've no hem to their garments. Sugar? My man he've digged a badger for yeou, my dearrs. 'Tis in the linhay in a box."

"Us'll take un with us when we'm finished here. I reckon yeou'm busy. We'll



"The Pleasant Isle of Aves."

bide here an'—'tis washin' day with yeou, simly," said Stalky. "We'm no company to make all vitty for. Never yeou mind us. Yiss. There's plenty cream."

The woman withdrew, wiping her pink hands on her apron, and left them in the parlor. There was a scuffle of feet on the gravel outside the heavily-leaded diamond panes, and then the voice of Colonel Dabney, something clearer than a bugle.

"Ye can read? You've eyes in your head? Don't attempt to deny it. Ye have!"

Beetle snatched a crotchet-work antimacassar from the shiny horsehair sofa, stuffed it into his mouth, and rolled out of sight.

"You saw my notice-boards. Your duty? Curse your impudence, sir. Your duty was to keep off my grounds. Talk of duty to *me*!



"poach" was fairly worked some deep Devon lanes."

"I—I protest against this outrage." King had evidently been running up hill. "The man was entirely within his duty. Let—let me give you my card."

"He's in flannels!" Stalky buried his head again.

"Unfortunately—*most* unfortunately—I have not one with me, but my name is King, sir, a house-master of the College, and you will find me prepared—fully prepared—to answer for this man's action. We've seen three——"

"*Did* ye see my notice-boards?"

"I admit we did, but under the circumstances——"

"I stand in *loco parentis*." Prout's deep voice was added to the discussion. They could hear him pant.

"F'what?" Colonel Dabney was growing more and

more Irish.

"I'm responsible for the boys under my charge."

"Ye are, are ye? Then all I can say is that ye set them a very bad example—a damn bad example, if I may say so. I do not own your boys. I've not seen your boys, an' I tell you that if there was a boy grin'n' in every bush on the place *still* ye've no shadow of a right here, comin' up from the combe that way, an' frightening' everything in it. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did. Ye should have come to the Lodge an' seen me like Christians, instead of chasin' your damn boys through the length and breadth of my covers. In *loco parentis* ye are? Well, I've not forgotten *my* Latin either, an' I'll say to you: '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes*.' If the masters trespass, how can we blame the boys?"

"But if I could speak to you privately," said Prout.

"I'll have nothing private with you! Ye can be as private as ye please on the other side o' that gate an'—I wish ye a very good afternoon."

A second time the gate clanged. They waited till Colonel Dabney had returned to the house, and fell into one another's arms, crowing for breath.

"Oh, my Soul! Oh, my King! Oh, my Heffy! Oh, my Foxy! Zeal, all zeal, Mr. Simple." Stalky wiped his eyes. "Oh!

... ye misbegotten poacher, ... me my A B C next! Roar- ... in the bushes down there! ... Boys! Keep your boys at ... I'm not responsible for your ... I don't believe it I don't be- ... a wot! ... Ye've a furtive look in ... a furtive, sneak'n', poachin' look ... had run the reputation of ... Don't attempt to deny it! ... A sergeant? More shame to you, ... the worst bargain Her Majesty ever ... A sergeant, to run about the coun- ... on your pension! Damnable! ... be considerate. I'll ... A god, I'll be the very es- ... Did ye, or did ye not, ... Don't attempt to ... Silence, Sergeant!"

Twenty-five years in the army had left ... He obeyed.

Now ... the ... gate shut with a clang. ... A sergeant to tell me my ... Colonel Dabney. "Good ..."

... King!" gulped Stalky, ... his head to his shoulder pillow. McTurk ... before the speck- ... heaved to the emo- ... Through the thick glass ... showed blue, distorted, ...

Oh! Oh!—I *did* boil the exciseman! We must get out of this or we'll be late for tea."

"Ge—ge—get the badger and make little Hartopp happy. Ma—ma—make 'em all happy," sobbed McTurk, groping for the door and kicking the prostrate Beetle before him.

They found the beast in an evil-smelling box, left two half-crowns for payment, and staggered home. Only the badger grunted most marvelous like Colonel Dabney, and they dropped him twice or thrice with shrieks of helpless laughter. They were but imperfectly recovered when Foxy met them by the Fives Court with word that they were to go up to their dormitory and wait till sent for.

"Well, take this box to Mr. Hartopp's rooms, then. We've done something for the Natural History Society, at any rate," said Beetle.

"'Fraid that won't save you, young gen'elmen," Foxy answered, in an awful voice. He was sorely ruffled in his mind.

"All right, Foxibus." Stalky had reached the extreme stage of hiccups. "We—we'll never desert you, Foxy. Hounds chop-pin' foxes in cover is more a proof of vice, ain't it. . . . No, you're right, I'm—I'm not quite well."

"They've gone a bit too far this time," Foxy thought to himself. "Very far gone, I'd say, excep' there was no smell of liquor. An' yet it isn't like 'em—somehow. King and Prout they 'ad their dressin'-down same as me. That's one comfort."

"Now, we *must* pull up," said Stalky, rising from the bed on which he had thrown himself. "We're injured innocence—as usual. We don't know what we've been sent up here for, do we?"

"No explanation. Deprived of tea. Public disgrace before the house," said McTurk, whose eyes were running over. "It's dam' serious."

"Well, hold on, till King loses his temper," said Beetle. "He's a libelous old rip, an' he'll be in a ravin' paddy-wack. Prout's too beastly cautious. Keep your eye on King, and, if he gives us a chance, appeal to the Head. That always makes 'em sick."

They were summoned to their house-master's study, King and Foxy supporting Prout, and Foxy had three canes under his arm. King leered triumphantly, for there were tears, undried tears, of mirth on the boy's cheeks. Then the examination began.

Yes, they had walked along the cliffs. Yes, they had entered Colonel Dabney's grounds. Yes, they had seen the notice-



"Come out o' that werry!"

boards (at this point Beetle sputtered hysterically). For what purpose had they entered Colonel Dabney's grounds? "Well, sir, there was a badger."

Here King, who loathed the Natural History Society because he did not like Hartopp, could no longer be restrained. He begged them not to add mendacity to open insolence. But the badger was in Mr. Hartopp's rooms, sir. The Sergeant had kindly taken it up for them. That disposed of the badger, and

the temporary check brought King's temper to boiling-point. They could hear his foot on the floor while Prout prepared his lumbering inquiries. They had settled into their stride now. Their eyes ceased to sparkle; their faces were blank; their hands hung beside them without a twitch. They were learning, at the expense of a fellow-countryman, the lesson of their race, which is, to put away all emotion, and entrap the alien at the proper time.

So far good. King was importing himself more freely into the trial; being vengeful where Prout was grieved. They knew the penalties of trespassing? With a fine show of irresolution, Stalky admitted that he had gathered some information vaguely bearing on this head, but he thought—The sentence was dragged out to the uttermost. Stalky did not wish to play his trump with such an opponent. Mr. King desired no buts, nor was he interested in Stalky's evasions. They, on the other hand, might be interested in his poor views. Boys who crept, who sneaked, who lurked out of bounds, even the generous bounds of the Natural History Society, which they had falsely joined as a cloak for their misdeeds, their vices, their villainies, their immoralities—

"He'll break cover in a minute," said Stalky to himself. "Then we'll run into him before he gets away."

Such boys, scabrous boys, moral lepers—the current of his words was carrying King off his feet—evil-speakers, liars, slow-bellies—yea, incipient drunkards.

He was merely working up to a peroration, and the boys knew it, but, McTurk cut through the frothing sentence, the others echoing:

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

"I appeal to the Head, sir."

It was their unquestioned right. Drunkenness meant expulsion after a public flogging.

They had been accused of it. The case was the Head's, and the Head's alone.

"Thou hast appealed unto Cæsar: unto Cæsar shalt thou go." They had heard that sentence once or twice before in their careers. "None the less," said King, uneasily, "you would be better advised to abide by our decision, my young friends."

"Are we allowed to associate with the rest of the school till we see the Head, sir?" said McTurk to his house-master; disregarding King. This lifted the situation to its loftiest plane. Also it meant no work, for moral leprosy was strictly quarantined, and the Head never executed judgment till twenty-four cool hours later.

"Well—er—if you persist in your defiant attitude," said King, with a loving look at the canes under Foxy's arm. "There is no alternative."

Ten minutes later the news was over the whole school. Stalky and Co. had fallen at last—fallen by drink. They had been drinking. They had returned blind-drunk from a hut. They were even now lying hopelessly intoxicated on the dormitory floor. A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots about the

head from the criminals.

"We've got him—got him on the Caudine toasting-fork!" said Stalky, after those hints were taken. "King'll have to prove his charges up to the giddy hilt."

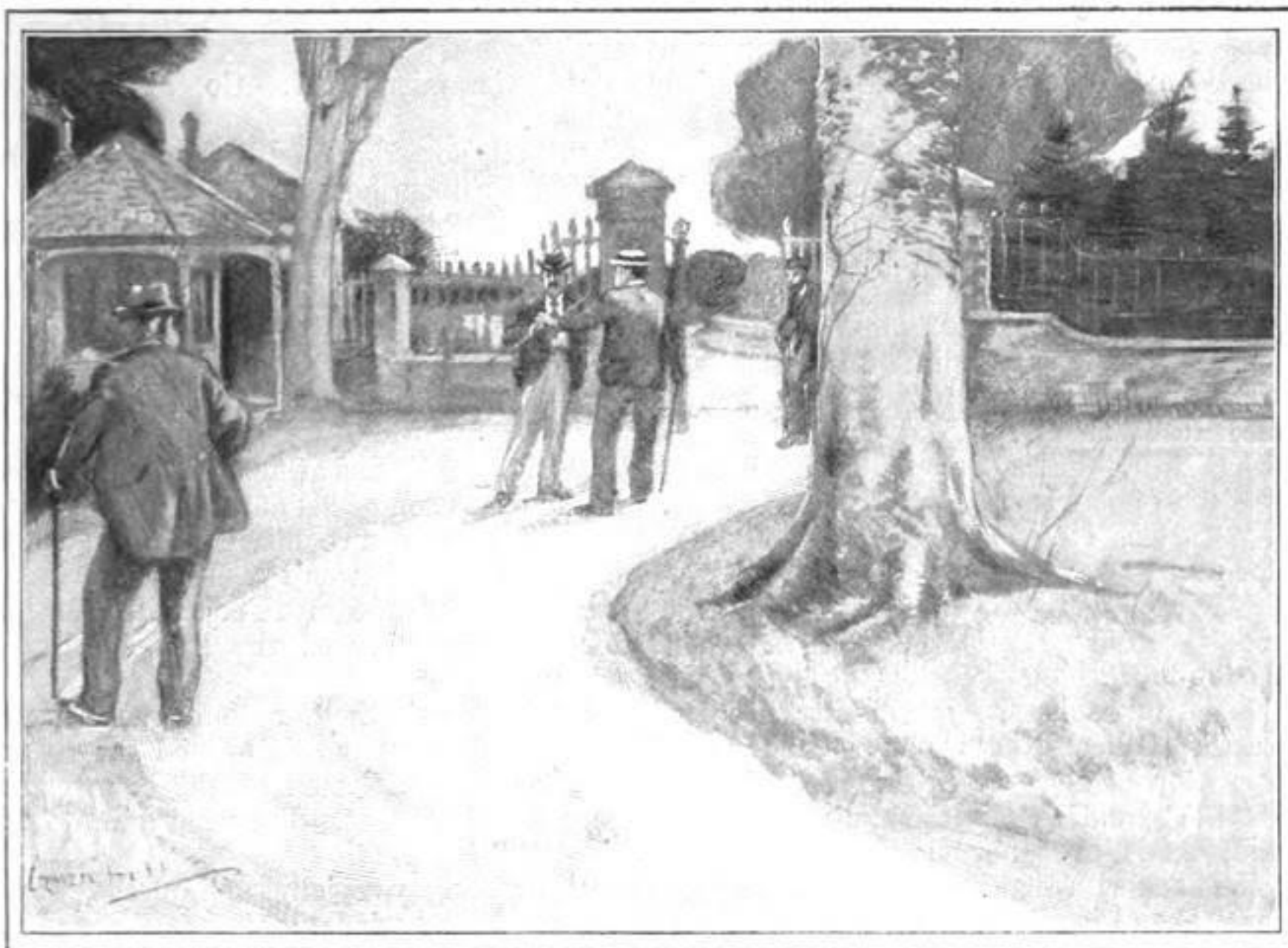
"Too much ticklee, him bust," Beetle quoted from one of his books. "Didn't I say he'd go pop if we lat un laid?"

"No prep, either, O ye incipient drunkards," said McTurk, "and it's trig night, too. Hullo! Here's our dear friend, Foxy. More tortures, Foxibus?"

"I've brought you something to eat, young gentlemen," said the Sergeant from behind a crowded tea-tray. Their wars had ever been waged without malice, and a suspicion floated in Foxy's mind that boys who allowed themselves to be tracked so easily



"Come yeou right in an' set down."



"Ye can be as private as ye please on the other side o' that gate."

might, perhaps, hold something in reserve. Foxy had served through the Mutiny, when early and accurate information was worth much.

"I—I noticed you 'adn't 'ad anything to eat, an' I spoke to Gumbly, an' he said you wasn't exactly cut off from supplies. So I brought up this. It's your potted 'am tin, ain't it, Mr. Corkran?"

"Why, Foxibus, you're a brick," said Stalky. "I didn't think you had this much—what's the word, Beetle?"

"Bowels," Beetle replied, promptly. "Thank you, Sergeant. That's young Carter's potted ham, though."

"There was a C on it. I thought it was Mr. Corkran's—. It's—it's a very serious business, young gentlemen. That's what it is. I didn't know, perhaps, but there might be something on your side which you hadn't said to Mr. King or Mr. Prout, maybe."

"There is. Heaps, Foxibus." This from Stalky through a full mouth.

"Then you see, if that was the case, it seemed to me I might represent it, quiet so to say, to the 'Ead when he asks me about it. I've got to take 'im the charges to-night, an'—it looks bad on the face of it."

"'Trocious bad, Foxy. Twenty-seven cuts

in the Gym before all the school and public expulsion. 'Wine is a mocker, strong drink is ragin','" quoth Beetle.

"It's nothin' to make fun of, young gentlemen. I 'ave to go to the 'Ead with the charges. An'—an' you mayn't be aware, per'aps, that I was followin' you this afternoon, havin' my suspicions."

"Did ye see the notice-boards?" croaked McTurk, in the very brogue of Colonel Dabney.

"Ye've eyes in your head. Don't attempt to deny it. Ye did!" said Beetle.

"A sergeant! To run about poachin'—on your pension! Damnable, O damnable!" said Stalky, without pity.

"Good Lord!" said the Sergeant, sitting heavily upon a bed. "Where—where the devil *was* you? I might ha' known it was a do—somewhere."

"Oh, you clever maniac!" Stalky resumed. "We mayn't be aware you were followin' us this afternoon, mayn't we? Thought you were stalkin' us, eh? Why, we led you bung into it, of course. Colonel Dabney—don't you think he's a nice man, Foxy?—Colonel Dabney's our pet particular friend. We've been goin' there for weeks and weeks. He invited us. You and your duty! Curse your duty, sir! Your duty was to keep off his covers."

"You'll never be able to hold up your head again, Foxy. The fags 'll hoot at you," said Beetle. "Think of your giddy prestige!"

The Sergeant was thinking—hard.

"Look 'ere, young gentlemen," he said, earnestly. "You aren't surely ever goin' to tell, are you? Wasn't Mr. Prout and Mr. King in—in it too?"

"Foxibuscus, they *was*. They was—singular horrid. Caught it worse than you. We heard every word of it. *You* got off easy, considerin'. If I'd been Dabney I swear I'd ha' quodded you. I think I'll suggest it to him to-morrow."

"An' it's all goin' up to the 'Ead. Oh, Good Lord!"

"Every giddy word of it, my Chingan-gook," said Beetle, dancing. "Why shouldn't it? *We've* done nothing wrong. *We* ain't poachers. *We* didn't cut about blazin' the characters of poor, innocent boys—saying they were drunk."

"That I didn't," said Foxy. "I—I only said you be'aved uncommon odd when you come back with that badger. Mr. King may have taken the wrong hint from that."

"Course he did; an' he'll jolly well shove all the blame on you when he finds out he's wrong. *We* know King, if you don't. I'm ashamed of you. You ain't fit to be a sergeant," said McTurk.

"Not with three thorough-goin' young devils like you, I ain't. I've been had. I've been ambuscaded. Horse, foot, an' guns, I've been had, an'—an' there'll be no hold-in' the junior forms after this. M'rover, the 'Ead will send me with a note to Colonel Dabney to ask if what you say about bein' invited was true."

"Then you'd better go in by the Lodge-gates this time, instead of chasin' your dam' boys—oh, that's the Epistle to King—so it was. We-el, Foxy?" Stalky put his chin on his hands and regarded the victim with deep delight.

"*Ti-ra-la-la-i-tu!* I gloat! Hear me!" said McTurk. "Foxy brought us tea when we were moral lepers. Foxy has a heart. Foxy has been in the Army, too."

"I wish I'd ha' had you in my company, young gentleman," said the Sergeant from the depths of his sorely-tried soul; "I'd ha' given you something."

"Silence at drum-head court-martial," McTurk went on. "I'm advocate for the prisoner; and, besides, this is much too good to tell all the other brutes in the Coll. They'd *never* understand. They play cricket,

and say: 'Yes, sir,' and 'O, sir,' and 'No, sir.'"

"Never mind that. Go ahead," said Stalky.

"Well, Foxy's a good little chap when he does not esteem himself to be clever."

"Take not out your 'ounds on a werry windy day," Stalky struck in. "I don't care if you let him off."

"Nor me," said Beetle. "Heffy is my only joy—Heffy and King."

"I 'ad to do it," said the Sergeant, plaintively.

"Right, O! Led away by bad companions in the execution of his duty or—or words to that effect. You're dismissed with a caution, Foxy. *We* won't tell about *you*. I swear *we* won't," McTurk concluded. "Bad for the discipline of the school. Horrid bad."

"Well," said the Sergeant, gathering up the tea-things, "knowin' what I know o' the young dev—gentlemen of the college, I'm very glad to 'ear it. But what am I to tell the 'Ead?"

"Anything you jolly well please, Foxy. *We* aren't the criminals."

To say that the Head was annoyed when the Sergeant appeared after dinner with the day's crime-sheet would be putting it mildly.

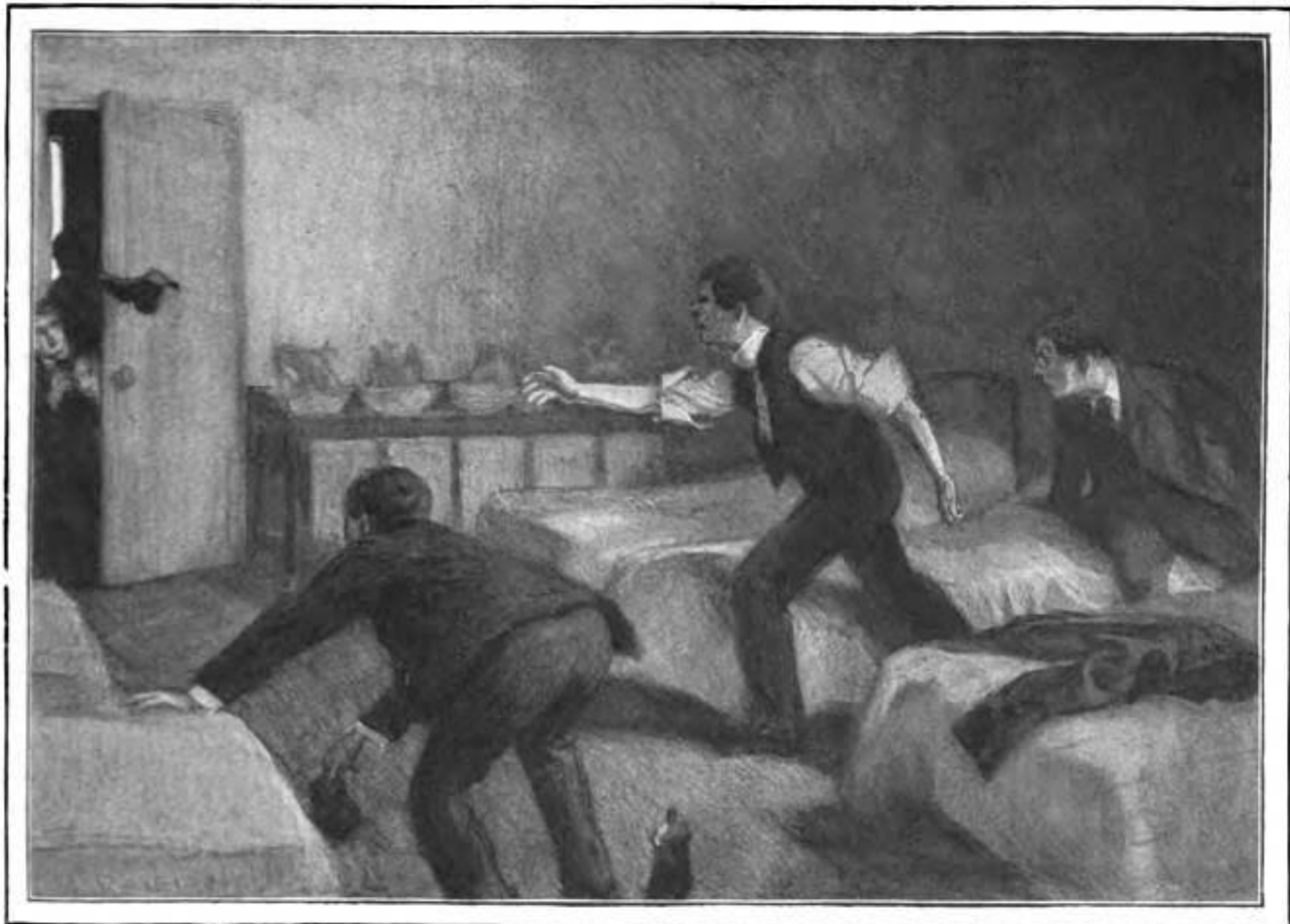
"Corkran, McTurk and Co. I see. Bounds as usual. Hullo! What the deuce is this? Suspicion of drinking. Whose charge?"

"Mr. King's, sir. I caught 'em out of bounds, sir, at least that was 'ow it looked. But there's a lot be'ind, sir." The Sergeant was evidently troubled.

"Go on," said the Head. "Let us have your version."

He and the Sergeant had dealt with one another for some seven years; and the Head knew that Mr. King's statements depended very largely on Mr. King's temper.

"I thought they were out of bounds along the cliffs. But it come out they wasn't, sir. I saw them go into Colonel Dabney's woods, and—Mr. King and Mr. Prout come along—and—the fact was, sir, we was mistook for poachers by Colonel Dabney's people—Mr. King, and Mr. Prout, and me. There were some words, sir, on both sides. The young gentlemen slipped 'ome somehow, and they seemed 'ighly humourous, sir. Mr. King was mistook by Colonel Dabney himself—Colonel Dabney bein' strict. Then they preferred to come straight to you, sir, on account of what—what Mr. King may 'ave said about their 'abits afterwards in Mr. Prout's study. I only said they was 'ighly humour-



"A few bold spirits crept up to look, and received boots."

ous, laughin' an' gigglin', an' a bit above 'emselves. They've since told me, sir, in a humourous way, that they was invited by Colonel Dabney to go into 'is woods."

"I see. They didn't tell their house-master that, of course."

"They took up Mr. King on appeal just as soon as he spoke about their—'abits. Put in the appeal at once, sir, an' asked to be sent to the dormitory waitin' for you. I've since gathered, sir, in their humourous way, sir, that some'ow or other they've 'eard about every word Colonel Dabney said to Mr. King and Mr. Prout when he mistook 'em for poachers. I—I might ha' known when they led me on so that they 'eld the inner line of communications. It's—it's a plain do, sir, if you ask *me*; an' they're gloatin' over it in the dormitory."

The Head saw—saw even to the uttermost farthing—and his mouth twitched a little under his mustache.

"Send them to me at once, Sergeant. This case needn't wait over."

"Good evening," said he when the three appeared under escort. "I want your undivided attention for a few minutes. You've known me for five years, and I've known you for—twenty-five. I think we understand one another perfectly. I am now going to

pay you a tremendous compliment (the brown one, please, Sergeant. Thanks. You needn't wait). I'm going to execute you without rhyme, Beetle, or reason. I know you went to Colonel Dabney's covers because you were invited. I'm not even going to send the Sergeant with a note to ask if your statement is true; because I am convinced that on this occasion you have adhered strictly to the truth. I know, too, that you were not drinking. (You can take off that virtuous expression, McTurk, or I shall begin to fear you don't understand me.) There is not a flaw in any of your crystalline characters. And that is why I am going to perpetrate a howling injustice. Your reputations have been injured, haven't they? You have been disgraced before the house, haven't you? You have a peculiarly keen regard for the honor of your house, haven't you? Well, *now* I am going to lick you."

Six apiece was their portion upon that word.

"And this I think"—the Head replaced the cane, and flung the written charge into the waste-paper basket—"covers the situation. When you find a variation from the normal—this will be useful to you in later life—always meet him in an abnormal way. And that reminds me. There are a pile of

"You'll never be head again, Foxy you," said Beetle. "prestige!"

The Sergeant was

"Look 'ere, you earnestly. "You to tell, are you? King in—in it to

"Foxibusculi singular horrid. We heard even easy, consider swear I'd be gest it to be

"An' it's Good Lord

"Every gook,"

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"I want your undivided attention for a few minutes."

"You can borrow them back. I don't think from being read in the shed of tobacco rather. You this evening as usual. Good-

"That amazing man. and thank you, sir."

"I pray for the Head to-night,"

"Those last two cuts were just collar. There's a 'Monte

"That lower shelf. I saw it. time we go to Aves!"

"man!" said McTurk. "No

No impots. No beastly questions. settled. Hullo! what's King goin' in to

for King and Prout?"

Whatever the nature of that interview it did not improve either King's or Prout's ruffled plumes, for, when they came

out of the Head's house, six eyes noted that the one was red and blue with emotion, as to his nose, and the other was sweating profusely. That sight compensated them amply for the Imperial Jaw with which they were favored by the two. It seems—and who so astonished as they?—that they had held back material facts; that they were guilty both of *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* (well-known gods against whom they often offended); further, that they were malignant in their dispositions, untrustworthy in their characters, pernicious and revolutionary in their influences,

abandoned to the devils of wilfulness, pride, and a most intolerable conceit. Ninthly, and lastly, they were to have a care and to be very careful.

They were careful, as only boys can be when there is a hurt to be inflicted. They waited through one suffocating week till Prout and King were their royal selves again; waited till there was a house-match—their own house, too—in which Prout was taking part; waited, further, till he had buckled on his pads in the pavilion and stood ready to go forth. King was scoring at the window, and the three sat on a bench without.

Said Stalky to Beetle: "I say, Beetle, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*"

"Don't ask me," said Beetle. "I'll have nothin' private with you. Ye can be as pri-

vate as ye please the other end of the bench, and I wish ye a very good afternoon."

McTurk yawned.

"Well, ye should ha' come up to the lodge like Christians instead o' chasin' your—

a-hem—boys through the length an' breadth of my covers. I think these house-matches are all rot. Let's go over to Colonel Dabney's an' see if he's collared any more poachers."

That afternoon there was joy in Aves.*



FROM time to time other figures emerged with an uncanny suddenness from the darkness, and passed with as unnatural swiftness into it again, like the unreal phantoms of a lantern-slide.

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go,"

quoted Brewster, with the pleasure that accompanies an aptly remembered phrase—a pleasure that with him never palled, as it so often does, for want of an appreciative listener other than oneself. And then, having caught up that string of Oriental pearls in the middle, he felt along for the succeeding beads, until the beautiful fatalism, more impressive in that loneliness than ever before, seemed to lessen his habitual self-reliance.

Until now, the thought of being lost never entered his head, although he had been walking in that confusing and absolute gloom for over a quarter of an hour. He stood quite still and tried to think out the compass, gasping in rueful, incredulous amusement, as wave after wave of bewildered uncertainty swept over him.

It was just at this moment, as he so stood, trying to realize that he, Ralph Brewster, hunter and ardent woodsman, was more hope-

lessly turned about in the most familiar part of London than he had ever been in the depth of the forest primeval, that a distinct, quick call smote him from somewhere beyond in the muffling fog.

It came again: "Help me! Come to me some one!" A woman's voice unmistakably; unmistakably, too, the voice of a refined woman, and holding in it, to Brewster's ear—an ear curiously sensitive where voices were concerned—a strange mingling of fright and command.

"Yes," he called in reply, trying to brush away the choking cloud with impatient hands. "Hold on, I'm coming. Speak again, so that I can place you."

In answer, the haunting voice sounded once more; this time seemingly ahead, and a little to the right. "Here I am. Come at once, please!"

The imperative note was even more distinguishable, and Brewster steered toward the sound with outstretched, groping arms. In a minute he called again: "Where are you now?" and this time the response came, more faintly, from the left: "Here! Can you not find me?" its command more insistent than ever.

"For Heaven's sake!" Brewster shouted, "keep still, if you don't want me to lose you altogether. Don't move a single step, and

call to me steadily!" His voice now held an imperative ring, and the woman evidently recognized its masterfulness, for she did as he commanded; and again Ralph plunged forward toward the intangible sweetness of the calling voice.

A London fog is almost as deceptive to ears as to eyes, and thus it happened that, before the object of his search seemed to the man's hearing close at hand, his groping hands touched something which loomed up with such suddenness out of the obscurity that a rather sharp collision was inevitable. Brewster drew back apologetically, and the girl—for it was only a girl—uttered an exclamation of indignant surprise, followed by a little ripple of inconsistent, involuntary laughter, checked as soon as born.

"Oh," she said, "I am very glad you have found me at last. What a long time you were about it! I have been lost for quite an hour in this frightful fog, and I must get home at once."

"I should have found you sooner," Brewster retorted, somewhat resentfully, for her tone suggested a condescension unbearable, under the circumstances, "but you must have moved, did you not, after I first called?"

"Of course I did," the girl replied with spirit, "I tried to come to meet you."

"Oh, that is fatal in a fog," Brewster exclaimed. "Two people drift apart at once, if they play at cross purposes like that; for, between calls, they may be moving in exactly opposite directions. The only way is to remain stationary as a——"

"Fog-horn?" the girl suggested, brightly, with a keen, quick glance at her companion. In spite of the dusky dimness in which he was partially shrouded, though close at her side, both his voice and bearing convinced her that the man was a gentleman in whom she might trust; and her manner changed a trifle, although the condescension was still slightly noticeable.

"Exactly," Brewster agreed, gravely. Then courteously—"I rather fear I am lost myself; but I may be able to be of some assistance to you. It is a frightful night for a woman to be out alone, and dangerous as well. Where do you wish to go?"

The implied disapproval of this remark seemed to sting the girl to an explanation, in spite of herself; and she began with an increased haughtiness. "To the Metropole. Surely it cannot be very far. I came out early this afternoon to the National Gallery, and while there sent my companion off on an errand. She was to return in an hour,

at four o'clock. But after I grew tired of looking at the pictures, and found the time was up, of course"—impatiently—"I could wait no longer, and so—I started home."

"But the fog—surely by that time, it must have been very thick. You should never have attempted——"

"Yes," she admitted, unwillingly, "it was thick, and it grew worse so rapidly. But—what would you?" with a pretty, oddly foreign gesture. "I could wait no longer, I knew the way, and who could have dreamed it would so soon become like this?" A shade of mischievous regret crept into her voice as she added, as if to herself, "How they will scold! Poor Nathalie! She, too, is lost, I fear. That is what kept her. I thought it could be nothing but sudden death, she grumbled so at leaving me! But," turning abruptly, "you will take me home, sir, as quickly as possible, will you not?"

"You may be sure of that," returned Ralph, again slightly nettled. Where in the world lay the charm of staying out longer than was necessary in a cold, dank fog, with this pert, self-willed school-girl, he should like to know? He asked himself the question angrily, and was surprised to find another self recognizing that, absurd as it might seem, there was a distinct charm.

"But why do we not move on, then?"

With a sudden surrender to the humor of the situation, Brewster broke into a laugh. "Move on?" he said. "Yes, we might, if we only knew in which direction to move!"

The girl watched him a minute, and then joined in. The laugh cleared the mental atmosphere, if not the material one, and Brewster asked: "How long had you been calling when I came?"

"Only a minute. I could not bear to speak sooner. I did not know who might answer, and I thought I must find my way in time—it is such a short distance, you know? I am sure I started right at first; but then, after a time, I came to such a dreadful place, all noisy men and wagons; and it was then that I became so turned around and hopelessly tangled, I suppose; for, pretty soon, I found myself here—apparently in a place where there was *nobody*. I stood it as long as I could, and then I could not bear it any longer. It was unspeakable, the loneliness! I called, and then—you answered!"

Yes, her voice was marvelously sympathetic. In its flexible changes Brewster could trace every gradation of her experience—the arrogant self-confidence of her departure; the shrinking disgust at the



circle around the square! That would account for there being so few people! If *that's* the case, we'll soon find our bearings. Yes—I started out from the Oxford and Cambridge Club fifteen minutes or so ago; and, so far as I can make out, I've been heading east ever since. Walking rather slowly, that ought to bring me, by now, just about to Trafalgar Square."

"Nonsense!" his companion declared, "I could hardly be so stupid as to walk around in a circle. It is unreasonable!"

"Oh, but I assure you, it's not unreasonable in the least," Brewster protested. "It's what every inexperienced person does when lost. It's the most natural thing in the world. We'll move forward slowly; and, if I'm right, as I begin to think I must be, we'll soon strike something that will prove it."

Move forward, accordingly, they did—cautiously, for the fog was like a dense wall, behind which no fate seemed too subtle or fearsome to lurk. And sure enough, before long they did meet "a lion in the path"—a Landseer lion—by which token Brewster knew, at once, that Nelson's

column was at hand, a vantage point from which to base further calculations.

"Here we are!" he exclaimed, joyfully. "This is better luck than I dared hope for. If we had struck any of these other old duffers, whose pedestals are alike as peas, it would have been as complicated as the highest sort of mathematics. As it is, the problem's simple as A B C!"

"I do not really see that we are so much better off than before," the girl answered, with a sort of triumphant willfulness. "As I remember it, there are four lions, are there not? And consequently four sides to Nelson's column. How do you know which side this is, then? It seems to me that there are just three chances to one against our

rough, clamoring crowd; the desperate, overmastering sensation of loneliness; and, finally, the passionate relief at his answer to her appeal. The hint of this last feeling thrilled him swiftly, and he felt all at once an immeasurable desire and capacity to move mountains, in order that this delicate, high-bred girl beside him might walk unobstructed henceforth. Unfortunately, no mountains were at hand, only the fog, grim, relentless, omnipresent—like a melodramatic ghost—the clutch of whose clammy fingers no power other than the elements could shake off.

But her words gave him a clue. "I say!" he exclaimed, gladly, "See here! You must have been wandering about in a



"... out of the way of the uncouth and mammoth thing."

starting out in the right direction from here!"

"Then it's simply a case of 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again,'" Ralph retorted, with rising good humor. "This is my plan. The column is in the center of the square, *east and west*; but it is very near to the curb on the *south* side; while the *southeast* lion—if my architectural head doesn't play me false—points directly

toward Northumberland Avenue, which, as you know, is the street we're after. So you see, all we have to do is to start straight ahead, from the side we're on, and walk about twenty paces. Then, if we don't come to the curb, do as the King of France did, 'March back again,' and begin all over from another side, until we do strike it—do you see?"

Yes, she saw, with a quick grasp of his points that delighted Brewster, as did, still more, the girlish gusto and abandon with which she entered into the whole thing. He grasped one end of her slim little umbrella, telling her to hold to the crook behind him; while he made wild lunges ahead with his cane, because, as he said, "you never can tell what *lusus naturæ* you may meet with at any minute in a London fog!" They both shuddered at the thought of the way she might have pitched headlong down the steps that connect the curious stone terraces of Trafalgar Square.

In the heat of this discussion, during the second voyage of exploration from the column, they lost count of their steps, and, before they knew it, were confronted with a pedestal, which Brewster declared must be that of General Gordon, who had embraced the opportunity of the fog to move up and hob-nob with Nelson, since it had surely never been so close before. They faced about, and he made for the column again, in secret perturbation lest they had been turned about and bumped into one of the other statues—in which case their friendly vantage-point would not be forthcoming—but was relieved to find he was right, and there had been no more serious

mistake than in the extra number of steps they had taken.

Out again for the third time. Ralph felt as if they were two children, playing at nothing more responsible or arduous than a game of Blind Man's Buff; and when, at the fourth venture, they finally found the long-lost curb (with a unanimous exclamation, in which triumph and regret were ridiculously blended), the man had a keen sensation that they

might claim to be old, old friends by this time, as becomes those who have grown up together through a long, happy youth.

Back, for the last time, to the column steps, to the left of which (facing the curb) crouches the "southeast lion," gazing with stony eyes down Northumberland Avenue. "Good for Nelson!" ejaculated Brewster. "To have beaten Napoleon's fleet was nowhere beside overcoming a London fog!" And the girl laughed merrily, "He has always been one of my heroes. I shall appreciate him more than ever after this!"

When they started slowly on again, she asked, gently, as if touched by his patient persistence and clever planning: "I hope I'm not taking you greatly out of your way? It would be such a pity;" and Brewster answered with a joyous ring in his voice: "Not in the least. Why, we are close neighbors. Isn't it odd? I am staying at the Victoria, right next to you. You see it was the very luckiest thing in the world, my running across you. I should never have gotten my own bearings without your hints."

"How good you are to put it so. I think the indebtedness is all on my side—I *was* foolish!" she admitted, with a degree of mental surprise at the concession which would have amazed Ralph Brewster, simply because he could not have comprehended it. To him owning to a fault was the most natural and immediate outcome of its recognition. "But who could have dreamed of this!" she went on. "Oh, what a country, this England of yours! It would kill me; I could not breathe in it! Faugh!"

"But it is not *my* England," Brewster answered, laughing at the vivid disdain of her voice. "I'm an American, you know? And that accounts for my stupidity in dealing with this sort of thing. If I'd been a Britisher, I should have had you home long ago, I dare say." He ended with a mental reservation, "Thank Heaven, I'm not, then!" which, if revealed, might, in turn, have been a surprise to his companion.



"Good-by, my friend. I thank you—always."

She looked up, interestedly. "America?" she said. "I might have known it. But why were you so surprised, then? I thought it was the custom, over there, for women to do exactly as they pleased; to go out and about alone and unprotected at any hour. Oh, how I have longed for the freedom of it all at times!" she ended, with a note of weariness that caught Brewster's quick ear.

"You are then——?"

"I am a German," she answered, with a sort of finality that, somehow, checked the further questioning which rose to Ralph's lips.

As they reached the street on which the Metropole stands, a huge dray lumbered up suddenly out of the blackness behind; and, with a quick backward motion of his arm, trained years before to pull stroke on his 'Varsity eight, Ralph caught the girl from her feet, and lifted her around in front of him, out of the way of the uncouth and mammoth thing. When they moved on again, he reached out and drew her arm up through his, holding it firmly to his side, while around them—all around them—the blessed, the kindly fog shut down again, separating them from the rest of the world, leaving him in a new world of his own, with this one woman, in whose presence he was conscious of a restfulness that was akin to nothing, perhaps, so much as the glad surprise of quiet, deep, harbored waters after a stormy uncertainty.

And now, for a while, they did not speak at all; but Brewster knew, by a sort of sixth sense, that her silence held no estrangement. They moved on as if in a dream. Was it indeed anything else? The isolation; the unreality of past or future, of anything but the intense, all-sufficing present; the complete disconnection with any fellowship beyond the limitless one of the other dream-figure at his side—that figure so vital and real where it touched him closely, but fading itself, at the farther points, into unsubstantiality. Where but in a dream could one find such conditions?

Just before they reached the hotel the girl turned, pointing to a light which flashed by them only to be swallowed up, the next instant, into nothingness again. "What are those," she said, "those lights? I have noticed them, at intervals, ever since we started."

A sudden temptation rose in Brewster's heart, grappled with his speech, and was worsted. He had yielded tacitly to one already, but he would at least be honest with her now. There was a dread, however, in his eyes as he looked down at her. "Those are the link-boys," he said, seriously.

"The link-boys?" she repeated, questioningly.

"Yes, the link-boys," he continued, unsparingly, "the men who carry about lighted torches, and make it their business to find people who are lost in the London fogs, and show them to their destination." Unconsciously he was repeating the phrase-

ology of a London guide-book, but his eyes held hers as he spoke.

"Then you—when you—when we, were lost——" she faltered, "you might—all the time you might——"

"Yes, I might have hailed one, and he would have led us home in half the time," Ralph blurted out. "It was caddish—it was dishonorable in me; but I—forgive me—I——"

He stopped, for he felt rather than saw that his companion was smiling. "It was better so," she said, with a sweet, light graciousness. "It was most thoughtful. I should so much have preferred you to bring me home quietly like this, than to have come in—how do you say it?—a 'torch-light procession!'"

In another instant they had reached the entrance; and, with his swift return to everydayness, Brewster found his exalted sensations replaced by the most lusty and prosaic hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.

The girl drew her arm from his with a quick determination and lifted her face. As she did so and he saw it clearly, for the first time, in the subdued glare, the man was struck with its expression—a sort of hopeless weariness, inconsistent with its youth and extreme fairness.

"No, do not come any further," she said, gently, when he made as if to accompany her up the steps. "Please! I do not wish it. It only remains for me to thank you. Indeed I do thank you," she continued, hesitatingly, but with a deeper note, which lent a new gravity and dignity to her beautiful voice. "You have spared me great trouble, and you—saved my life, I think, that time when—when the wagon—— I am glad to owe my life to you. I am glad to have known you. I wish I too—I too—had been born in America. Will you not tell me your name, that I may remember my good friend?"

Brewster fumbled eagerly in his pocket, and handed her his card. "It was nothing—it was everything—I mean I am so glad——" he murmured, confusedly, for the happiness her words gave him impeded speech—"so glad to have been of the least service."

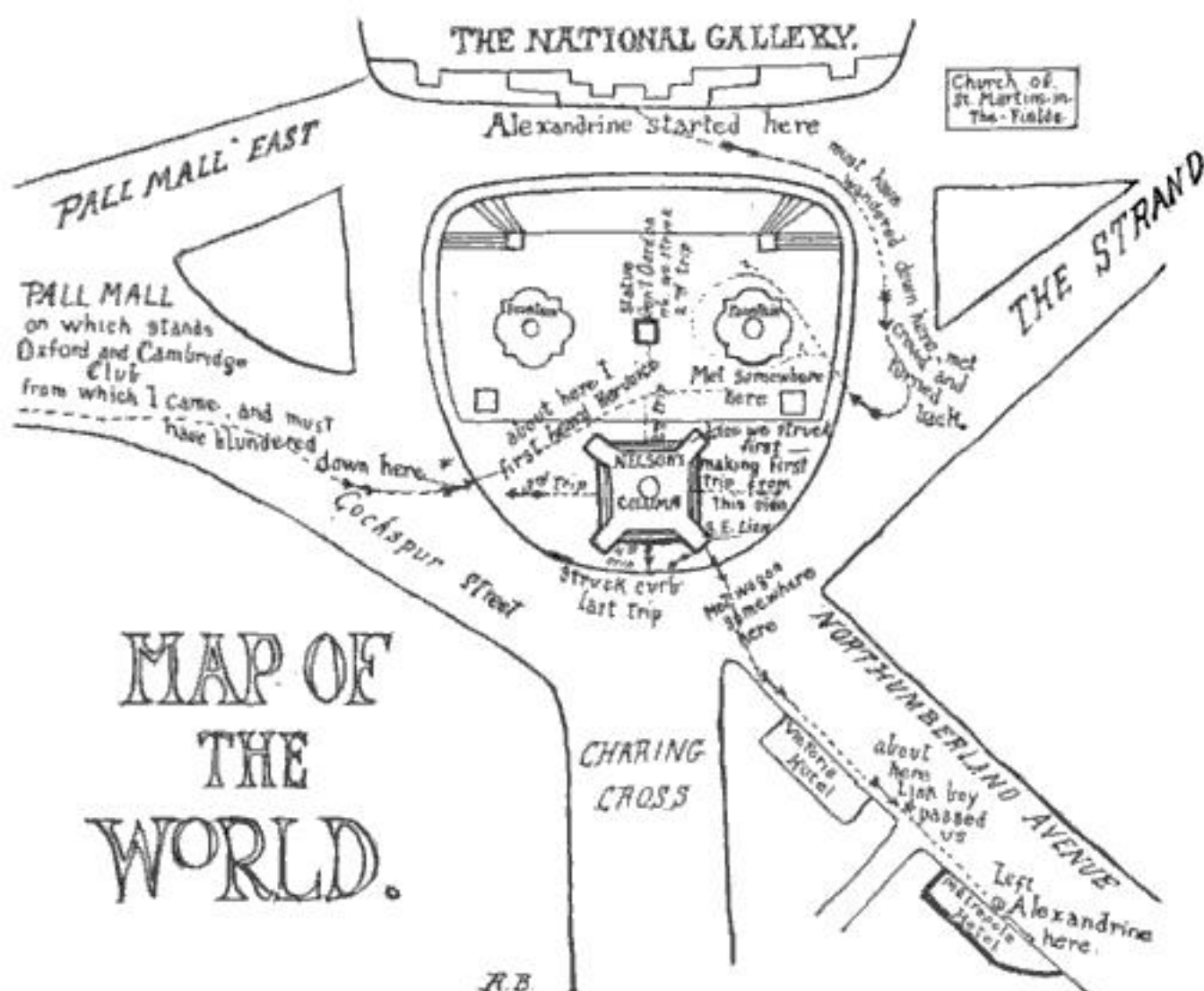
They were standing at the foot of the hotel steps, a little to the side, where she had stopped him. People were jostling by them, in and out of the warm, brilliantly lighted hall-way beyond, against the brightness of which her slender figure was silhouetted tenderly, her hair making a soft

halo about her shadowed face. Behind them lay the fog, in the sphinx-like depths of which the man fancied that he had found an answer to the riddle of his life. He held out both hands. "Your name?" he said, disconnectedly. "This is only *auf wiedersehen*—I must see you again. I——"

The girl seemed surprised at the impetuous gesture, but the next instant she laid

him, he would make no plans. And, forthwith, he set to work at that most tempting architecture in the world, castle-building! How it all haunted him—every turn of her head, every intonation of her voice. Why, his impression of the girl was as vivid as if he had known her all his life, as indeed he had, he told himself, convincingly, for life had only begun with him from the moment he heard that calling voice.

Alexandrine! How perfectly it suited her! The beginning of it, stately and imperious, with the tender, playful diminutive ending; the whole name full of dignity and strength, and yet so womanly! Henneborough! Ah, that was not so good! Too German perhaps—an American name would be better. He laughed at himself again, for his own eager boyishness; glad of his youth; glad of his wealth and good



her hand confidingly in his eager ones. Then she straightened, and drew them gently away. Her words came softly. "My name is Alexandrine Henneborough. Good-by, my friend. I thank you—always!" she said; and then was gone up the steps.

For a minute or two he stood where she had left him, gazing stupidly after her. Then he pulled himself together with a short, happy laugh, and turning, groped his way back, through the fog, to his own hotel. Arrived there, and in the friendly seclusion of his own room, he paced up and down in a sort of exaltation. His passage had been engaged for the following Saturday, but he had thought of that as he came in, and had wired from the hotel office, giving up his state-room. How he exulted now to think how completely he was his own master, appreciating the good fortune of his singular aloneness as never before. What was to hinder if he chose to follow his fog-maiden, his will-o'-the-wisp, through all the world! Plans? Her plans should be his. As for

name, that he might use them all as helps in winning her. He must be patient, oh, yes, and circumspect, and not let her dream at first, or frighten her by the suddenness of it all. He would invent excuses; he would employ Machiavellian adroitness in explaining his presence, his behavior. Yes, he would be patient. To-morrow, he would wait to present himself till afternoon. He would leave her the whole morning free. A morning? A month rather! But he would leave it to her, free. In the afternoon, at four, or probably three—possibly at two—he would call—and so on, and so on, till far into the morning which he had so generously resolved to abnegate.

Accordingly, the next day, he killed time in numerous ways. He read the newspaper, and then caught himself wondering what the deuce there was in it anyway. Then he took a piece of paper, and grew intensely absorbed over a rough map of their journeyings in the fog the night before, living every step of the way over again. "But, oh, there is

another crime I haven't mentioned yet!" he quoted, under his breath, when he came to Nelson's column. "I *stole* that third trip, my lady! I wonder if it occurred to you that General Gordon could have directed us, without the extra excursion!" He labeled the plan "Map of the World," and then tucked it tenderly away in his wallet, smiling to himself as he speculated how long it would be before he would dare to tell her about it, to show it to her!

After this, he dressed with more care and temper than he had ever before expended, fuming at his man, and then sending him out of the room, the proud and forgiving possessor of an all but brand-new suit of clothes and a top-coat. Subsequently, he made his way over to Hyde Park, where he strode up and down the Row in the mellow October sunshine, whose hazy quality was the sole legacy of yesterday's fog.

As he walked there, in the soft, kindly air, watching the people with an amiable benevolence and universal overflowing good-will toward men, which he himself would have described as "doting," there was a sudden stir, and then an open carriage came bowling rapidly along—a very fine carriage; in fact, a most noticeable carriage, with a curiously familiar coat-of-arms on paneling and trappings. As it came toward him Brewster recognized the Princess of Wales, who sat on the back seat, beside a very stately old individual, whose breast so glittered with insignia that one naturally inferred he must be a very important individual

indeed. Then, as they flashed quickly past, the face of a girl on the front seat, with her back to the horses, arrested his carelessly interested eye, and—burned itself into his inner consciousness! A girl with a slender, beautifully clad figure; with a cloud of light, wind-blown hair, and a small flower-like face, on which was stamped the expression of bored weariness which Ralph had noticed once in the eyes of his fog-maiden of the night before.

Just at that instant she caught sight of the man leaning forward, breathlessly, from the fringe of pedestrians. The bored look vanished, and a sudden, brilliant flush swept across her face for a second, and left it tense and paler than before, as she bent forward over the side of the carriage with an indescribably pathetic gesture of recognition.

Brewster had just sense enough left to remain uncovered until they had disappeared; but his own face was white as he turned to a gentlemanly-looking Englishman who stood beside him, and asked, unsteadily, "Can you tell me the name of that lady on the front seat of the carriage which has just passed?"

The Englishman looked with a slow curiosity into the eager, questioning eyes (which he afterwards decided belonged to one of those "aristocracy-worshipers from the other side"). Then good-naturedly, and with a keen relish himself of the titled morsel under his tongue, "Isn't she beautiful?" he said. "Didn't you recognize her? Why, that was Her Serene Highness, Alexandrine, Princess of Saxe-Weissenach and Countess of Hennebourg!"

FINIS.



THE LINER AND THE ICEBERG.

BY CUTCLIFFE HYNE,

Author of "Honor of Thieves," "The Paradise Coal-boat," etc.



CAPTAIN KETTLE had been thanking Carnforth for getting him command of the Atlantic liner "Armenia." "But," he went on, "qualifications, sir, are all my eye. Interest's the thing that shoves a ship-master along. Yes, Mr. Carnforth, interest and luck. I've got qualifications by the fathom, and you know pretty well what they've ever done for me. But you're a rich man and an M. P.; you've got interest; you come up and give me a good word with an owner, and look, the thing's done."

"Well, I sincerely wish you a long reign," said Carnforth. "The 'Armenia's' the slowest and oldest ship on the line, but she was the best I could get the firm to give you. It's seldom they change their captains, and they promote from the bottom, upwards. You've got all the line before you, Kettle, and the rest must depend on yourself. I'd sincerely like to see you commodore of the firm's fleet, but you'll have to do the climbing to that berth by your own wit. I've done all I can."

"You've done more for me, sir, than any other creature living's done, and believe me, then, a very grateful fellow. And you can bet I shall do my best to stick to a snug berth now I've got it. I'm a married man, Mr. Carnforth, with children; I've them always at the back of my memory; and I've known what it is to try all the wretched jobs that the knock-about ship-master's put to if he doesn't choose his belongings to starve. The only thing I've got to be frightened of now is luck, and that's a thing which is outside my hands, and outside yours, and outside the hands of everyone else on this earth. I guess that God above keeps the engineering of luck as His own private department; and He deals it out according to His good pleasure; and we get what's best for us."

Now the steamship "Armenia," or old "Atrocity," as she was more familiarly

named, with other qualifying adjectives according to taste, was more known than respected in the Western Ocean passenger trade. In her day she had been a flier, and had cut a record; but her day was past. Ship-building and engine-building are for ever on the improve, and, with competition, and the rush of trade, the older vessels are constantly getting outclassed in speed and economy.

So heavy stoke-hold crews and extravagant coal consumption no longer made the "Armenia" tremble along at her topmost speed. The firm had built new and faster boats to do the showy trips which got spoken about in the newspapers; and in these they carried the actresses, and the drummers, and the other people who run up heavy wine bills and insist on expensive state-rooms; and they had lengthened the "Armenia's" scheduled time of passage between ports to what was most economical for coal consumption, and made her other arrangements to match. They advertised first-class bookings from Liverpool to New York for eleven pounds and upwards, and passengers who economised and bought eleven-pound tickets, fondly imagining that they were going to cross in one of the show boats, were wont to find themselves consigned to berths in inside cabins on the "Armenia."

The present writer (before Captain Kettle took over command) knew the "Armenia" well. A certain class of passengers had grown native to her. On outward trips she was a favorite boat for Mormon missionaries and their converts. The saints themselves voyaged first-class, and made a very nasty exhibition of manners; their wives were in the second cabin; and the ruck of the converts—Poles, Slavs, Armenians, and other noisome riff-raff—reposed in stuffy barracks far below the water-line, and got the best that could be given them for their contract transport price of three-pound-ten a head. Besides the Mormons (and shunning them as oil does water), there were civilized passengers who shipped by the "Armenia" either because the cheap tariff suited their purses,



"The time was 2 a.m., and the glow of the arc lamps . . . went up far into the night."

or because an extra couple of days at sea did not matter to them, and they preferred her quiet *régime* to the hurry, and noise, and dazzle, and vibration of the crowded and more popular greyhounds.

On to the head of this queer family party, then, Captain Owen Kettle was pitchforked by the Fates and Mr. Carnforth, and at first he found the position bewilderingly strange. He was thirty-seven years of age, and it was his *début* as an officer on a passenger boat. The whole routine was new to him. Even

the deckhands were of a class strange to his experience, and did as they were bidden smartly and efficiently, and showed no disposition to simmer to a state of constant mutiny. But newest of all, he came for the first time in contact with an official called a purser (in the person of one Mr. Reginald Horrocks), at whose powers and position he was inclined to look very much askance.

It was Mr. Horrocks who welcomed him on board, and the pair of them sized one another up with diligence. Kettle was suspicious,

brusque, and inclined to assert his position. But the purser was more a man of the world, and, besides, he was by profession urbane, and a cultivator of other people's likings. He made it his boast that he could in ten minutes get on terms of civility with the sourest passenger who was ever put into an undesirable room; and he was resolved to get on a footing of geniality with the new skipper if his art could manage it. Mr. Horrocks had sailed on bad terms with a captain once in the days of his novitiate, and he did not wish to repeat the experience.

But Kettle was by nature an autocrat, and could not shake down into the new order of things all at once. The "*Armenia*" was in dock, noisy with stevedores working cargo, when the new captain paid his first preliminary visit of inspection. Horrocks was in attendance, voluble and friendly, and they went through every part of her, from the sodden shaft-tunnel to the glory-hole, where the stewards live. The purser was all affability, but Kettle resented his tone, and at last, when they had ended their excursion, and walked together into the chart-house on the lower bridge, the little sailor turned round and faced the other, and put the case to him significantly.

"You will kindly remember that I am captain of this ferry," he said.

"You're captain all the way, sir," said Horrocks genially. "My department is the care of the passengers as your deputy, and the receiving in of stores from the superintendent purser ashore; and I wish to handle them all according to your orders."

"Oh," said Kettle, "you'll have a pretty free hand here. I don't mind telling you I'm new to this hotel-keeping business. I've been in cargo boats up to now."

"Well, of course, Captain, a purser's work is a profession to itself, and the details are not likely to have come in your way. I suppose I'd better run things on much as before to start with, and when you see a detail you want changed, you tell me, and I'll see it changed right away. That's where I come in; I'm a very capable man at carrying out orders. And there's another thing, Captain; I know my place: I'm just your assistant."

Captain Kettle pressed the bell. "Purser," said he, "I believe we shall get on well. I hope we shall; it's most comfortable that way." A bare-headed man in a short jacket knocked, and came in through the chart-house door. "Steward, bring a bottle of whisky, and put my name on it, and

keep it in the rack yonder; and bring some fresh water and two glasses—Purser, you'll have a drink with me?"

"Well, here's plenty of cargo," said Kettle, when the whisky came.

"Here's plenty of passengers and a popular ship," said the Purser.

But if Mr. Horrocks was civil and submissive in words on the "*Armenia*," it was because he had mastered the art of only saying those things which are profitable and keeping his private thoughts for disclosure on more fitting occasions. When he sat at tea that night with his wife, across in their little house in New Brighton, he mentioned that the new captain did not altogether meet with his august approval. "He's a queer savage they've got hold of, and no mistake this time," said he; "a fellow that's lived on freighters all his life, and never seen a *serviette*, and doesn't know what to do with his entertainment money."

"Tell the firm," suggested Mrs. Horrocks.

"Not much. At least, not yet. He's new, and so naturally they think he's a jewel. I'm not going to make myself unpopular by complaining too soon. Give this new old man string enough, and he'll hang himself neatly without my help."

"Like the last?"

"Oh, this one's worse than him. In fact, I'm beginning to be sorry I ever did get our last old man the push. He was all right so long as I didn't make my perquisites too big. But as for this one, I don't suppose he'll understand I've a right to perquisites at all."

"But," said Mrs. Horrocks, "you're purser. What does he suppose you live on? He must know that the pay don't go far."

"Well he didn't seem to know what a purser was, and when I tried to hint it to him, he just snapped out that he was captain of this blooming ship."

"And then?"

Mr. Horrocks shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I agreed right away. May as well tickle a fool as tease him, my dear. He thinks because he's a splendid seaman—and he may be that, I'll admit—he's fit to skipper a Western Ocean passenger boat. He's a lot to learn yet, and I'm the man that's going to educate him."

Now the exasperating part of it was, that not only did this process of "education" promptly begin, but Captain Kettle knew it. Never before had he had anyone beneath him on board ship who had dared to dispute his imperial will, and done it successfully.



"The second mate's boat rowed to the foot of her gangway ladder."

There was no holding this affable purser, no pinning him down to a specific offense. If he mapped out a plan of action, and Captain Kettle objected to it, he was all civility, and would give it up without argument. "Certainly, sir," he would say. "You're captain on this boat, as you say, and I'm purser, and I just know my place." And then afterwards would invariably come a back thrust which Captain Kettle could never parry.

There were three long tables in the saloon, headed by the captain, the purser, and the doctor; and when the passengers came on

board at Liverpool or New York, it was Mr. Horrocks who arranged their meal places. He had a nice discrimination, this purser, and from long habit could sum up a passenger's general conversational qualities at a glance. He knew also Captain Kettle's tastes and limitations, and when that redoubtable mariner had been making things unpleasant, he rewarded him with dinner companions for the next run who kept him in a state of subdued frenzy. It was quite an easy thing to do, and, managed craftily, it was a species of torture impossible to resent.

In fact, it may be owned at once that as a conversational head to a liner's table, Captain Kettle did not shine. The situation was new and strange to him. Up till then he had fought his way about the seas in cargo tramps, with only here and there a stray passenger; and, at table, professional topics had made up the talk, or, what was more common, glum, scowling silence had prevailed.

Here, on this steam hotel, he suddenly found himself looked up to as a head of society. His own real reminiscences of the sea he kept back; he felt them to be vastly impolite; he never dreamed that they might be interesting.

His power of extracting sweet music from the accordion he kept rigidly in the background. Accordions seemed out of place somehow with these finicking passengers. He felt that his one genteel taste was for poetry, but only once did he let it slip out. It was half-way across the Atlantic on a homeward trip, and conversation had lagged. The purser's and the doctor's tables were in a rattle of cheerful talk: Kettle's was in a state of boredom. In desperation he brought out his sacred topic.

At once every ear within range started to listen: he saw that at once. But he mistook the motive. The men around him—they were mostly American—thought that the whole thing was an effort of humor. It never occurred to them that this vinegary-faced little sailor actually himself made the sentimental rhymes he quoted to them; and when it dawned upon them that this was no joke, and the man was speaking in sober, solemn earnest, the funniness of it swept over them like a wave. The table yelped with inextinguishable laughter.

Of a sudden Captain Kettle realized that he was his passengers' butt, and sat back in his chair as though he was getting ready for a spring.

In his first torrent of rage he could with gusto have shot the lot of them; but, to begin with, he was unarmed, and, in the second place, passengers are not crew; and, moreover, after the first explosion, the laughter began to die away. One by one the diners looked at the grim, savage, little face glaring at them from the end of the table, and their mirth seemed to chill. The laughter ended, and an uncomfortable silence grew, and remained to the finish of the meal.

During the succeeding meals, moreover, up till the end of the voyage, that silence was very little encroached upon at the captain's

end of the middle table. Anyone who ventured to speak, had the benefit of Captain Kettle's full gaze, and found it disconcerting. Even to passengers on a modern steam ferry, the captain is a person of some majesty, and this one had a look about him that did not invite further liberties.

That batch of passengers dispersed to the four corners of the earth from Queenstown and Liverpool, and the "Armenia" saw them no more; but news of the fracas somehow or another reached the headquarters' office, and a kindly hint was given to Captain Kettle that such scenes would be better avoided for the future.

"I quite know that passengers are awkward cattle to deal with," said the partner who put it to him, "but you see, Captain, we make our living by carrying them, and we can't afford to have our boats made unpopular. You should use more tact, my dear skipper. Tact; that's what you want. Stand 'em champagne out of your entertainment allowance, and they'll stand it back, and run up bigger bills with the wine steward. It all means profit, Captain, and those are the ways you must get it for us. We aren't asking you to drum round for cargo now. Your game is to make the boat cheery and comfortable for passengers, so that they'll spend a lot of money on board, and like it, and come again and spend some more. Tumble?"

The captain of the "Armenia" heard, and intended to conform. But, admirer of his though I must conscientiously write myself, I cannot even hope that in time he would have shaken down fitly into the berth; for to tell the truth, I do not think a more unsuitable man to govern one of these modern steam hotels could be found on the seas of either hemisphere. However, as it happened, the concession was not demanded of him. His luck, that cruel, evil fortune, got up and hit him again, and his ship was cast away, and he saw himself once more that painful thing, a shipmaster without employ. More cruel still, he found himself at the same time in intimate touch with a great temptation.

The fatal voyage was from New York home, and it was in the cold, raw spring-time when passenger lists are thin. The day before sailing a letter addressed "Captain Kettle, steamship 'Armenia,'" made its appearance on the chart-house table. How it got there no one seemed to know, but with the crowd of stevedores and others working cargo, it would have been very easy for a

messenger from the wharf to slip it on board unobserved. The letter was typewritten, and carried the address of an obscure saloon in the Bowery. It said:

"There is a matter of \$50,000 (£10,000) waiting for you to earn with a little pluck and exertion. You can either take the game or leave it, but if you conclude to hear more, come here and ask the barman for a five-dollar cocktail, and he will show you right inside. If you are frightened, don't come. We got no use for frightened men. We can easy find a man with more sand in him somewhere else."

The little sailor considered over this precious document for the full of an hour. "Some smuggling lay," was his first conclusion, but the sum of money appeared too big for this; then he was half minded to put down the whole thing as a joke; then as a lure to rob him. The final paragraph and the address given, which was in the worst part of New York city, seemed to point shrewdly to this last. And I believe the prospect of a scrimmage was really the thing that in the end sent him off. But, any way, that evening he went, and after some difficulty found the ruffianly drinking-shop to which he had been directed.

He went inside and looked inquiringly across the bar.

The shirt-sleeved barman shifted his cigar. "Well, mister, what can I set up for you?"

"You're a bit proud of your five-dollar cocktails here, aren't you?"

The man lowered his voice. "Say, are you Captain Cuttle?"

"Kettle! confound you."

"Same thing, I guess. Walk right through that door yonder, and up the stair."

Captain Kettle patted a jacket pocket that bulged with the outline of a revolver. "If anyone thinks they are going to play larks on me here, I pity 'em."

The barman shrugged his shoulders. "Don't blame you for coming 'heeled,' boss. Guess a gun sometimes chips in handy round here. But I think the gents upstairs mean square biz."

"Well," said Kettle, "I'm going to see," and opened the door and stumped briskly up the stairway.

He stepped into a room barely furnished, and lit by one grimy window. There was no one to receive him, so he drummed the table to make his presence known.

Promptly a voice said to him: "Howdy, Captain? Will ye mind shuttin' the door?"

Now Kettle was not a man given to starting, but he started then. The place was in the worst slum in New York. Except for a

flimsy table and two battered chairs, the room was stark empty, and this voice seemed to come from close beside him. Instinctively his fingers gripped on the weapon in his jacket pocket.

He slewed sharply round to make sure he was alone, and even kicked his foot under the table to see that there was no jugglery about that, and then the voice spoke to him again, with Irish brogue and Yankee idiom quaintly intermingled.

"Sure, Captain, I have to ask yer pardon for keepin' a brick wall right here between us. But I've me health to consider, an' I reckon our biz will be safest done this way."

The little sailor's grim face relaxed into a smile. His eye had caught the end of a funnel which lay flush with the wall.

"Ho?" he said. "That's your game, is it? A speaking-tube. Then I suppose you've got something to say you are ashamed of?"

"Faith, I'm proud of it. A pathriot is never ashamed of his cause."

"Get to business," said Kettle. "My time's short, and this waiting-room of yours is not over savory."

"It's just a little removal we wish you to undertake for us, Captain. You have gotten a Mr. Grimshaw on your passenger list for this run to Liverpool?"

"Have I?"

"It's so. He's one of the big bosses of your British Government."

"Well, supposing I have?"

"He's been out here as a sort of commission, and he's found out more than is good for him. He sails by the 'Armenia' to-morrow, and if you can—well—so contrive that he doesn't land at the other side, it means you are set up for life."

Captain Kettle's face stiffened, and he was about to break out with something sharp. But he restrained himself and asked instead: "What's the figure?"

"Fifty thousand dollars—say ten thousand of your English sovereigns."

"And how do I know that I should get paid?"

The answer was somewhat astounding. "You can pocket the money here, right now," said the voice.

"And once I got paid, what hold would you have on me? How do you know I'd shove this Grimshaw over the side? That I suppose is what you want?"

The voice chuckled. "We've agents everywhere, Captain. We'd have you removed pretty sharp if you tried to diddle us."

"Oh, would you?" snapped Kettle. "I've bucked against some tolerably ugly toughs in my time and come out top side, and shouldn't mind tackling your crowd for the sheer sport of the thing. But look here, Mr. Paddy Fenian, you've got hold of the wrong man when you came to me. By James, yes, you skulking, cowardly swine! You face behind a wall! Come out here and talk. I won't lift my hands. I'll use my feet to you and kick your backbone through your hat. You'd dare to ask me to murder a man, would you?"

Captain Kettle's eloquence had an unlooked-for effect. The voice from the speaking tube laughed.

The sailor went on afresh, and spoke of the unseen one's ancestors on both sides of the house, his personal habits, and probable future. He had acquired a goodly flow of this kind of vituperation during his professional career, and had been compelled to keep it bottled up before the passengers on the liner. He felt a kind of gusto in letting his tongue run loose again, and had the proud consciousness that each of his phrases would cut like the lash of a whip.

But the unseen man apparently heard him unruffled. "Blow off steam, skipper," said he; "don't mind me."

Kettle looked round the empty room dejectedly. "You thing!" he said. "I could make a man with more spirit than you out of putty."

"Of course you could, skipper," said the voice with the brogue; "of course you could. I don't really exist. I'm only a name, as your beastly Saxon papers say when they abuse me. But I can hit, as they know, and I can draw checks as you can find out if you choose. You can have your pay yet if you see fit to change your mind, and 'remove' spy Grimshaw between here and Liverpool. We've plenty of money, and you may as well have it as any one else. It's got to be spent somehow."

"I'd give a lot to wring your neck," said Kettle. He tapped the wall to test its thickness.

"You tire me," said the voice. "Why can't you drop that? You can't get at me; and if you go outside and set on all the police in New York city, you'll do no good. The police in this city know which side their bread's margarine. I'm the man with the check-book, sonny, and you bet they're not the sample of fools that'd go and try to snuff me out."

"This is no place for me," said Kettle.

"It seems I can't lug you out of the drain where you live, and if I stay in touch of your breath any longer, I shall be poisoned. I've told you who I consider your mother to be. Don't forget." And the little bearded sailor strode off down the stair again and into the street. He had no inclination to go to the police, having a pious horror of the law, and so he got a car which took him down to the North River, and a ferry which carried him across to his ship.

The time was two A.M., and the glow of the arc lamps, and the rattle of winch chains, and the roar of working cargo went up far into the night. But noise made little difference to him, and even the episode he had just gone through was not sufficient to keep him awake.

The master of a Western Ocean ferry gets little enough of sleep when he is on the voyage, and so on the night before sailing he stores up as much as may be.

As it chanced Mr. Grimshaw took steps to impress himself on Captain Kettle's notice at an early stage of the next day's proceedings. The ship was warping out of dock with the help of a tug, and a passenger attempted to pass the quarter-master at the foot of the upper bridge ladder. The sailor was stubborn, but the passenger was imperative, and at last pushed his way up, and was met by Kettle himself at the head of the ladder.

"Well, sir?" said that official.

"I've come to see you take your steamer out into New York Bay, Captain."

"Oh, have you?" said Kettle. "Are you the Emperor of Germany by any chance?"

"I am Mr. Robert Grimshaw."

"Same thing. Neither you nor he is captain here. I am. So I'll trouble you to get to Halifax out of this before you're put. Quartermaster, I'll log you for neglect of duty."

Grimshaw turned and went down the ladder with a flushed cheek. "Thank you, Captain," he said over his shoulder. "I've got influence with your owners. I'll not neglect to use it."

It chanced also that Captain Kettle had been cutting down his purser's perquisites more ruthlessly than usual in New York, and that worthy man thirsted for revenge. He had taken Mr. Grimshaw's measure pretty accurately at first sight, and was tolerably sure that eight days of his conversation would irritate his skipper into a state approaching frenzy. So he portioned off the

commissioner to the end right-hand chair at the captain's table, and promised himself pleasant revenge in overlooking the result.

Captain Kettle worked the "*Armenia*" outside the bar and came down to dinner. Horrocks whispered in his ear as he came down the companion. "Mr. Grimshaw's the man on your right, sir. Had to give him to you. He's some sort of a big bug in the government at home; been over in New York inquiring into the organization of those Patlander rebels."

Kettle nodded curtly and went on to his seat. The meal began, and went on. Mr. Grimshaw made no allusion to the previous encounter. He had made up his mind to exact retaliation in full, and started at once to procure it. He had the reputation in London of being a "most superior person," and he possessed in a high degree the art of being courteously offensive. He was a clever man with his tongue, and never overstepped the bounds of suavity.

How the wretched Kettle sat through that meal he did not know. Under this polished attack he was impotent of defense. Not a chance was given him for retort. And all the thrusts went home. He retired from the dinner table with a moist perspiration on his face, and an earnest prayer that the "*Armenia*" would carry foul weather with her all the way up to Prince's landing stage, so that he might be forced to spend the next seven or eight days on the chilly eminence of the upper bridge.

And now we come to the story of how Captain Owen Kettle's luck again buffeted him.

The "*Armenia*" was steaming along through dismal hootings from the siren. A fog spread over the Atlantic, and the bridge telescope pointed to "Half speed-ahead," as the Board of Trade directs. The engine-room, however, had private instructions as usual, and kept up the normal speed.

On the fore-castle head four look-out men peered solemnly into the fog and knew that for all the practical good they were doing they might just as well be in their bunks.

On the bridge, in glistening oilskins, Kettle and two mates stared before them into the thickness, but could not see as far as the fore-castle head. And the "*Armenia*" surged along at her comfortable fourteen knots, with five hundred people asleep beneath her deck. The landsman fancies that on these occasions steamships slow down or stop; the liner captain knows that if once he did so, he would have little chance of

taking his ship across the Atlantic again. A day lost to one of these ocean ferries means in coal, and food, and wages, and so on, a matter of one thousand pounds or so out of the pockets of her owners, and this is a little sum they do not care to forfeit without strong reason. They expect their captains to drive the boats along as usual, and make up for the added risk by increased watchfulness and precaution, and a keen noting of the thermometer for any sudden fall which should foretell the neighborhood of ice.

Now the "*Armenia*" was skirting the edge of the Banks, on the recognized steam lane to the eastward, which differs from that leading west; and by all the laws of navigation there should have been nothing in the way. Nothing, that is, except fishing schooners, which do not matter, as they are the only sufferers if they haven't the sense to get out of the way.

But suddenly, through the fog ahead there loomed out a vast shape, and almost before the telegraph rung its message to the engine-room, and certainly before steam could be shut off, the "*Armenia's*" bow was clashing and clanging and ripping and buckling as though it had charged full tilt against a solid cliff.

The engines stopped, and the awful tearing noises ceased, save for a tinkling rattle as of a cascade of glass, and: "There goes my blooming ticket," said Kettle, bitterly. "Who'd have thought of an iceberg as far south as here this time of year?" But he was prompt to act on the emergency.

"Now, Mr. Mate, away forward with you, and get the carpenter, and go down and find out how big the damage is." The crew were crowding out on deck. "All hands to boat stations. See all clear for lowering away, and then hold on all. Now keep your heads, men. There's no damage, and if there was damage there's no hurry. Put a couple of hands at each of the companionways, and keep all passengers below. We can't have them messing round here yet awhile."

The purser was standing at the bottom of the upper bridge ladder half-clad, cool, and expectant. "Ah, Mr. Horrocks, come here."

The "*Armenia*" had slipped back from the berg by this time and lay still, with the fog dense all around her. "Now it's all up with the old '*Atrocity*,' Purser; look how she's by the head already. Get your crew of stewards together, and victual the boats. Keep 'em in hand well, or else we shall have

a stampede and a lot of drowning. I'll have the boats in the water by the time you're ready, and then you must hand up the passengers, women first."

"Ay, aye, sir."

"Wait a minute. If anyone won't do as he's bid, shoot. We must keep order."

The purser showed a pistol. "I put that in my pocket," said he, "when I heard her hit. Good-by, skipper, I'm sorry I haven't been a better shipmate to you."

"Good-by, Purser," said Kettle, "you aren't a bad sort."

Mr. Horrocks ran off below, and the chief officer came back with his report, which he whispered quietly in the shipmaster's ear. "It's fairly scratched the bottom off her. There's sixty feet gone, clean. Collision bulkhead's nowhere. There's half the Atlantic on board already."

"How long will she swim?"

"The carpenter said twenty minutes, but I doubt it."

"Well, away with you, Mr. Mate, and stand by your boat. Take plenty of rockets and distress lights, and if the fog lifts we ought to get picked up by the 'Georgic' before morning. She's close on our heels somewhere. If you miss her and get separated, make for St. John's."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"So long, Mr. Mate. Good luck to you."

"Good-by, skipper. Get to the inquiry if you can. I'll swear till all's blue that it wasn't your fault, and you may save your ticket yet."

"All right, Matey. I see what you mean. But I'm not going to shoot myself this journey. I've got the missis and the kids to think about."

The mate ran off down the ladder, and Kettle had the upper bridge to himself. The decks of the steamer glowed with flares and blue lights. A continuous stream of rockets spouted from her superstructure, far into the inky sky. The main fore-deck was already flush with the water, and on the hurricane deck aft, thrust up high into the air, frightened human beings bustled about like the inhabitants of some disturbed ant-hill.

Pair by pair the davit tackles screamed out, and the liner's boats kissed the water, rode there for a minute to their painters as they were loaded with the dense human freight, and then pushed off out of suction reach, and lay to. Dozen by dozen the passengers left the luxurious steam hotel, and got into the frail open craft which danced so

dangerously in the clammy fog of that Atlantic night. Deeper the "Armenia's" fore part sank beneath the cold waters as her forward compartments swamped.

From far beneath him in the hold, Keetle could hear the hum of the bilge pumps as they fought the incoming sluices; and then at last those stopped, and a gush of steam burred from the twin funnels to tell that the engineers had been forced to blow off their boilers to save an explosion.

A knot of three men stood at the head of the port gangway ladder shouting for Kettle. He went gloomily down and joined them. They were the purser, the second mate, and Mr. Grimshaw.

Kettle turned with a blaze of fury on his suave tormentor. "Into the boat with you, sir. How do you dare to disobey my orders and stay behind when the passengers were ordered to go? Into the boat with you, or by James, I'll throw you there."

Mr. Robert Grimshaw opened his lips for speech.

"If you answer me back," said Kettle, "I'll shoot you dead."

Mr. Grimshaw went. He had a tolerable knowledge of men, and he understood that this ruined shipmaster would be as good as his word. He picked his way down the swaying ladder to where the white-painted lifeboat plunged beneath, finding footsteps with clumsy landsman's diffidence. He reached the grating at the foot of the ladder, and paused. The lifeboat surged up violently towards him over a sea, and then swooped down again in the trough.

"Jump, you blame' fool," the second mate yelled in his ear, "or the steamer will be down under us." And Grimshaw jumped, cannoned heavily against the boat's white gunwale, and sank like a stone into the black water.

At a gallop there flashed through Captain Kettle's brain a string of facts. He was offered ten thousand pounds if this man did not reach Liverpool; he himself would be out of employ, and back on the streets again; his wife and children would go hungry. Moreover, he had endured cruel humiliation from this man, and hated him poisonously. Even by letting him passively drown he would procure revenge and future financial easement. But then the memory of that Irish-American at the speaking-tube in the Bowery came back to him, and the thought of obliging a cowardly assassin like that drove all other thoughts from his mind. He thrust Horrocks and the

second mate aside, and dived into the waters after this passenger.

It is no easy thing to find a man in a rough sea and an inky night like that, and for long enough neither returned to the surface. The men in the lifeboat, fearing that the "Armenia" would founder and drag them down in her wash, were beginning to shove off, when the two bodies showed on the waves, and were dragged on board with boat-hooks.

Both were insensible, and in the press of the moment were allowed to remain so on the bottom gratings of the boat. Oars straggled out from her sides, frantically laboring, and the boat fled over the seas like some uncouth insect.

But they were not without a mark to steer for. Rockets were streaming up out of another part of the night, and presently, as they rowed on over that bleak watery desert, the outline of a great steamer shone out, lit up like some vast stage picture. The other boats had delivered up their freights, and been sent adrift. The second mate's boat rowed to the foot of her gangway ladder.

"This is the 'Georgic,'" said a smart

officer, who received them. "You are the last boat. We've got all your other people unless you've lost any."

"No," said the second mate. "We're all right. That's the Old Man down there with his fingers in that passenger's hair."

"Dead?"

"No, I saw 'em both move as we came alongside."

"Well, pass 'em up and let's get 'em down to our doctor. Hurry now. We wanted to break the record this passage, and we've lost a lot of time already over you."

"Right-o," said the "Armenia's" second mate, drearily, "though I don't suppose our poor, old skipper will thank us for keeping him alive. After piling up the old 'Atrocity,' he isn't likely to ever get another berth."

"Man has to take luck as he finds it at sea," said the "Georgic's" officer, and shouted to the rail above him "All aboard, sir."

"Cast off that boat!" "Up gangway," came the orders, and the "Georgic" continued her race to the East.

HOLY COMMUNION.

BY THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This poem, written by Mr. Gladstone, has never been published before, but two stanzas from it, quoted from the original manuscript, have appeared in the *London Times*.

LORD, as Thy temple's portals close
Behind the outward-parting throng,
So shut my spirit in repose,
So bind it here, Thy flock among.
The fickle wanderer else will stray
Back to the world's wide parchèd way

Here where Thine angels overhead
Do warn the Tempter's Powers away;
And where the bodies of the dead
For life and resurrection stay;
And many a generation's prayer
Hath perfumed and hath blest the air;

O lead my blindness by the hand,
Lead me to Thy familiar feast,
Not here or now to understand,
Yet even here and now to taste,
How the Eternal Word of heaven
On earth in broken bread is given.

We who this holy precinct round
In one adoring circle kneel,
May we in one intent be bound,
And one serene devotion feel;
And grow around Thy sacred shrine
Like tendrils of the deathless vine.

We, who with one blest food are fed,
Into one body may we grow,
And one pure Life, from Thee the Head,
Informing all the members flow,
One pulse be felt in every vein,
One law of pleasure and of pain.

O let the virtue all divine,
The gift of this true Sabbath morn,
Stored in my spirit's inner shrine,
Be purely and be meekly borne,
Be husbanded with thrifty care
And sweetened and refreshed with prayer:

Like some deposit rarely wrought,
And to be rendered up to Thee
In righteous deed and holy thought,
In soul-desires Thy face to see,
Then freely to be poured as rain
In grace upon the heart again.

Cease we not then to adore
When our footsteps pass away
From this House's hallowed floor:
Let us worship all the day
By a soul to Thee resigned
And by the love of human kind.

In the silence of the tongue,
In the stillness of the hand,
Thy songs, my heart, be not unsung;
All thy wild desires command
Into a celestial calm:
Sprinkle them with angel's balm:

Nor for this day alone, but all,
Till soon again in holy fear
Upon our present Lord we call
And hold with Him Communion here,
Discerning from our earthly food
His broken Body and His Blood.

W. E. G. 1836.

"WHILE THE EVIL DAYS COME NOT."

A BOYVILLE STORY.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Author of "The King of Boyville," and other Stories.

"We duck through the court, reminded a bit by our feelings of our first love, who hadn't the cleanest of faces, or the nicest of manners; but she takes her station in our memory because we were boys then, and the golden halo of youth is upon her."—*George Meredith.*

WHAT little things turn great events! Similarly, if Winfield Hancock Pennington, of the town of Boyville, had slipped his shoes off in the second block from his home, instead of slipping them off in the first block, on his way to school, a great shadow that settled over his life might have been lifted. For if he had not been sitting exactly where he sat on the curb of the street on that bright, beautiful Monday morning in September, slipping off his shoes and stockings, he would have found no garter snake to kill; and not having killed the



... "chased the little girls around the yard with it."

how easily it might have been averted! If one man in the little town of Lawrence a generation ago had eaten two pieces of pie-plant pie instead of three for supper, the night of a certain party caucus, he would have attended that caucus and another set of delegates would have gone to the County convention, another would have been sent to the State convention, another Governor of Kansas would have been nominated and elected, and he would have chosen another United States Senator, who would have voted for, instead of against, the impeachment of a President of the United States, and the history of the civilized world would have been an entirely different affair from the one now in use.



... "to sit and sing with her during the opening hour."

snake, he could not have brought it to school on a stick; and not having brought it to school on a stick, he could not have chased the little girls around the yard with it before the teacher came. And if he had not been doing that, he would not have conceived the chivalrous notion that he might gain the esteem of his Heart's Desire by frightening her with a snake. And if Winfield Hancock Pen-

nington had not made his Heart's Desire angry—without giving her a chance to cool off—she would not have invited Harold Jones to sit and sing with her during the opening hour. But probably all that happened had to happen in the course of things; so speculation is idle. But when it did happen, it seemed to be a hopeless case. Young Mr.



Harold Jones
— "Mealy."

Pennington had lived through the day, a week before, when the teacher changed his seat so that he could not see his Heart's Desire smile; but he knew that she was sorry with him, and that helped a little. But when he saw Harold Jones singing from the same book with his Heart's Desire, he tried in vain to catch the fragment of a smile from her. Instead of a smile, he found her threatening to make a face if he persisted. Piggy

seemed to be buried in an avalanche of woe. Then it was that he saw what a small thing had started the avalanche of calamity thundering down upon him, and he smarted with remorse. In his anguish he tried to sing alto, and made a peculiar rasping sound that tore a reproof for him off the teacher's nerves.

From the hour of the Jones boy's triumph, he and Winfield Hancock Pennington—familiarily known as "Piggy"—became boon companions. A grown-up outsider might have wondered at such a friendship, for Harold Jones, who answered to the name of "Mealy" on the play-ground, was a pale, thin youth, with a squeaky voice. His skimmed-milk eyes popped out over a waste of freckles which blurred his features and literally weighted down a weak, loosely-wired jaw and kept an astonished mouth opened for hours at a time. Piggy, on the other hand, was a sturdy, chunky, blue-eyed boy, who had fought his way up to glory in the school, and who had run and jumped, and tumbled and swam, and bantered himself into right to be King of Boyville. Chummery between the two boys seemed impossible, yet it was one of the things which every school



"To study his tastes."

expects in a certain crisis. When the affair is reversed, the two little girls go about breathing undying hatred for one another. But a boy begins to consume his rival with politeness, to seek him out from all other beings on earth, to study his tastes and cater to his humors. And so, while the comradeship between Piggy Pennington and Mealy Jones was built on ashes, its growth was beautiful to see.

In all their hours of close communion neither boy mentioned to the other the name of the little girl in the red shawl and the paint-brush pigtails whose fitful fancy had brought on all his trouble. In some mysterious way each managed to shower her with picture cards, to compass her about with oranges, to embower her desk with flowers; but it was all done in stealth, and she who was the object of this devotion rewarded it openly and—also for the vanity of her sex—impartially. All the school watched the battle of the hearts eagerly. The big boys, who usually know as little about the social transactions beneath them as the teacher knows, felt an inkling of the situation. The red-headed Pratt girl became deeply interested in the affair, though she was never invited to a party in the school's aristocracy. She did



"... the comradeship
was beautiful to see."

not even get an invitation to Bud Perkins's surprise party, where everyone who had any social standing was expected. Yet she saw all that went on in the school, and once she all but smiled sympathetically at Piggy, when she met him slipping away from his Heart's Desire's desk, wherein he had left a flock of Cupids nestling in a perfumed blotter, and a candy sheep. Mealy Jones would have snubbed the Pratt girl if she had caught him thus, but Piggy gave her a wink that made her his partner. After that hour the Pratt girl became his scout. The next day she blundered. That Friday was burned into Piggy Pennington's memory with a glowing brand.

The trouble occurred in this way: On the Friday following Piggy's black Monday, the King of Boyville decided to resort to an heroic measure. In his meditative moments Piggy had made up speeches addressed to his Heart's Desire wherein he had proposed reconciliation at any sacrifice save that of honor. Twice during those four days he had stood by his Heart's Desire during the recess, while they had looked out at the play-ground. But the words next to his heart had sputtered and bubbled into nothing on his lips. He could only snap chalk at the young gentlemen in the yard below him in a preoccupied way and listen to his Heart's Desire rattle on about the whims of her fractions and the caprices of her spelling-lesson. Friday noon, Winfield Hancock Pennington took a header into the Rubicon. In the deserted school-room, just after the other youngsters had gone to dinner or to play, Piggy, with much wiggling of his toes, with much hard breathing, and with many facial contortions, wrote a note. He gave it to the Pratt girl to deliver. When the first bell was ringing that noon, Piggy was piling up the primary urchins



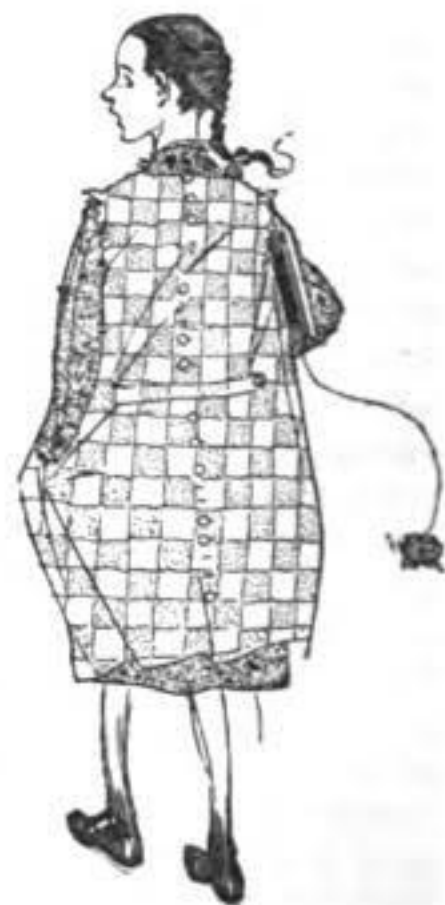
"... could only snap chalk in a preoccupied way."



in wiggling, squealing piles at "crack the whip." During the fifteen minutes that followed, he was charging up and down the yard, howling like a Comanche, at "pullaway." But run as he would, yell as he would, and wrestle as he would, Piggy could not escape the pictures that rose in his mind of a boy wearing his features and using his body, writing the note that he had written. When dismembered words and phrases from that note rose to his mind on the play-ground, the quaver of terror that rose in Piggy's whoop was not dissembled. Sometimes fear froze his vitals, then a flush of self-abasement burned him with its flames. And all the time he knew that the Pratt girl had that note. He almost hoped that an earthquake would swallow her with it before she could deliver it. When Piggy came straggling in, hot, sweaty, and puffing, just as the teacher was tapping the tardy-bell, a wave of peace swept over him. His Heart's Desire was not at her desk. He knew that he had still a few moments' reprieve.

They were singing when his Heart's Desire came in. Piggy's head was tilted back to give his voice full volume as he shouted, "All jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own." His eyes were half closed in an ecstasy, and he did not turn his face toward the paint-brush pig-tails, nor give any sign that he knew of their owner's presence. Yet when she passed his desk, his voice did not quaver, nor his eyes blink, nor his countenance redden, as his foot darted out for her to trip over. She tripped purposely, thereby accepting affection's tribute, and was glad.

To elaborate the



"The red-headed Pratt girl."

tale of how the Pratt girl blundered with Piggy Pennington's note would be depressing. For it holds in its barbed meshes a record of one agonizing second in which Piggy saw the folded paper begin to slip and slide down the incline of his Heart's Desire's desk, whereon the Pratt girl had dropped it; saw the two girls grab for it; heard it crash from the seat to the floor with what seemed to him a deafening roar. Nor is this all that the harrowing tale might disclose. It might dilate upon the horror that wrenched Piggy's spine as he watched the teacher's finger crook a signal for the note to be brought forward. It would be manifestly cruel and clearly unnecessary to describe the forces which impelled the psychic wave of suggestion that inundated the school

—even to the youth of the "B" class, with his head under the desk, looking for a pencil—and gave every demon there gleeful knowledge that the teacher had nabbed the note and would probably read it aloud. It is enough to submit the plain, but painful, statement that, when the teacher tapped her pencil for attention, a red ear, a throbbing red ear, flared out from either side of Piggy Pennington's Fourth Reader, while not far away a pair of pig-tails bristled up with rage and humiliation from a desk where a little girl's head lay buried in her arms. The teacher unfolded the crackling paper. Would anyone but a savage enjoy the recital of the fact about the barbaric mirth that inspired peal after peal of laughter as the teacher read these words?

Friend Mary.—Did you mean anything by letting Him sing with you. I dont care if you did but I never don anything to deserve it, but if you didnt I am very sorry, will tell you bout it at the partey. Well that is all I can think of today, from

Yourse Ever,

WIN PENNINGTON.

P. S. If you still meen what you sed about roses red and vilets blue all right and so do I. W H P.

Piggy waded home though blood that night. The boys could not resist calling out "Friend Mary" or "Hello, Roses Red," though each boy knew that his taunt would bring on a fight. Piggy fought boys who



"... was piling up the primary urchins in wiggling, squealing piles."

were three classes above him. He whipped groups of boys of assorted sizes from the lower grades; but the fighting took him away from his trouble, and in most cases he honored his combatants. He was little the worse for wear when he chased the last swarm of primary urchins into his father's cow lot, fastened them in, and went at them one by one with a shingle. A child living next door to the Penningtons had brought the news of Piggy's disgrace to the neighborhood, and by supper-time Mrs. Pennington knew the worst. While the son and heir of the house was bringing in his wood and doing his chores about the barn, he felt something in the air about the kitchen which warned him that new tortures awaited him.

A boy would rather take a dozen whippings at school than have the story of one of them come home; and Piggy thought with inward trembling that he would rather report even a whipping at home than face his mother in the dishonor which covered him. At supper Mrs. Pennington repeated the legend of the note with great solemnity. When her husband showed signs of laughing.



"... fought boys who were three classes above him ... whipped groups of boys of assorted sizes."

she glared at him. Her son ate rapidly in silence. Over his mother's shoulders Piggy saw the hired girl giggle. The only reply that Mrs. Pennington could get to her questions was, "Aw, that ain't nothin'," or "Aw, gee whiz, ma, you must think that's somethin'." But she proclaimed, in the presence of the father, the son, and the hired girl, that if she ever caught a boy of hers getting "girl-struck" she would "show him," which, being translated, means much that no dignified young gentleman likes to contemplate. But when the son was out of hearing, Mrs. Pennington told her husband, in the repressed tone which she used when expressing her diplomatic communications, that he would have "to take that boy in hand." Whereupon the father leaned back in his chair and laughed, laughed until he grew red in the face, laughed till the pans in the kitchen rattled, laughed—to use the words of his wife in closing the incident—"like a natural born simpleton." And the son—alas for Piggy Pennington—he might affect great pride in his amours when the hired girl teased him; he might put on a brave face and even lure himself into the belief that this arch tormentor saw him only as a gay deceiver; but when the lights were out, Piggy covered his head with the bed-clothes, and grew hot and cold by turns, till sleep came and bore him away from his humiliation.



"... watched the teacher's finger crook a signal for the note to be brought forward."

All day Saturday, before the Bud Perkins surprise party, Piggy Pennington and Mealy Jones were inseparable. And Piggy, who was the King of Boyville, came down from his throne and walked humbly beside Mealy, the least of all his courtiers. In fact, in his noctivagations since the reading of his note Piggy had become needlessly deferential and considerate of the feelings of his rival.

If the two entered a crowd and played "foot and a half" or "slap and a kick" or "leap-frog," and if Mealy was "it"—and poor Mealy was generally "it" in any game—Piggy did not jump viciously on Mealy's wobbly back, nor did he slap hard,

nor kick hard, as he would have slapped and kicked on other days, before he descended from his throne to dwell with the beasts of the field on that fatal Friday. Pride kept Mealy on the rack.

Time and again his little, freckled, milky face hit the moist springy ground as Bud or Abe or Jim bumped into him at their play. He was glad when the day ended and he could go home. For Mealy Jones abhorred the dirt that begrimed his face and soiled his white starched collar. He liked to play in lukewarm water, to slosh in the suds, and to rub his soft little hands whiter and whiter in the foam. His cleanliness pleased his mother, and she boasted of it to the

mothers of other boys—mothers of boys with high-water marks just above their shirt collars; of boys who had to be yanked back to the roller-towel after washing to have their ears rubbed; of bad, bad, bad boys who washed their feet in the dew of the grass at night and told their mothers that they had washed them in the tub at the pump; of wicked and sinful boys who killed toads and cried noisily when their warts bled in the hot water; in fact, to the mothers of nearly all the boys in Boyville. And thus it came about that Boyville, having Mealy Jones set before it as a model child, contracted a cordial hate for him, and rose against him when he presumed to contest with Piggy for his Heart's Desire. Yet all Boyville loved a fight, and all Boyville goaded the King to wrath, teased him, bantered him, and even pretended to doubt his worth. Therefore, when Piggy Pennington, the King of Boyville, dressed for the party that night in his Sunday clothes and his Sunday shoes and limped down the sidewalk to the Jones's, where the boys and girls were to meet before descending upon Bud Perkins, there was rancor in the royal heart and maternal hair-oil on the royal head. But a strange throb of glad pain in the pit of the royal stomach came at the thought of the two bright eyes that would soon meet his own. The eyes made him forget his blistering shoes, and a smile at the door divested his mind of the serrated collar upon which his head had been pivoting for five distracted minutes. The last thing of all to go was his pride in the hair-oil, but it fell before a voice that said: "Well, you got here, did you?"

That was all. But it was enough to make Piggy Pennington feel the core of a music-box turning inside him, while outside the company saw the King of Boyville transformed into a very red and very sweaty youth holding madly to the back of his cuffs and chuckling deliriously. In a daze he took off his hat, and put a sack of oranges, his part in the evening's refreshment, on a table in the next room. When he regained consciousness, Piggy noticed that Mealy Jones,



"... saw the hired girl giggle."

who had pranced into the room with much unction, was sitting next to his Heart's Desire. The children were making merry chatter. Piggy took his place on the end of a lounge, and turning his back to the guilty pair, gave an "injin" pinch to Jimmy Sears, with orders to "pass it on." Indeed, so unconcerned was Piggy in the progress of the affair behind him that he began to shove the line of the boys on the lounge; the shoving grew into a shuffle, and the shuffle into a wrestle, which ended on the front porch. At length Piggy stalked through the room where the girls were sitting, saying, when he returned with his oranges and his hat: "Come on, fellers, everybody's here."

The boys on the porch followed Piggy's example, and in a minute or two they stood huddled at the gate calling at the girls in the house to hurry. When the girls were on the porch, the boys struck out, and the two groups, a respectful distance apart, walked through the town. Mealy Jones was enjoying the triumph of his life, walking proudly between the noisy boys and giggling girls beside—but why linger over the details of this instance of man's duplicity and woman's worse than weakness.

The young blades of the Court of Boyville waited politely at the gate before the house where Bud Perkins lived with Miss Morgan, his foster mother. When the maidens arrived, all the company went trooping up Miss Morgan's steps. After Piggy had chased Bud from the front door into a closet, from which the host fought his



"Her son ate rapidly in silence."



"... boasted of it to the mothers of other boys."

way gallantly into the middle of the parlor floor, the essential preliminaries of the evening's entertainment were over. A little later the games began. First, there was "forfeits." Then came "tin-tin." "Clap in and clap out," followed, and finally, after much protestation from the girls, but at the earnest solicitation of Mealy Jones, "post-office" started. Piggy did not urge, nor protest. He had gone through the games listlessly, occasionally breaking into a spasm of gaiety that was clearly hollow, and afterwards sinking into profound indifference. For how could a well-conditioned boy be gay with a heartache under his Sunday shirt and the spectacle before his eyes of a freckled human cock-sparrow darting round and round the bower of his Heart's Desire? Under such circumstances it was manifestly impossible for him to see the eyes that sought his in vain across the turmoil of the room. Indeed, a voice pitched a trifle high to carry well spoke for him to hear, but met deaf ears. A little maid in a black-and-red check which the King of Boyville once preferred to royal purple even made her way across the throng—undesignedly, he thought, but Piggy basked in the joy of her presence and made no sign to show his pleasure. A little later, in the shuffle of the game, Piggy and his Heart's Desire were far apart. Half an hour passed, but still he did not revive. Mealy Jones called her out in "post-office," and

Piggy thought he saw a smile mount her brow. That was too much. When the dining-room closed behind the black-and-red checked dress, the pitcher that enclosed his woe broke and the wheel at the cistern of his endurance stopped. Mealy Jones came into the room, and the boy who kept the "post-office" called out, "Piggy Pennington." But the slam of the front door was his answer.

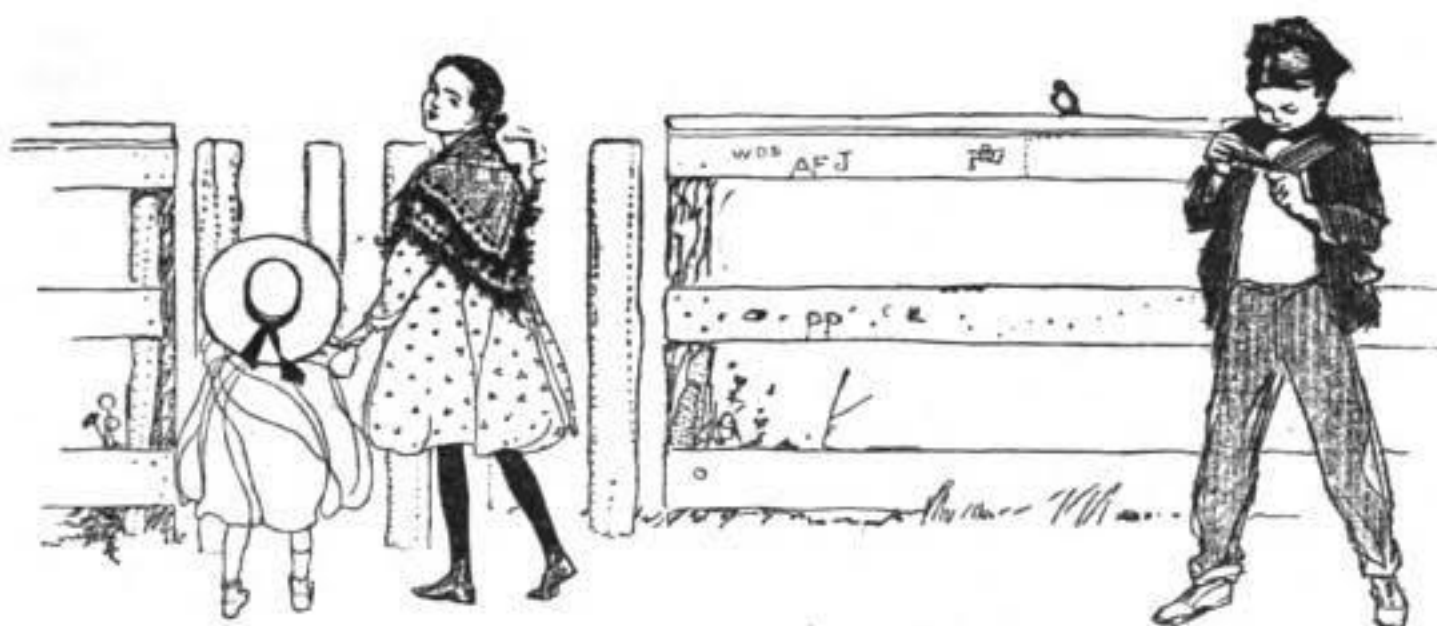
Piggy sat on the front porch, and reviewed the entire affair. It began when his Heart's Desire had fluttered into his autograph album with a coy:

"When this you see
Remember me."

He followed the corrugated course of true love step by step up to its climax where, a week before, she had given him his choice of her new pack of assorted visiting-cards. He rose at the end of five minutes' somber meditation, holding the curling gelatine card of his choice in his warm hand. After venting a heavy sigh, he checked a motion to throw away the token of his undoing and put it back into his pocket. While he was plotting dark things against the life and happi-



"... sat on the front porch, and reviewed the entire affair."



" . . . had fluttered into his autograph album."

ness of Mealy Jones, Piggy heard the sound of the merriment within, and a mischievous smile spread over his angry countenance. He tiptoed to the window, and peeped in. He saw his Heart's Desire sitting alone. He cheered up a little, not much—but sufficiently to reach in his pocket for his tick-tack.

Now, it may be clearly proved, if necessary, that the tick-tack was invented by the devil. Any wise man's son knows that every boy between the ages of ten and fourteen carries with him at all times a complete outfit of the mechanical devices on which the devil holds the patent and demands a royalty. So there is nothing really strange in the statement that Piggy Pennington took from his Sunday clothes, beneath a pocketful of Rewards of Merit for regular attendance at Sunday-school—all dated before the Christmas-tree—a spool with notched wheels, a lead pencil, and a bit of fishline. The line wound round the spool. Piggy put the pencil through the hole in the spool, and held the notched rims of the spool against the window pane by pressing on the

pencil axle. He gave the cord a quick jerk; a rattle, a wail, and a shriek were success-

ively produced by the notches whirling on the glass. The company within doors screamed. Everyone knew it was Piggy, but no one ever lived with nerves strong enough to withstand the shock of a tick-tack. At the first shock those in-doors decided to ignore the disturbance. But it occurred twice afterwards, and a third tick-tack at a party is a dare.



"A little maid in a black-and-red check."

So the boys took it up. As Piggy ran he forgot his hot, heavy shoes; he felt the night wind on his face and in his hair. He cared nothing for his pursuers; he ran for the gladness that came with running. Now he slackened his pace and let the boys catch up with him, and again he spread the mocking distance between them. He turned down an alley, and eluded the pack.

All the youngsters at the party, even the girls, had scampered out of the house to watch the race. When Piggy vaulted the back-yard fence into Miss Morgan's garden, he heard the pursuers half a block away. He saw, a hundred feet distant, a bevy of girls standing on the sidewalk. And he saw, too, as he came bounding down the lot, something that made him fairly skim over the earth:



"At this important bit of repartee."

his Heart's Desire standing alone near the porch in his path under an apple-tree. The exhilaration of the chase had made him forget his trouble. He was so sure-footed in the race that he forgot to be abashed for the moment and came bounding down by the apple-tree. He was full of pride. When he stopped he was the King of Boyville and every inch a king. The king—not Piggy—should be blamed. It was all over in a second—almost before he had stopped. He aimed at her cheek, but he got her ear. That was the first that he knew of it. Piggy seemed to return to life then. In his confusion he felt himself shriveling up to his normal size—shriveling and frying. In an instant he was gone, and Piggy Pennington ran into the group of girls on the sidewalk and let them catch him and hold him. The breathless youths went into the house telling their adventures in the race between gasps. But Piggy did not dare to look at his Heart's Desire for as much as five minutes—a long, long time. No one had seen him beneath the apple-tree. He was not afraid of the teasing, but he was afraid of a withering look from his Heart's Desire—a look that he felt with a parching fear in his throat would throw the universe into an eclipse for him. He observed that she got up and changed her seat, to be rid of Mealy Jones. At first Piggy thought that was a good sign, but a moment later he reasoned that the avoidance of Mealy was inspired probably by a loathing for all boys. He dared not seek her eyes, but he mingled noisily in the crowd for a while, and then, on a desperate venture, carelessly snapped a peanut shell and hit his Heart's Desire on the chin. He seemed to be looking a thousand miles away in another direction than that which the missile took. He waited nearly a minute—a long, uncertain minute—for a response.

Then the shell came back; it did not hit him—but it might have done so—that was all he could ask. He snapped shells slyly for a quarter of an hour, and was happy. Once he looked—not exactly looked; perhaps peeked is the better word; took just the tiniest lightning peek out of the tail of his eye, and found a smile waiting for him. At supper, if anyone save Piggy had tried to take a chair by his Heart's Desire when the plates came around, there would have been a fight. Mealy Jones knew this, and he knew what Piggy did not know, that it would have been a fight of two against one. So Piggy sat bolt upright in his chair beside the black-and-red checked dress, and talked to the room

at large; but he spoke no word to the maiden at his side. She noticed that Piggy kept dropping his knife, and the solicitude of her sex prompted her to ask: "Are your hands cold, Winfield?"

And the instinct of his sex to hide a fault with a falsehood made Piggy nod his head.

Then she answered: "Cold hands, a warm heart!"

At this important bit of repartee, the King of Boyville so forgot his royal dignity that he let an orange-peel drive at Jimmy Sears, and pretended not to hear her. His only reply was to joggle her arm when she reached for the cake. Piggy was so exuberant and in such high spirits that he put his plate on his chair and made Bud Perkins walk turkey fashion three times around the room. He forgot the disgrace which his note had brought to him in the school; he forgot the pretensions of Mealy Jones; he did not wish to forget the episode of the apple-tree, and for the time Piggy Pennington lived in a most peculiar world, made of hazel eyes and red-ribboned pig-tails, all circling around on a background of black-and-red checked flannel.

After that nothing mattered very much. It didn't matter that Piggy's shoes, which had bruised his feet in the race, began to sting like fire. It didn't matter much if Mealy Jones's mother did come for him with a lantern and break up the party. It didn't matter if Jimmy Sears did call out, "Hello, Roses Red," when the boys reached the bedroom where their hats were; for a voice that Piggy knew cried back from the adjoining room, "You think you're cute, don't you, old smarty?" Nothing in the world could matter then, for had not Piggy Pennington five minutes before handed a card to his Heart's Desire which read:

IF I MAY NOT C U HOME
MAY I NOT SIT ON THE FENCE
AND C U GO BY?

And had not she taken it, and said merrily, "I'm going to keep this." What could matter after that open avowal?

And so it came to pass in a little while that the goodly company, headed by the King of Boyville, filed gaily down the path. They walked two by two, and they started on a long, uneven way. But the King of Boyville was full of joy—a kind of joy so strange that wise men may not measure it; a joy so rare that even kings are proud of it.



GENERAL NELSON A. MILES AND HIS AIDE, LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAUS, VIEWING THE MANŒUVERS OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY NEAR ST. PETERSBURG, IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

MILITARY EUROPE.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL NELSON A. MILES.

OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIENCES AT THE AUTUMN MANŒUVERS IN RUSSIA, GERMANY, AND FRANCE.

THE autumn manœuvres in Europe are always of deep and important interest to military students. Each year officers from all of the principal countries of the world are sent by their governments to witness them, and to make reports upon them. Of late years they have been very elaborate in some of the countries, especially in Germany, France, and Russia. Many important lessons have been learned from observations made by military men in attendance on them, not only regarding tactical formations of troops, but also regarding all kinds of equipments, the quickest and safest means of transportation, and the food best adapted

for troops while in actual service. Many of the modern appliances of war have been tested also in these campaigns, and their use exemplified. To the countries maintaining them, simply the benefit derived from the physical training of men and from the discipline is perhaps a sufficient reward for the time, money, and energy spent in organizing and carrying them out.

I was especially fortunate during my travels in Europe in 1897 in having opportunity to witness the manœuvres held at Kresnoe-Selo, near St. Petersburg, and the grand manœuvres in Germany, and part of those in the north of France. I arrived in Russia



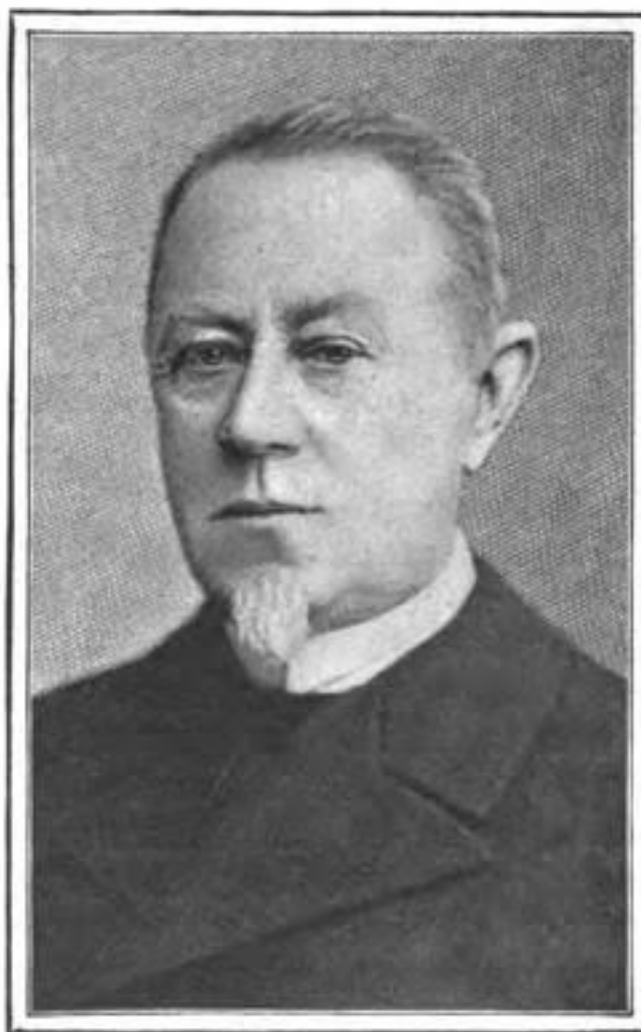
OFFICERS OF THE RUSSIAN GENDARMERIE PRECEDING AN IMPERIAL TRAIN.

on the 15th of August. I had previously communicated with our representative at St. Petersburg, the Hon. Clifton R. Breckinridge, whom I had known very pleasantly for a number of years as a distinguished member of Congress from Arkansas, and who had represented our government with marked ability at the Russian court, and he had made known to the Russian Government my wish to witness their manœuvres and to see such other military exercises as it might please them to permit me to see. I was duly introduced by Mr. Breckinridge to the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs. They received me in a most courteous and friendly way, showing a desire to extend every civility. A very accomplished and experienced officer of the chevalier-garde, Lieutenant Tsertzoff, was detailed to report to me for duty during my stay, and

two royal carriages were placed at my disposal, while the Emperor entertained me and my party as guests.

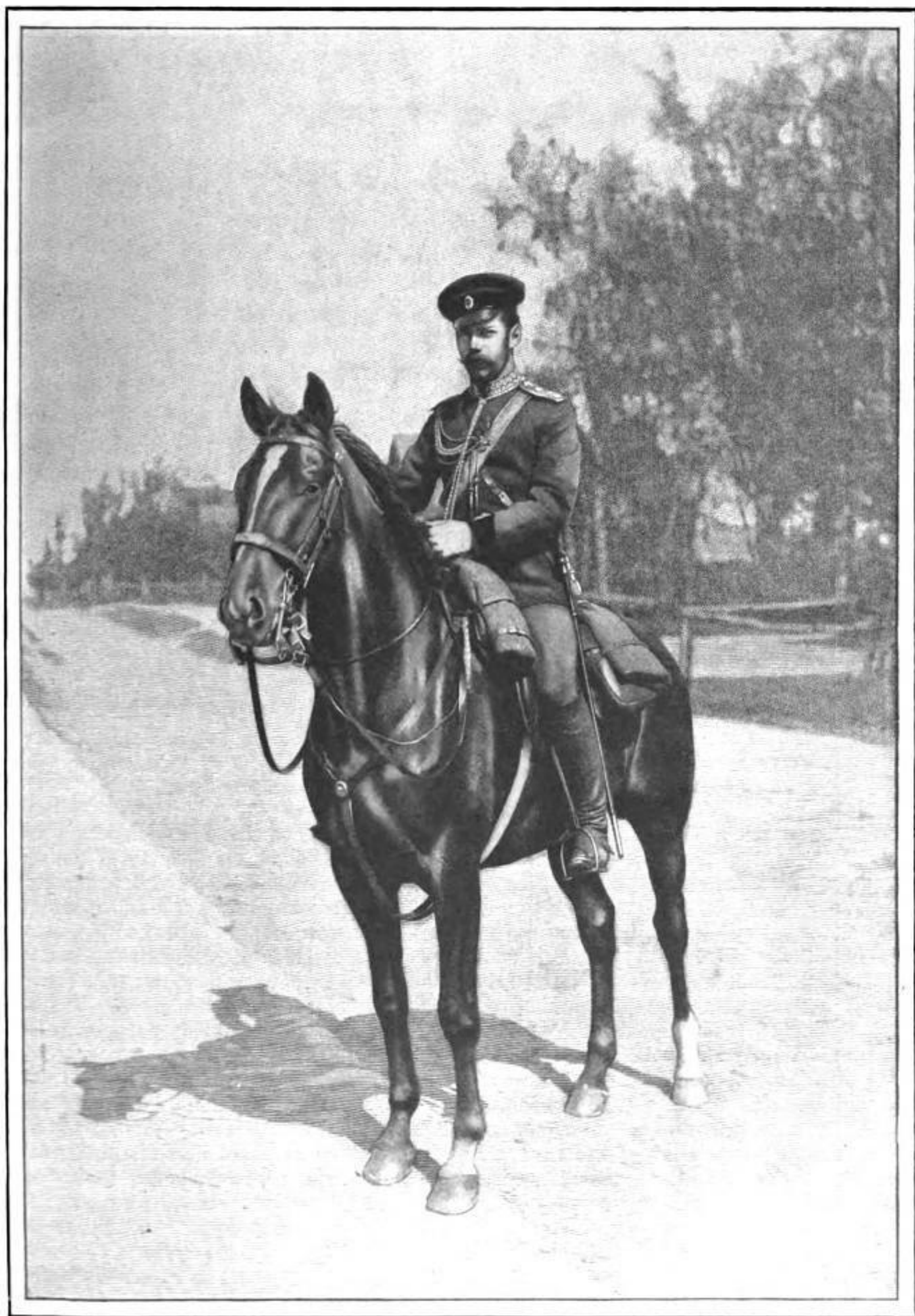
I had been but two days at St. Petersburg

when I received an invitation, which amounted to a command, to visit Peterhof, undoubtedly the most attractive summer palace in the world, at the present time occupied by the Emperor and Empress as their summer home. At the palace I was granted an interview by His Majesty, and was received with marked cordiality. The Emperor's manner is frank and unostentatious, and there is nothing in his speech or deportment to impress one with the large power possessed by him, a young man, being only thirty years old. He speaks English perfectly, is thoroughly informed on all military matters, and in general appearance is as much a student as a soldier. He devotes much



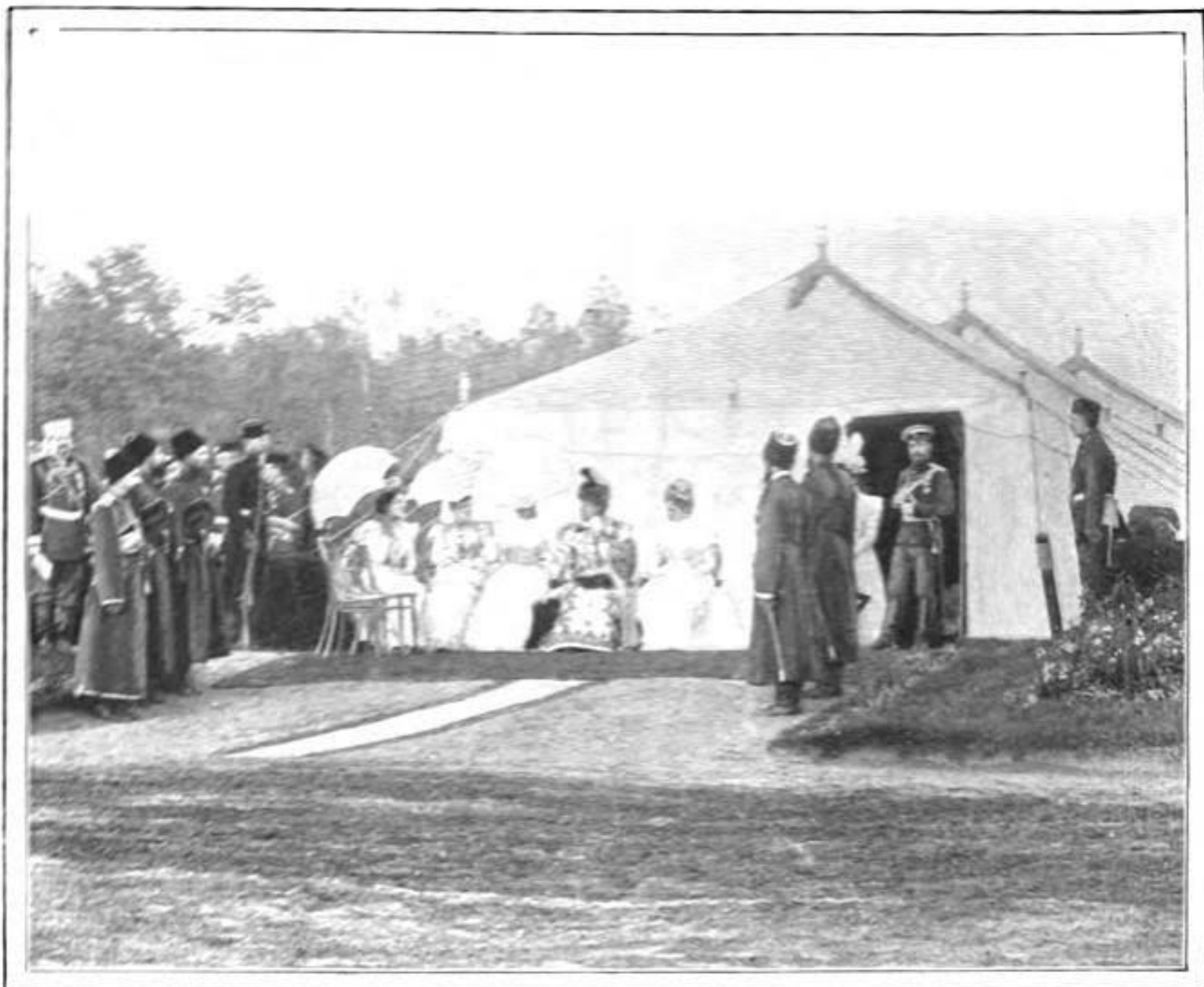
PRINCE KHILOFF, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS.

From a photograph by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.



NICHOLAS II., EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Nicholas II. succeeded to the Russian throne October 20, 1894. This portrait (from a photograph by De Jongh Frères, Paris) was taken while he was still Grand Duke.



THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE REVIEW OF RUSSIAN TROOPS, HELD IN HONOR OF THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.
THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS IS SEEN STANDING AT THE DOOR OF THE TENT.

attention to civil affairs, and is especially interested in the internal improvements, development, and commercial welfare of Russia.

My conversation with the Emperor touched first on military matters, and then drifted to the subject which appeared to be the one nearest his heart—the great Siberian railway, a work of vast commercial, political, and military importance to Russia. He himself passed over the zone that the railway is to penetrate, before he ascended the throne, and he is now president of the company which is rapidly constructing the work. In our talk, I referred to the great change that had been wrought in our own country by the construction of the trans-continental railroads, first definitely projected during the Civil War, for the purpose of holding the two sections of the country in closer union and more loyal sentiment. These railroads, I told the Emperor, had transformed a vast area of wild territory and mountain waste into settled, civilized, thriving, progressive communities in the space of a single genera-

tion; and I added that I presumed a similar result would follow the opening of the great avenue of communication and commerce now being constructed across the enormous area of the Russian Empire. I asked if the land would be divided into subdivisions in a way similar to that we had adopted in our own country and found so beneficial. The Emperor said that this was his purpose and design, and that he hoped for gratifying results. I remarked that we had found that, by dividing our public lands into small subdivisions and parceling it out to colonists, they became our most intelligent, loyal citizens, wedded and anchored to the soil; and that a man who possessed a quarter section of land was a more loyal citizen than one who simply owned a knife. The use of the last word seemed to cause His Majesty an unhappy thought, as I judged from his expression, yet he instantly resumed his pleasant mood, and talked upon the subject of the development of that great section of his empire with much interest, and expressed great hope that the completion of



A GROUP OF COMMANDERS IN THE RUSSIAN ARMY AT THE GRAND REVIEW AT KRESNOE-SELO.

On the left, distinguishable by his white beard, is General Bilderlung, in conversation with the Grand Duke Vladimir, in the center. Facing them, on the right, is General Obrontcheff, recently retired from the command of the army.

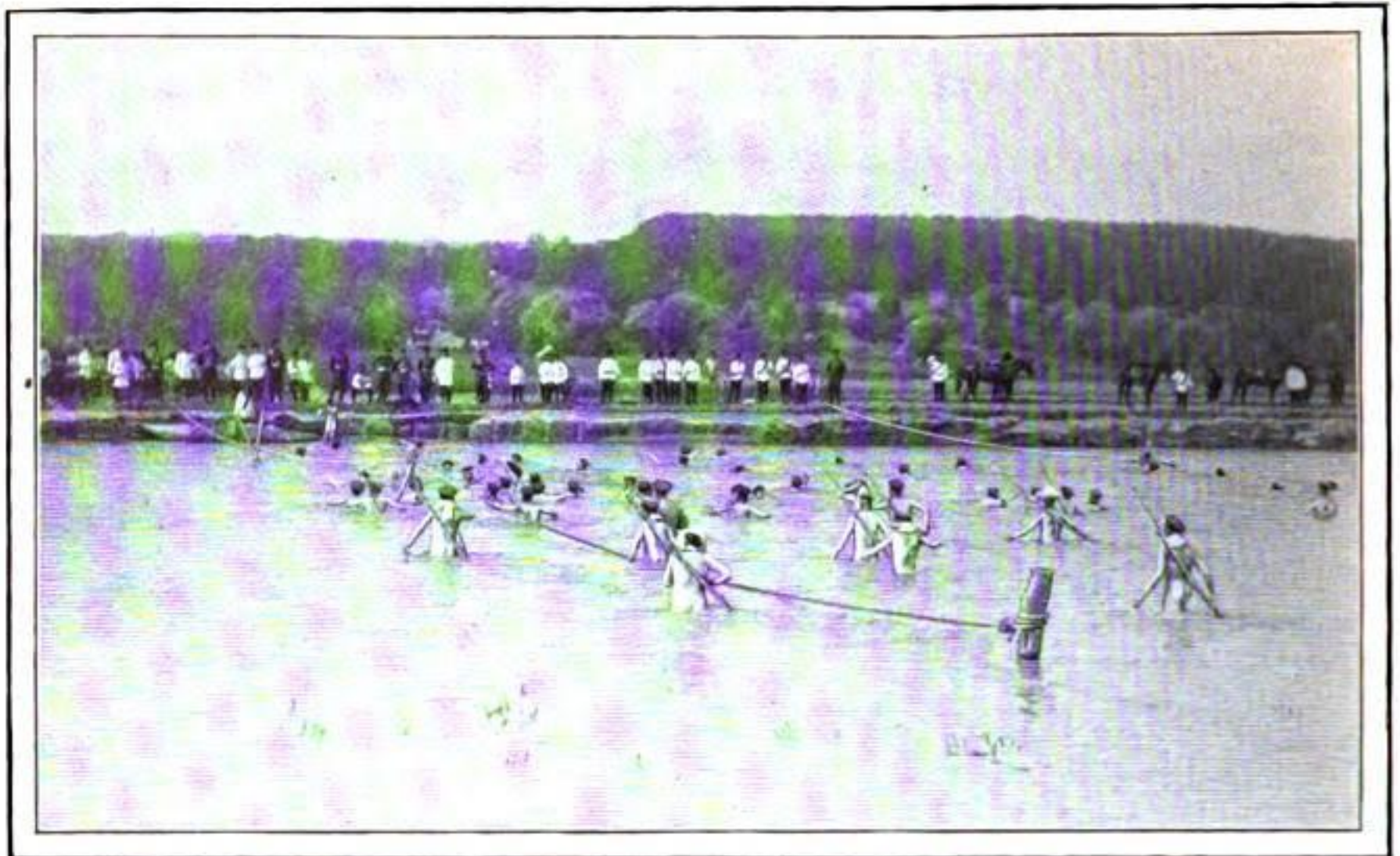
the railroad would contribute to the welfare and benefit of the people of Russia.

The construction of the Siberian railway is under the supervision of one of the most remarkable men in Europe, Prince Khilkoff. Some twenty years ago Prince Khilkoff had a misunderstanding with his father, and declared that he would not receive any further assistance from his estate. He came to America and sought occupation. He found a humble position in a machine-shop in Philadelphia, and was first set to making bolts in a car factory. By his devotion to his work and by his intelligence and acquired skill, he passed through all the stages of that industry until he became superintendent of the establishment. He at one time ran a locomotive on the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, and in time acquired a thorough knowledge, not only of the construction and material of railroad appliances, but also of the mode of constructing and managing such systems of transportation. He at length returned to Russia, obtained a position in one of the great establishments of that country, and finally worked his way up to the responsible post of Minister of Public Works for the Russian Empire, which office he still holds. Prince Khilkoff speaks English perfectly, looks like an American, and is one of the brightest and strongest men I met during my journey. Two years ago he passed over the

line of the Siberian railroad, and, crossing from Japan to San Francisco, traversed our country to New York, and so returned to St. Petersburg.

FIRST VISIT TO KRESNOE-SELO.

It was just after my visit to Peterhof that I went to Kresnoe-Selo to see the manœuvres of the Russian army. Kresnoe-Selo, or "Red Village," is situated about fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg. Here annually a large camp is formed and manœuvres are carried out. There are more extended manœuvres in other sections of Russia: for example, they occur on a very extensive scale each year in Poland; but those I have understood are never witnessed by foreigners. Kresnoe-Selo is a very pretty village. It was purchased by the government as a field for manœuvres sixty years ago, and has gradually been improved until now it is admirably adapted to the purpose. There are barracks for the soldiers, hospitals for the sick, buildings for the officers, a special pavilion for the Emperor, with other suitable buildings for the Imperial family, a building in which the Emperor's mess is established, and quarters for the entertainment of guests who annually witness the evolutions. This camp is not occupied all the year round, as the English camp at



MANŒUVERS OF RUSSIAN SOLDIERS—THE PASSAGE OF A RIVER.

From a photograph by De Jongh Frères, Paris.

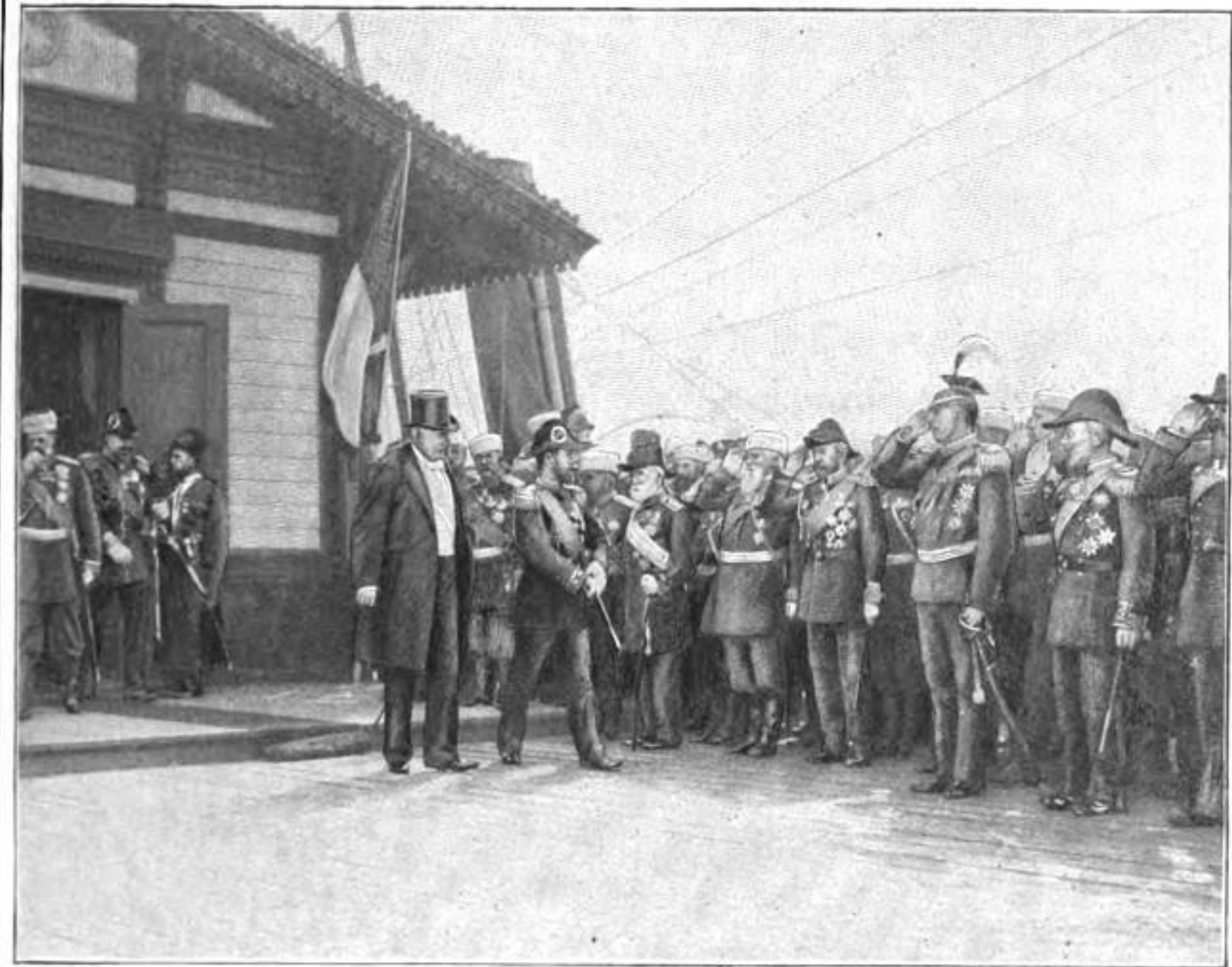
Aldershot, but after the exercises have been completed the troops retire to their stations.

The grand manœuvres began on the 21st, the troops engaged being those of the Grand Corps, in all about 35,000 to 40,000 men, divided into two corps. One corps, operating from the north, was slightly weaker than the other, but expected reinforcements from the railroad by way of Finland. The object of the southern force was to prevent the arrival of the reinforcements. It was a beautiful country for such a manœuver, and the place where we were to rendezvous and whither the Emperor was to repair was on a high point from which one could see the country for miles around. This was the key of the position for which a struggle was made by the southern force.

The use of cavalry as practiced in the Russian army was well shown here, as a large force with several horse-batteries was rapidly sent forward to dismount and occupy the hill and to hold it until the infantry forces from the north, coming down in two large columns, should arrive. The movement was well executed. The batteries had just been placed in position when the advance of the southern force was seen approaching, the forces proceeding in long columns covered by cavalry, while away to the front patrols could be seen moving. The northern army having occupied its lines

of battle, the cavalry moved off to its left. Shortly afterwards the cavalry of the south could be seen rapidly approaching; then a charge was made, the two cavalry columns meeting. It was exceedingly interesting. The result was the defeat of the northern cavalry, which retired and reformed some distance to the rear. Heavy artillery firing now commenced from the south. It was kept up for a long time, and was such as in actual war would have been very severe. It was replied to by a number of batteries well stationed along the line of the defence. The attack was made by the southern force in regular order, line after line advancing to the attack, well supported according to the modern attack formation. The fire was very intense. It was kept up all along the line for perhaps an hour, until at last the force made a charge, each line passing through the other, when the recall was sounded. The final result of the manœuvres was not published, but in all probability the northern forces would have been successful in resisting the attack made upon them.

The Emperor, who is a most active and energetic man, evinced great personal interest in all the manœuvres and exercises of the troops during the encampment, and made his headquarters at the camp during the entire time. He was present each day, and witnessed carefully each movement. Each



ARRIVAL OF PRESIDENT FAURE AT CRONSTADT TO VISIT THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, AUGUST 23, 1897.

The Emperor is presenting his generals, aides-de-camp, and admirals to the President of France. The Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis are seen standing in the doorway on the left. In the center are President Faure and the Emperor Nicholas, and just beside the Emperor, leaning on his sword, is Admiral Tchikalcheff.

day notifications were given as to the manner of dress and the exact hour and point of rendezvous. The Grand Duke Vladimir ordered the general plan of operations day by day, but great latitude was left to commanding officers, and they were invited, as is the custom in foreign armies, to show originality and energy in carrying out their special movements. The successful handling of troops was a matter of especial commendation by the Emperor, whose desire appeared to be to give his officers that experience which would fit them for command in actual war.

Just after the manœuvres ended I had an opportunity to see a most imposing review of the Russian troops, held in honor of President Faure, of the French Republic. The French President reached Cronstadt, the harbor of St. Petersburg, on the morning of August 23d. Here the Emperor and his suite met him and conducted him to Peterhof, where in the evening a grand banquet was given. The next day the entire com-

pany at Peterhof went to St. Petersburg, where a wildly enthusiastic popular reception was accorded the distinguished visitor. The most exacting Frenchman could not have demanded more. One could not but contrast this demonstration over the visit of the French President with the mission and reception of the great Corsican some eighty-five years before, and marvel at the rapidity with which the events of the past are forgotten when the interests of the present and welfare of the future are before a people or government.

The review took place at Kresnoe-Selo, the Emperor and the Empress, with the President and their other guests, going to the field by rail. On arriving, the royal party repaired at once to what was called the Tribune of Honor, a great artificial mound built up at one side of the field and covered with sod. On it was erected a tent for their convenience. From this stand the President and the Empress watched the review. The Emperor and the grand dukes and the mili-



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.

From a photograph by Strelisky, Budapest.

tary representatives of other powers were ranged in line at the base of the Tribune. The review was one of the finest military displays I have ever witnessed. An interesting feature of the review was the way in which the Emperor expressed his satisfaction. If a regiment pleased him he called out in a strong voice: "Well done, my men;" and immediately the troops to whom the remark was addressed answered, as if in one voice: "We are glad to do our best for Your Majesty." The most dramatic incident which occurred was the passing in front of the Tribune of Honor of Prince Louis Napoleon, at the head of his company of Russian troops, the Czar and the President both graciously acknowledging his salute as he passed.

From the observations of the Russian army which I was able to make at the review at Kresnoe-Selo, and during the manœuvres, I concluded that it is exceedingly well equipped, well disciplined, and well armed for any purpose, and that its officers are skilled and

mounted troops. The horses are strong, hardy, and well fitted for the hardships and fatigues that campaigns require. In fact, the Russian horses, I believe, are the best in the world. The Russian people take better care of their horses than any people I have ever known. They are strong, well fed, and full of spirit, and not mutilated in the cruel manner in which we find them in too many other countries of Europe and in our own country. In Russia it is considered bad form for a driver to carry a whip, and I never saw during my stay there a horse that appeared to be ill treated or ill fed.

Every man in Russia is liable to military service from his twenty-first year. Nearly 900,000 reach this age every year in the empire, and of these about 275,000 are taken into the active army. The best are placed in the reserve, which is of two classes. Those in the active army serve five years, and those in the reserve serve one, three, and five, according to the class. These

accomplished. Most of the officers belong to the aristocracy, and are highly educated. They are the best military linguists in Europe. The Grand Duke Vladimir is an ideal field marshal and a very able general, and in him evidently the Emperor has great confidence. The Grand Duke Alexis is the head of the Navy Department. In my conversation with him, he referred with great pleasure to his visit and entertainment in our country, and to the famous hunts in which he took part on the Plains.

The Russian army is, I think, capable of greater endurance in the field than any other in Europe. The infantry and artillery are composed of strong, hardy men, and the cavalry are unexcelled. The Cossacks constitute perhaps the best of the



EMPEROR WILLIAM OF GERMANY AND KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

From a photograph by Jacobi, Metz.

latter drill six weeks twice a year. These are the periods in European Russia; they differ somewhat in Asia and Caucasia. The total peace footing of the army, including "all the Russians"—that is, Russia in Europe, Siberia, Turkistan and Finland—amounts, according to the latest figures, to 33,529 officers, 835,143 men, 155,478 horses. The actual war footing is more difficult to ascertain; but, according to the most conservative estimate, it is probable that Russia could, in case of war, mobilize with tolerable ease in first line of battle an army of at least 1,355,000 men, with a reserve of about 1,100,000. That is, she would have at her command a force of 2,455,000, with perhaps 55,000 officers and a half million horses. If one considers the efficiency of the troops and the officers, something of the military strength of the empire is realized.

THE GERMAN MANŒUVERS.

From St. Petersburg I went to Berlin, where I had my first look at the German

troops. This was at a review of the Guard Corps, undoubtedly the best corps of the German army, by the Emperor and Empress. At the close of the ceremony, I was presented to the Emperor. His Majesty, drilled from boyhood in military duties, is a thorough soldier and an intense enthusiast in military matters. The Empress, mounted on a splendid charger, presented a very beautiful appearance in her three-cornered chapeau and the bright white uniform of her regiment. She seemed to have the devotion and affection of the army quite as much as the sovereign.

From Berlin I went to Homburg, whither I had been invited to witness the grand manœuvres of the German army. These manœuvres took place a little way from the town, the principal territory manœvered over being that to the east, in the vicinity of Hanau and Frankfort. The Emperor had his headquarters at Homburg. The Duke of Cambridge was there, and was present at a great review of the Eleventh Army Corps which took place on the 4th of September,

on which occasion the troops presented a most magnificent appearance. There were present at this review, in addition to the Emperor and Empress; the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the honorary colonel of one of the regiments; and King Humbert and Queen Margareta of Italy.

The corps was about 33,000 strong, one of the largest in the German army. It was interesting to see the King of Italy, who was honorary colonel of one of the regiments, take his place at the head of the regiment and pass in review before the Emperor. The Grand Duchess of Hesse also passed in review at the head of her regiment. The Emperor left the stand twice, and took command of regiments of which he was honorary colonel, leaving the King of Italy on the reviewing stand to pass these regiments in review. Twice they passed, once in column of companies, batteries, and squadrons; again in line of battalions, the cavalry and artillery at a gallop, in perfect order, presenting a magnificent appearance. That night, as well as after the review at Berlin, we were all entertained by the Emperor at a state dinner. A speech was made by Emperor William, full of kindly feeling for Italy, and a reply was made by King Humbert, with equally friendly expressions, from which it was evident that the Triple Alliance was still in strong force. The manœuvres began on the 6th of September, and ended on the 10th. They were the most extensive ever held in Germany in time of peace. There were 117,000 men in all engaged. This force was about four times as great as that at Kresnoe-Selo, and about 50,000 larger than that at the French manœuvres which, in part, I witnessed later. The labor of organizing, equipping, transporting, and supplying such an army must have been immense. All of this had been worked out by the general staff of Germany, and maps had been provided which were models in themselves, by which, from day to day, the movements of the troops could be seen and followed with great ease.

The great problem in the German manœuvres was to bring a great army into the field and operate against an invading army which had crossed the Rhine from the west. For the purpose the forces were divided into two armies. The western, or invading army, was represented by a portion of the troops under General Count Von Haesler; while the eastern, or army of defense, was commanded by Prince Leopold of Bavaria, the two being nearly equal in strength. The western army was composed of Prussians, while Prince Leopold's army was composed

of Bavarians. We were provided with horses and orderlies, and proceeded each day by train near to the field of action, where, following the Emperor, we witnessed the manœuvres. Many miles were covered by the troops, and it was necessary to ride long distances to see the action. The use of troops of all the branches was exemplified. The various modes of attack and defense in modern warfare were shown. Long and weary marches were made by the troops in accomplishing all of this. Much of the time it rained, and it was far from easy service. In fact, except for the danger of war, perhaps the troops suffered as much hardship as they would in actual campaign, and yet they seemed well supplied, and there were few accidents. There were some losses; several men were drowned in crossing streams, in which the use of the pontoon bridge was shown. Some were taken sick, but comparatively few died, probably sixty in all, out of this immense army, which indeed was a remarkably small percentage under any circumstances.

In watching the combats in the German manœuvres, I was much interested in the effect of the smokeless powder. One heard the sound of the cannon and the rattle of musketry, but saw nothing until the troops advanced or retreated across the country within his line of vision. A valuable means of judging of the whereabouts of an enemy and of the progress of a battle is taken from a commanding officer by the use of smokeless powder.

Extensive use was made of military balloons in the German manœuvres for observation purposes, and the opposing armies were provided each with one or more, constantly in use. The familiar pear-shaped balloon was used, and, in addition, the "dragon" balloon. This is very different in form, and is constructed to avoid the constant whirling and spinning motion which is had with the ordinary shape. It is stated that there is considerable steadiness in the new form, and consequently it is naturally better suited for observation. Telephone lines connect these balloons with operators below, thus enabling the observers to communicate rapidly. The Russians also used the balloon in their manœuvres, and one of the features of their review in honor of President Faure was the launching of a balloon bearing in mammoth letters the words "La France." The familiar spherical balloon was used by them.

I was very much impressed at the manœuvres with the excellent training of the



KING HUMBERT'S REGIMENT OF GERMAN HUSSARS, DISMOUNTED.

From a photograph by Jacobi, Metz.

German soldiers. Young men in Germany are compelled to enlist at twenty and serve two years in the active army, and then serve a portion of the following five years in the reserve. After one generation, the whole male population of Germany becomes a great military force. The severe drill and discipline enforced in the German army makes thorough soldiers of the young men, and in some respects is a good school of practice, either for war or peace. It compels respect to superiors. It enforces regular habits, cleanliness, sobriety, and simplicity and regularity in daily labor and habits of life. It lifts up the awkward, listless, and careless boy to the position of manhood in the promotion of physical strength. Yet the rigid discipline appears to some extent distasteful, and I noticed very few veterans among the soldiers.

FRENCH MANŒUVERS.

Leaving Homburg, I hastened to Paris, in order to see as much as possible of the French manœuvres, which had commenced some days before. General Porter, our ambassador in Paris, had already kindly arranged for permission for me to witness these manœuvres.

They were held at St. Quentin, about ninety miles from Paris to the north, and they took place in the same country in which the campaign of the north in the war of 1870-71 had been fought. The general idea of these troops was to illustrate the methods that would be taken to resist an invading army under circumstances similar to those that obtained during this war. St. Quentin was the scene of the decisive battle fought in January, 1871, and there again a conflict was now about to take place between the two contending armies. In the real battle the French were badly defeated. This destroyed the hope that the French army which was then held in Paris might join with the army then operating in the north. The troops engaged in the manœuvres were about the same in number, 75,000, as those who took part in the battle.

I was much impressed with the discipline of the French troops. Their dispositions for attack and defense seemed to be characterized by exceedingly good judgment and ability. There was much spirit and earnestness shown by both officers and men, and the manœuvres must have been of much benefit to the French army. Tents were not used

at all by the French army. The troops were all billeted in villages, which, being so numerous in France, were sufficient to accommodate large numbers. A similar arrangement is made in Germany, although the troops are supplied with shelter tents, which are made of pieces, as in our country, and which can be put together, but while our tents only accommodate two men, each man carrying a half, in the German army a large number of men can be supplied by putting together a number of pieces.

On the 14th of September a grand review of the entire army, some 70,000 men, was held by the President of the Republic, accompanied by the King of Siam and the heads of the Departments of the French Government. Certainly the discipline and efficiency of the army, as displayed in this review, are of the first order. The entire army passed the Tribune in less than two hours, and the cavalry charged past at a gallop, followed by the infantry and artillery, together with the bicycle corps, transportation, balloon carriage, engineer, and pontoon trains. While this was being done, the cavalry, numbering 12,000 men, massed on the opposite side of the field, and at a given signal charged across the field in one solid body, and halted within two hundred yards of the President in perfect line, showing the highest discipline, drill, and efficiency.

The bicycle corps at this review attracted particular attention. It was much used during the manœuvres of this as well as in those of the preceding year. Experiments and tests were made in order to determine its adaptability for war purposes. The strength of the company was about one hundred men. The men are provided with a folding wheel, which can be placed upon the back and carried with ease. It is stated that it only takes fifty seconds to put the wheel in place, and about thirty seconds to unfold it for a mount. The military wheelman wears the ordinary soldier's uniform, but is provided with a pair of leggings. He carries the rifle, and, in addition, the usual repair kit, etc. The roads in France are ideal ones for the use of the bicycle. The French claim that the experiments which they have made with the bicycle prove its value, and that the bicyclists would be very useful in operating with cavalry and horse batteries and for reconnoitering purposes. The great advantage of rapidity and silence of movement are important points in their favor. In the manœuvres of 1896 it was noticed that cavalry advancing with the greatest care could be heard and observed

much sooner than wheelmen. The company of bicyclists in the manœuvres of that year was termed the "phantom company," because it so unexpectedly appeared before the enemy.

I noticed the bicyclists at all the reviews I saw, though not in so large a body as in the French army. In the German army they are attached to all the staffs as couriers and, in small numbers, to almost every battalion, where they are used as scouts and patrols. In fact, the value of the wheel to an army is beginning to be recognized everywhere. Whoever first places 25,000 or 50,000 men on bicycles in the next war will have a decided advantage over his opponent, and perhaps compel him to resort to the same tactics.

Not the least interesting feature of my visit to St. Quentin was meeting President Faure, whom, as I have already said, I had seen in Russia, on the occasion of the French fête. The French President is one of the most courtly, dignified, and accomplished men that I met among the heads of any of the governments of Europe, and he was surrounded by a very able cabinet of intelligent, progressive men. At no place that I visited was there manifested a more cordial sentiment toward the American Government and people than by the people of France. When we recall the fact that they came to our assistance and aided us in establishing our independence; that they have since the days of Lafayette been our warm sympathizers, friends, and allies, and have given expression to this sentiment in many ways, not the least of which is that great monument that now adorns the entrance to the harbor of our great metropolis, we should certainly be an ungrateful people if we did not in every way possible reciprocate their friendship and generosity. Moreover, the French people are certainly entitled to great consideration from Americans from the fact that they have maintained in the heart of Europe a liberal government similar to our own, against the prejudices of their surrounding neighbors. It would be eminently fitting for our Government, in making an appropriation for the French Exposition of 1900, not only to provide for the buildings and accommodation of the great exhibit that this country will make and which will contribute greatly to the prosperity and wealth of our own people, but to arrange for the erection of some permanent structure as an indication of our gratitude for the benefits that we have received in the past from the French people.



"Across the waste of stunted sage she sped."

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S TRIP.

A RAILROAD STORY.

BY JOHN A. HILL,

Editor of the "American Machinist."

[T is all of twenty years now since the little incident happened that I am going to tell you about. After the strike of '77, I went into exile in the wild and woolly West, mostly in "bleeding Kansas," but often in Colorado, New Mexico, and Arizona—the Santa Fé goes almost everywhere in the Southwest.

One night in August I was dropping an old Baldwin consolidator down a long Mexican grade, after having helped a stock train over the division by double-heading. It was close and hot on this sage-brush waste, something not unusual at night in high altitudes, and the heat and sheet lightning around the horizon warned me that there was to be one of those short, fierce storms that come but once or twice a year in these latitudes, and which are known as cloudbursts.

The alkali plains, or deserts, as they are often erroneously called, are great stretches of adobe soil, known as "dobie" by the natives. This soil is a yellowish brown, or perhaps more of a gray color, and as fine as flour. Water plays sad havoc with it, if the soil lies so as to oppose the flow, and it moves like dust before a slight stream. On the flat, hard-baked plains, the water makes no impression, but on a railroad grade, be it ever so slight, the tendency is to dig pitfalls. I have seen a little stream of water, just enough to fill the ditches on each side of the track, take out all the dirt, and keep the

ties and track afloat until the water was gone, then drop them into a hole eight or ten feet deep, or if the wash-out was short, leave them suspended, looking safe and sound, to lure some poor engineer and his mate to death.

Another peculiarity of these storms is that they come quickly, rage furiously for a few minutes, and are gone, and their lines are sharply defined. It is not uncommon to find a lot of water, or a wash-out, within a mile of land so dry that it looks as if it had never seen a drop of water.

All this land is fertile when it can be brought under irrigating ditches and watered, but here it lies out almost like a desert. It is sparsely inhabited along the little streams by a straggling off-shoot of the Mexican race; yet once in a while a fine place is to be seen, like an oasis in the Sahara, the home of some old Spanish Don, with thousands of cattle or sheep ranging on the plains, or perhaps the headquarters of some enterprising cattle company. But these places were few and far between at the time of which I write; the stations were mere passing places, long side-tracks, with perhaps a stock-yard and section house once in a while, but generally without buildings or even switch-lights.

Noting the approach of the storm, I let the heavy engine drop the faster, hoping to reach a certain side-track, over twenty miles away, where there was a telegraph operator,



"' Mexican,' said I."

and learn from him the condition of the road. But the storm was faster than any consolidator that Baldwins ever built, and as the lightning suddenly ceased and the air became heavy, hot, and absolutely motionless, I realized that we would have it full upon us in a few moments. I had nothing to meet for more than thirty miles, and there was nothing behind me; so I stopped, turned the headlight up, and hung my white signal lamps down below the buffer-beams each side of the pilot—this to enable me to see the ends of the ties and the ditch.

Billy Howell, my fireman, and a good one, hastily went over the boiler-jacket with signal oil, to prevent rust; we donned our gum coats; I dropped a little oil on the "Mary Ann's" gudgeons, and we proceeded on our way without a word. On these big consolida-

tors you cannot see well ahead, past the big boiler, from the cab, and I always ran with my head out of the side window. Both of us took this position now, standing up ready for anything; but we bowled safely along for one mile—two miles, through the awful hush. Then, as sudden as a flash of light, "boom!" went a peal of thunder as sharp and clear as a signal gun. There was a flash of light along the rails, the surface of the desert seemed to break out here and there with little fitful jets of greenish-blue flame, and from every side came the answering reports from the batteries of heaven, like sister gun-boats answering a salute. The rain fell in torrents, yes, in sheets. I have never, before or since, seen such a grand and fantastic display of fireworks, nor heard such rivalry of cannonade. I stopped my engine, and looked with awe and interest at this angry fit of nature, watched the balls of fire play along the ground, and realized for the first time what a sight was an electric storm.

As the storm commenced at the signal of a mighty peal of thunder, so it ended as suddenly at the same signal; the rain changed in an instant from a torrent to a gentle shower, the lightning went out, the batteries ceased their firing, the breeze commenced to blow gently, the air was purified. Again we heard the signal peal of thunder, but it seemed a great way off, as if the piece was hurrying away to a more urgent quarter. The gentle shower ceased, the black clouds were torn asunder overhead; invisible hands seemed to snatch a gray veil of fleecy clouds from the face of the harvest moon, and it shone out as clear and serene as before the storm. The ditches on each side of the track were half full of water, ties were floating along in them, but the track seemed safe and sound, and we proceeded cautiously on our way. Within two miles the road turned to the west, and here we found the water in the ditches running through dry soil, carrying dead grass and twigs of sage upon its surface; we passed the head of the flood, tumbling along through the dry ditches as dirty as it well could be, and fast soaking into the soil; and then we passed beyond the line of the storm entirely.

Billy put up his seat and filled his pipe, and I sat down and absorbed a sandwich as I urged my engine ahead to make up for lost time; we took up our routine of work just where we had left it, and—life was the same old song. It was past midnight now, and as I never did a great deal of talking on an

engine, I settled down to watching the rails ahead, and wondering if the knuckle-joints would pound the rods off the pins before we got to the end of the division.

Billy, with his eyes on the track ahead, was smoking his second pipe and humming a tune, and the "Mary Ann" was making about forty miles an hour, but doing more rolling and pitching and jumping up and down than an eight-wheeler would at sixty. All at once I discerned something away down the track where the rails seemed to meet. The moon had gone behind a cloud, and the headlight gave a better view and penetrated further. Billy saw it, too, for he took his pipe out of his mouth, and with his eyes still upon it, said laconically, as was his wont: "Cow."

"Yes," said I, closing the throttle and dropping the lever ahead.

"Man," said Billy, as the shape seemed to assume a perpendicular position.

"Yes," said I, reaching for the three-way cock, and applying the tender brake, without thinking what I did.

"Woman," said Billy, as the shape was seen to wear skirts, or at least drapery.

"Mexican," said I, as I noted the mantilla over the head. We were fast nearing the object.

"No," said Billy, "too well built."

I don't know what he judged by; we could not see the face, for it was turned away from us; but the form was plainly that of a comely woman. She stood between the rails with her arms stretched out like a cross, her white gown fitting her figure closely. A black, shawl-like mantilla was over the head, partly concealing her face; her right foot was upon the left-hand rail. She stood perfectly still. We were within fifty feet of her, and our speed was reduced to half, when Billy said sharply: "Hold her, John—for God's sake!"

But I had the "Mary Ann" in the back motion before the words left his mouth, and was choking her on sand. Billy stood upon the boiler-head and pulled the whistle-cord, but the white figure did not move. I shut my eyes as we passed the spot where she had



"The form still stood upon the track."

stood. We got stopped a rod or two beyond. I took the white light in the tank and sprang to the ground. Billy lit the torch, and followed me with haste. The form still stood upon the track just where we had first seen it; but it faced us and the arms were folded. I confess to hurrying slowly until Billy caught up with the torch, which he held over his head.

"Good evening, Señors," said the apparition, in very sweet English, just tinged with the Castilian accent, but she spoke as if nearly exhausted.

"Good gracious," said I, "whatever

brought you away out here, and hadn't you just as lief shoot a man as scare him to death?"

She laughed very sweetly, and said: "The washout brought me just here, and I fancy it was lucky for you—both of you."

"Washout?" said I. "Where?"

"At the dry bridge beyond."

Well, to make a long story short, we took her on the engine—she was wet through—and went on to the dry bridge. This was a little wooden structure in a sag, about a mile away, and we found that the storm we had encountered farther back had done bad work at each end of the bridge. We did not cross that night, but after placing signals well behind us and ahead of the washout, we waited until morning, the three of us sitting in the cab of the "Mary Ann," chatting as if we were old acquaintances.

This young girl, whose fortunes had been so strangely cast with ours, was the daughter of Señor Juan Arboles, a rich old Spanish Don who owned a fine place and immense herds of sheep over on the Rio Pecos, some ten miles west of the road. She was being educated in some Catholic school or convent at Trinidad, and had the evening before alighted at the big corrals, a few miles below, where she was met by one of her father's Mexican rancheros, who led her saddle broncho. They had started on their fifteen-mile ride in the cool of the evening, and following the road back for a few miles were just striking off toward the distant hedge of cotton woods that lined the little stream by her home when the storm came upon them.

There was a lone piñon tree about a half-mile from the track, and riding to this, the girl, whose name was Josephine, had dismounted to seek its scant protection, while the herder tried to hold the frightened horses. As peal on peal of thunder resounded and the electric lights of nature played tag over the plain, the horses became more and more unmanageable and at last stampeded, with old Paz muttering Mexican curses and chasing after them wildly.

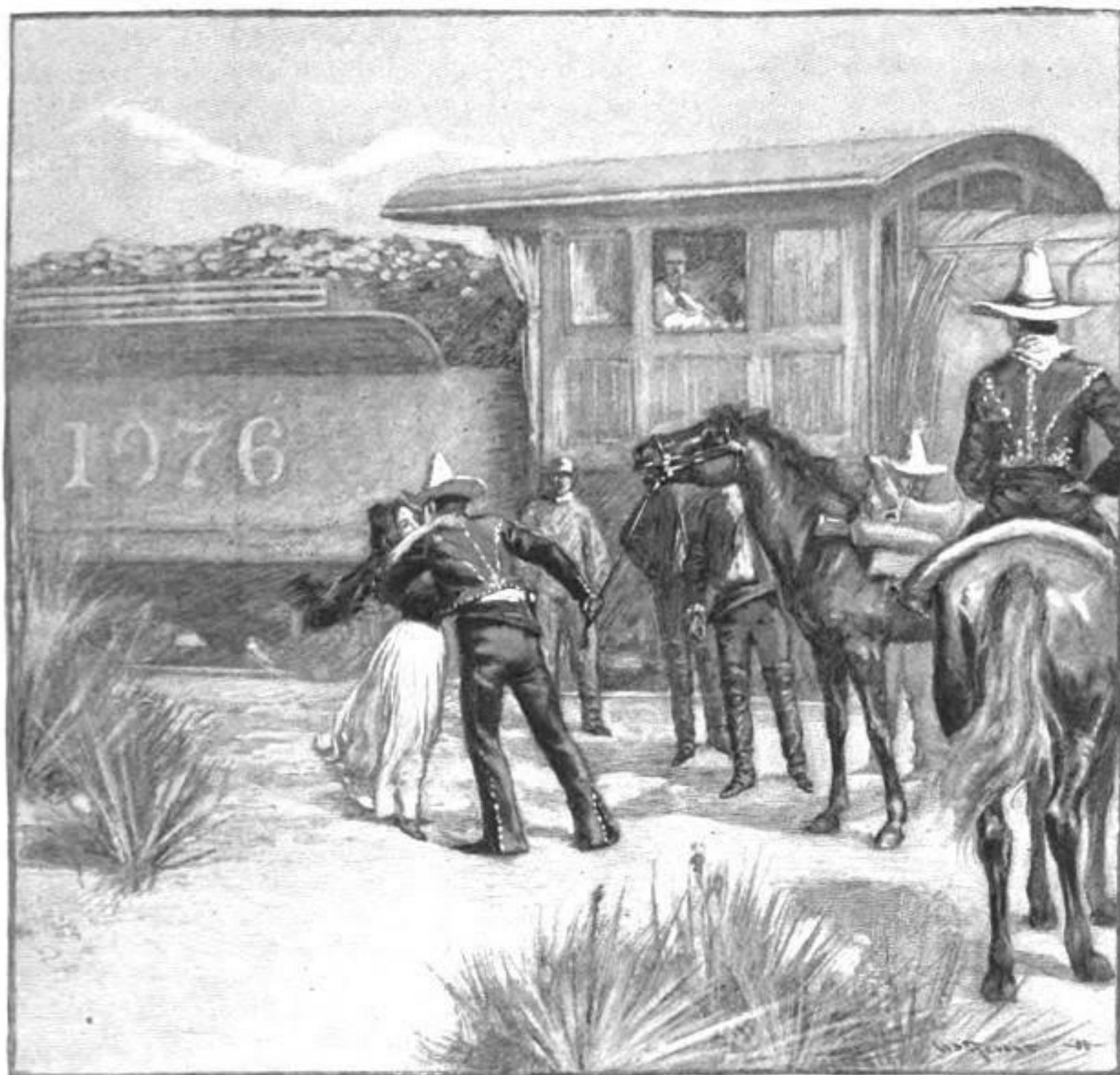
After the storm passed, Josephine waited a lonely hour in vain for Paz and the bronchos, and then debated whether she should walk toward her home or back to the corrals. In either direction the distance was long, and the adobe soil is very tenacious when wet, and the wayfarer needs great strength to carry the load it imposes on the feet. As she stood there, thinking what it was best to do, a sound came to her ears from the direction of the timber and home, which she

recognized in an instant, and without waiting to debate further, she turned and ran with all her strength, not toward her home, but away from it. Across the waste of stunted sage she sped, the cool breeze upon her face, every muscle strained to its utmost. Nearer and nearer came the sound: the deep, regular bay of the timber wolf. These animals are large and fierce; they do not go in packs, like the smaller and more cowardly breeds of wolves, but in pairs, or, at most, six together. A pair of them will attack a man even when he is mounted, and lucky is he if he is well armed and cool enough to despatch one before it fastens its fangs in his horse's throat or his own thigh.

As the brave girl ran, she cast about for some means of rescue or place of refuge. She decided to run to the railroad track and climb a telegraph pole—a feat which, owing to her free life on the ranch, she was perfectly capable of. Once up the pole, she could rest on the cross-tree, in perfect safety from the wolves, and she would be sure to be seen and rescued by the first train that came along after daybreak.

She approached the track over perfectly dry ground. To reach the telegraph poles, she sprang nimbly into the ditch; and as she did so, she saw a stream of water coming rapidly toward her—it was the front of the flood. The ditch on the opposite side of the track, which also she must cross to reach the line of poles, she found already full-flooded. She decided to run up the track, between the walls of water. This would put a ten-foot stream between her and her pursuers, and change her course enough, she hoped, to throw them off the scent. In this design she was partly successful, for the bay of the wolves showed that they were going to the track as she had gone, instead of cutting straight across toward her. Thus she gained considerable time. She reached the little aroya spanned by the dry bridge; it was like a mill-pond, and the track was afloat. She ran across the bridge; she scarcely slackened speed, although the ties rocked and moved on the spike-heads holding them to the rails.

She hoped for a moment that the wolves would not venture to follow her over such a way; but their hideous voices were still in her ear and came nearer and nearer. Then there came to her, faintly, another, a strange, metallic sound. What was it? Where was it? She ran on tiptoe a few paces in order to hear it better; it was in the rails—the vibration of a train in motion.



"... and soon she was in her father's arms."

Then there came into view a light—a head-light; but it was so far away, so very far, and that awful baying so close! The "Mary Ann," however, was fleet of foot than the wolves; the light grew big and bright and the sound of working machinery came to the girl on the breeze.

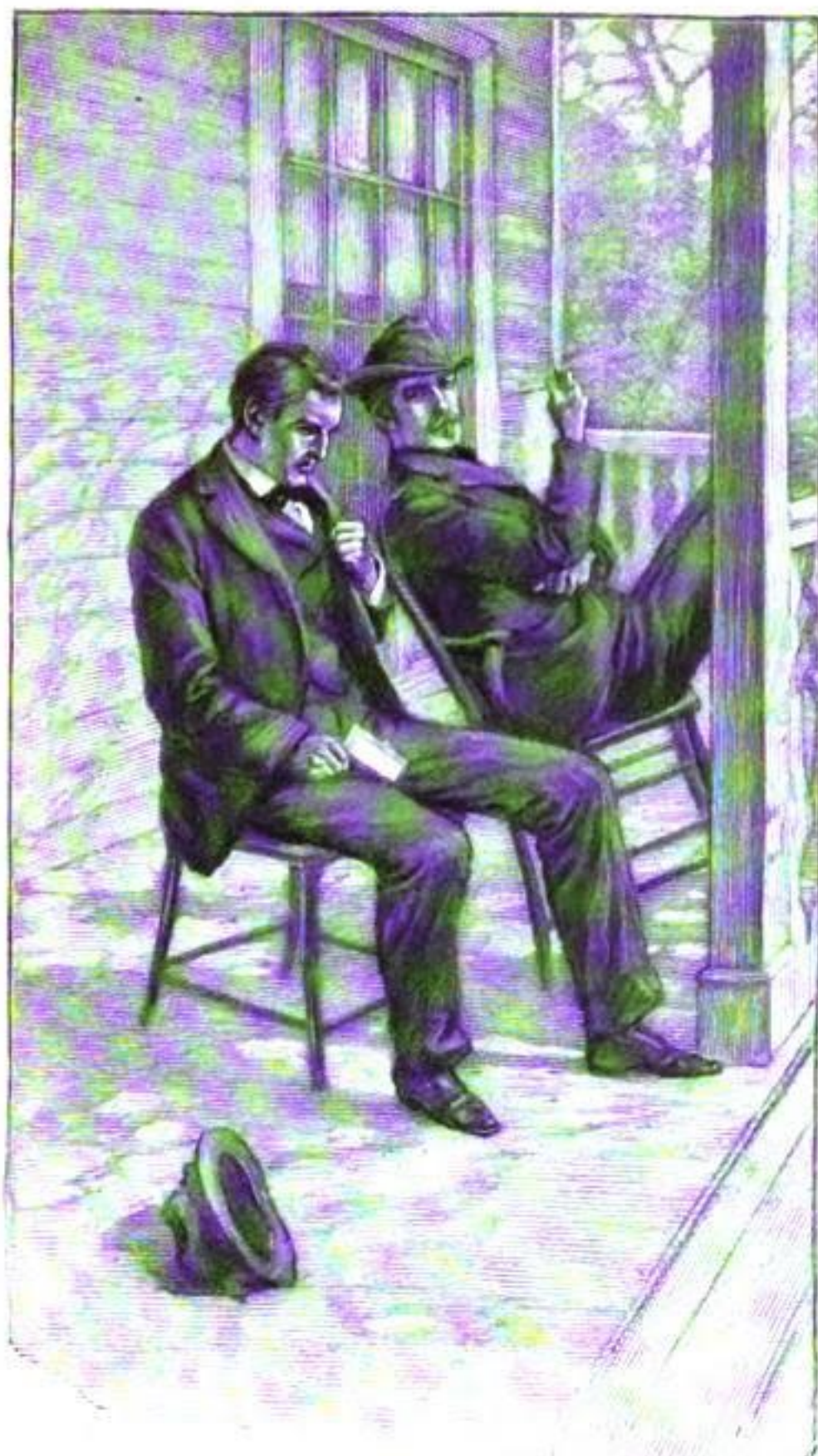
Would they stop for her? Could she make them see her? Then she thought of the bridge. It was death for them as well as for her—they *must* see her. She resolved to stay on the track until they whistled her off; but now the light seemed to come so slow. A splash at her side caused her to turn her head, and there, a dozen feet away, were her pursuers, their tongues out, their eyes shining like balls of fire. They were just entering the water to come across to her. They fascinated her by their very fierceness. Forgetting where she was for the instant, she stared dumbly at them until called to life and action by a scream from the locomotive's whistle. Then she sprang from the track just in the nick of time.

She actually laughed as she saw two grayish-white wolf-tails bob here and there among the sage brush, as the wolves took flight at sight of the engine.

This was the story she told us as she dried her garments before the furnace door, and I confess to holding this cool, self-reliant girl in high admiration. She never once thought of fainting; but along toward morning she did say that she was scared then at thinking of it.

Early in the morning, a party of herders, with Josephine's father ahead, rode into sight. They were hunting for her. Josephine got up on the tender to attract their attention, and soon she was in her father's arms. Her frightened pony had gone home as fast as his legs would carry him, and a relief party swam their horses at the ford and rode forward at once.

The old Don was profuse in his thanks, and would not leave us until Billy and I had agreed to visit his ranch and enjoy a hunt with him, and actually set a date when we



"John, I want you to do me two favors."

should meet him at the big corral. I wanted a rest anyway, and it was perfectly plain that Billy was beyond his depth in love with the girl at first sight; so we were not hard to persuade when she added her voice to her father's.

Early in September Billy and I dropped off No. 1 with our guns and "plunder," as baggage is called there, and a couple of the old Don's men met us with saddle and pack animals. I never spent a pleasanter two weeks in my life. The quiet, almost gloomy, old Don and I became fast friends, and the hunting was good. The Don was a Spaniard, but Josephine's mother had been a Mexican woman, and one noted for her beauty. She had been dead some years at the time of our visit. Billy devoted most of his time to the girl. They were a fine looking young couple,

he being strong and broad-shouldered, with laughing blue eyes and light curly hair, she slender and perfect in outline, with a typical Southern complexion, black eyes—and such eyes they were—and hair and eyebrows like the raven's wing.

A few days before Billy and I were booked to resume our duties on the deck of the "Mary Ann," Miss Josephine took my arm and walked me down the yard and pumped me quietly about "Mr. Howell," as she called Billy. She went into details a little, and I answered all questions as best I could. All I said was in the young man's favor—it could not, in truth, be otherwise. Josephine seemed satisfied and pleased.

When we got back to headquarters, I was given the care of a cold-water Hinkley, with a row of varnished cars behind her, and Billy fell heir to the rudder of the "Mary Ann." We still roomed together. Billy put in most of his lay-over time writing long letters to somebody, and every Thursday, as regular as a clock, one came for him, with a censor's mark on it. Often after reading the letter, Billy would say: "That girl has more horse sense than the rest of the whole female race—she don't slop over worth a cent." He invariably spoke of her as "my Mexican girl," and often asked my opinion about white men intermarrying with that mongrel race. Sometimes he said that his mother would go crazy if he married a Mexican, his father would disown him, and his

brother Henry—well, Billy did not like to think just what revenge Henry would take. Billy's father was manager of an Eastern road, and his brother was assistant to the first vice-president, and Billy looked up to the latter as a great man and a sage. He himself was in the West for practical experience in the machinery department, and to get rid of a slight tendency to asthma. He could have gone East any time and been "somebody" on the road under his father.

Finally, Billy missed a week in writing. At once there was a cog gone from the answering wheel to match. Billy shortened his letters; the answers were shortened. Then he quit writing, and his Thursday letter ceased to come. He had thought the matter all over, and decided, no doubt, that he was doing what was best—both

for himself and the girl; that his family's high ideas should not be outraged by a Mexican marriage. He had put a piece of flesh-colored court-plaster over his wound, not healed it.

Early in the winter the old Don wrote, urging us to come down and hunt antelope, but Billy declined to go—said that the road needed him, and that Josephine might come home from school and this would make them both uncomfortable. But Henry, his older brother, was visiting him, and he suggested that I take Henry; he would enjoy the hunt, and it would help him drown his sorrow over the loss of his aristocratic young wife, who had died a year or two before. So Henry went with me, and we hunted antelope until we tired of the slaughter. Then the old Don planned a deer-hunting trip in the mountains, but I had to go back to work, and left Henry and the old Don to take the trip without me. While they were in the mountains, Josephine came home, and Henry Howell's stay lengthened out to a month. But I did not know until long afterward that the two had met.

Billy was pretty quiet all winter, worked hard and went out but little—he was thinking about something. One day I came home and found him writing a letter. "What now, Billy?" I asked.

"Writing to my Mexican girl," said he.

"I thought you had got over that a long time ago?"

"So did I, but I hadn't. I've been trying to please somebody else besides myself in this matter, and I'm done. I'm going to work for Bill now."

"Take an old man's advice, Billy, and don't write that girl a line—go and see her."

"Oh, I can fix it all right by letter, and then run down there and see her."

"Don't do it."

"I'll risk it."

A week later Billy and I sat on the veranda of the company's hash-foundry, figuring up our time and smoking our cob meer-schaums, when one of the boys, who had been to the office, placed two letters in Billy's hands. One of them was directed in the handwriting that used to be on the old Thursday letters. Billy tore it open eagerly—

and his own letter to Josephine dropped into his hand. Billy looked at the ground steadily for five minutes, and I pretended not to have seen. Finally he said, half to himself: "You were right, I ought to have gone myself—but I'll go now, go to-morrow." Then he opened the other letter.

He read its single page with manifest interest, and when his eyes reached the last line they went straight on, and looked at the ground, and continued to do so for fully five minutes. Without looking up, he said: "John, I want you to do me two favors."

"All right," said I.

Still keeping his eyes on the ground, he said, slowly, as if measuring everything well: "I'm going up and draw my time, and will leave for Old Mexico on No. 4 to-night. I want you to write to both these parties and tell them that I have gone there and that you have forwarded both these letters. Don't tell 'em that I went after reading 'em."

"And the other favor, Billy?"

"Read this letter, and see me off to-night."

The letter read:

PHILADELPHIA, May 1, 1879.

Dear Brother Will: I want you and Mr. A. to go down to Don Juan Arboles's by the first of June. I will be there then. You must be my best man, as I stand up to marry the sweetest, dearest wild-flower of a woman that ever bloomed in a land of beauty. Don't fail me. Josephine will like you for my sake, and you will love her for your brother.

HENRY.

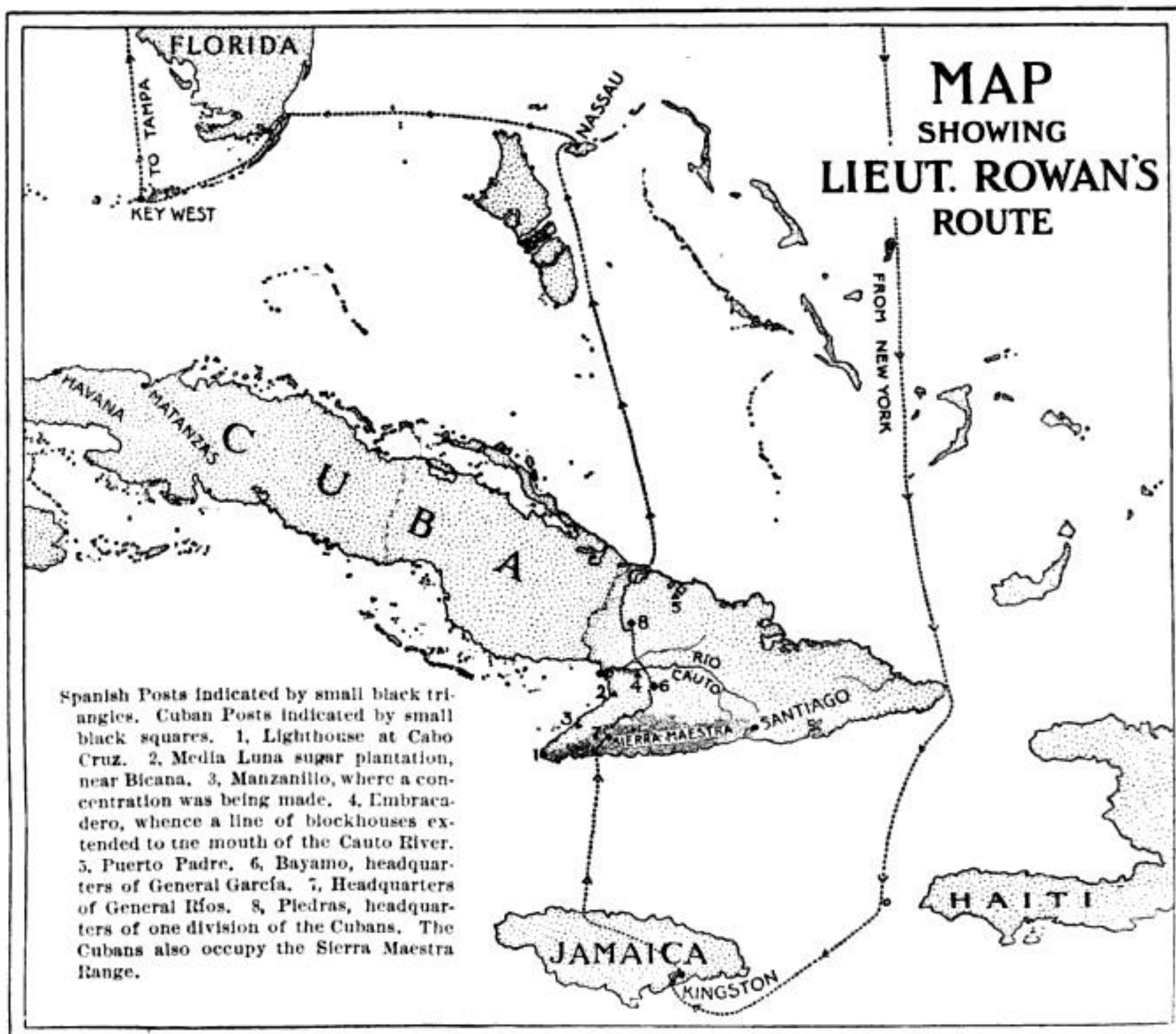
Most engineers' lives are busy ones and full of accident and incident, and having my full share of both, I had almost forgotten all these points about Billy Howell and his Mexican girl, when they were all recalled by a letter from Billy himself. With his letter was a photograph of a family group—a be-whiskered man of thirty-five, a good-looking woman of twenty, but undoubtedly a Mexican, and a curly-headed baby, perhaps a year old. The letter ran:

CITY OF MEXICO, July 21, 1890.

Dear Old John: I had lost you, and thought that perhaps you had gone over to the majority, until I saw your name and recognized your quill in a story. Write to me; am doing well. I send you a photograph of all there are of the Howell outfit. *No half-breeds for your uncle this time.*

WM. HOWELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This story was published some years ago in "Locomotive Engineering"; but as it has the quality and character that adapt it to a more general circle of readers than it had there, we feel warranted in republishing it.



MY RIDE ACROSS CUBA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN.

THE STORY OF A SECRET MISSION TO THE CUBAN LEADERS.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—When war was declared against Spain in April last, the War Department decided to send an agent to General García, to ascertain what coöperation might be expected from the insurgents, in case we should invade Cuba. The man chosen for this mission was Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, a Virginian, a graduate of West Point in the class of 1881, at this time employed in the Military Information Bureau of the War Department. In the following article he himself tells the story of his journey. The narrative is the simple, straightforward one of a man who is unconscious that he has done anything remarkable, and one to whom daring and hardship are matters of course when they are necessary to the discharge of a duty. The reader, however, cannot forget that from the moment he left Jamaica on April 23d until he arrived in Key West on May 11th, he was exposed to all the dangers which a state of war brings the despatch-bearer who ventures into the enemy's territory. Sleeping on stone ballast in the bottom of an open boat, climbing on foot through thickets, riding fifty miles and more a day over abandoned roads or through unbroken forests, stopping only when preparation for continuing the trip required it, exposed to wind and sun and waves for two days in a boat so small that the occupants were forced to sit upright in it, forced on land and sea to keep continually on the alert for a watchful enemy—these are the experiences which Lieutenant Rowan dismisses as mere incidents. After receiving Lieutenant Rowan's report, Major-General Miles wrote to the Secretary of War: "I also recommend that First Lieutenant Andrew S. Rowan, 19th U. S. Infantry, be made a lieutenant-colonel of one of the regiments of immunes. Lieutenant Rowan made a journey across Cuba, was with the insurgent army under Lieutenant-General García, and brought most important and valuable information to the government. This was a most perilous undertaking, and in my judgment Lieutenant Rowan performed an act of heroism and cool daring that has rarely been excelled in the annals of warfare."

UPON the outbreak of hostilities with Spain, I was the instrument chosen by the War Department for learning more of the military possibilities of eastern Cuba. At noon on Saturday, April 23, 1898, I reached No. East Queen Street, Kingston, Jamaica, where I placed myself in the hands of unknown friends. Three hours later a four-

seated carriage, drawn by two small Jamaica horses, was driven rapidly up to the door. The moment I entered, the negro driver leaned forward, plying his whip, and we whirled furiously through the narrow streets and out the Spanish Town road. Four miles from the city we stopped with a jolt in the midst of a dense tropical forest. A second carriage, containing four men, came up in a cloud of dust, wheeled out, and passed us. My driver whipped his reeking horses and followed closely. In this way we raced up the beautiful tropical valley of the Cobra River and came at dusk to Bog Walk, near which we halted for a few moments for food and a change of horses, and then drove onward again at the same killing pace. During all of this time no one had spoken a word to me and I had presumed to ask no questions.

It must have been nearly ten o'clock that night when both carriages drew suddenly to a standstill. It was dark and hot and breathlessly silent. From the jungle came presently a shrill whistle. Men appeared in the middle of the road. There was a short whispered parley, and then we entered our carriages again and the journey was continued, now not quite so furiously. An hour later we halted at a little shack-like farmhouse, where supper awaited us. After a glass of rum all around, I was introduced to one Gervacio Sabio, a commandante of the Cuban navy, who was charged with my safe delivery into the hands of General Calixto García. Gervacio was much lighter in complexion

than almost any other Cuban I had seen—a tall, wiry, determined man, with a fierce, drooping mustache, that gave him the aspect of a Caribbean pirate.

Again on the road, the horses raced along at a steady pace until sometime after midnight, when we were halted by whistle signals in a field of sugar cane. Here we left

our carriages. A walk of a mile brought us to a grove of coca palms, bordering a pretty little bay. Fifty yards out on the water a small fishing-smack lay dim and silent. Although we made no sound, a light flashed out for a single instant on the boat. Gervacio, the pirate, grunted his satisfaction and answered the signal.

In a hoarse whisper Gervacio impressed upon me the great necessity of caution. When we had escaped the Jamaican authorities the Cuban coast lay a hundred miles to the north. It was patrolled night and day by the Spanish *lanchas* or coast-guard boats. If we were signaled by one of these sentinel ships we were to hoist the French flag and lie flat in the bottom of our boat.

If the Spaniards were still suspicious and insisted on running alongside, we were to rise at a signal and give them a volley. Perhaps we might drive them off; if not, we knew our fate. My companions were filibusters and I was a spy. And thus, with Gervacio swearing solemnly that he and his men would stand by the "Americano," I climbed on the moist shoulders of a Cuban sailor and was borne out through the surf.

A gentle breeze caught our sails, and the



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ANDREW S. ROWAN.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.

little craft cut her way smoothly outward through the phosphorescent sea with the stars of an unfamiliar sky shining above us. About three o'clock in the morning, I crawled under the seat among the ballast bowlders and went to sleep. When I awakened, the sun was shining hotly over the gunwale. The Cubans showed their white teeth with a "Buenos dias, Meester Rowan," and we began another day of converting time into distance.

About four o'clock in the afternoon the clouds which had walled in the north broke away, and the towering peaks of eastern Cuba stood forth in the sunshine. Fearing that we were nearing the coast too rapidly, Gervacio ordered the mainsail furled, and we began to teeter along under a patch of a jib. It seemed hardly a dozen miles across the glaring water to the shore, but it was not until nearly midnight that the sailors began to take soundings. Gervacio had figured out the time-table of the *lanchas* very closely, and yet we crept in as stealthily as a red Indian, Gervacio's gaunt form looming high at the stern and his keen eye sweeping the

horizon for the sight of a sail. A coral reef here parallels the shore, but with the pirate at the helm and full sail set we swept in upon a long roller from the open sea, leaped it gracefully, and dropped into the quiet water beyond.

Within our reef-protected bay we felt quite secure from any Spanish *lancha*. Indeed, so confident was our commander that he drew up within fifty yards of the shore and dropped anchor for the night. This arrangement was scarcely to my liking. I deemed it dangerous, but I risked no expression of

opinion; and I slept as soundly as any of the others.

With the coming of daylight I found that we were in a moon-shaped inlet between two small headlands in the district of Portillo. Above, the sun was rising gloriously behind El Turquino—the highest peak in all Cuba—and below, near the shore, rose a riotous wall of tangled grape, mangrove, and cactus,

defended from the sea by a sandy rampart against which the water broke in long, lapping swells. In all probability I never shall look on a scene of more entrancing beauty.

A ragged Cuban appeared presently on shore, and faces could be seen peering from the jungle. Signals passed back and forth. We pressed forward until the keel of our boat snubbed in the sand, and then I rode ashore on my sailor's shoulders. A half naked Cuban lad, with two terrible scars in his breast, the marks of Spanish Mauser bullets, led the way into the thicket. Here I saw some interesting salinas, crude arrangements for obtaining salt by the evaporation of sea water. Cut off from supplies from the outside world,

the Cuban army has been provided with salt in this poor way for years.

Such a spot as this offered no pleasant landing nor camping ground for an invading army. The coast is fringed with a marsh-like coral reef of variable width, averaging probably three miles. This is pitted with small holes and marked with sharp hummocks, making traveling slow and difficult. Upon the porous coral grows an almost impenetrable tangle of small hard-wood trees, infinite in variety and rooted in an inch or two of vegetable mold. Through this jungle



COLONEL CARLOS HERNANDEZ, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GENERAL COLLAZO, AND ONE OF THE PARTY THAT ACCOMPANIED LIEUTENANT ROWAN THROUGH THE LATTER HALF OF HIS JOURNEY.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.

we fought our way, stopping, when we could no longer bear the heat and fatigue, to refresh ourselves with the delicious water drawn from green cocoanuts. At last we passed the coral thicket and came out into a superb forest that needed but the touch of the farm implement to transform it into a blooming garden. Still with our faces to the north, we cautiously crossed the road from Santiago de Cuba, and plunged into the thorn and cactus thicket beyond, where even a Spanish guerrilla would not dare to follow.

Six miles from the coast we reached the foothills of the Sierras—verdure-clad hills that, I was told, were teeming with the families of the Cuban soldiers, who had been driven from their homes by the *reconcentrado* edict. Here, in inaccessible heights, I saw patches of sweet potatoes and other vegetables, which in this land of magic sunshine sprout to-day and to-morrow are ready for eating.

We had a practical lesson of the Cuban method of feeding an army.

At convenient points along the path stood little thatched sheds, each with a smoldering camp-fire just in front. An aged Cuban man, or a woman with little naked children, stood guard. As the ragged soldiers pass along, the hungry ones rake sweet potatoes from the ashes, shuck off the skins, and eat them while they march. There is never a failure in the supply, never a time when the desperately poor wives and old fathers and little children in the hills cannot raise and roast enough potatoes to feed these ragged fighters for a desperate cause.

On the morning of April 27th, we were in

the district of Pilon and had begun to climb the mountains. Here I got some of the best views of my trip, and I formed a good idea of what the country would offer to an invading army. All around me rose great rounded peaks, covered to the top with jungles of verdure. Flocks of saucy parrots disputed garrulously our right of thoroughfare. Trailing vines hung above us and around us in festoons, intermingled

with strange trees, making a thicket through which rabbit scarce could find a passage. And yet my Cuban guides knew every turn of the blind trail, and I ceased to wonder at their success in eluding and vanquishing the Spanish soldiery.

The next day our horses slid down the slippery sides of a score of ravines. The ascents were not so easy, and I felt sorry for the sore backs of the poor beasts. Nearly all of the horses that I saw in Cuba were saddle-galled, but they bore it with as little complaint as the Cuban soldier bears his hunger. The beds of streams I found as a rule strewn with boulders, although Cuba is freer from



GENERAL ENRIQUE COLLAZO, THE CUBAN GENERAL WHO ACCOMPANIED LIEUTENANT ROWAN ON HIS RETURN FROM CUBA.

From a photograph taken especially for McClure's Magazine by Frances B. Johnston.

stones than any other mountainous section of the world that I have visited. The long dry season had lasted for months, yet the streams still held water in pools. A few months later, with the advent of the rainy season, they would become roaring torrents, impassable even to small parties of men.

We were now beyond the Sierras, and about sunset we halted before a thatched shed called Jíbaro. Here we partook of a meal which introduced several dishes new to me, and all poorly suited to my appetite. The remains of a beef newly killed, its dismembered parts hanging from the joists and drip-



LIEUTENANT ROWAN AND HIS PARTY APPROACHING THE CUBAN COAST.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

ping blood on the earth floor, made me affect an air of unconcern I did not feel. While we were still at supper I heard a furious clattering of horses' hoofs and a shout from the Cuban outposts at the edge of the forest. We all went tumbling out together. A Cuban officer and his staff dashed up to the door and dismounted. I was at once presented to a young and vigorous looking man who proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Castillo, of the staff of General Ríos. After a short consultation, Colonel Castillo left us as suddenly as he came, and the next day General Ríos appeared. My meetings with these officers were cordial, and they treated me with unvarying kindness. General Ríos is the "General of The Coasts" of this part of Cuba. He is a cross between a Cuban and an Indian, and consequently very dark; but his fine facial angle and thin lips at once indicate that his color is a mere incident. He is fifty-five years of age, erect of stature, his beard cut *a la* Napoleon III., and his movements quick, athletic, tiger-like. He must have proved a very unwelcome foe to old Spain. His district of The Coasts, as I had reason to know, was in perfect order. I had a long talk with him concerning conditions in Media Luna, Manzanillo, and at the

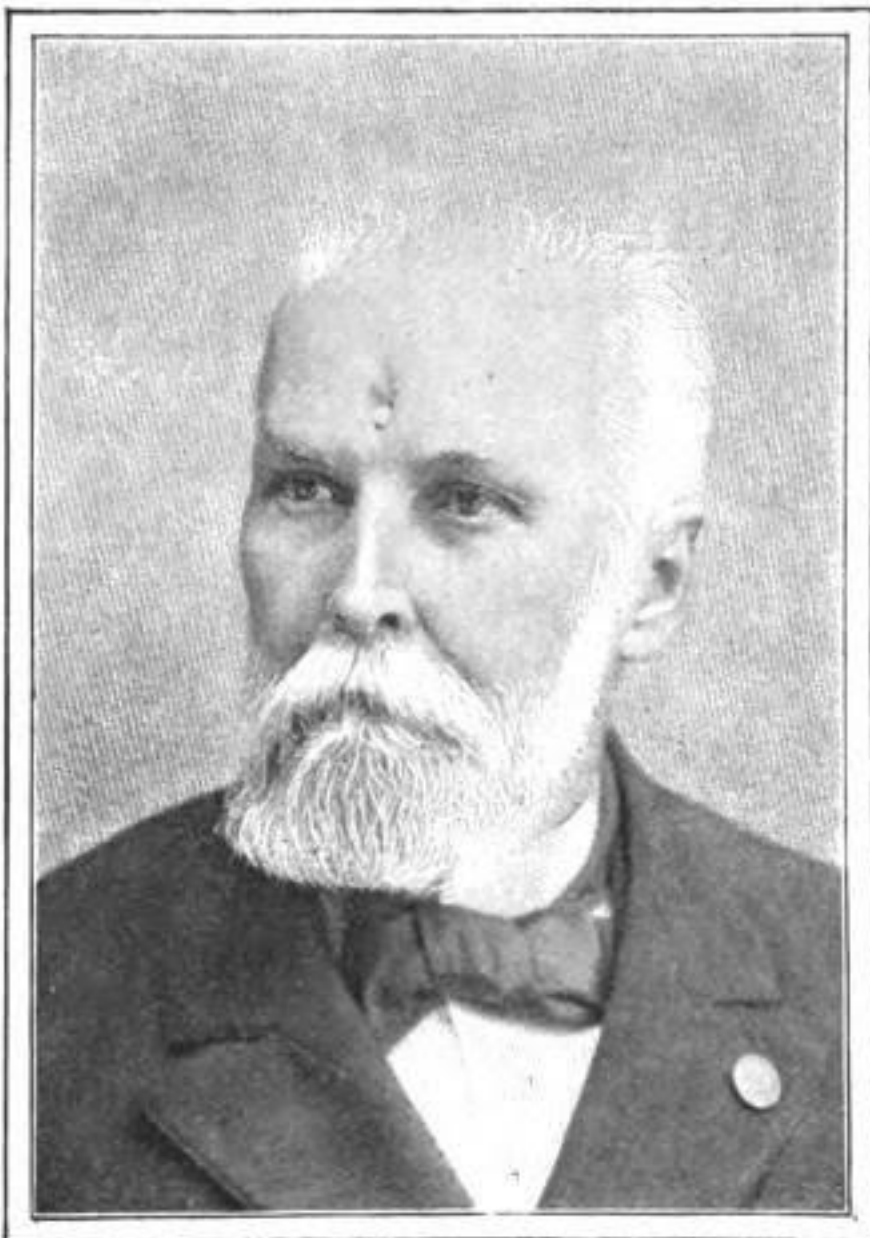
light-house at Cabo Cruz. He naïvely remarked that his information was two days old, but that he would despatch his agents at once to bring his data up to date, and that by the day after to-morrow I should have the plans and figures that I wanted.

In the field here, among the forest fastnesses, the Cubans publish certain tri-weekly papers, the organs of the insurgent party. The editor of one, a successor of Masó, the President of the Republic, was introduced to me by General Ríos.

Our mounts ready, General Ríos turned over to me an escort of several hundred cavalry, and we took up the road to El Chino, riding down the gentle slopes of the Cauto valley. Here for the first time I found a field for the cavalry and artillery, although the intersecting watercourses, with their fringe of jungle, would still leave to the infantry the brunt of battle. The ever faithful island of Cuba, the Pearl of the Antilles, and the fairest land that eyes have ever seen, is also the land *par excellence* for infantry. This let us not forget.

General Ríos left us at El Chino, where he received a large consignment of cattle from Camaguey (Puerto Príncipe). My guide from this point was Lieutenant Dionisio

López, a coal black negro whose knowledge of the roads and country we were to traverse was perfect. We crossed the Sierra Maestro on the north side of the Convento Mulato, a small rounded elevation mostly free from timber, upon the top of which I saw an observation or lookout station of the insurgents. It was a high, rude tower, with a platform near the top, covered with palm leaves. In this high perch the insurgent sentinel sat watching. At some of these lookouts we were challenged, at others we were permitted to pass without question. Our new guide was a hard rider, but he knew the best camps. The second night we camped at Buey Arriba (marked on the map Limonar), about twenty miles south of Bayamo. This was the best and most beautiful camp I made in Cuba. Our escort put up some shelters, covered them with banana leaves, and stretched our hammocks beneath them. The next morning we started at sunrise, and for two hours our ride was through a most charming country. At Candelaria we passed the only house (and that a very small one, and burned, too) I had seen during a ride of a hundred miles. We rode through fields of grass so high that our horses were hidden, and without a sign of a habitation, and we met no evidence of human life till we



GENERAL CALIXTO GARCÍA, THE CUBAN LEADER WITH WHOM LIEUTENANT ROWAN WENT TO CONFER.

struck the royal road to Manzanillo near



TRAVERSING A MOUNTAIN ROAD.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

Peralejo, the scene of Maceo's attack on Campo's command. Here we saw many squads of men, women, and children hurrying along. Bayamo had fallen. These people were going again to the city from which they had been expelled for over three years. They formed ragged but merry groups. This part of Cuba is a tropical garden gone to waste. Even what was once the great highway from Manzanillo to Bayamo is now in places overgrown with

brush. A straggling telegraph pole here and there also tells its tale of destruction. On reaching the banks of the Bayamo, we saw some of the little forts of the Spaniards. They looked much like railroad water-tanks, and they would be quite useless to withstand artillery fire. The Cuban flag was flying over the village of Bayamo. At the door of the headquarters I was met by General Calixto García. I gave him my papers, made a short statement of my business, and was given a glass of rum and invited to breakfast, for it was now twelve o'clock. Breakfast over, we went to work, and by nightfall the return despatches were ready. General García asked me if I could leave that night, and I answered in the affirmative. In an hour our mounts were standing before the door. I bade farewell, and after a touching parting with Gervacio, whose many virtues I had tried to lay before General García, we rode on to the northward.

It was evident that General García was a "to-day" man. No "*mañana*" man was he. He is a large, well-built man of about sixty years of age—a gentleman in appearance and manner, a good soldier, and so far as his resources go, a great general. His department extends from the eastern trocha to Point Maisí. He has kept the Spaniards confined to a few of the larger towns, and when the smaller ones were occupied by them, he promptly laid siege and generally drove them out. In this way Victoria de la Tunas and Guisa and Guaymar have passed one after another into his hands.

Our new party was headed by General Enrique Collazo, and with him was his chief of staff, Colonel Carlos Hernandez. The General had been present during the afternoon's consultation, and General García had spoken of him in high terms as an honest, straightforward, and intelligent officer, a graduate of the Artillery School at Segovia in Spain. He has been prominent in politics in Cuba for three years. The more I knew of General Collazo the more I liked and admired the man.

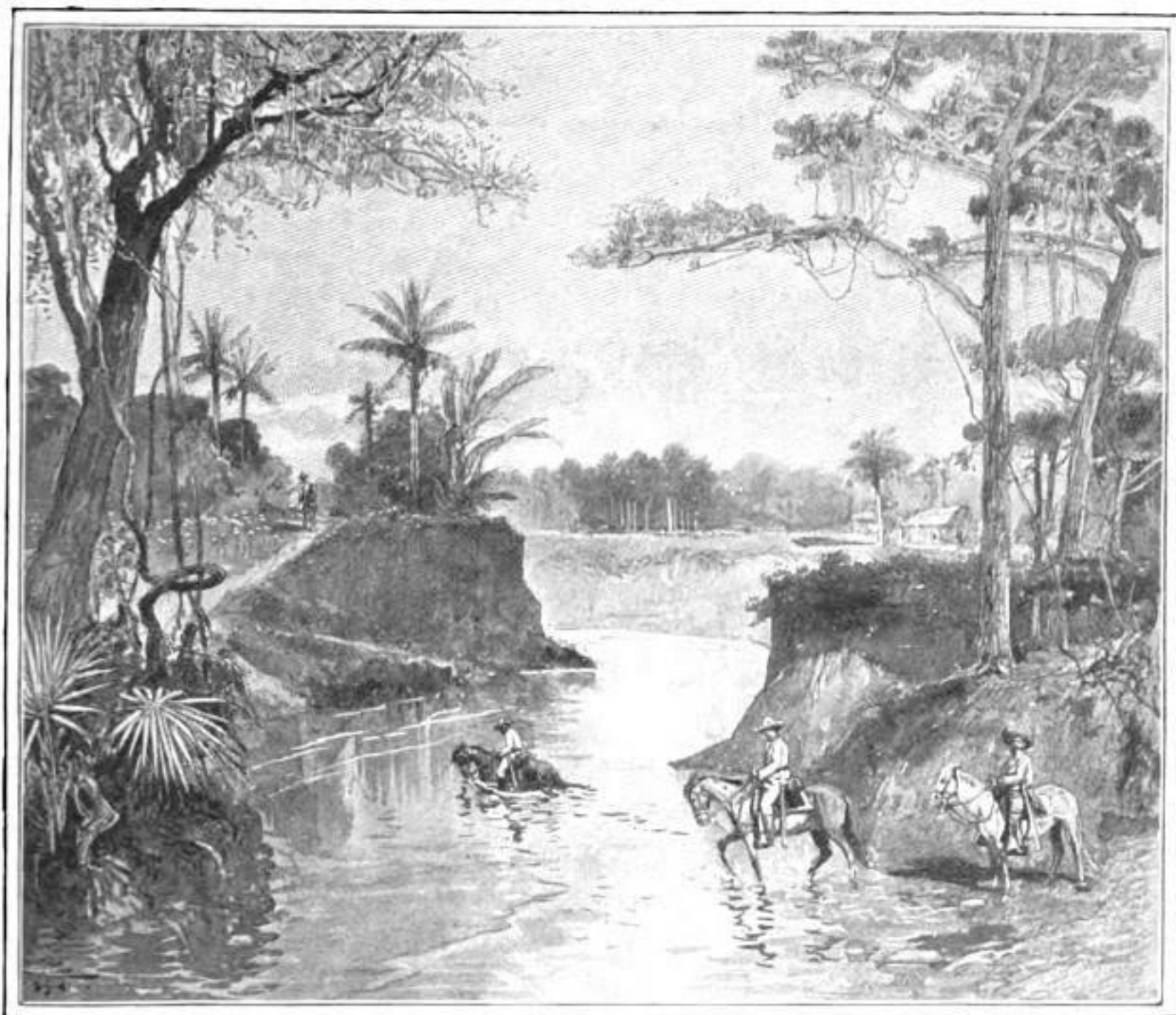
Colonel Hernandez was educated in the United States, and his service to Cuba has been unflinchingly loyal. His health has been ruined, and he bears the marks of Mauser bullets that passed through his right lung. He it was who planted the mines along the Cauto, and lay in ambush on the high banks back from the river for the Spanish *lanchas* bearing troops and supplies for the Bayamo district. His knowledge of the topography and his acquaintance with the geological

and botanical resources of the country, I found a never-ending source of instruction. We camped that night near the Cauto, where I observed, as I had all along, the disinterested patriotism of the Cuban soldier. It was nearly midnight when our supper was finished. The men behind the guns had yet to look out for themselves. If they carried rations no one could say how or where, but before they retired they had obtained something to eat. They had looked out for the officers and for the horses, and, lastly, for themselves. There was no complaint.

The next day at Cauto El Paso we forded the broad Cauto—a stream which in the rainy season becomes a raging, impassable torrent. Near nightfall we passed the remains of an old Spanish earthwork, turned into the brush, and camped under a shed called Las Arenas. The next day we reached Victoria de Las Tunas, the scene of García's great victory, where we examined the ruined works. I believe it to be the most completely destroyed town of modern times. Every building has been razed to the ground, and will never again furnish a foothold for Spanish troops. That night the sand flies deprived me of sleep, and, having no bedding, I suffered from the cold, as, indeed, I did every night I was on the island. Warm days and cold nights were the rule.

The next day was spent in preparing for the voyage to Nassau. Sails had to be improvised from hammock canopies and food collected from the neighboring forests. May the fifth found us on our way to the coast—our last day's ride. About sunset we cut our way through the grape thicket that walls in the sea and drew a little cockle-shell of a boat from under a mangrove bush. It had a capacity of only 104 cubic feet, much too small for our party. Dr. Bieta was accordingly sent back, leaving six of us, with a seat for each and a place between our legs for the supplies. There was small comfort in thinking of a long and dangerous voyage at sea in such a craft.

At eleven o'clock that night we pulled out cautiously under cover of darkness, leaving behind us the harbor of Manatí and entering a choppy sea. It was desperately hard rowing, and the big waves were continually washing over the gunwales, wetting our stores and keeping us busy bailing. All night long we worked steadily without a wink of sleep. At dawn the next morning the man at the helm called out, "*un vapor*"—a steamer. This was followed by "*dos vapores, tres*



PASSAGE OF THE CAUTO RIVER.

From a sketch by General Enrique Collazo.

vapores, caramba, doce vapores"—twelve steamers.

It was Admiral Sampson's fleet moving eastward toward Porto Rico.

This little diversion was all that we had to break the unhappy monotony of that broiling day and night. The next morning we reached the Great Bahama banks, and slipped out into the Tongue of the Ocean. Here we sighted a low coral island or two lying flat on the sea, and we passed a few little schooners, not without trepidation. In the afternoon a sponging steamer, with a crew of thirteen negroes, picked us up and carried us into Nassau, where we were promptly set upon by the most rapacious quarantine highwaymen that can be found anywhere. Mr. McLane, the American consul, finally rescued us, and on the second day we were off for Key West in the schooner "Fearless." As soon as we arrived, I left for Tampa, and thence for Washington, where I reported to Russell A. Alger, Secretary of War, and General Nelson A. Miles. After receiving a summary of my official report, the General asked me to give

him an account of my experiences. This I did briefly, pointing out my course on the map, and telling how I reached General García's camp, for it must be understood that its location was unknown when I set out for Cuba. General Miles listened patiently, and when I had concluded, the features of his handsome countenance relaxed. He congratulated me upon my safe return, and uttered some words of commendation which I cannot here repeat, but which, I am sure, I never can forget. Later the papers published an extract from a letter written by the General to Secretary Alger. The same day I received another letter, sent some time previously to Kingston, Jamaica, and returned from there to Washington. It was from my seven years old little girl. Here it is:

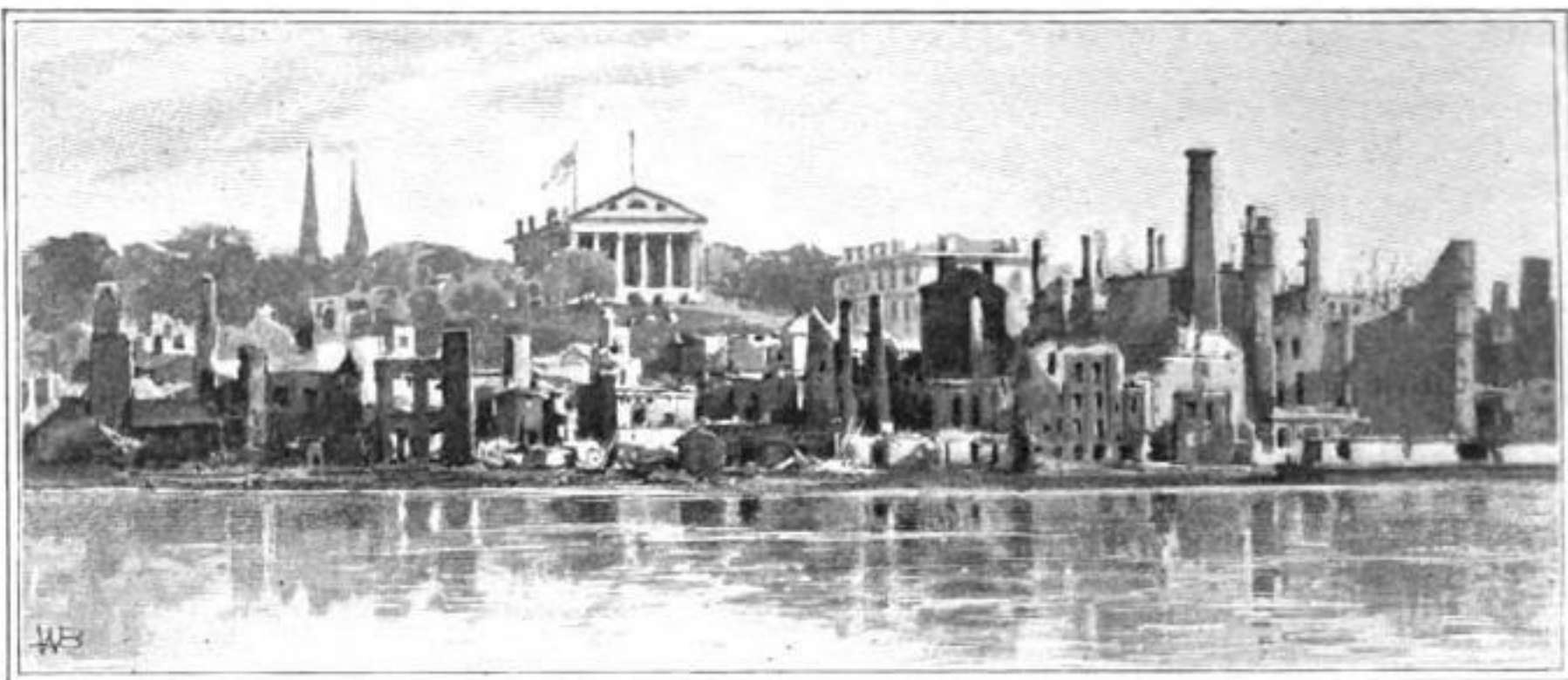
Dear papa:

I am wearing my hair braided. Look out that the Spaniards don't catch you.

Hurry and come home the cherries will be ripe by the time you get here.

With love and kisses

ELIZABETH ROWAN.



RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR, AFTER IT HAD BEEN BURNED BY THE CONFEDERATES. VIEW FROM THE POTOMAC RIVER. THE BUILDING ON THE HIGH GROUND IN THE CENTER IS THE CAPITOL.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

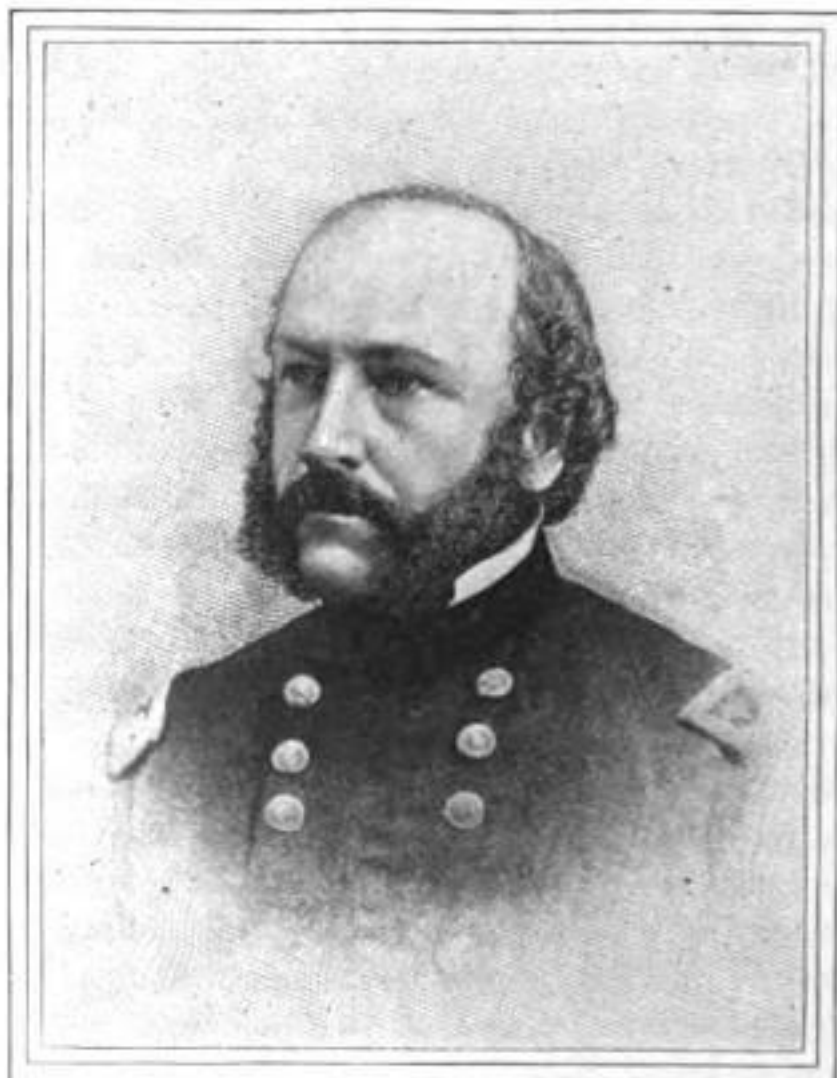
WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER PICTURES FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

IX.

THE END OF THE WAR.

ALL through the fall of 1864 I was very much occupied in arranging for soldiers to go home to vote and for the taking of ballots in the army. There was a constant succession of telegrams requesting that leave of absence be extended to various officers, in order that their districts at home might have the benefit of their influence and votes; that furloughs be granted to men; and that men on detached service and convalescents in hospitals be sent home.

All the power and influence of the War Department, then something enormous from the vast expenditure and extensive relations of the war, was employed to secure the reelection of Mr. Lincoln. The political struggle was most intense, and the interest taken in it, both in the White House and in the War Department, was almost painful. After the arduous toil of the canvass, there was necessarily a great suspense of feeling until the result of the voting should be ascertained. On November 8th, election day, I went over to the War Department about half-past eight in the evening, and found



GENERAL LEWIS B. PARSONS, MANAGER OF RAILROAD AND RIVER ARMY TRANSPORTATION DURING THE WAR.

the President and Mr. Stanton together in the Secretary's office. Major Eckert, who then had charge of the telegraph department of the War Office, was coming in constantly with telegrams containing election returns. Mr. Stanton would read them, and the President would look at them and comment upon them. Presently there came a lull in the returns, and Mr. Lincoln called me to a place by his side.

"Dana," said he, "have you ever read any of the writings of Petroleum V. Nasby?"

"No, sir," I said, "I have only looked at some of them, and they seemed to be quite funny."

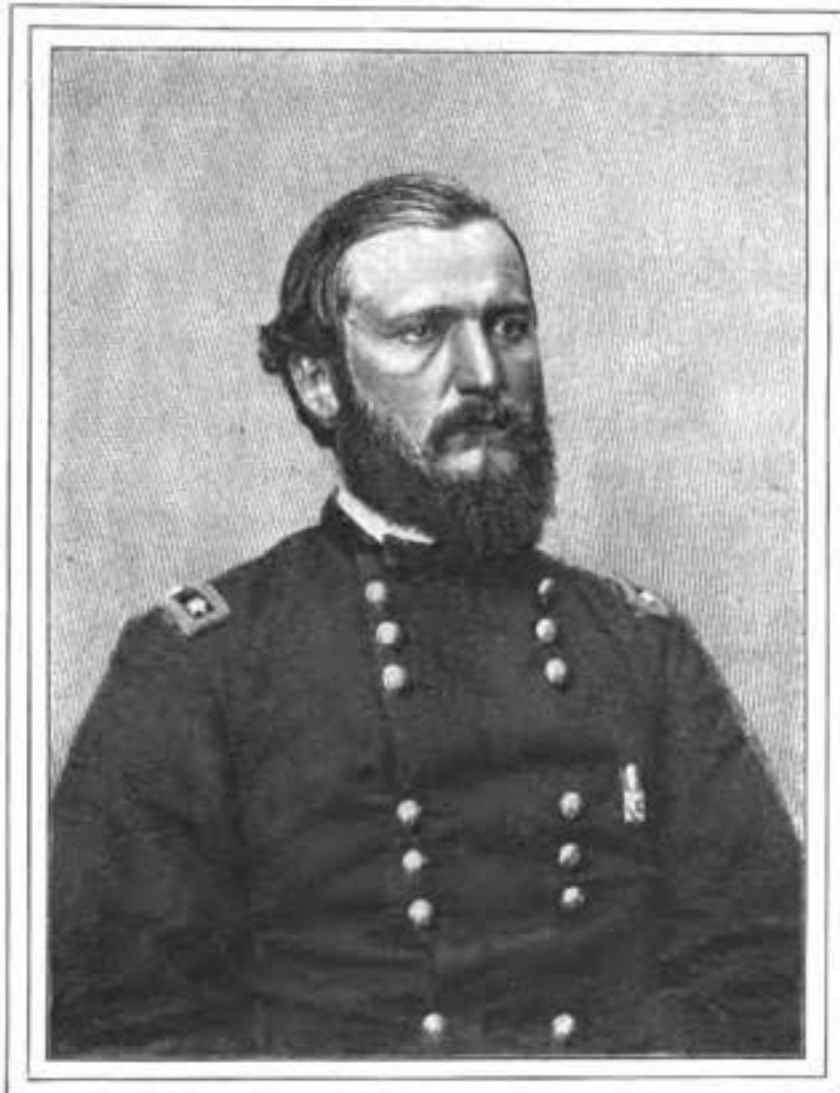
"Well," said he, "let me read you a specimen," and, pulling out a thin, yellow-covered pamphlet from his breast pocket, he began to read aloud. Mr. Stanton viewed these proceedings with great impatience, as I could see; but Mr. Lincoln paid no attention to that. He would read a page or a story, pause to consider a new election telegram, and then open the book again and go ahead with a new passage. Finally, Mr. Chase came in, and presently Mr. Whitelaw Reid, and then the reading was interrupted.

Mr. Stanton went to the door, and beckoned me into the next room. I shall never forget the fire of his indignation at what seemed to him to be mere nonsense. The idea that, when the safety of the Republic was thus at issue, when the control of an empire was to be determined by a few figures brought in by the telegraph, the leader, the man most deeply concerned, not merely for himself, but for his country, could turn aside to read such balderdash and to laugh at such frivolous jests was to his mind repugnant, even damnable. He could not understand, apparently, that it was by the relief which these jests afforded to the strain of mind under which Lincoln had so long been living and to the natural gloom of a melancholy

and desponding temperament—this was Mr. Lincoln's prevailing characteristic—that the safety and sanity of his intelligence were maintained and preserved.

The election was hardly over before the people of the North began to prepare Thanksgiving boxes for the army. George Bliss, Jr., of New York, telegraphed me, on November 16th, that they had 20,000 turkeys ready in that city to send, and the next day, fearing, I suppose, that that wasn't enough, he wired: "It would be a very great convenience in our turkey business if I could

know definitely the approximate number of men in the armies of the Potomac, James, and Shenandoah respectively." From Philadelphia I received a message asking for transportation to Sheridan's army for "boxes containing 4,000 turkeys, and heaven knows what else, as a Thanksgiving dinner for the brave fellows." And so it was, from all over the country.



GENERAL GODFREY WEITZEL, WHO COMMANDED THE UNION FORCES IN RICHMOND AFTER ITS EVACUATION BY THE CONFEDERATES.

MOVING AN ARMY CORPS 1,400 MILES.

A couple of months later, in January, 1865, a piece of work not so different from the "turkey business," but on a rather larger scale, fell to me. This was the transfer of the Twenty-third Army Corps, commanded by Major-General John M. Schofield, from its position on the Tennessee River to Chesapeake Bay. Grant had ordered the corps transferred as quickly as possible, and Mr. Stanton turned over the direction of it to me. On January 10th, I telegraphed Grant at City Point the plan to be followed. This, briefly, was to send Colonel Lewis B. Parsons, chief of railroad and river transportation, to the West to take charge of the corps. I proposed to move the whole body by boats to Parkersburg, if navigation allowed, and thence by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Annapolis, for I remembered well with what promptness and success Hooker's



RUINS OF RAILROAD BRIDGE AT RICHMOND, BURNED BY THE CONFEDERATES.

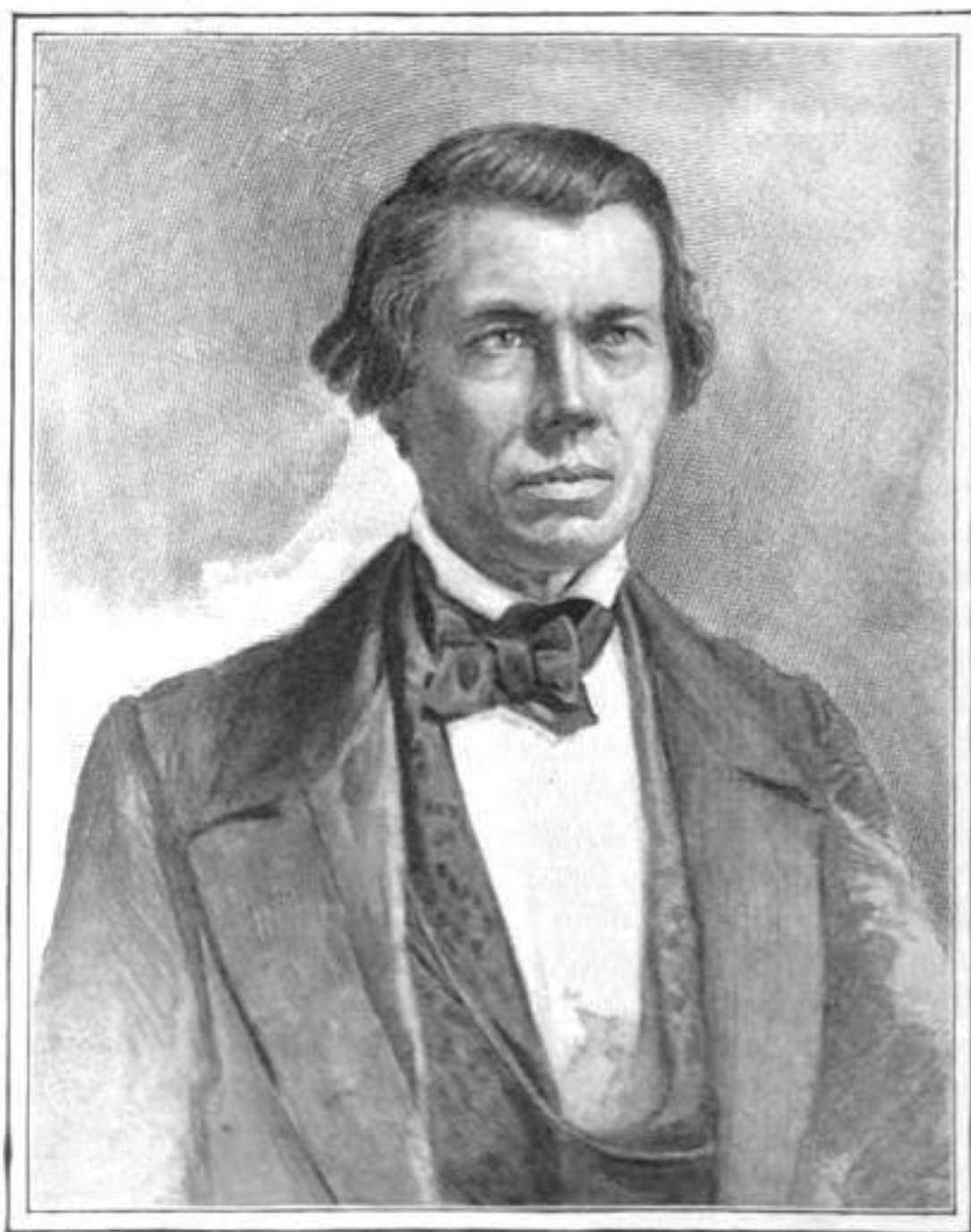
forces, the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, were moved into Tennessee in 1863 by that road. A capital advantage of that line was that it avoided all large towns—a bad thing for the soldiers. If the Ohio River should be frozen, I proposed to move the corps by rail from Cairo, Evansville, and Jeffersonville, to Parkersburg or Bellaire, according to circumstances.

Commanders along the proposed route were advised of the removal, and ordered to prepare steamboats and transports. Loyal officers of railroads were requested to meet Colonel Parsons at given points, to arrange for the concentration of rolling-stock in case the river could not be used. Liquor shops were ordered closed along the route, and arrangements were made for the comfort of the troops by supplying them as often as once in every hundred miles of travel with an abundance of hot coffee, in addition to their rations.

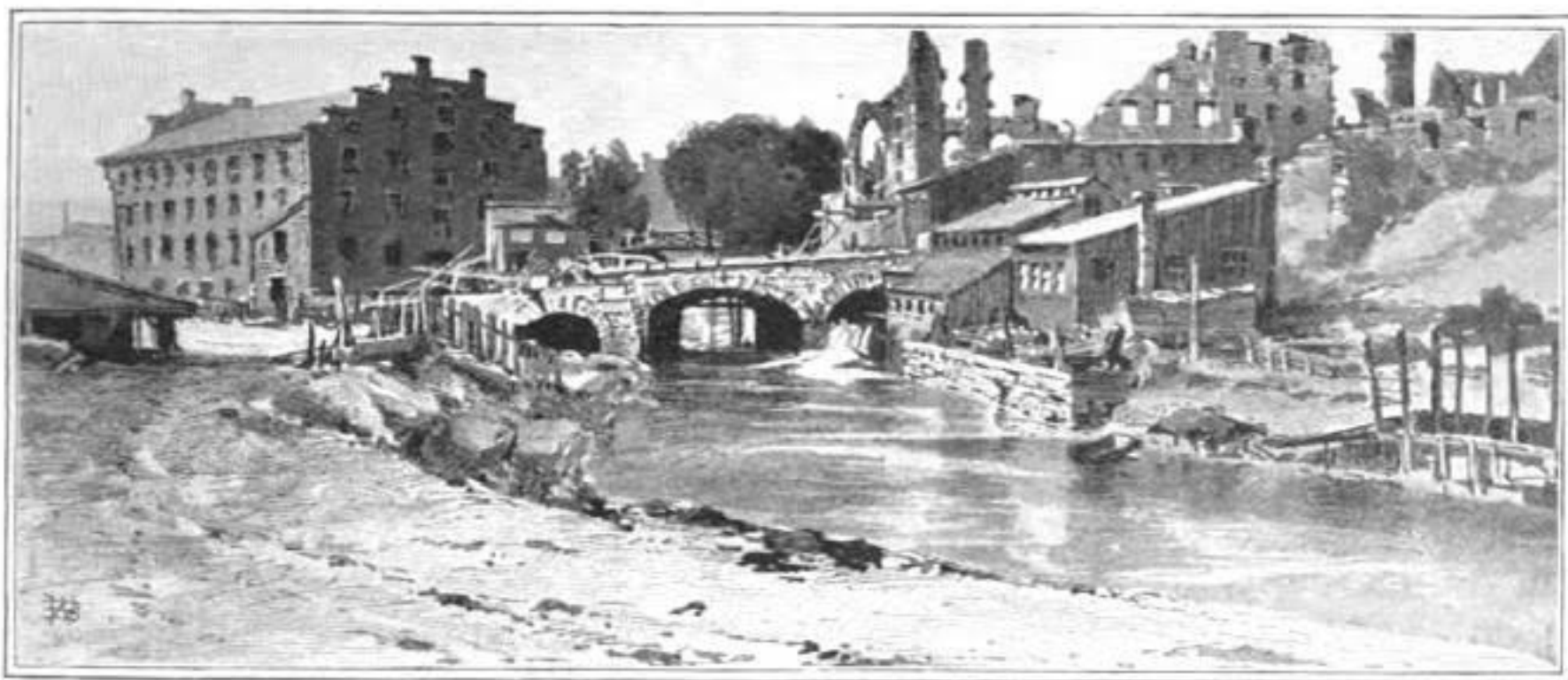
Colonel Parsons left on the 11th for Louisville, where he arrived on the 13th. By the morning of the 14th, he had started the first division from the mouth of the Tennessee up the Ohio, and had transportation ready for the rest of the corps. He then hurried to Cincinnati, where, on the 21st, as the river was too full of ice to permit a further transfer by water, he loaded some 3,000 men on the cars waiting there, and started them eastward. The rest of the corps rapidly followed. In spite

of fogs and ice on the river, and broken rails and machinery on the railroads, the entire army corps was encamped on the banks of the Potomac on February 2d.

The distance transported was nearly 1,400 miles, about equally divided between land and water. The average time of transportation, from the embarkment on the Tennessee



JACOB THOMPSON, DIPLOMATIC AGENT OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT.



RICHMOND AT THE CLOSE OF THE WAR: RUINS LEFT BY THE FIRE ALONG THE OLD CANAL.

to the arrival on the banks of the Potomac, was not exceeding eleven days; and what was still more important was the fact that, during the whole movement, not a single accident happened causing loss of life, limb, or property, except in the single instance of a soldier jumping from a car, under an apprehension of danger. He lost his life, when, had he remained quiet, he would have been as safe as were his comrades in the same car.

THE FALL OF RICHMOND.

All of the winter of 1864-65 I passed in Washington, occupied with these matters and the regular business of the Department. It was evident to all of us, as the spring came on, that the war was drawing to a close. Sherman was coming northward from his triumphant march to the sea, and would soon be in communication with Grant, who, ever since I left him in July, 1864, had been watching Petersburg and Richmond, where Lee's army was shut up. The end of March, Grant advanced. On April 1st, Sheridan won the battle of Five Forks; then, on April 2d, came the successful assaults which drove Lee from Petersburg.

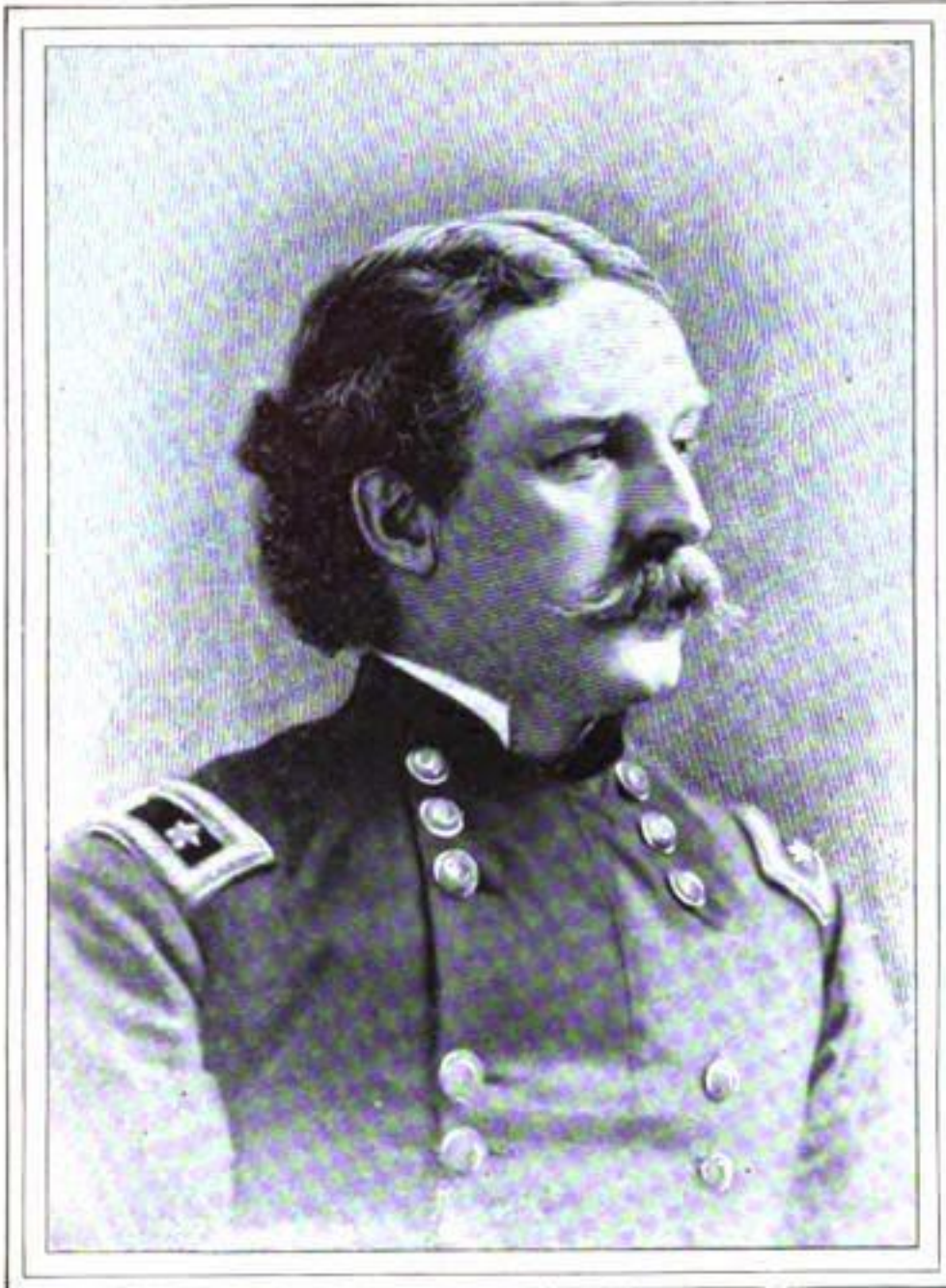
On the morning of April 3d, before I had left my house, Mr. Stanton sent for me to come immediately to the War Department. When I got over there, he told me that Richmond had surrendered and that he wanted me to go down at once to report the condition of affairs. I started as soon as I could get a steamboat, Roscoe Conkling and my son Paul accompanying me. We reached City Point early on April 5th. Little was known there of the condition of

things in Richmond. There were but a few officers left at the place, and those were overwhelmed with work. I had expected to find President Lincoln at City Point, as he had been in the vicinity for several days, but he had gone up to Richmond the day before.

I started up the river immediately, and reached Richmond early in the afternoon. I went at once to find Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, who was in command of the United States forces. He was at his headquarters, which were in Jefferson Davis's former residence. I had heard down the river that Davis had sold his furniture at auction, some days before the evacuation, but I found when I reached the house that this was a mistake: the furniture was all there.

On arriving, I immediately made inquiries about official papers. I found that the records and papers of the departments and of Congress were generally removed before the evacuation, and that, during the fire, the Capitol was ransacked and the documents were scattered. In the rooms of the secretary of the Senate, and of the military committee of the House of Representatives, in the State House, we found some papers of importance. They were in various cases and drawers, and in great confusion. They were more or less imperfect and fragmentary. In the State engineer's office there were also some boxes of papers relating to the Confederate works on the Potomac, about Norfolk, and on the Peninsula. I had all of these packed in boxes without attempting to put them in order, and they were sent soon after to Washington.

Weitzel told me that he had learned at three o'clock in the morning on Monday,



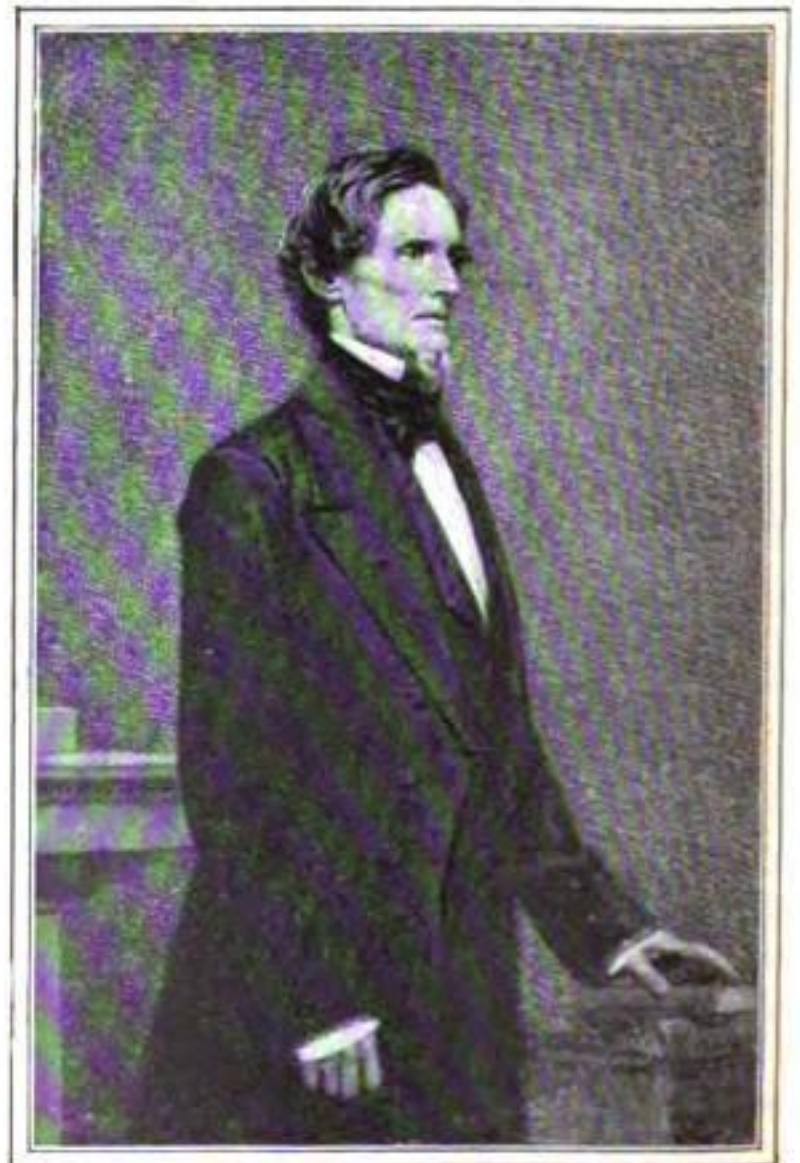
GENERAL NELSON A. MILES, AT THE TIME HE HELD JEFFERSON DAVIS AS A PRISONER OF WAR.

April 3d, that Richmond was being evacuated, and had moved forward at daylight, first taking care to give his men breakfast, in the expectation that they might have to fight. He met no opposition, and on entering the city, was greeted with a hearty welcome from the mass of people: the mayor went out to meet him to surrender the city, but missed him on the road.

I took a walk around Richmond that day to see how much the city was injured. The Confederates, in retreating, had set it on fire, and the damage done in that way was enormous: nearly everything between Main Street and the river, for about three-quarters of a mile, was burned. The Custom House and the Spotswood Hotel were the only important buildings remaining in the burned district. The block opposite the Spotswood, including the War Department building, was entirely destroyed. The Petersburg railroad bridge and that of the Danville road were destroyed. All the enemy's vessels, excepting an unfinished ram, which had her machinery in perfect order, were burned. The Tredegar Iron Works were unharmed. Libby Prison and Castle Thunder had also escaped the fire.

General Weitzel told me that he had found about 20,000 people in Richmond, half of them of African descent. He said that, when the President entered the town on the 4th, he received a most enthusiastic reception from the mass of the inhabitants. All the members of Congress had escaped. Only the Assistant Secretary of War, Judge Campbell, remained. Most of the newspaper editors had fled, but the "Whig" appeared on the 4th as a Union paper, with the name of its former proprietor at its head. The night after I arrived the theater opened.

There was much suffering and poverty among the population, the rich as well as the poor being destitute of food. Weitzel had decided to issue supplies to all who would take the oath. In my first message to Mr. Stanton I spoke of this. He immediately answered: "Please ascertain from General Weitzel under what authority he is distributing rations to the people of Richmond, as I suppose he would not do it without authority; and direct him to report daily the amount of rations distributed by his order to persons not belonging to the military service and not authorized by law to receive



JEFFERSON DAVIS.

rations, designating the color of the persons, their occupation, and sex." Mr. Stanton seemed to be satisfied when I wired him that Weitzel was working under General Ord's orders, approved by General Grant, and that he was paying for the rations by selling captured property.

The important question which the President had on his hands, when I reached Richmond, was considering how Virginia could be brought back to the Union. He had already had an interview with Judge Campbell and other prominent representatives of the Confederate government. All they asked, they said, was an amnesty and a military convention to cover appearances. Slavery they admitted to be defunct. The President did not promise amnesty, but he told them he had the pardoning power, and would save any repentant sinner from hanging. They assured him that, if amnesty could be offered, the rebel army would be dissolved and all the States return.

On the morning of the 7th, five members of the so-called Virginia legislature held a meeting to consider propositions which the President had given to Judge Campbell. The President showed these papers to me confidentially. They were two in number. One stated re-union as a *sine qua non*; the second authorized General Weitzel to allow members of the body claiming to be the legislature of Virginia to meet in Richmond for the purpose of recalling Virginia's soldiers from rebel armies, with safe conduct to them so long as they did and said nothing hostile to the United States. The President said, in talking over these documents, that Sheridan seemed to be getting rebel soldiers out of the war faster than the legislature could think.

The next morning, on April 8th, I was present at an interview between General Weitzel and General Shepley, who had been appointed military governor of Richmond, and a committee of prominent citizens and members of the legislature. Various papers were read by the Confederate representatives, but they were told that no propositions could be entertained that involved a recognition of the Confederate authorities. The committee was also told that if they desired to prepare an address to the people, advising them to abandon hostility to the Government at once and begin to obey the laws of the United States, they should have every facility for its circulation through the State, provided, of course, that it met the approval of the military authorities. The Union represen-

tatives said that if the committee desired to call a convention of the prominent citizens of the State, with a view to the restoration of the authority of the Union, they would be allowed to go without the lines of Richmond for the purpose of visiting citizens in different parts of the State and inducing them to take part in a convention; they were promised safe conduct for themselves and such citizens as they could persuade to attend the convention. They were also told that if they were not able to find conveyances for themselves into the country, horses would be loaned to them for the purpose.

All this, they were informed, was not to be considered as in any manner condoning any offense of which anyone might have been guilty. Judge Campbell said that he had no wish to take a prominent part in the proceedings, but that he had long since made up his mind that the cause of the South was hopeless; that he had written a formal memorial to Jefferson Davis immediately after the Hampton Roads conference, urging him and the Confederate Congress to take immediate steps to stop the war and restore the Union, and that he had deliberately remained in Richmond to meet the consequences of his acts. He said that if he could be used in the restoration of peace and order, he would gladly undertake any labor that might be desired of him.

The spirit of the committee seemed to be generally the same as Campbell's, though none of them equaled him in ability and clearness. They were conscious that they were whipped, and were sincerely anxious to stop all further bloodshed, and restore peace, law, and order. This mental condition seemed to me to be very hopeful and encouraging.

A TALK WITH VICE-PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON AT RICHMOND.

One day, after the meeting of this committee, I was in the large room downstairs of the Spotswood Hotel, when my name was called, and I turned around to see Andrew Johnson, the new Vice-President of the United States. He took me one side, and spoke with great earnestness about the necessity of not taking the Confederates back without some conditions or without some punishment. He said that their sins had been enormous; that if they were let back into the Union without any punishment, the effect would be very bad, and that they might be dangerous in the future. He spoke in this strain fully twenty

minutes, I should think, an impassioned, earnest speech, and, finally, when he paused, and I got a chance, I replied:

"Why, Mr. Johnson, I have no power in this case. Your remarks are very striking, very impressive, and, certainly, worthy of the most serious consideration, but it does not seem to me necessary that they should be addressed to me. They ought to be addressed to the President and to the members of Congress, to those who have authority in the case and who will finally have to decide this question which you raise."

"Mr. Dana," said he, "I feel it to be my duty to say these things to every man whom I meet, whom I know to have any influence. Any man whose thoughts are considered by others, or whose judgment is going to weigh in the case, I must speak to, so that the weight of opinion in favor of the view of this question which I offer may possibly become preponderating and decisive."

That was in April. When Mr. Johnson became President, not long after, he soon took the view which he condemned in this conversation with me.

Toward the end of this first week after we entered Richmond, the question about opening the churches on Sunday came up, and I asked Weitzel what he was going to do. He answered that all were to be allowed to open on condition that no disloyalty should be uttered and that the Episcopal ministers should read the prayer for the President of the United States. But the next day General Shepley, the military governor, came to me to ask that the order might be relaxed so that the clergy should only be required not to pray for Davis. I declined giving any orders, having received none from Washington, and said that Weitzel must act in the matter entirely on his own judgment. Judge Campbell used all his influence with Weitzel and Shepley to get them to consent that a loyal prayer should not be exacted. Weitzel concluded not to give a positive order; his decision was influenced by the examples of New Orleans, Norfolk, and Savannah, in all of which places, he claimed, the rule was not at first enforced. In a greater measure, however, his decision was the result of the President's verbal direction to him to "let the people down easy." The churches were all well filled on Sunday, the ladies especially attending in great numbers. The sermons were devout and not political, the city was perfectly quiet, and there was more security for persons and property than had existed there for many months.

THE SURRENDER OF LEE.

Monday morning the news of Lee's surrender reached Richmond. It produced the deepest impression. Even the most malignant women now felt that the defeat was perfect and the rebellion finished, while among the men there was no sentiment but submission to the power of the nation and a returning hope that their individual property might escape confiscation. They all seemed most keenly alive to this consideration, and men like General Anderson, the proprietor of the Tredegar Works, were most zealous in efforts to produce a thorough pacification and save their possessions.

The next morning I received from Mr. Stanton an order to proceed to General Grant's headquarters and furnish from there such details as might be of interest. News reached me that day, however, that Grant was on his way to Richmond; so I remained there to receive him.

As soon as Grant reached Richmond, I had a talk with him on the condition of Lee's army and the men and arms surrendered. He told me that, in a long private interview which he had with Lee at Appomattox, the latter said that he should devote his whole efforts to pacifying the country and bringing the people back to the Union. He declared he had always been for the Union in his heart, and could find no justification for the politicians who had brought on the war, the origin of which he believed to have been in the folly of extremists on both sides. If General Grant had agreed to the interview Lee had asked for some time before, Lee said, they would certainly have agreed on terms of peace then, as he was prepared to treat for the surrender of all the Confederate armies. The war, he said, had left him a poor man, with nothing but what he had upon his person, and his wife would have to provide for herself until he could find some employment.

The officers of Lee's army, Grant said, all seemed to be glad that it was over, and the men still more so than the officers. All were greatly impressed by the generosity of the terms finally given them, for at the time of the surrender they were surrounded and escape was impossible. General Grant thought that these terms were of great importance toward securing a thorough peace and undisturbed submission to the Government.

That night I left Richmond for Washington

Forty Moore May 22 1865.

*But Major General Miles is hereby au-
thorized and directed to place manacles
& fetters upon the hands and feet
of Jefferson Davis and Clement C.
Clay Jr, whenever he may think
it advisable in order to render
their imprisonment more secure.
By order of the Secretary of War.
C. A. Dana.
Adj Secy of War.*

FACSIMILE OF MR. DANA'S ORDER TO GENERAL MILES. SEE PAGE 391.

with the General, reaching there the 13th, and taking up my work in the Department at once.

MY LAST INTERVIEW WITH MR. LINCOLN.

It was one of my duties in the War Department to receive the reports of the officers of the Secret Service in every part of the country. The afternoon of the 14th—Good Friday—I got a telegram from the provost-marshal in Portland, Maine, saying: "I have positive information that Jacob Thompson will pass through Portland to-night, in order to take a steamer for England. What are your orders?"

Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi, had been Secretary of the Interior in President Buchanan's administration. He was a conspicuous Secessionist, and for some time had been employed in Canada as a semi-diplomatic agent of the Confederate government, organizing all sorts of troubles and getting up raids, of which the notorious attack on St. Albans, Vermont, was a specimen. I took the telegram, and went down and read it to Mr. Stanton. His order was prompt: "Arrest him!" But as I was going out of the door he called to me, and said: "No, wait; better go over and see the President."

At the White House all business was over, and I went into the President's business room without meeting any one. Opening the door, there seemed to be no one in the room, but as I was turning to go out Mr. Lincoln called me from a little side room, where he was washing his hands:

"Hallo, Dana!" said he. "What is it? What's up?"

Then I read him the telegram.

"What does Stanton say?" he asked.

"He says arrest him, but that I should refer the question to you."

"Well," said he, slowly, wiping his hands, "no; I rather think not. When you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

With this direction, I returned to the War Department.

"Well, what says he?" asked Mr. Stanton.

"He says that when you have got an elephant by the hind leg and he is trying to run away, it's best to let him run."

"Oh, stuff!" said Stanton.

That night I was awaked from a sound sleep with the news that Mr. Lincoln had been shot and that the Secretary wanted me at a house on Tenth Street. I found the President with a bullet wound in the head, lying unconscious, though breathing heavily, on a bed in a small side room, while all the members of the Cabinet, and the Chief Justice with them, were gathered in the adjoining parlor. They seemed to be almost as much paralyzed as the unconscious sufferer within the little chamber. The surgeons said there was no hope. Mr. Stanton alone was in full activity.

"Sit down here," said he; "I want you."

Then he began and dictated orders one after another, which I wrote out and sent swiftly to the telegraph. All those orders were designed to keep the business of the government in full motion till the crisis should be over. It seemed as if Mr. Stanton thought of everything, and there was a great deal to be thought of that night. The extent of the conspiracy was, of course, unknown, and the horrible beginning which had been made naturally led us to suspect the

worst. The safety of Washington must be looked after. Commanders all over the country had to be ordered to take extra precautions. The people must be notified of the tragedy. The assassins must be captured. The coolness and clear-headedness of Mr. Stanton under these circumstances were most remarkable. I remember that one of his first telegrams was to General Dix, the military commander of New York, notifying him of what had happened. No clearer brief account of the tragedy exists to-day than this, written scarcely three hours after the scene in Ford's Theatre, on a little stand in the room where, a few feet away, Mr. Lincoln lay dying.

I remained with Mr. Stanton until perhaps three o'clock in the morning. Then he said, "That's enough; now you may go."

When I left, the President was still alive, breathing heavily and regularly, though of course quite unconscious. I went home and to bed. About 8 o'clock I was awakened by a rapping on the lower window. It was Colonel Pelouze, of the Adjutant-General's Office, who said: "Mr. Dana, the President is dead, and Mr. Stanton directs you to arrest Jacob Thompson."

SEARCHING FOR THE ASSASSINS.

The whole machinery of the War Department was at once turned, of course, to securing the murderer of the President and his accomplices.

As soon as I had recovered from the first shock of Mr. Lincoln's death, I remembered that in the previous November I had received from General Dix the following correspondence:

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST,
NEW YORK CITY, November 17, 1864.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.,

My Dear Sir: The inclosed was picked up in a Third Avenue railroad car. I should have thought the whole thing got up for the "Sunday Mercury," but for the genuine letter from St. Louis in a female hand. The Charles Selby is obviously a manufacture. The party who dropped the letter was heard to say he would start for Washington Friday night. He is of medium size, has black hair and whiskers, but the latter are believed to be a disguise. He had disappeared before the letter was picked up and examined. Yours truly,

JOHN A. DIX.

There were two inclosures, as follows:

DEAR LOUIS:

The time has at last come that we have all so wished for, and upon you everything depends. As it was decided before you left, we were to cast lots. Accordingly we did so, and you are to be the Charlotte Corday

of the nineteenth century. When you remember the fearful, solemn vow that was taken by us, you will feel there is no drawback—*Abe must die, and now.* You can choose your weapons. The cup, the *knife*, the *bullet*. The cup failed us once, and might again. Johnson, who will give *this*, has been like an enraged demon since the meeting, because it has not fallen upon him to rid the world of the monster. He says the blood of his gray-haired father and his noble brother call upon him for revenge, and revenge he will have; if he can not wreak it upon the fountain-head, he will upon some of the blood-thirsty generals. Butler would suit him. As our plans were all concocted and well arranged, we separated, and as I am writing on my way to Detroit, I will only say that all rests upon you. You know where to find your friends. Your disguises are so perfect and complete, that without *one* knew *your* face, no police telegraphic despatch would catch you. The English gentleman, *Harcourt*, must not act hastily. Remember he has ten days. Strike for your home, strike for your country; bide your time, but strike sure. Get introduced, congratulate him, listen to his stories—not many more will the brute tell to earthly friends. Do anything but fail, and meet us at the appointed place within the fortnight. Inclose this note, together with one of poor Leenea. I will give the reason for this when we meet. Return by Johnson. I wish I could go to you, but duty calls me to the *West*; you will probably hear from me in Washington. Sanders is doing us no good in Canada.

Believe me, your brother in love.

CHARLES SELBY.

ST. LOUIS, October 21, 1864.

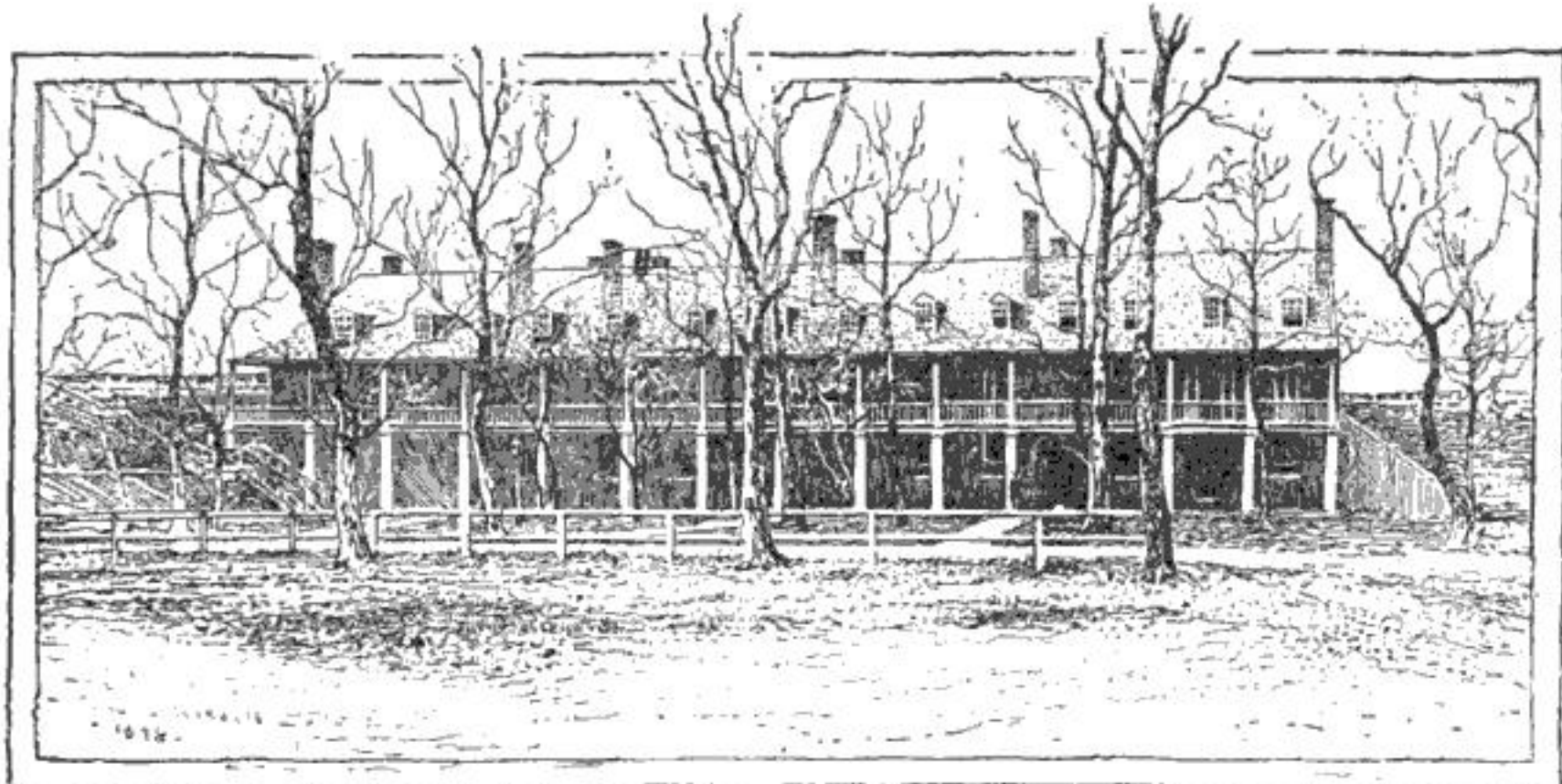
DEAREST HUSBAND:

Why do you not come home? You left me for ten days only, and you now have been from home more than two weeks. In that long time only sent me one short note—a few cold words—and a check for money, which I did not require. What has come over you? Have you forgotten your wife and child? Baby calls for papa until my heart aches. *We are so lonely* without you. I have written to you again and again, and, as a last resource, yesterday wrote to Charlie, begging him to see you and tell you to come home. I am so ill, not able to leave my room; if I was, I would go to you wherever you were, if in *this world*. Mamma says I must not write any more, as I am too weak. Louis, darling, do not stay away any longer from your heart-broken wife.

LEENEA.

On reading the letters, I took them at once to President Lincoln. He looked at them, but made no special remark, and, in fact, seemed to attach very little importance to them. I left them with him.

I now reminded Mr. Stanton of the circumstance, and he asked me to go at once to the White House and see if I could find the letters. I thought it rather doubtful, for I knew the President received a great many communications of a similar nature. However, I went over and made a thorough search through his private desk. He seemed to have attached more importance to these papers than to others of the kind, for I found them enclosed in an envelope, marked in his own handwriting, "Assassination."



CARROLL HALL, FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA, WHERE JEFFERSON DAVIS WAS CONFINED MOST OF THE TIME WHILE HE WAS A PRISONER OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.

I kept the letters for some time by me, and then delivered them to Judge John A. Bingham, Special Judge Advocate in the conspiracy trial. Judge Bingham seemed to think them of importance, and asked me to have General Dix send the finder down to Washington. I wired him at once. He replied that it was a woman who had found the letters; that she was keeping a small store in New York, had several children, was a widow, and had no servant; that she would have to find some one to take care of her house, but would be in Washington in a day or two.

A few days later she came. I was not in town when Mrs. Hudspeth, as her name proved to be, arrived. I had gone to Chicago to look over a position just offered me there; but from her testimony on May 12th, I learned that in November, 1864, just after the Presidential election and on the day, she said, on which General Butler left New York, she had overheard a curious conversation between two men in a Third Avenue car in New York City. She had observed, when a jolt of the car pushed the hat of one of the men forward, that he wore false whiskers. She had noticed that his hand was very beautiful; that he carried a pistol in his belt; that, judging from his conversation, he was a young man of education; she had heard him say that he was going to Washington that day. The young men left the car before she did, and after they had gone her daughter, who was with her, had picked up a letter from the floor. Mrs. Hudspeth, thinking it belonged to her,

had carried it from the car. She afterwards discovered the two letters quoted above, and had taken them to General Scott, who, upon reading them, said they were of great importance, and sent her to General Dix. When Mrs. Hudspeth was shown a photograph of Booth, she swore that it was the man in disguise whom she had seen in the car. It was found that Booth was in New York on the day that she indicated—that is, the day on which General Butler left New York, November 11th, and that he went from there to Washington, as she had heard the man near her say he was going to do. The inference was that the man who dropped the suspicious letter was Booth.

I was afterwards called (on June 9th) to testify to the letters. Judge Bingham used these letters as a link in his chain of evidence showing that a conspiracy existed “to kill and murder Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward, Andrew Johnson, Ulysses S. Grant, Edwin M. Stanton, and others of his advisers,” and that Booth was a partner in this conspiracy.

A CONFEDERATE SECRET CIPHER.

I have said that I was in Chicago on business when Mrs. Hudspeth gave her testimony. Just after I reached there, I received from Major T. F. Eckert, head of the military telegraph, a message saying that the court wanted me immediately as a witness in the conspiracy trial. I returned at once, and on the 18th of May appeared in court. I was wanted to testify to the identity of a key to a secret cipher which I had found on the 6th

of April in Richmond. On that day I had gone into the office of Mr. Benjamin, the Confederate Secretary of State. On the shelf, among Mr. Benjamin's books and other things, I had found a secret cipher-key. I saw it was the key to the official Confederate cipher, and, as we had at times to decipher at the War Department a good many documents written in that cipher, the key seemed to me of interest, and I brought it away, with several other interesting documents. When I returned to Washington, I gave it to Major Eckert, who had charge of cipher despatches in the War Department. Now, on the night of Mr. Lincoln's assassination, Lieutenant W. H. Terry had been sent to the National Hotel to seize the trunk of J. Wilkes Booth. Among other things, he had found a paper containing a secret cipher. When this was given to Major Eckert, he immediately saw that it was the same as the one which I had found in Richmond. It was thought that possibly by means of this evidence it could be shown that Booth was in communication with the Confederate government. I was called back to identify the cipher-key. Major Eckert at the same time presented despatches written in the cipher found in Booth's trunk and sent from Canada to the Confederates. They had been captured and taken to the War Department, where copies of them were made. By the key which I had found these despatches could be read. The despatches indicated plots against the leaders of our Government, though whether Booth had sent them or not was of course never known.

While the trial was going on in Washington, Jefferson Davis was captured, on May 10th, near Irwinsville, Georgia, by a detachment of General Wilson's cavalry corps. He and his family, with Alexander H. Stephens, late Vice-President of the Confederacy, John H. Reagan, Postmaster-General, Clement C. Clay, and other State prisoners, were sent to Fortress Monroe. The propeller with the party on board reached Hampton Roads on May 19th. The next day, May 20th, Mr. Stanton sent for me to come to his office. He told me where Davis was, and said that he had ordered General Nelson A. Miles to go to Hampton Roads and take charge of the prisoners, transferring them from the propeller "Clyde" to the fortress. Mr. Stanton was much distressed lest Davis commit suicide—he said that he himself would do so in like circumstances. "I want you to go to Fortress Monroe," he added, "and caution General Miles against leaving Davis any

possible method of suicide; tell him to put him in fetters, if necessary—Davis must be brought to trial; he must not be allowed to kill himself." Mr. Stanton also told me that he wanted a representative of the War Department down there to see what the military was doing, and to send him full reports.

The status of Jefferson Davis at the time explains Mr. Stanton's anxiety. It should be remembered that Davis had not surrendered when the capital of the Confederacy, Richmond, was captured; neither had he surrendered with either of the two principal armies under Lee and Johnston. At that time the whole Confederate army west of the Mississippi was still at large. To allow Davis to join this force was only to give the Confederacy an opportunity to reassemble the forces still unsundered and make another stand for life. Even more important than this consideration was the fact that Davis was charged, in President Johnson's proclamation of May 2, 1865, offering a reward for his capture, with instigating the assassination of President Lincoln:

"Whereas, it appears, from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice, that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., . . . and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada:

"Now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: \$100,000 for the arrest of Jefferson Davis. . . . The Provost Marshal General of the United States is directed to cause the descriptions of said persons with notice of the above rewards to be published."

It was with the above facts in mind that I started for Hampton Roads on May 20th. On the 22d, the prisoners were transferred from the "Clyde" to the fortress. The quarter selected for Davis's prison was a casemate such as at that time, as well as at the present, is occupied by officers and their families. In fact, an officer with his family was moved out of the particular casemate in which Davis was placed. Any one who will take the trouble to visit Fortress Monroe can see the place still, and it certainly has not to-day a gloomy or forbidding appearance. The whole scene of the transfer I described in a long telegram which I sent to Mr. Stanton on the 22d. As it contains my fresh impressions and has never before been published, I give it here in full:

From Ft. MONROE, 1 P.M., May 22, 1865.

HON. E. M. STANTON,
SECRETARY OF WAR.

The two prisoners have just been placed in their respective casemates. The sentries are stationed both within and without their doors. The bars and locks are fastened, and the regular routine of their imprisonment has begun. At precisely one o'clock, General Miles left, with a tug and a guard from the garrison, to go for Davis and Clay. At half-past one the tug left the "Clyde" for the fortress. She landed at the engineer's wharf, and the procession, led by the cavalymen of Colonel Pritchard's command, moved through the water battery on the east front of the fortress and entered by a postern leading from that battery. The cavalymen were followed by General Miles, holding Davis by the right arm. Next came half a dozen soldiers, and then Colonel Pritchard with Clay, and last the guard which Miles took out with him. The arrangements were excellent and successful, and not a single curious spectator was anywhere in sight. Davis bore himself with a haughty attitude. His face was somewhat flushed, but his features were composed and his step firm. In Clay's manner there was less expression of bravado and dramatic determination. Both were dressed in gray, with drab slouched hats. Davis wore a thin, dark overcoat. His hair and beard are not so gray as has been reported, and he seems very much less worn and broken by anxiety and labor than Mr. Blair reported when he returned from Richmond last winter.

The parties were not informed that they were not to be removed to the fortress until General Miles went on board the "Clyde," but they had before learned generally what was their destination. From his staff officers Davis parted yesterday, shedding tears at the separation. The same scene has just been renewed at his parting from Harrison, his private secretary, who left at one o'clock for Washington. In leaving his wife and children he exhibited no great emotion, though she was violently affected. He told her she would be allowed to see him in the course of the day. Clay took leave of his wife in private, and he was not seen by the officers. Both asked to see General Halleck, but he will not see them.

The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate; the window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within, before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty is to see his prisoner every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door; a strong line of sentries cuts off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp, opposite the places of confinement. The casemates on each side and between these occupied by the prisoners, are used as guard rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms. The furniture of each prisoner is a hospital bed, with iron bedstead, chair and table, and a movable stool-closet. A Bible is allowed to each. I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary. The prisoners are to be supplied with soldier's rations, cooked by the guard. Their linen will be issued to them in the same way. I shall be back to-morrow morning.

C. A. DANA.

Before leaving Fortress Monroe on the 22d, I made out for General Miles the order printed in facsimile on page 387. This order was General Miles's authority for placing fetters upon Davis a day or two later, when he found it necessary to change the inner doors of the casemate, which were light wooden ones, without locks. While these doors were changed for grated ones, anklets were placed on Davis; they did not prevent his walking, but did prevent any attempt to jump past the guard and from running. As soon as the doors were changed (it required three days, I believe), the anklets were removed. I believe that every care was taken during Mr. Davis's imprisonment to remove cause for complaint. Medical officers were directed to superintend his meals and give him everything that would excite his appetite. As it was complained that his quarters in the casemate were unhealthy and disagreeable, he was, after a few weeks, transferred to Carroll Hall, a building still occupied by officers and soldiers. That Davis's health was not ruined by his imprisonment at Fortress Monroe is proved by the fact that he came out of the prison in better condition than he went in and that he lived for twenty years afterwards and finally died of old age.

THE REVIEW OF MAY 23D AND 24TH.

I hurried back to Washington from Fortress Monroe to be present at the grand review of the armies of the Potomac and Tennessee which had been arranged for May 23d and 24th. I reached the city early in the morning. The streets were all alive with detachments of soldiers marching toward Capitol Hill, for it was there that the parade was to start. Thousands of visitors were also to be seen. May 23d was given up to the review of the Army of the Potomac, and by 9 o'clock General Meade and his staff, at the head of the army, started from the Capitol. Soon after, I joined the company on the reviewing officers' stand, which was placed in front of the White House, in just the same position in which the reviewing stand is now placed on inauguration days. President Johnson occupied a central position on the platform. Upon his right, a seat was retained for the commander of the corps under review. As soon as the corps commander with his staff had passed the grand stand at the head of his troops, he rode into the grounds of the White House, dismounted, and came to take his position at the right of Mr. Johnson, while his troops

continued their march. As soon as all his men had passed, he gave up his place to the commander of the next corps in the column, and so on. Next to the corps commanders were seated Secretary Stanton and Lieutenant-General Grant. On the left of the President was the Postmaster-General, Denison, and, on the first day of the parade, while the Army of the Potomac passed, Major-General Meade, and, on the second day, while the Army of the Tennessee passed, Major-General Sherman. The other members of the cabinet, many army officers, the assistant secretaries in the different departments, and a number of guests invited by the President and the Secretaries were grouped around these central personages.

On the 24th, when Sherman's army was reviewed, I sat directly behind Mr. Stanton at the moment when General Sherman, after having passed the grand stand at the head of his army and dismounted, came on to the stand to take his position and review his soldiers. As he had to pass immediately in front of Secretary Stanton, in order to reach the place assigned for him on the President's right, I could see him perfectly. I watched both men closely, for the difficulty between Stanton and Sherman was at that moment known to everybody.

The terms upon which Sherman had in April accepted the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina went beyond the authority of a military commander and touched upon political issues. It is true that these terms were made conditional upon the approval of the Government; nevertheless Mr. Stanton was deeply indignant at the General for meddling with matters beyond his jurisdiction. No doubt his indignation was intensified by his dislike of Sherman. The two men were antagonistic by nature. Sherman was an effervescent, mercurial, expansive man, springing abruptly to an idea, expressing himself enthusiastically on every subject, and often without reflection. Stanton could not accommodate himself to this temperament. When the memorandum of the agreement between Johnston and Sherman reached Stanton, he sent Grant to the General in hot haste, and then published in the newspapers, which need not have known anything of the affair, a full account of the unwise compact and an indignant repudiation of it by the Government.

Naturally this brought down a furious attack upon Sherman. All his past services were forgotten for a time, and he was even

called a "traitor." The public quickly saw the injustice of this attitude; so did most of the men in the Government, and they hastened to appease Sherman, who was violently incensed over what he called Stanton's insult. I think he never forgave the Secretary. When, on May 19th, he reached Washington with his army, which he had marched northward across the battlefields of Virginia, he refused to have anything to do with Stanton, although Grant tried his best to bring about a reconciliation, and the President and several members of the cabinet showed him every attention.

I was of course curious to see what General Sherman would do in passing before Mr. Stanton to take his place on the stand. The General says in his "Memoirs" that as he passed Stanton offered his hand and that he refused to take it. He is entirely mistaken. I was watching narrowly. The Secretary made no motion to offer his hand, or to exchange salutations in any manner, and as the General passed gave him merely a slight forward motion of his head, equivalent perhaps to a quarter of a bow.

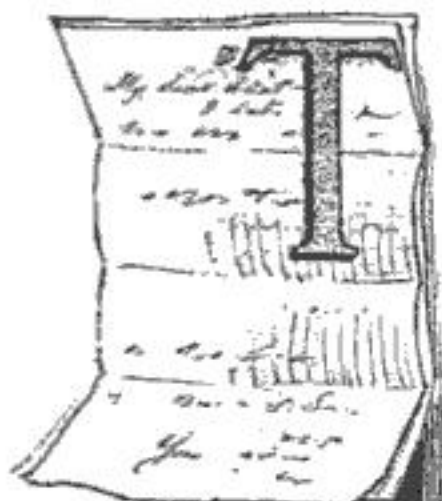
All the time that the trial for the conspiracy to murder the President was going on, Mr. Stanton was putting all his energies into returning his department to a peace footing. The war was practically over with the surrender of Lee, and almost immediately preparations were made to scatter the vast armament and to bring affairs back to a normal condition. In this readjustment it fell to me to examine the condition of the railroads which we had seized and used in the prosecution of the war and to recommend what was to be done with them. The Department decided upon a somewhat more liberal policy than I at the time thought justifiable. The roads and bridges were returned to the companies practically in the same condition in which they were at the time they were seized. It was believed that this generosity would react favorably upon the revenue and credit of the nation, and there is no doubt that it did.

In May I had been persuaded to accept the editorship of a new paper to be founded in Chicago, the "Republican." I arranged to stay in Washington until Mr. Stanton could conveniently spare me. This was not until the first of July. On the first day of the month I sent in my resignation, and a few days later I left the capital to assume the editorship of the "Republican."

THE END.

A Letter from the 'Hio

▲ BY ROWLAND E. ROBINSON ▲

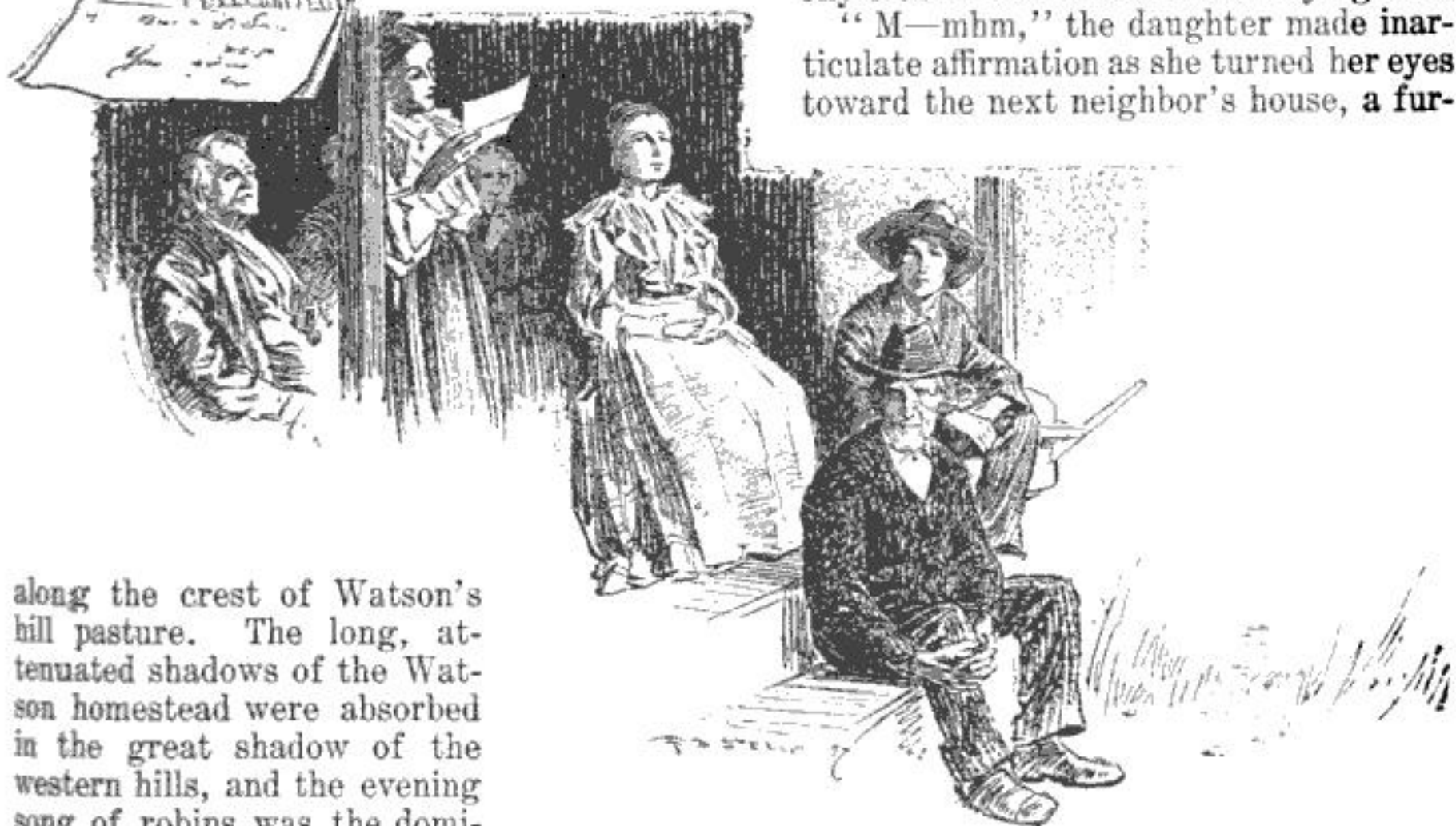


THE day was so near its close that the sun shone only on the tops of the tallest trees which were scattered

beside the dooryard fence to the "piny" shedding the blood-red petals of its first blossoms on the knot-grass close beside her.

"Hev you shet up the chicken-coop, Pheb' Ann?—cause the' might a skunk come," said her mother, whose voice had an oily crackle like the bubble of frying lard.

"M—mbm," the daughter made inarticulate affirmation as she turned her eyes toward the next neighbor's house, a fur-



along the crest of Watson's hill pasture. The long, attenuated shadows of the Watson homestead were absorbed in the great shadow of the western hills, and the evening song of robins was the dominant sound.

The labors of the day were ended, and the Watsons were out on the front stoop, in restful enjoyment of the "cool o' the evenin'." Uncle Peter and Aunt Charity, elderly, toil-worn people, were slumped into their respective splint-bottomed arm-chairs as if they had been dropped there to be picked up again when needed for further use. Peter pulled gently at his clay pipe, and as gently blew the smoke from his lips; but Charity had not even the knitting which was the usual accompaniment of her leisure moments, and sat with palms upturned upon the arm of her chair, gazing absently over the darkening landscape.

Phebe Ann, a maiden on the verge of being classed as old, though not yet prim nor faded, seated herself on the step, and having pinioned an escaping wisp of her abundant hair with a high horn back comb, rested her elbows on her knees, her cheeks upon her open palms, and let her keen glances wander from the "laylocks" going out of bloom

long away, and silently wondered what Perkinses folks were all outdoors for. Looking down the road in the opposite direction, she descried a figure which further excited her interest. It was a tall man, who was advancing at a pace which could not be called brisk, though his long legs carried him over the ground at a rapid rate. Mrs. Watson adjusted her spectacles, and looked above the rims.

"Law sakes!" she exclaimed after careful scrutiny. "'Tain't nob'dy but Jer'd Waite. I see him goin' long down tow-ards the store, jest arter milkin'."

Phebe Ann smoothed her hair and arranged her skirts more decorously as Jared turned in at the little gate, having the air of bearing news of some sort.

"Evenin'," he said, returning the general salutation as it was given and seating himself at the farther end of the step from Phebe Ann. There was an expectant pause, but Jared did not seem disposed to break it, and Peter asked with neighborly interest:

"Got y' spring's work 'bout done, Jer'd?"

"Wal, gittin' so's 't we c'n see a hole through," and conversation lagged again until Aunt Charity's voice bubbled up with the question:

"How's ye' mother stan' it this spring, Jer'd?"

"Wal, 'bout so," was the reply.

"Git any news down to the store?" Peter asked, becoming impatient.

"Wal, no, I do' know's the' is, nothin' pa'tic'lar. Oh——" Jared made a pretence of suddenly remembering something, and began a hasty search of his pockets, inside breast, outside breast, right-hand skirt, left-hand skirt; then looked in the crown of his hat; then returned to the pocket with which he began, and while his left hand dwelt in its depths, demanded:

"What'll ye give me for a letter, Phebe Ann?"

"You hain't got none," she said, scanning his face sharply after following the movements of his hand. "You're jest a foolin'."

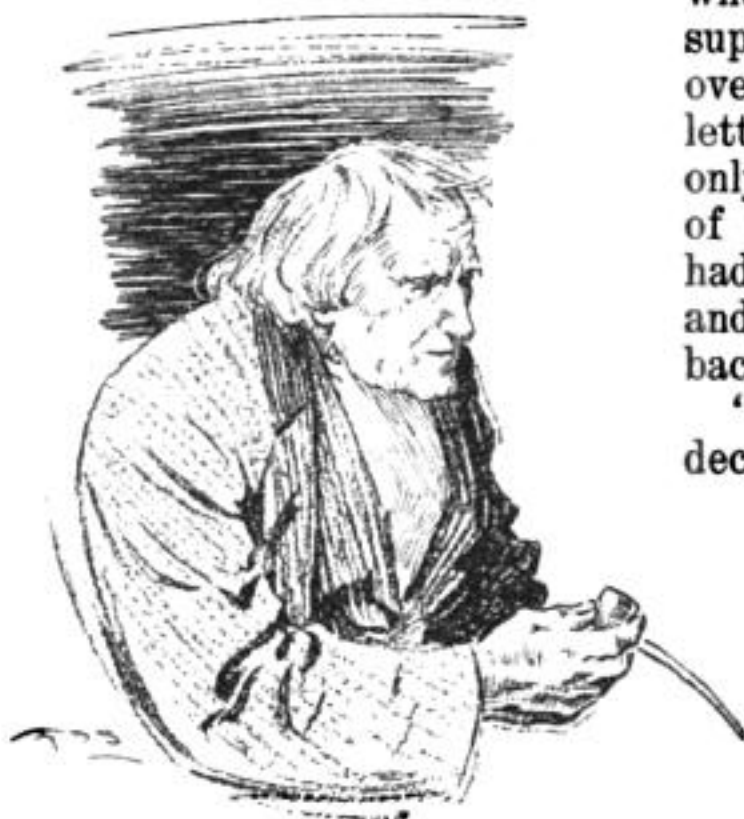
"S'posin' when I was down t' the pos'-toffice, which I was," he asked, smiling blandly upon her, "Day, he says to me, 'The's a letter for Watson's folks, 'f you'd just's lives as not kerry it up to 'em as you go 'long'—an' s'posin' he gin it to me, what 'd you gi' me for it?"

"Now, Jer'd Waite, you gi' me that letter right stret off," and Phebe Ann slid herself quickly along the step and snatched at Jared's pocketed hand. But he evaded her, unfolding his long legs and springing upright with surprising agility.

"Thought you said I hadn't got none?" He drew a letter from his pocket, and held it at arm's length above her head, and looking up at it, "Wal, I swan! 'Tain't yourn, arter all said and done. It's for your mother," and he handed it to Aunt Charity.

"You hateful thing!" cried Phebe Ann, turning away from him.

Presently, overcome by curiosity, she went up the steps and leaned over her mother,



"Git any news down to the store?"

who was slowly spelling out the superscription. This was scrawled over so much of the face of the letter that the postmaster had found only room enough to write the price of the postage in one corner, and had written the name of the office and the date upon one corner of the back.

"Wal, I say for it," Aunt Charity declared, "I du b'lieve it's for your father, on'y they've made a mistake and writ 'Mrs.' in-steaddy 'Mr.'"

"Why, good land, mother, that's the way they do nower days—put the man's name for the woman's, if she's married."

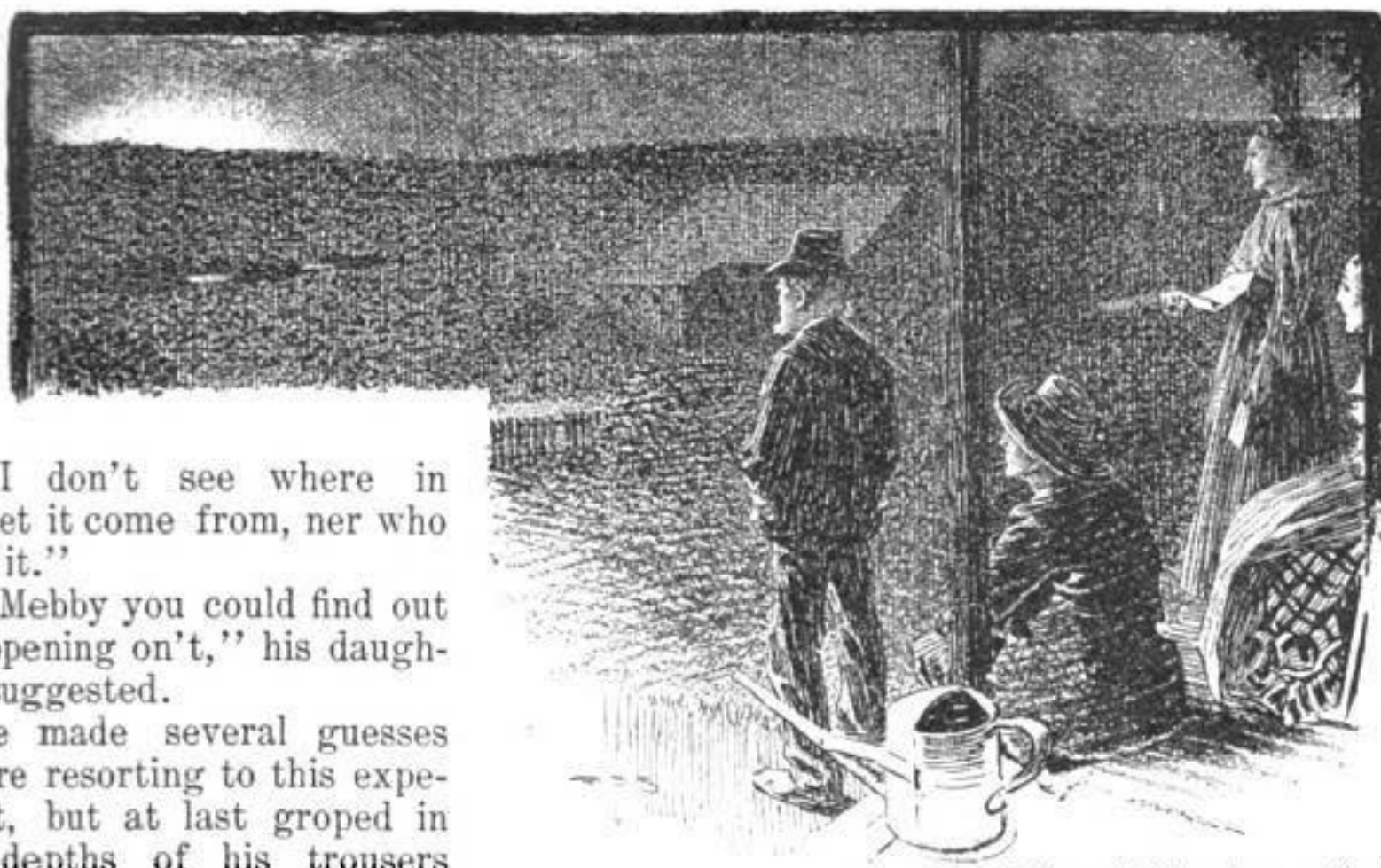
"Wal, I say for't. That's a great idee. Haow's anybody goin' to know who's who?"

She turned the letter over and over, and scanned it from all points of view. "Wonder where on airth it came from. I du b'lieve it's for you, father. Here," and she passed it over to Peter's outstretched hand.

"Twenty-five cents! I bet 'taint wuth half on't," Peter said, as he read the figures in the corner. He then tried the address at various ranges, upside down and set on end, and then studied the back where the post-mark was written, in a hand beyond his ability to decipher.



"The tailors of the day were ended."



"I don't see where in tunket it come from, ner who writ it."

"Mebby you could find out by opening on't," his daughter suggested.

He made several guesses before resorting to this expedient, but at last groped in the depths of his trousers pocket and drew his jackknife therefrom, which he opened, and began the delicate operation of unsealing the letter.

"There's the marks o' somebody's thimble on the wafer, anyhow," he declared.

"Ta' care you don't cut none o' the writin'," Phebe Ann cautioned, and his wife advised, "You'd better let Pheb' Ann take her scissors."

He persisted in the use of the masculine implement and method till he succeeded in severing the wafer without serious damage to the paper and its contents.

The unusual stir upon the Watson porch had not escaped the notice of the Perkinses, and they now came over to learn its cause, little Mrs. Perkins leading the way with sprightly steps and masking the purpose of the visit with the "em'tin's" pitcher. Her daughter, not far behind, pretended a search for four-leaved clover, while the male head of the household followed more ponderously in a transparent pretence of being in no haste.

"Come right up, Mis' Perkins." Aunt Charity's voice bubbled hospitably in spite of her interest in the letter. "Pheb' Ann, fetch a chair for Mis' Perkins an' Alviry."

Both protested they could not stop a minute, but took the proffered seats, and turned inquiring eyes upon Peter as he clumsily unfolded the letter. Lot Perkins declined a higher seat than the step, to which he carefully lowered his bulky frame, and as he glanced furtively at Peter, excused his coming by saying that he "follered the craowd, jes' tu keep th' women folks straight."

"Ye see, Jer'd he fetched us up a let-

"By grab! it's a haouse afire!"

ter," Aunt Charity explained, "an' we can't make aout who it come from ner scacely who it's fer; but it 'pears to be fer father, an' so I s'pect it's f'm some o' his relations daown in Connect'cut, erless it's f'm his brother 'Lias er some o' his folks over in the St. Lawrence country. It's quite a spell sence we heard from 'em, but the' hain't no gr'et hands to write, none on 'em."

"Like's not you'll find aout when you read it," Mrs. Perkins suggested, hopefully.

"That's jest what we're gittin' round to do as fast as we can," Aunt Charity said exultantly; "but father he hain't much used to readin' writin'."

"Oh, I should luf tu hear from 'Lias's wife," said Mrs. Perkins, fervently.

"Wal, I snum!" Peter ejaculated, after intent study of the first words of the epistle. "'Tain't writ to me, say what ye will, erless it's got to be the fashion to call a man 'aunt.' Jes's much sense in that as a-callin' you 'Mis' Peter.' Anyway it begins, 'My dear aunt.'"

"Wal, now, I never," Aunt Charity exclaimed, in fresh surprise. "Then it's f'm some o' brother Isaac's children, aout West. Now, I be glad."

"I wisht it was f'm 'Lias's wife," sighed Mrs. Perkins. "I do' know when I've heard f'm 'Lias's wife. We use ter set the world by one 'nother when we was gals."

"Pheb' Ann, you take a holt an' read it out 'loud, won't ye?" Aunt Charity bubbled unctuously, and her daughter, taking the letter from her father, stooped toward

the fading light, and began reading slowly, interrupting herself with frequent comments and inquiries, and as often interrupted by one and another of the audience.

"'Buckeye, O.' Wonder what they want to stop and say 'O' for?"

"Why, goodness' sakes, that stands for the 'Hio, don't you see?" Mrs. Perkins exclaimed.

"Why, yes, so it does," Phebe Ann admitted frankly. "What a gump I be! 'Buckeye, O-hio.'"

"Buckeye, Buckeye!" Mrs. Perkins questioned her memory, and out of it presently answered, "Why, that's where Orson Holcomb went to. Now hain't that odd! He use ter be turrible 'tentive tu' Lias's wife when she was a gal, an' I use ter hector her about him, an' I guess she r'aly did more'n like him, but 'Lias cut him out. I wonder 'f it says anything about him."

"My dear aunt," Phebe Ann resumed. "I wonder which one on 'em writ it. Le's see," and she searched for the writer's name at the end of the sheet. "Susan," she announced. "Susan Ward, wal she hain't got merried yit, anyway," the maiden declared with considerable satisfaction.

"Yes, Susan, she's the third gal," said her mother. "Harri't's the oldest, then Lowizy an' Susan an' Jane Ann; that's four, hain't it?" and she went over her pudgy fingers to make sure of the number.

"Dumb it! What odds does it make?" Uncle Peter demanded impatiently.

"Yis, four gals," Aunt Charity repeated, placidly. "Nat'rally Susan wrote, hevin' the most time an' hevin' ben to school most."

"I don't seem to remember Jane Ann," said Mrs. Perkins.

"She was a baby when they went to the 'Hio. My, how I did feel for Marier a-goin' that journey an' that child a-teethin'!"

"Mm-m," Mrs. Perkins moaned, sympathetically.

"They was six weeks a-goin', an' it was a good three mont's afore we heerd they'd got there," Aunt Charity continued.

"What's the date o' this 'ere letter?" inquired Lot Perkins with interest.

"May the six'h," responded the reader. "I fergot tu read it."

"That's come quick. On'y three weeks sence it started," said Lot. Peter uttered a sound of impatience, and the reading continued.

"I set down this afternoon to write a few lines to you to inform you of our health and welfare. We air all well as we ever was except mother, she enjoys considerable poor health this spring."

"There now," Aunt Charity broke in, "I allers tol' Marier she'd ortu commence a takin' picry jest afore spring opens, but she never would, not faithful."

"I do' know 'baout picry," said Mrs. Perkins, with slow impressive wags of her head, "picry's pooty ha'sh. Naow, I should say pepsisiway steeped up in cider or sperits. The' hain't a fall but I hev him go int' the woods an' git me a hull lot o' pepsisiway. It's good for the blood, an' it's good for the stomerk, an' gives ye an appetite t' eat."

"Gosh, yes! More'n a ton on't in the garret," chuckled her husband, boring Jared's ribs with



"Uncle Peter's scant breath was nearly spent."

a forefinger.

"Naow, Mr. Perkins," his wife said, reproachfully.

"Wal," he insisted, "you take an' put in a hull mess on't every identical fall, an' never take none out; it 'cumulates, I tell ye."

"You can't say 'at I wouldn't ha' took some this very spring if the'd ben sperits in the haouse an' the cider hadn't all been put in the vinegar baril."

"Dumb yer picry an' things!" Uncle Peter burst out. "Be ye goin' to read that 'ere letter, Pheb' Ann?"

"Yes, why don't ye? We're all a-waitin'," Aunt Charity urged, and Phebe Ann,

having kept her place with her finger while awaiting opportunity, went on: "this spring, and father which he is troubled some with his as-my——"

"Why don't he smoke mullein leaves? Take an' dry 'em an'——" Mrs. Perkins interrupted, but Uncle Peter's chair gave a sharp, ominous squeak, and the reading continued.

"—And Harret she was married to a man last January."

"'Twould ha' ben cur'us if she'd merried a woman," Mr. Perkins interrupted, but the reader did not deign to notice his remark.

"His name is Mr. Baker, and mother says you know his folks."

"Baker, good land, yes!" her mother's comfortable voice bubbled over afresh. "There was Trueman Baker used to live over on the East Ridge; he sol' out to Amos Jones, wa'n't it, father? Yes, I'm pooty sure it was. An' wa'n't Amos' wife a Carpenter f'm over t'other side o' the maountain? Seem's 'ough she was. Anyway, I know when father an' I went to the fun'al—you remember it, don't ye, father? I sh'd think ye might, 'cause you forgot your han'kercher an' stopt to the store an' bought a hul yard o' ging-gum for ye a han'kercher, not hemmed ner nothin'. My, wan't I thankful 'at the sermon wan't 'fectin' an' you didn't haf ter haul it out ary oncte 'fore folks. I got that ginggum yet, an' you tew good bendiners to hum. There was a hul mess o' folks there, strangers to us, her relations, I s'pose. It was consumptiarn 'at ailed her, though she wan't sick more'n fo' five year 'at we heard on."

"Sho, kinder sudden wa'n't it?" and Lot gave Jared's ribs another poke, but Aunt Charity went on with the Baker history.

"Trueman he went out intu York State, some'eres where the canawl goes, an' I hain't heard nothin' on



"It cost her housewife's soul a pang."

him this ever so long. Mebby it's some o' his sons. I should think she might ha' wrote more partic'lar. Then there was Bakers up to Starkton, Jed and Ph'leman, cousins o' his'n, and Jed's wife was some related to Amos Jones' wife, I do' know ezackly how, an' Ph'leman he merried a schoolmarm. Why, Mis' Perkins, you know who she was, for I've heered you tell how't you went to her in the flat-ruffed school-haouse."

"My sakes, yes. Mandy Blake. My, wa'n't she cross! I pity the man 'at hed her."

"Wal, they went off West, where I du not know; an' it may be it's some o' them Harri't's merried. An' the' was a fam'ly o' Bakers over to Highfield 'at I didn't know so much about, an' it might be one o' them. I wish't she'd wrote more partic'lar."

"Mebby 'twas Baker in the spelling-book," Mr. Perkins guessed.

"Now, Mr. Perkins," his wife mildly reproved, "you quit a-foolin'."

"Dumb it, I wish't she hadn't merried nob'dy, an' then mebby we might ha' heered suthin' o' some account," Uncle Peter

growled, in such a tone that his wife gently suggested:

"Like 'nough you'd better go on wi' your read-

in', Pheb' Ann," and the reading began again.

"He's a widower with five children and a good farm. We think Harret has got a good start in life for all waiting some years. Lowi

is going to be married in July, and you may hear interesting news of others of the family. Harret says to tell Cousin Pheby Ann she ought to come out West!"

"The impudence," cried the reader; "jest's if—" but checked herself when no one else appeared to discover cause for indignation, and went on.



"So she toiled on up the last steep slope."

"We have got twenty acres of wheat, which looks nice, and father expects to have as many acres planted to corn——"

"Gosh, twenty acres o' corn," Mr. Perkins said incredulously.

"We keep ten cows, and have got a dozen steers fat enough to go now. How many hogs, I do not know, and poultry father says more than he wants."

"Hain't that just like the men," said Mrs.

p'int o' Miller's! Git some pails an' come on, men!"

He took the three steps of the porch at one stride, with another surmounted the commingled skirts of the two matrons, then plunged into the kitchen, and swooped up the water-pails in the sink, and bringing them forth unemptied, handed one to Jared, as he strode beside him toward the gate, which closed behind them with a rebounding



"There's your fire!"

Perkins, "allers a-flingin' out suthin' about poultry? But mind ye, when it comes to eatin' of poultry an' aigs—My!"

"I guess you'll hafter light a light 'fore you can read any more," said Aunt Charity, noticing how close her daughter's nose was getting to the sheet of foolscap.

"Gol dumb it," Uncle Peter exclaimed, with increasing profanity, "can't ye gab jest as well wi'out a light?"

"An' by'm by it'll come daylight agin," Lot Perkins remarked cheerfully, and then in surprise as he casually scanned the eastern horizon, "What in time! Why it hain't a comin' yet, is't?"

His tone and suddenly alert attitude drew the attention of all the company, and the gaze of all followed his to a faint illumination of the sky behind the crest of a ridge half a mile away. The lower stars faded in the increasing light. The hill crest grew blacker against it. Lot Perkins, rising with deliberate haste, declared in the drawl that no excitement could greatly quicken:

"By grab! it's a haouse afire! Jest the

clang before the rest of the company were well afoot.

"Jes' 's like 's not it's four mild off," said Uncle Peter, standing unmoved amid the flutter of womankind. "You can't never tell how fur fire is."

"The's the milk pails on the back stoop. I'll fetch ye one, father," and Aunt Charity waddled through the kitchen with a ponderous tread that evoked a responsive clatter from stove utensils and loosely fitting window sashes, and presently returned with a pail so scrupulously clean that it cost her housewifely soul a pang to devote it to such use.

"I don't see what the tarnal haouse had to go an' ketch afire for jest as Pheb' Ann got where it was interestin'," said Uncle Peter, as he permitted the pail to be slipped upon his arm and then took his way down the path behind Phebe Ann and followed by the others, bemoaning the fire and speculating concerning the cause.

"Poor Mis' Miller! An' it just painted, inside an' out, last year," Aunt Charity wailed from the depths of her fat bosom.

"Jest kerlessness, you may depend," declared Mrs. Perkins, when Elvira wondered in a timid voice "if it ketched er was sot."

"Ashes in a berril er a sto' pipe in a chahmber. It mos' allers is."

"I du hope it won't bring on one o' her spells," Aunt Charity panted, as she laboriously climbed the wall beyond the road. "My sakes! Hain't you spry, you an' Alviry? Won't you jest take a holt o' this dipper? Ugh! My laigs be so short. I thought it might come handy to dip up with. There, thank goodness, I be over. An' ef your man an' Jer'd hain't half way up the hill, an' Pheb' Ann most ketched up wi' 'em, an' father, where's he? I du b'lieve he's tumbled int' the brook! Oh, there he is! My sakes' alive, how it gains! It'll be clean burnt aout afore I git where I can see, but you needn't wait for me," she called after the retreating figures with noble unselfishness while her eyes were fixed on the brightening sky.

The toads in the flag-bordered pools of the brook ceased their monotonous chime as the straggling volunteer fire brigade splashed by. Startled birds fluttered from the grass before it. The cows couched on the dry knolls stopped the slow chewing of cuds to stare in wonder at the strange nocturnal invasion till it passed unheeding them, and then, with deep drawn sighs of satisfaction, they resumed their interrupted rumination.

As Lot Perkins and Jared drew near the hill crest, followed closely by Phebe Ann, sound of lungs and strong of limb, there appeared above it a broad point of smokeless flame that grew and broadened as they climbed, growing short of breath at each step of the steep ascent and almost choked by the throbbing of their hearts. When they reached the top, it was observed by those who followed that they stopped and showed

no intention of going further. Lot sat down upon his inverted pail, and Jared placed his in a like position for Phebe Ann, and stood near her with arms akimbo.

Uncle Peter's scant breath was so nearly spent that he was glad to sit down and wait for those behind him.

"Wal, I s'pose by their a stoppin' it's all up," Mrs. Perkins sighed as she and Elvira joined him. "I wonder if all the buildin's ketched?"

"I don't s'pose it's no use a goin' no further," Aunt Charity panted as she came up with them; but with the funereal habit asserting itself in spite of all weariness, added, "Since we're so nigh we might's well go up an' view th' remains."

So they toiled on up the last steep slope, each in silent preparation for the scene of desolation and ruin which awaited them. So they came to the hilltop, and saw on the ridge beyond, embowered in its abundant fruit trees, the unharmed Miller homestead, without so much as a smoke wreath

climbing from its ample chimney. Thrice its breadth above it swam the moon a little past its full. Lot Perkins, pointing to it, said laconically: "There's your fire!"

Uncle Peter gazed a moment in speechless disgust, and then burst out briefly, "Dumb the haouse, I wish't it had took afire."

"Wal," said Lot, getting to his feet, "sin' the show's over, I s'pose we might as well go hum the nighest way, you an' I an' Alviry, Mis' Perkins! Now, don't ye fergit whose wife ye be, marm, an' go to lookin' back, 'cause the cows hain't ben salted an' they might eat ye."

Jared and Phebe Ann lingered last, and strolled leisurely far behind the others.

"When I fust got aholt o' that 'ere letter I was 'feared you'd got a feller 'way off some'eres," said Jared, after several attempts to clear his throat.



"I was 'feared you'd got a feller 'way off some'eres."

"Why, Jer'd, what'd you care 'f I had?"

"I du care."

"No, Jer'd, I hain't got no feller, fur ner near."

"Say, Phebe Ann," he said, desperately, "if you ever do wanter git married, you needn't never go to the 'Hio tu. Not if you could stan' it along wi' me."

The love-song of the toads was ringing again, and the insistent, monotonous trill was not broken when Jared and Phebe Ann came

slowly to the brookside, whispering infrequent words into each other's hungry ears. Nor did it cease to shake the night air, fragrant with the warm breath of the earth and the faint aroma of the sweet-flag, when she said with a startled voice: "There, Jer'd Waite! I du b'lieve I've gone an' lost that letter for good and all!"

So they went back up the hill, searching the ground, step by step, with the moonlight making one long shadow behind them.



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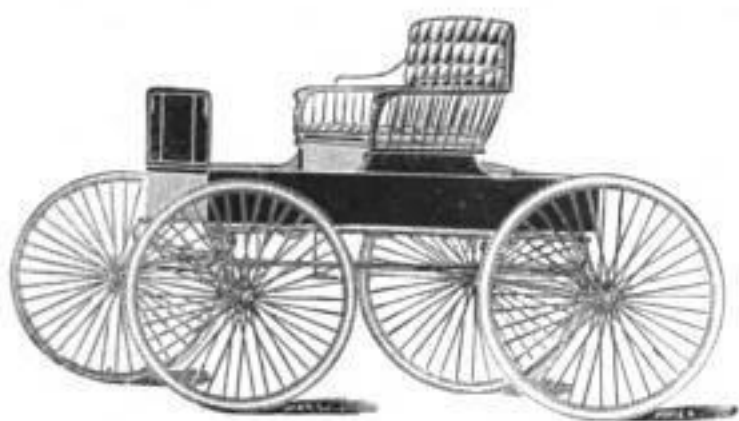
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FOR SEPTEMBER



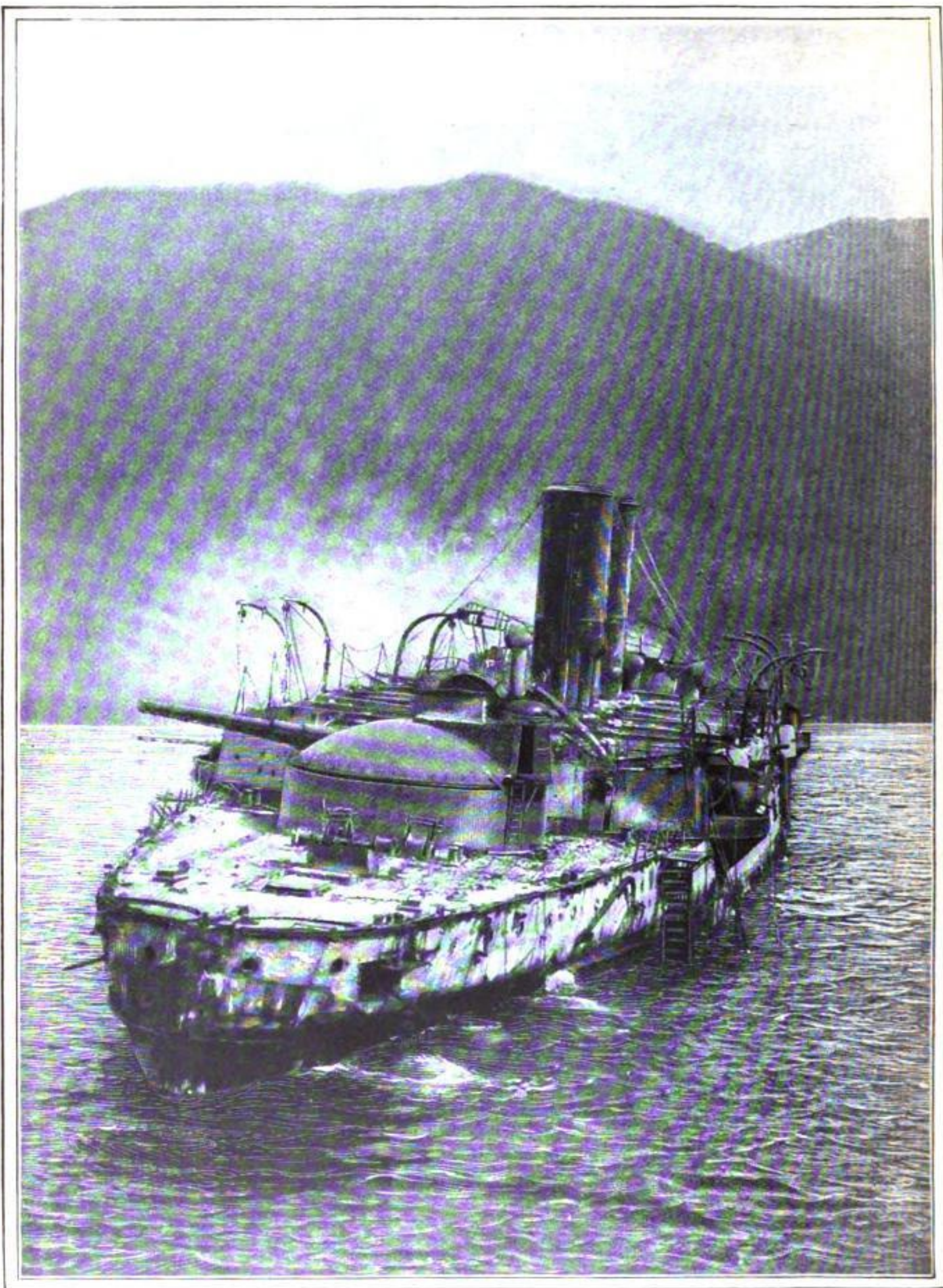


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STARBOARD QUARTER VIEW OF THE "ALMIRANTE OQUENDO."

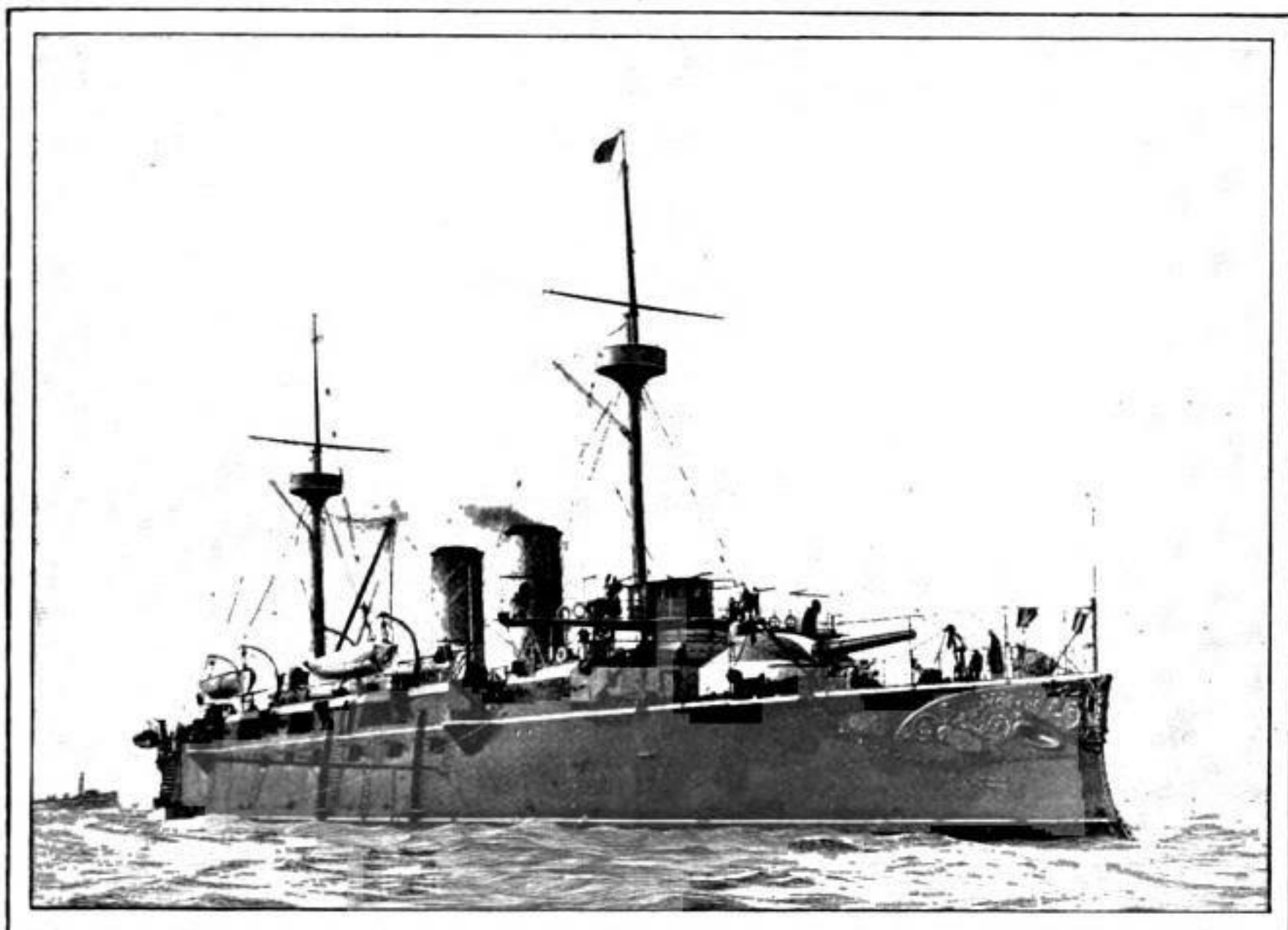
From a photograph taken on the morning of the day after the battle, July 4th, by J. C. Hemment ; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Smoke was coming out of the "Oquendo's" bow at the time the picture was taken.

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No. 5.



THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "VIZCAYA."

Sister ship to the "Almirante Oquendo" and the "Maria Teresa." From a photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Displacement, 7,000 tons; length, 364 feet; speed, 18.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,050 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 to 3 inches; barbettes, 5 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 11-inch Hontoria, ten 5.5-inch Hontoria rapid-fire guns. Secondary battery: eight 6-pounders, ten 1-pounders rapid-fire. Several machine guns. Torpedo tubes, six. All three ships were built in Spain.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

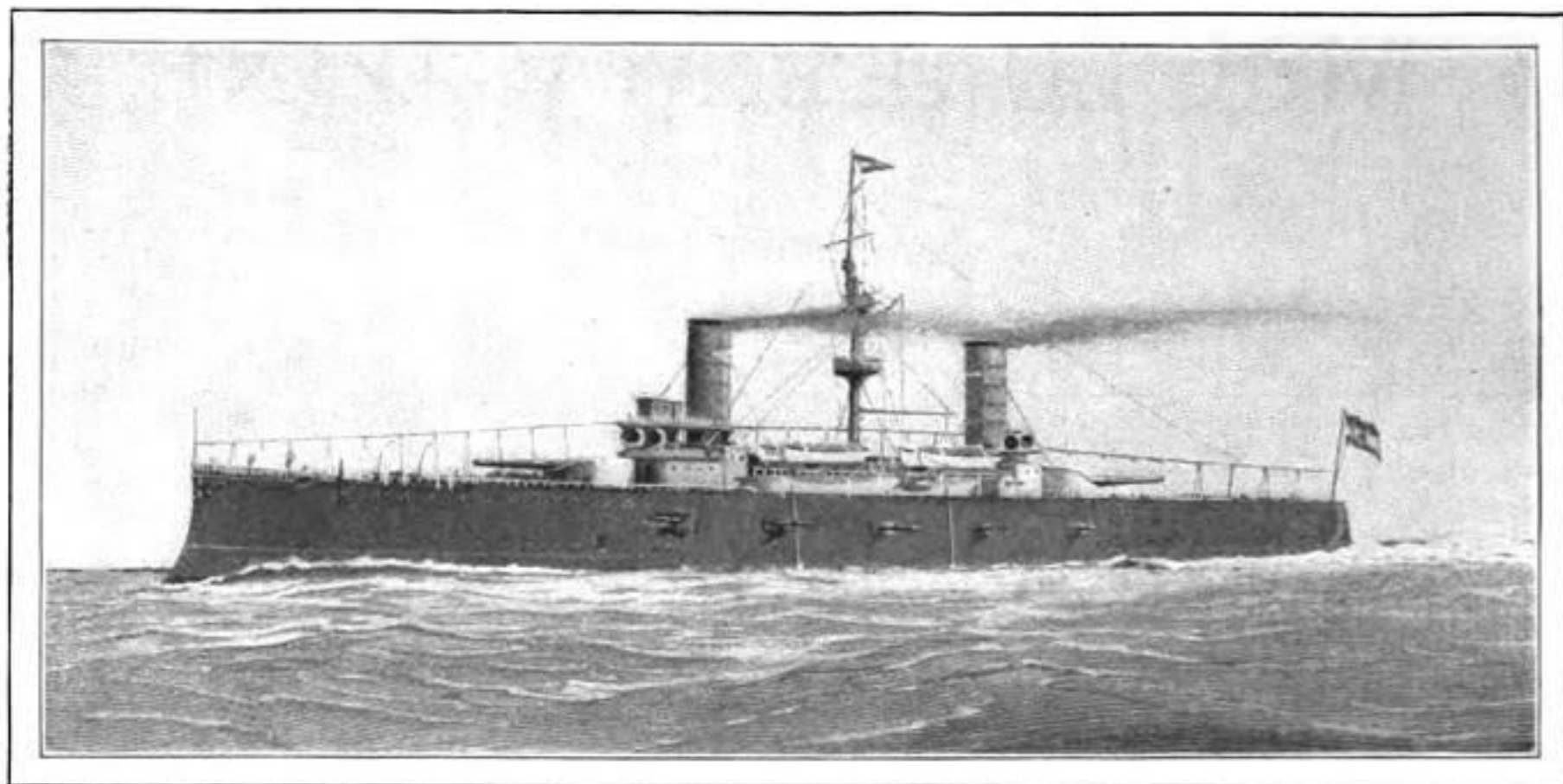
WITH A COMPLETE PICTORIAL RECORD, COMPRISING PORTRAITS OF ALL THE COMMANDERS, PICTURES OF ALL THE SHIPS, SCENES FROM THE BATTLE, AND VIEWS OF ALL THE WRECKS.

I.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "BROOKLYN," COMMODORE SCHLEY'S FLAGSHIP.

BY GEORGE E. GRAHAM.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At the time of the great naval battle that resulted in the destruction of the entire Spanish fleet commanded by Admiral Cervera, there chanced to be aboard the ships engaged only two war correspondents. These favored two were Mr. George E. Graham and Mr. W. A. M. Goode, both representing the Associated Press. Mr. Graham was with Commodore Schley on his flagship the "Brooklyn," and thence saw the entire engagement,

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THE ARMORED SPANISH CRUISER "CRISTOBAL COLON."

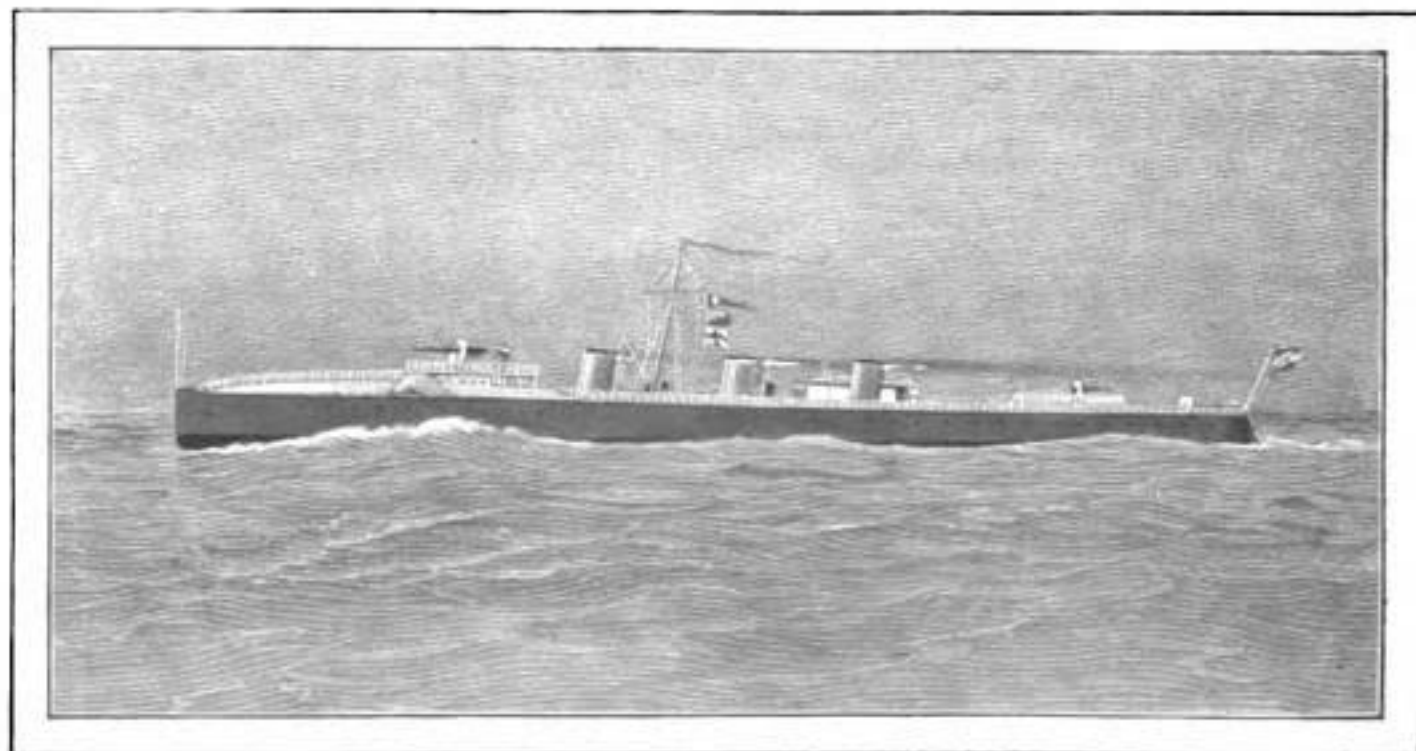
The "Cristobal Colon" was the fastest and most powerful of the Spanish ships destroyed off Santiago. Displacement, 6,800 tons; length, 323 feet; speed, 20 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,200 tons; complement, 500 men. Armor: belt, 6 inches; deck, 2 to 14 inches; barbettes, 5 inches. Guns—main battery: two 9.84-inch, ten 5.9-inch rapid-fire. Secondary battery: six 4.7-inch rifles, ten 6 and ten 1 pounders rapid-fire, two Maxim guns. Torpedo tubes, four. Built in Italy.

from the lifting of the first suspicious cloud of smoke from the Spanish ships, while they were yet hidden in Santiago harbor, to the final overhauling and capture of the last of them, the "Cristobal Colon," after a thrilling chase of forty-eight miles. Mr. Goode, the meanwhile, was at the side of Admiral Sampson, on his flagship the "New York," and shared in all the anxieties and excitements of that historic pursuit, when the "New York," seven miles east of the entrance of the harbor and headed for Siboney, turned sharply about at the first signal, and, by steaming at her utmost speed, secured for herself a fair share in the fight, and, traversing the whole line, came up in time to see the "Cristobal Colon" surrender to the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." In this and the following article Mr. Graham and Mr. Goode tell, expressly for the readers of *McCLURE'S*, the story of what they saw and what they experienced under these most favorable and, at the same time, most extraordinary conditions. In this connection the following letter will be read with interest:

My dear Graham:

U. S. F. S. "BROOKLYN," 1st Rate,
GUANTANAMO, CUBA, July 5, 1898.

As you may soon leave us, I desire to congratulate you upon your courageous performance of duty during the action with the Spanish fleet under Admiral Cervera, off Santiago de Cuba, on the 3d inst. You were either under my personal observation or of the officers on deck, all of whom testify to your pluck and good work. You remained in the open during the entire action, at the best points of vantage to observe the



THE SPANISH TORPEDO DESTROYER "FUROR."

The "Furor," which was sunk within twenty minutes after the time she emerged from the harbor, was a sister ship to the "Pluton." Displacement, 380 tons; length, 220 feet; speed, 27 knots; maximum coal supply, 100 tons; complement, 67 men. Guns: two 14-pounders rapid-fire, two 6-pounders, two 1.45-inch automatic guns, two 14-inch Schwartzkopff torpedo tubes. Built in Spain.

enemy and our fleet, coolly taking notes, and thus contributing most valuable and reliable information to history and for instruction of future generations. Yours was a devotion to duty, under heavy fire, with no other incentive than to serve the best interests of the trust imposed upon you. With best wishes for your future, and most pleasant impressions from an association on board,

I am cordially yours,

F. A. COOK,
Captain, U. S. Navy,
Commanding.



CAPTAIN EULATE
of the "Vizcaya."



CAPT. DON JUAN LAZAGO
of the "Almirante Oquendo."



CAPTAIN DIAZ MOREU
of the "Cristobal Colon."



CAPTAIN CONCAS
of the "Maria Teresa."

SUNDAY morning, July 3d, off Santiago, Cuba, was as monotonous in its birth as had been the preceding days and Sundays to the American blockading fleet. Five weeks and six Sundays before this third of July, Commodore Schley had run the Spanish quarry to hole, and those first few days before quaint old Morro's guarding fortress had not seemed so monotonous. Perhaps it was because, in the sunsets and sunrises, in the cool of the night and the warmth of the noonday, we thought we found evidences of the picturesque as described in our primers and geographies, a picturesqueness that exists but in a small degree off southern Cuba. The starlit night had, like other starlit nights, been extinguished by a sudden rush of gray light, a moving away quickly of a curtain of nasty moist mist and the appearance of the hot sun, without a single parti-colored herald, like that which the North produces and calls sunrise. The sun does not rise in Cuba, it jumps above the horizon with a mystical hand upon an electric lever that extinguishes the myriad of stars. It paled the brilliant gems of color on the masts of the warships, and compelled the signal men to resort to flags as a medium for communication.

It was just such a morning, this day preceding the Union's national birthday, as was the morning five weeks before when, sitting on the after-bridge of the "Brooklyn," Commodore Schley saw the fleet of Cervera in

the harbor and made to me the caustic remark: "They will never get home." The sun crept up to where it compelled you for safety, if not for comfort, to avoid its rays; the big awning was spread on the quarter-deck of the "Brooklyn," and on all the ships preparations were made to add one more day to the monotonous count that figured up five long weeks.

All of the American ships had drifted out

to a distance of three miles from Morro, and the heavy war vessels lay bunched to the east near the flagship of Admiral Sampson, the "New York." The "Massachusetts," first-class battleship, the "New Orleans," protected cruiser, and the "Newark," cruiser and flagship of Commodore Watson, had left the line and were forty miles to the eastward for coal, provisions, and ammunition. The flagship at 8.55 o'clock had signaled "Disregard the motions of the Commander-in-Chief," and had



ADMIRAL CERVERA.

moved away towards Altares, seven miles to the east of Morro and out of signal distance. At 9.20 the "New York" was out of signal distance of the fleet, and the command thereupon devolved upon Commodore Schley. The Commodore had come upon deck about nine o'clock, and was sitting well aft on the quarter-deck talking with the writer. There had been several fires noticed on shore to the westward of Santiago the night previous, and Commodore Schley had requested Flag-Lieutenant Sears to ask the "Texas,"

"What is your theory about the burning of the block-houses on the hill last night?" with a view to determining whether the destruction was by Pando's Spanish reinforcements moving east to the aid of Santiago, or whether the Cubans under General Rabi had obtained control.

This signal was made at 9.15 o'clock, and we were remarking on the smoke we then saw arising in the harbor when the masthead man cried, "Smoke in the harbor, is moving to the entrance." Anxiety was somewhat removed, however, by the statement that the tug which daily supplied the forts at the entrance with necessities was moving over toward Estrella battery on the east.

POSITIONS OF THE SHIPS.

At this time the big warships had all massed to the east, quite a common occurrence for early morning. The western half of the blockading half circle consisted of the second-class battleship "Texas," the flagship "Brooklyn," and the small converted yacht "Vixen." The "Texas" was exactly south of the entrance, which points southwest, while the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," 5,500 yards to the west, rolled lazily in the swell of the Trade Wind sea. With the "Texas" as the central ship, the east was beautifully and effectively guarded by the "Iowa," "Indiana," and "Oregon," battleships, and the converted yacht "Gloucester," the

"Gloucester" nearest shore. The "Iowa" lay at least a half mile beyond the curve of the circle, and, glasses in hand, I remember calling Commodore Schley's attention to it. He answered: "I understand her forward twelve-inch turret is broken, and they are



CAPTAIN VASQUEZ
of the Spanish Torpedo Destroyer "Pluton."



CAPTAIN CARLIER
of the Spanish Torpedo Destroyer "Furor."

probably trying to fix it." I remember also noticing that the "Gloucester" was very close in to shore, and that, while the eastern end of the line was so formidable that no tactician with common sense would have attempted to pass it, there were openings to the west on both sides of the

"Brooklyn" that must have offered tempting invitation to a foe desirous of, and eagerly looking for, a chance to escape. It must also be remembered that the plan of blockade was one of immobility, the ships pointing their noses towards the entrance but not moving, and therefore allowing a fleeing enemy a chance to gain a great advantage in a flying start.

Thus, four American battleships, the "Iowa," "Oregon," "Texas," and "Indiana," with the armored cruiser "Brooklyn," formed the guard, with the two converted yachts, "Gloucester" and "Vixen," as pickets. Of the ships of battle the "Indiana" could not exceed a speed of nine knots, and her forward thirteen-inch turret was out of order, the guns incapacitated; the "Iowa" had steam up but for five knots, and was also having trouble with her forward twelve-inch turret, and the "Brooklyn" had had some of her five-inch guns badly strained by the bombardment of the day before. None of the ships had steam for more than ten knots, and the "Brooklyn's" forward engines were uncoupled. That God was with us on "his own day"



VICE-ADMIRAL VILLAMIL,
Commander of the Torpedo Boat Destroyers.

will be shown by this plain, unvarnished tale, for in the land-locked harbor lay four heavily armored and heavily armed cruisers, with a speed alleged to average eighteen and one-half knots, and two torpedo-boat destroyers, both of them better armed and swifter

than either the "Gloucester" or the "Vixen." The conditions, therefore, on this Sunday morning were, that a superior force of the enemy was being held in check by an inferior force outside, and, in addition, the fire of the shore batteries could reach the American ships.

THE ENEMY SEEKS TO ESCAPE.

Dressed in a pair of shabby blue serge trousers, a black alpaca coat, and an officer's white summer hat, with no insignia of rank upon him, Commodore Schley braced his white-shod feet against the hatch combing, tilted his chair back, plucked rather nervously at his imperial, and remarked, "This is pretty slow." Over the water from the "Texas" came a sweet bugle call to church, and the bell tolled softly. Three bells clanged out on the "Brooklyn," and Captain Cook and Executive Officer Mason came on the quarter-deck with their swords on. "We're going to have general muster," said Captain Cook, in response to the inquiring look of the Commodore, and the men began gathering in their various divisions. General muster is compulsory every month in the navy, and the



COMMODORE SCHLEY OF THE "BROOKLYN." From a photograph by Jackson.



CAPTAIN COOK OF THE "BROOKLYN." From a photograph by Muller, Brooklyn.

solemn act of reading the Articles of War is gone through with, in a perfunctory sort of way. A look through the glasses showed on all the ships similar tableaux, and the typical quietude of Sunday prevailed. On the forward bridge Navigator Hodgson had relieved the officer of the deck, and Quartermaster Anderson was keeping the long glass trained on the suspicious smoke just back of the high hill at the entrance.

"That smoke is

moving, sir," he said quietly to Mr. Hodgson.

"Give me the glass," said the Navigator, and, fixing it on the hazy smoke in the entrance, he took a long look. Anderson caught the glass as it fell, or it would have been smashed, while Hodgson, picking up the megaphone, yelled, "After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out."

There was little necessity for the cadet on the signal bridge to repeat the message. Before he had stumbled down the ladder to the quarter-deck, the strident tones of Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard, "Clear ship for action," and the clanging bells notified those below of the summons to battle. Captain Cook rushed forward to the conning-tower to move the ship; and grabbing up his binoculars, Commodore Schley started forward.

I followed him closely, and as he passed the after bridge heard him call to Ensign McCauley, "Signal, 'The enemy is escaping.'" Lieutenant Sears, who was near, shouted back, "We have already done so, sir!" and Schley, as he hurried through the gallery towards the fore-castle, answered: "Signal the fleet to clear ship."

As he climbed the ladder to the fore-castle, I remember his pulling out my watch, which I had loaned him, and saying to me, "It's just 9.35 o'clock." Just as we reached the point of vantage, a wooden platform two feet high elevated around the conning-tower, there came the sharp detonation of a six-pounder, and we saw from the smoke that

the "Iowa" had fired the first shot and was flying the signal, "The enemy is escaping," having run it up several seconds before the "Brooklyn" served the same notice. Following quickly the warning of the "Iowa," the doughty "Texas" opened with a big twelve-inch shot; and, as Captain Cook shouted to the quartermaster, "Full speed ahead," the "Brooklyn's" forward eight-inch guns boomed out. From the time of Lieutenant Hodgson's announcement to the time of the boom of the "Brooklyn's" guns was barely three minutes, and what to a layman seemed the direst pandemonium and disorder was the finest of discipline and the acme of order. That men flew by you dropping their shirts from their backs as they ran, that orders flew thick and fast, and that men and officers seemed tumbling over one another was no criterion. That every gun was ready to shoot; that fire had been started under four fresh boilers; that every battle hatch had been lowered; that every watertight compartment was closed; that ammunition was ready for the reloading of the guns; that the fire pumps were on and the decks wet down, and that every man of 500 was in the place assigned to him for battle, completes an indisputable miracle.

THE "BROOKLYN" CLOSES IN.

Turning so as to fire her port battery, the "Brooklyn" moved northeast towards the harbor entrance, while the big battleships, somewhat slower in their movements, pointed straight in. Glasses in hand, Commodore

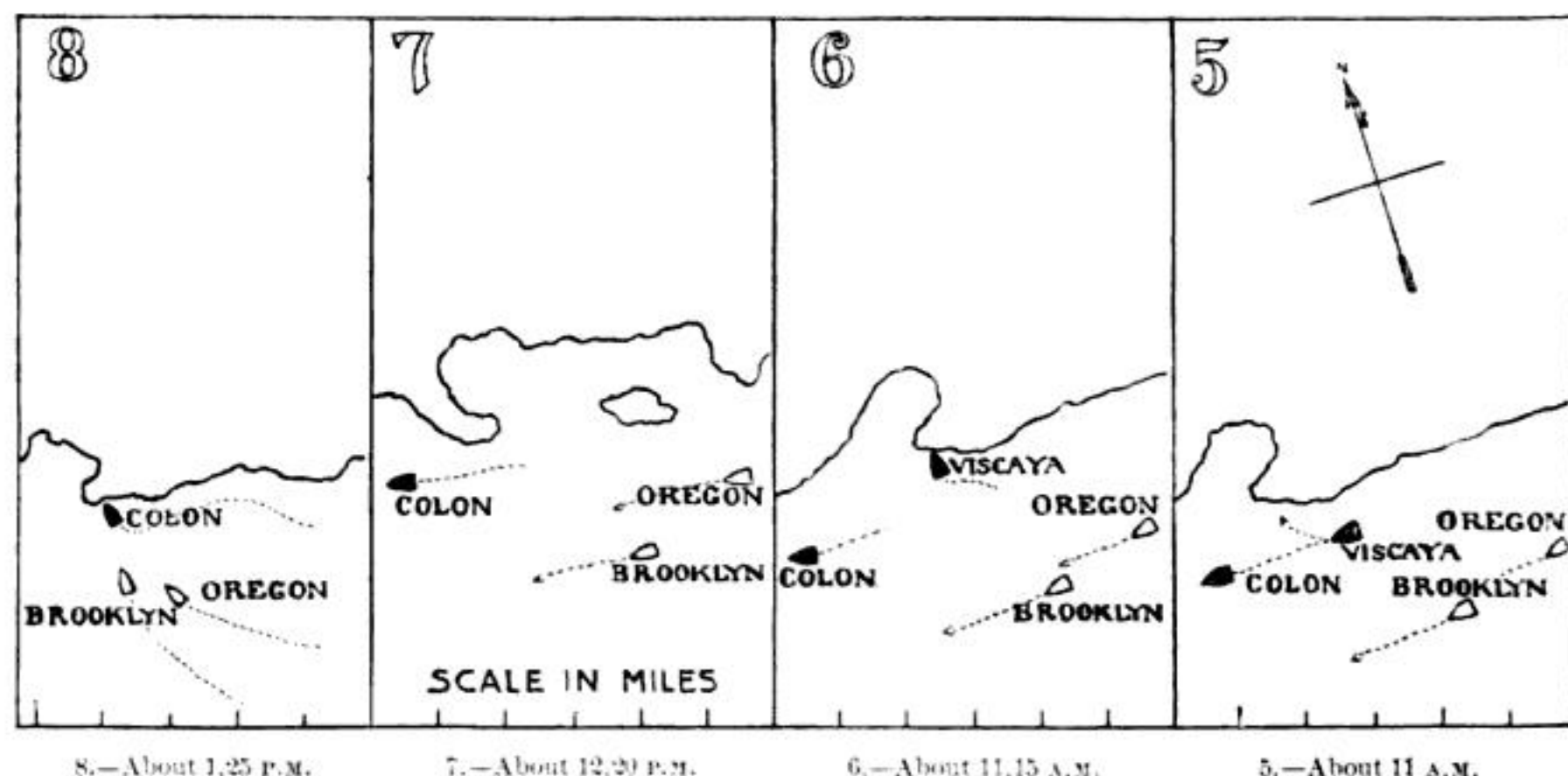
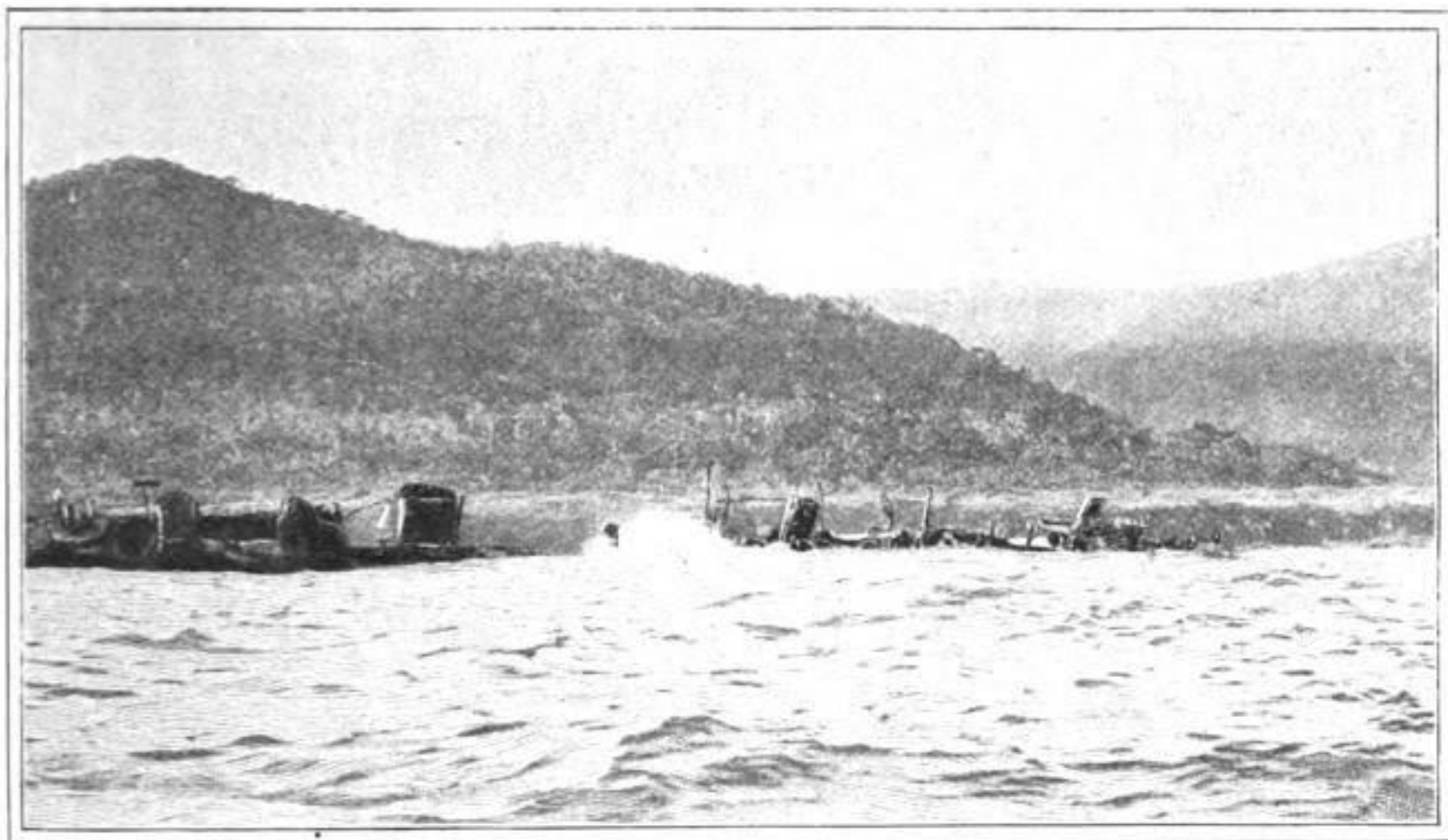


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE SUCCESSIVE RELATIVE

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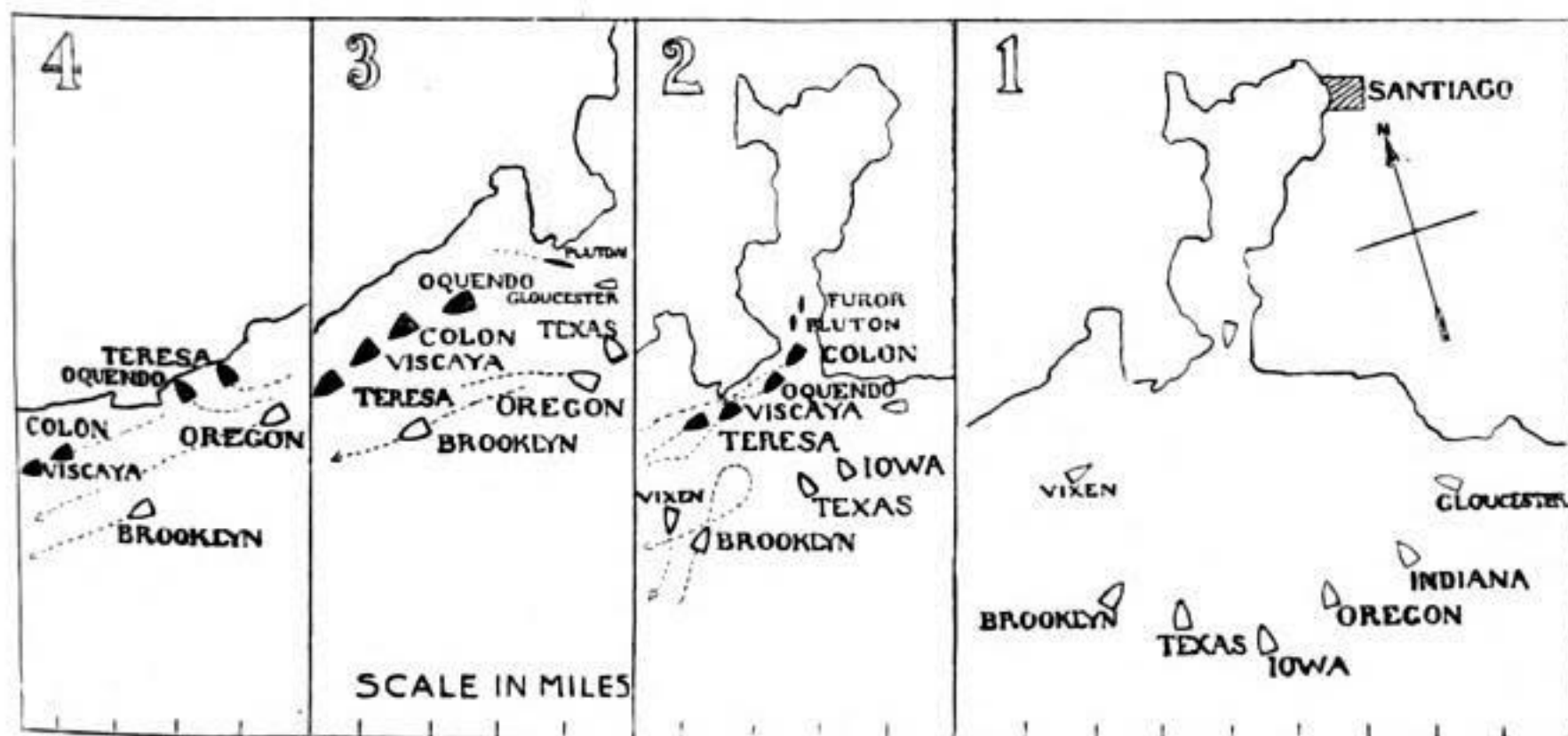
WRECK OF THE TORPEDO DESTROYER "FUROR."

From a photograph taken the day after the battle, and kindly loaned by the "New York Herald."

Schley tried to make out the enemy's ships. It was a trying and nerve-destroying moment. The terrific effect of the eight-inch gun fire on one's ear drums, the distressing taste of the saltpeter, the blinding effect of the dense smoke, and the whiz of projectiles of the enemy in close proximity, all were forgotten, and you stared through your bedimmed glasses at the entrance full of smoke, a yellow mass at which the first terrible fire of the American ships was directed with such frightful effect. Out of the midst of it there suddenly projected a black, glistening hull,

the position of which showed it to be pointing westward. Would the others follow, or would they break through at different points? Still the frightful fire of the ships continued, and flashes of brilliancy from the mass of smoke in the entrance showed that the enemy had opened. The western battery on the crown of the hill was also dropping shot to the westward.

At Commodore Schley's elbow stood Flag-Lieutenant Sears, also with glasses glued to his eyes. For a minute the pall of smoke rose, and then Lieutenant Sears exclaimed:



4.—About 10.35 A.M.

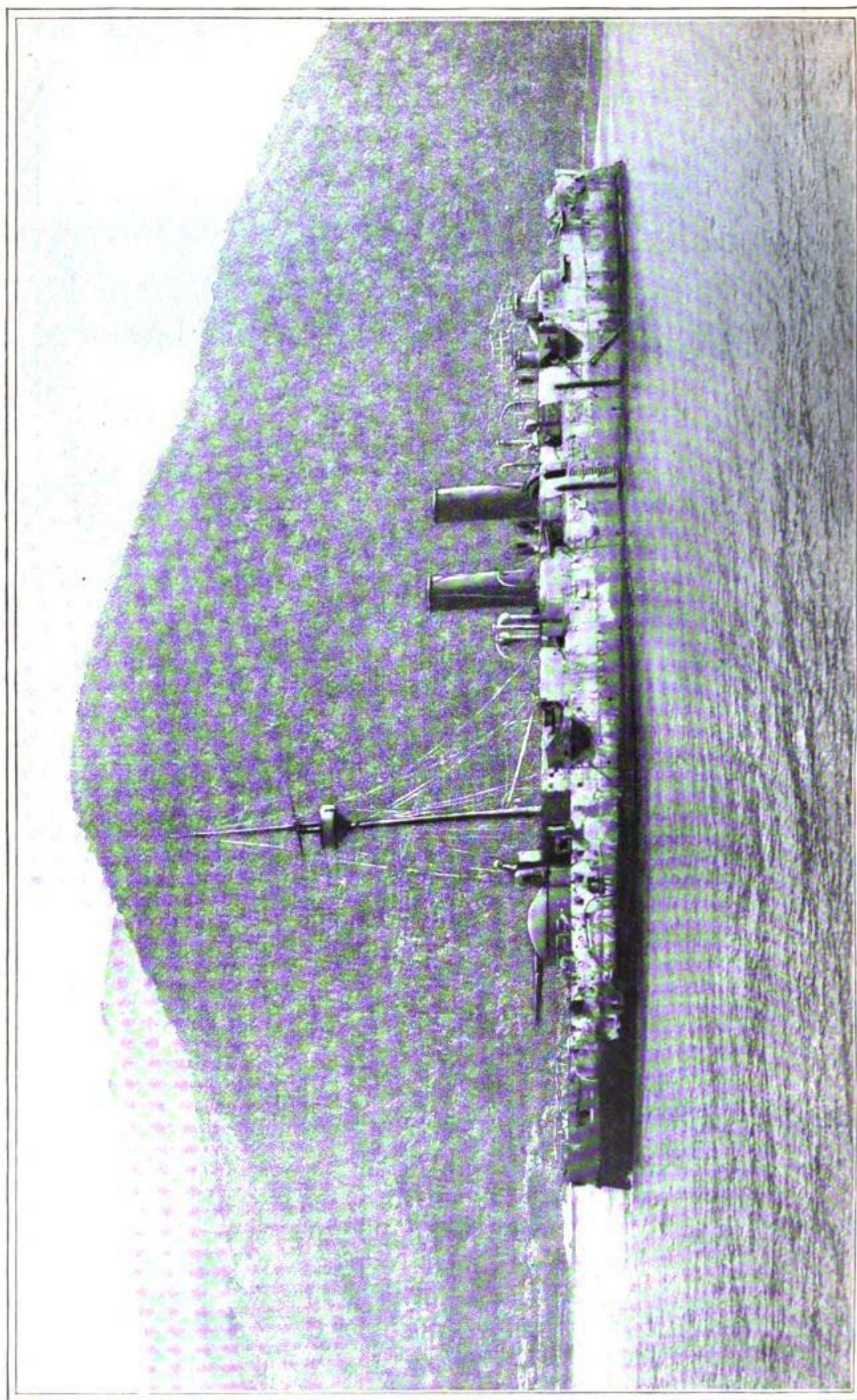
3.—About 10.20 A.M.

2.—About 10 A.M.

1.—9.33 A.M.

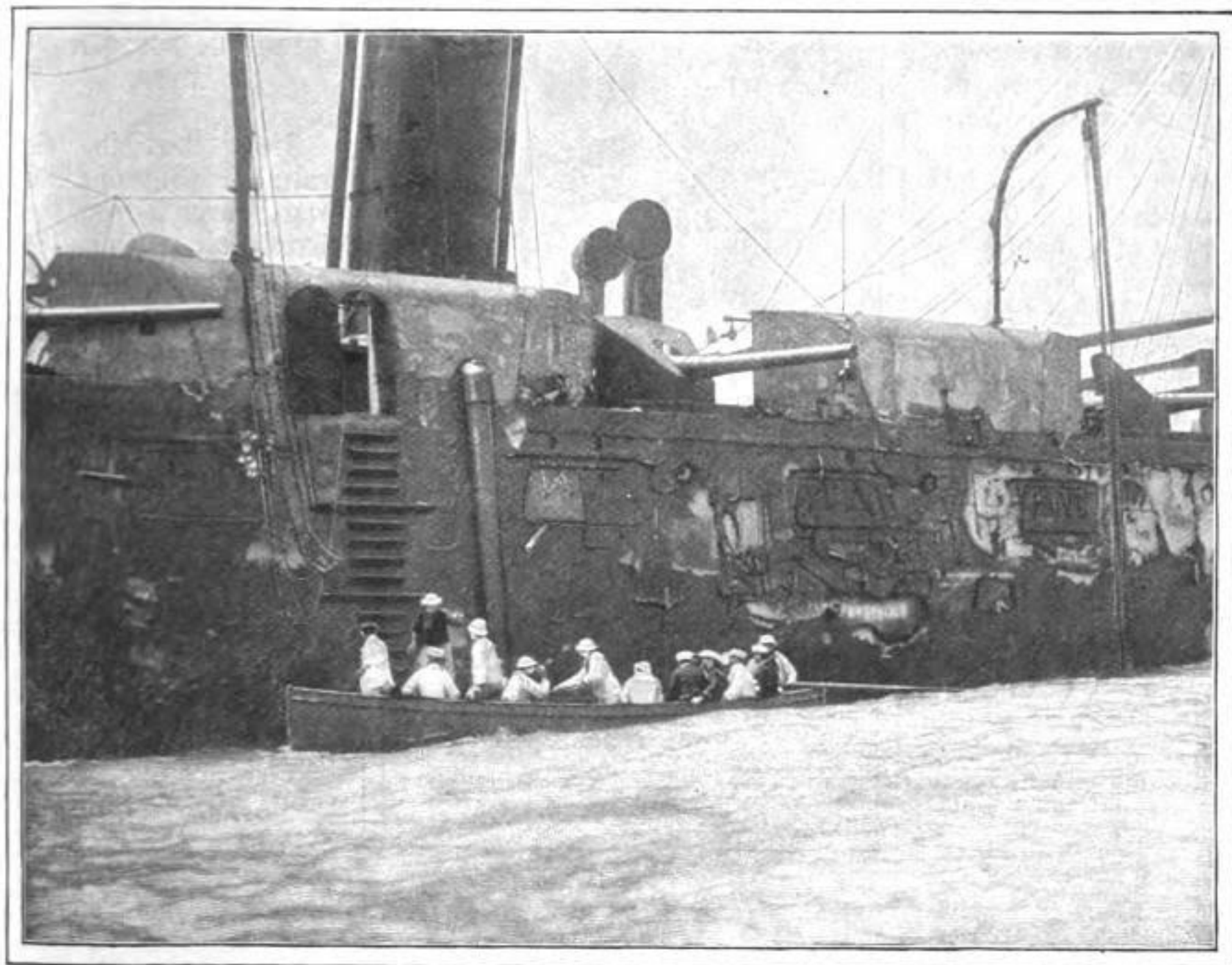
POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS IN THE BATTLE.

the author.



PORT SIDE OF THE "MARIA TERESA" AS SHE LAY ON THE SHOALS THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



PORT SIDE OF THE "MARIA TERESA." COMMISSION OF INSPECTION GOING ON BOARD TO MAKE AN EXAMINATION OF THE SHIP.

From a photograph taken July 7th by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Among the commissioners are Executive Officer Rodgers of the "Iowa," Executive Officer Mason of the "Brooklyn," Lieutenant Haeseler of the "Texas," and Naval Constructor Hobson.

"They are all out, and coming to the westward, Commodore!"

"Yes," answered this cool commandant, "and the torpedo boats are with them." Then turning to Captain Cook, he said: "Have your rapid-fire guns ready for those fellows, Cook," and the Captain, smiling, pointed to the guns where the men were already firing. It was just 9.45, and Ensign McCauley hoisted the signal to the fleet to "Close up."

A CRITICAL SITUATION FOR THE "BROOKLYN."

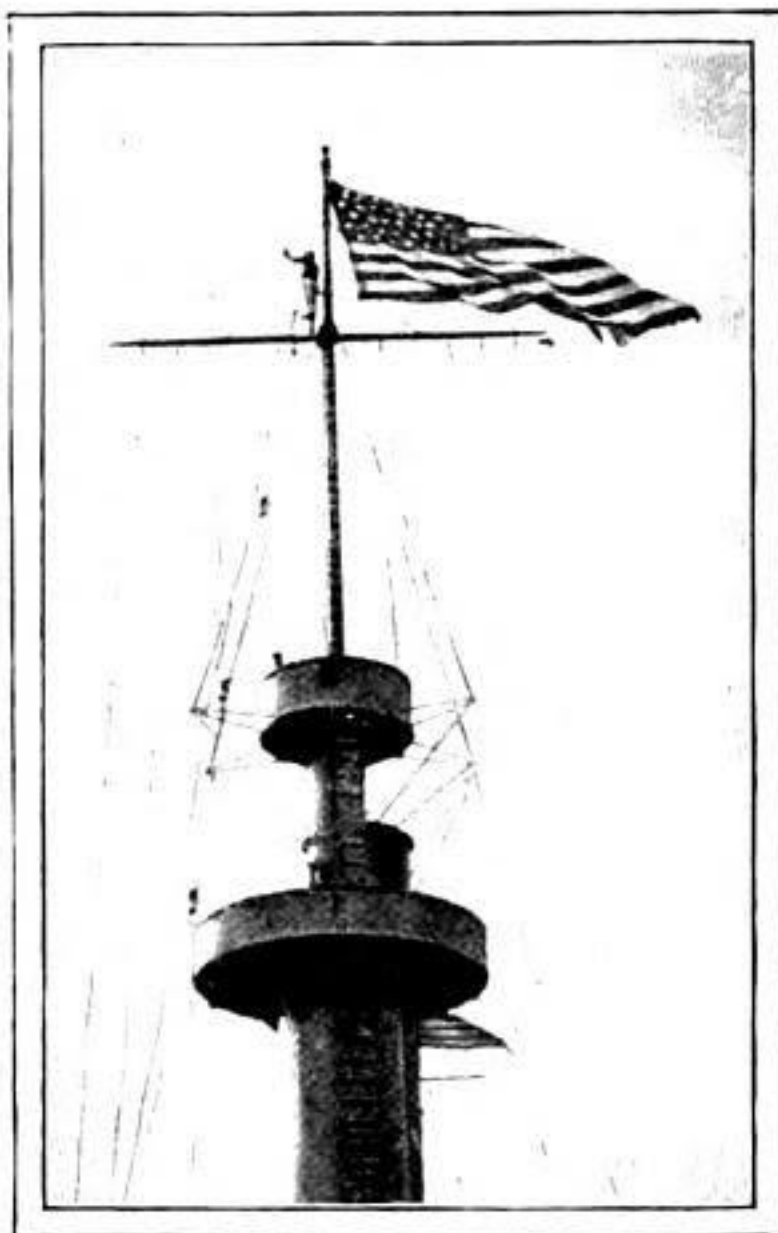
The situation for the "Brooklyn" now seemed desperate. The great ship was pointing and moving directly toward the Spanish ships coming out to the west. Every inclination, had a decision been made suddenly, was to turn in the same direction, to the west, to head them off. But had this inclination been followed, the "Brooklyn's" starboard side would have been so placed that any one of the Spanish fleet would have

been able to ram her and sink her, or torpedo her, with the same fatal result.

The "Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," the "Colon," and the "Oquendo" were now in plain view, in the order named, with the torpedo boats "Furor" and "Pluton" following. Suddenly the "Vizcaya" left the westward-pointing line and headed straight for the "Brooklyn." Almost at the same instant that Lieutenant Sears reported this, Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook: "Put your helm hard a-port," and the ship began to move around to starboard, steering a circle *toward* the enemy, instead of away from him. It was evident that neither the "Vizcaya" nor the "Maria Teresa" quite understood this movement, for both immediately changed their course and ran nearer shore. Around in a short circle moved the "Brooklyn," her port side a perfect mass of flame and smoke, as the six eight-inch, six five-inch, and eight six-pounders belched forth the deadly shot. Then, as she swung towards the four Spanish ships, her star-

board battery opened, and the din was terrific.

"Tell the men at the guns to fire deliberately and make every shot tell," called Schley to Captain Cook, and out of the choking smoke and fire Lieutenant-Commander Mason could be heard quietly instructing the men in the turrets as to the distance. The "Brooklyn" had described a perfect circle, and, although under a deluge of shot and shell, uninjured, pointed west and began her famous fight. The "Colon" could be seen sneaking up behind the Spanish line, as if intent upon getting away, while the "Oquendo" and "Maria Teresa," evidently striving vainly to shield the torpedo boats, were receiving a most horrible baptism of shot and shell.



SAILOR REPLACING THE "BROOKLYN'S" BATTLE-FLAG AFTER IT HAD BEEN SHOT AWAY.

From a photograph taken by the author.

SUNK IN FORTY M'N-UTES.

How terrible this rain of steel projectiles was, thrown from the battleships and the cruiser, is indicated by the fact that within forty minutes two heavily protected cruisers and two torpedo boats were destroyed and had surrendered. Yet there is evidence to show that the large twelve and thirteen-inch projectiles did little of this damage, only three of them landing. The roar of the guns and the whistle and crash of the falling projectiles acted upon the observer like a tonic, and with absolute nonchalance to danger I watched closely the result.

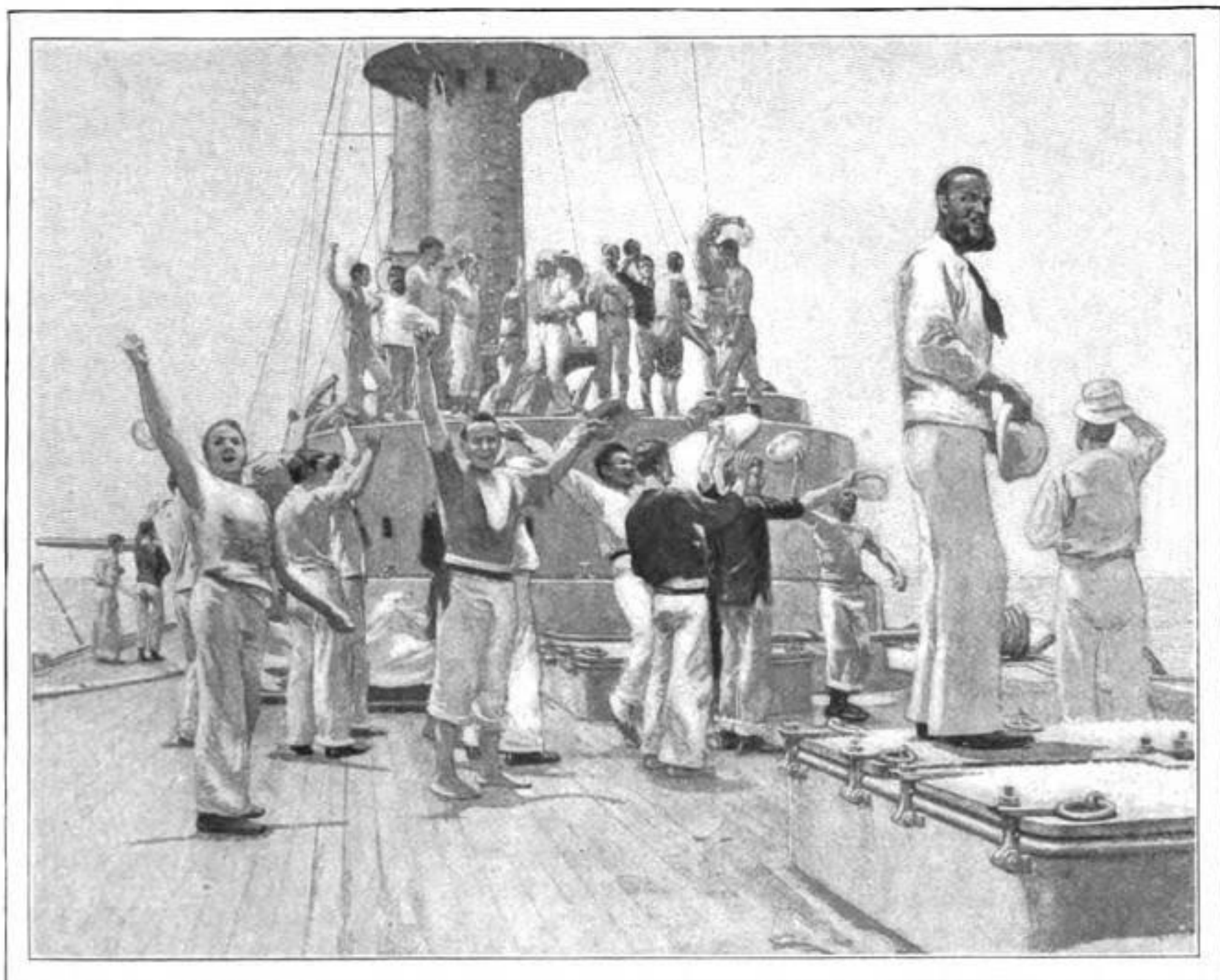
The instant the "Colon" had cleared the harbor, she started up the line behind the

three other ships, doing but little firing. The two long, snaky torpedo destroyers following her also attempted to hide themselves; but Captain Wainwright, in the "Gloucester," had seen them, and in a moment the little converted yacht was bearing down upon them. At the same instant, every ship in the fleet opened upon them with the rapid-fire one and six pounders. Like an avenging angel seeking more tribute for the "Maine" dis-



ON THE AFTER TURRET OF THE "BROOKLYN" DURING THE CHASE OF THE "CRISTOBAL COLON."

From a photograph taken by the author.



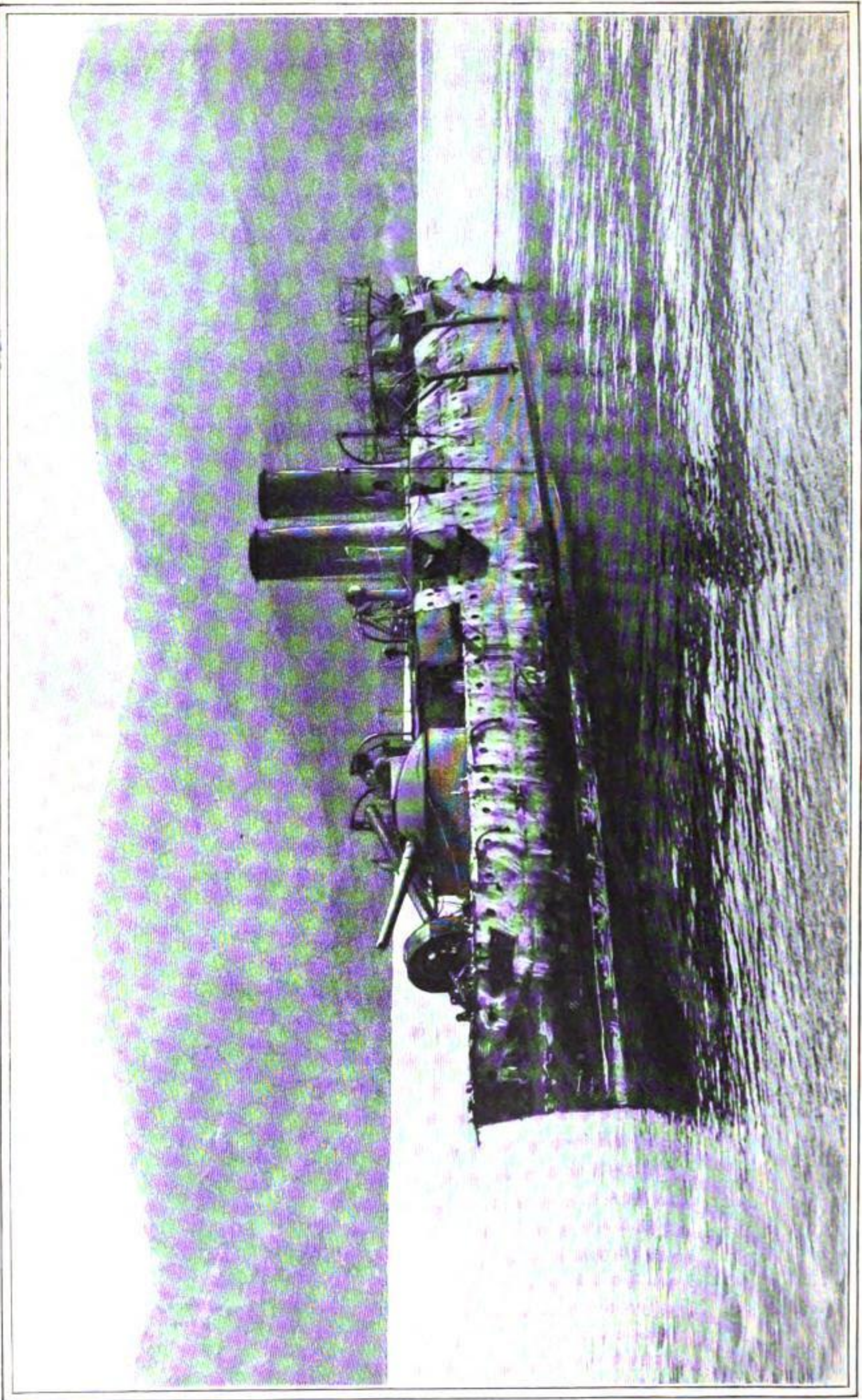
"THREE CHEERS FOR COMMODORE SCHLEY."

From a photograph taken by the author.

aster, a great shell from one of the big warships, either the "Iowa," the "Indiana," or the "Oregon," whizzed over the top of the "Gloucester," and struck the "Pluton" in the middle, and with a roar and a plunge she vanished from sight as if the sea had opened up a great grave to receive her. The "Furor" got partially behind the "Oquendo," which was now directing a heavy fire on the "Texas" and the "Brooklyn;" but the "Gloucester," despite the shore batteries, turned in after her, and fairly riddled her with small projectiles. Stung to death, she turned for shore, and broke in two on a reef, the wild surf sounding her requiem. Those of her crew who survived flung themselves wildly into the surf, but some were rescued by the crew of the "Gloucester."

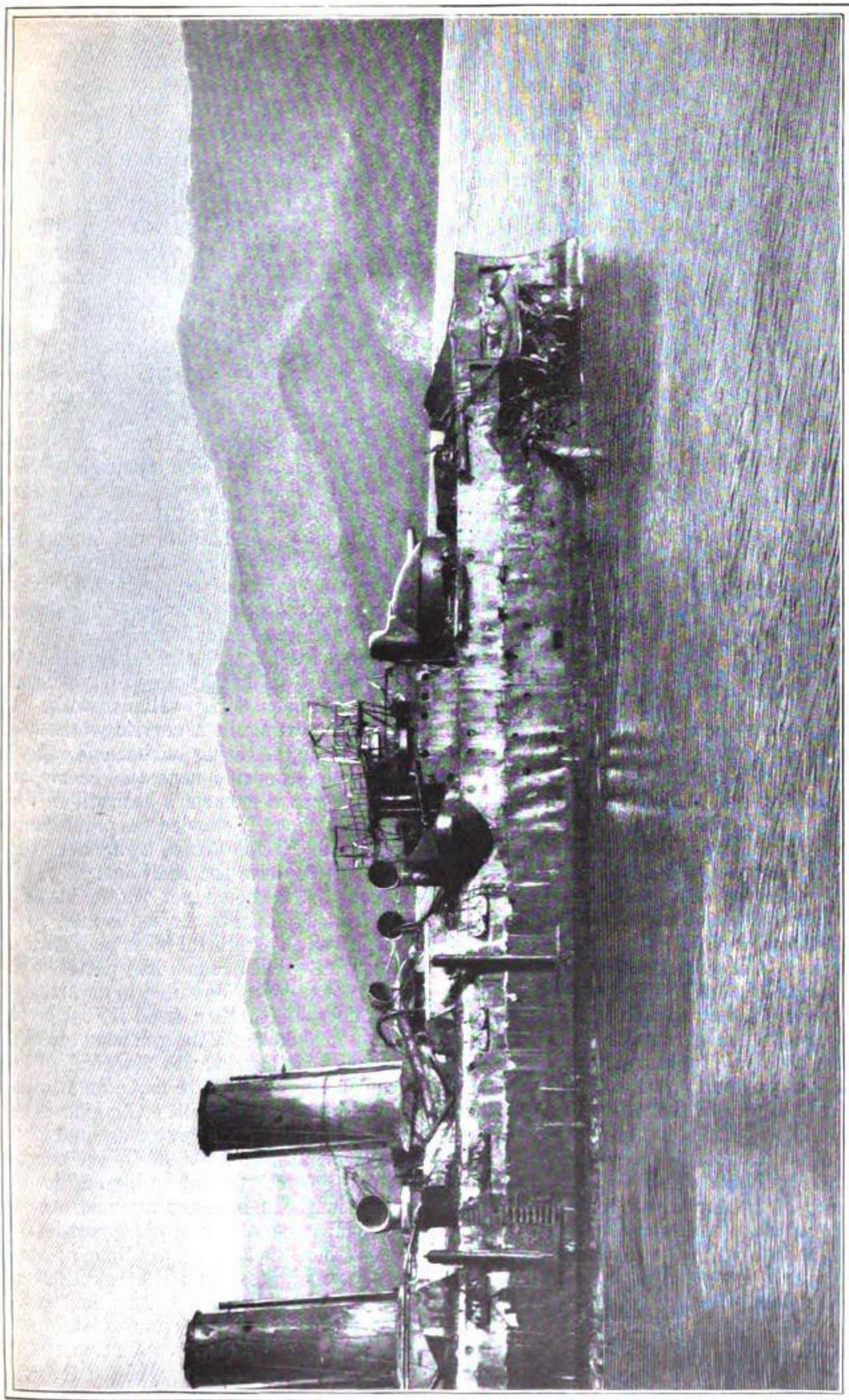
It was at this time, looking back from the quarter-deck of the "Brooklyn," that the frightful work being accomplished on the Spanish ships by the American squadron could be appreciated. It was one yellow pall of smoke where the American ships were, from out of which would shoot blast-

ing flames whose tongues licked caressingly the ends of steel projectiles as they sped on their journey: to attempt to analyze which of these engines of destruction did the terrific work on the enemy would be extreme self-assumption. No man who aided in fighting ships that day can say more than that his projectile was aimed to hit the black crafts that, with but a slight steam-like smoke from their guns, tried vainly to creep along the coast to the west. The active firing had begun at 9.40 o'clock. The "Oquendo," still working her guns, caught fire at 10.22, and for ten minutes her men tried to put it out. But from the military tops and the superstructures of the big warships was pouring a deadly fire of rapid-fire six-pounders, while the "Iowa" and "Texas" were dropping four and six inch shells in her. Just ahead of her was the "Maria Teresa," the flagship, while the "Vizcaya" was passing along inside of the two, followed by the "Colon." The punishment being inflicted on the "Maria Teresa" was not so heavy as that on the "Oquendo," but the "Brook-



STERN VIEW OF THE "VIZCAYA" AS SHE LAY WRECKED ON THE BEACH.

From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Henment ; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.



STARBOARD BOW VIEW OF THE "VIZCAYA."

The large hole was made by a shell from the American ships. Later the explosion of the forward magazine destroyed the mast and demolished the superstructure generally. From a photograph taken on the morning of July 4th by J. C. Hemment ; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

lyn" was raking her fore and aft. Suddenly, in the lull, a big shell from the "Texas" crashed through her just above her armor belt. It evidently cut her fire mains, for the next instant, when a shell from the "Brooklyn" smashed through the side, just forward of her beam, and exploding set fire to her, she turned to the beach helpless. It was just 10.31 when the flagship of Cervera ran to the beach a mass of flames, and five minutes later, and but half a mile farther west, the "Oquendo," half her men killed and the ship fairly riddled with shell, followed. In less than forty minutes the two best ships in the Spanish navy had been destroyed, as well as two torpedo boats, and the superiority of guns and men over armor was demonstrated.

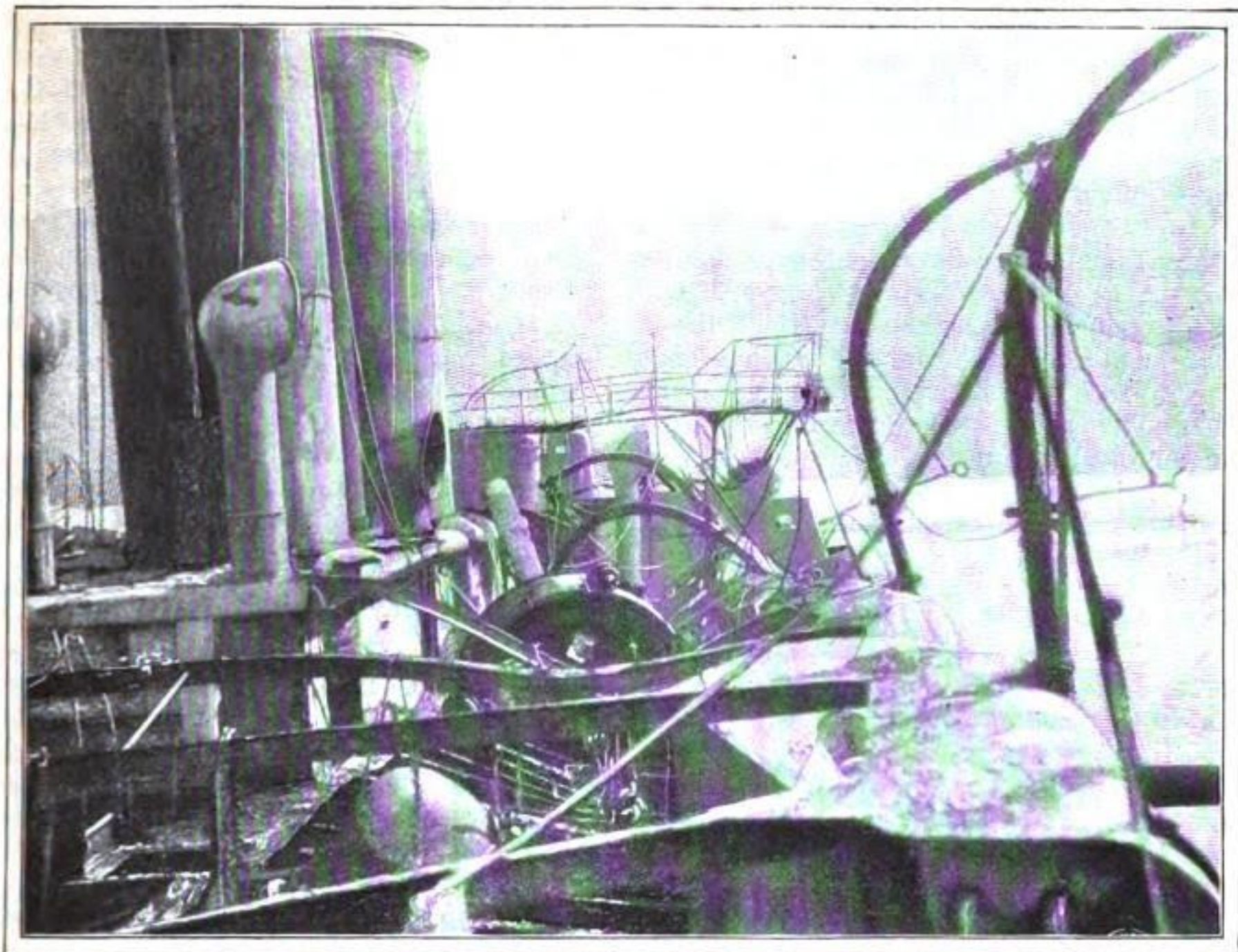
In this forty minutes many singular things had happened, demonstrating the bravery of men. The almost hysterical enthusiasm that actuates men in a moment of great danger had passed. The coolness of a partial despair born of a knowledge that careful work and quick work were their salvation had grown on all in the fight. The messengers, who, traversing the most dangerous portions of the ship, had at first rushed headlong to the delivery point, shrieking the message, began to move more sedately; the gunners watched the effect of a shot before they fired again; the men came out of the turrets for a breath of air, and discussed with disdain the shooting of the enemy, although we were hit several times. Captain Cook on the "Brooklyn," scorning the protection of eight inches of steel in his conning-tower, walked about and discussed the ship's movements with Schley, and the men not busy at the guns would get in exposed positions to see "where the Dagoes were." The Spanish had opened fire with their rapid-fire guns; and partly because the forecastle where I stood was covered with smoke from our own guns, and partly because I wanted to know how the men in the various divisions were conducting themselves, I started to make a tour of the ship.

To the lee of the forward eight-inch turret stood a young man named George H. Ellis. He was assisting the Navigator, Mr. Hodgson, to obtain the range or distance from our ship to the enemy. Captain Cook had just called to him to ask him the range. The "Vizcaya," "Maria Teresa," and "Colon" were then devoting their attention to us, and the fire was hot. Without an instant's hesitation, Ellis stepped into the open and, with the stadimeter to his eye, obtained the range.

Turning to Commodore Schley, he said: "Fourteen hundred yards to the 'Vizcaya,' sir." There was that low, moaning song, like a lost soul, that a shell makes; then we saw Ellis's body waver and fall headless to the deck, while men wiped from their faces and clothes the brain that had just given us necessary information. In the turrets it was pretty hot work, and, like a whale blowing, the men would come up alternately to get a bit of fresh air. In Lieutenant Doyle's starboard eight-inch turret one of his best gunners complained, "Sir, I can't see the shots drop," and Mr. Doyle replied, "Well, that's all right. When you don't see them drop in the water, you'll know they're hitting."

In the after turret Lieutenant Rush, with a bandanna handkerchief about his brow, ducked his head out of the turret top, and sang out, "Say, which of those ships do you wish us to hit?" And Lieutenant-Commander Mason, who was coming by with a word of commendation for the men, said: "Just soak the 'Vizcaya;' she's our prey," and Rush dived below, and began firing.

Up forward on the gun decks was a six-pounder gun that in this close forty minutes' action had been doing valiant work. As they were putting in a cartridge the shell loosened from the casing and became wedged. This was on the side near the enemy, but there was not a moment's hesitation. Out on the gun's muzzle crawled Corporal Robert Gray of the Marine Corps, a rammer in his hand ready to drive the shell out. The gun was hot, and he could not retain his hold; so he dropped down to the sea ladder. Over his head was the frightful blast and draft of the big gun, while around him pattered the shot of the enemy. He failed in his attempt, and gunner Smith then tried it, but he too failed. It looked as if the gun would have to be abandoned, but Private MacNeal of the squad asked permission to make an attempt, and was allowed to try it. Clinging to the hot gun, with death by water assured if he dropped, or was knocked off by the concussion, and the enemy firing at him, he got the rammer in the muzzle and rammed out the shell, amidst cheers from his comrades. I watched these men closely. None of them showed the slightest sign of heroic exhilaration. It was evidently to them a duty of the commonest sort. A few minutes later a six-inch projectile smashed into a compartment just below them. They laughed at the gunner's aim when they found nobody hurt. Five minutes later I photographed a man at the



VIEW ABOARD THE "VIZCAYA," ON THE STARBOARD SIDE, LOOKING FORWARD FROM THE AFT GUN TOWER.

The picture shows the complete destruction of the forward mast and superstructure caused by the explosion of the "Vizcaya's" own magazine. From a photograph taken July 4th, the day after the battle, by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

after masthead fixing up one of the battle flags, the halyards of which had been shot away. The fire was deadly about him. He would not give his name.

About the decks the men not actually busy at the guns enjoyed the fight hugely. When a big shell hit the upper works and exploded with a roar, they would make disparaging remarks about Spanish gunnery. At one time, during a lull in the battle, but while the "Colon" was near enough to us to shoot, and I believe was shooting, I took pictures of the men standing on top of an eight-inch turret, in easy range of the enemy's guns, and cheering Commodore Schley.

THE FIGHT WITH THE "VIZCAYA."

At 10.36 the positions of the ships were singularly favorable to the enemy carrying out his plan of escaping with at least one or two of his ships. The battleship "Indiana" had been unable to keep up the pace set by the leaders of the Spanish ships, and the battleship "Iowa," arriving at the point where

Cervera's flagship had run ashore, stopped to pick up drowning Spaniards of its crew. Both the "Indiana" and the "Iowa" had done splendid work in assisting in the destruction of the two torpedo boats and the cruisers "Maria Teresa" and "Oquendo;" but their lack of speed forbade them continuing the chase. The "Oregon," which had been at the farther end of the line, had gone outside of these other battleships and was coming rapidly to the west, smoke pouring from her funnels. The movement was at first not understood, but when it became apparent that she was leaving the other battleships behind and was coming to the aid of the "Brooklyn," now almost alone with two heavily armored and heavily armed ships, a cheer went up from Schley's flagship for Captain Clark and his splendid crew. "Not that we can't lick 'em," said a gunner's mate to me after the cheer, "but it's good to have help." I agreed with him very cordially, for at this time we were directly abeam the "Vizcaya," while the "Colon" was half a mile forward of us and both were in a position to broadside us. The "Texas"

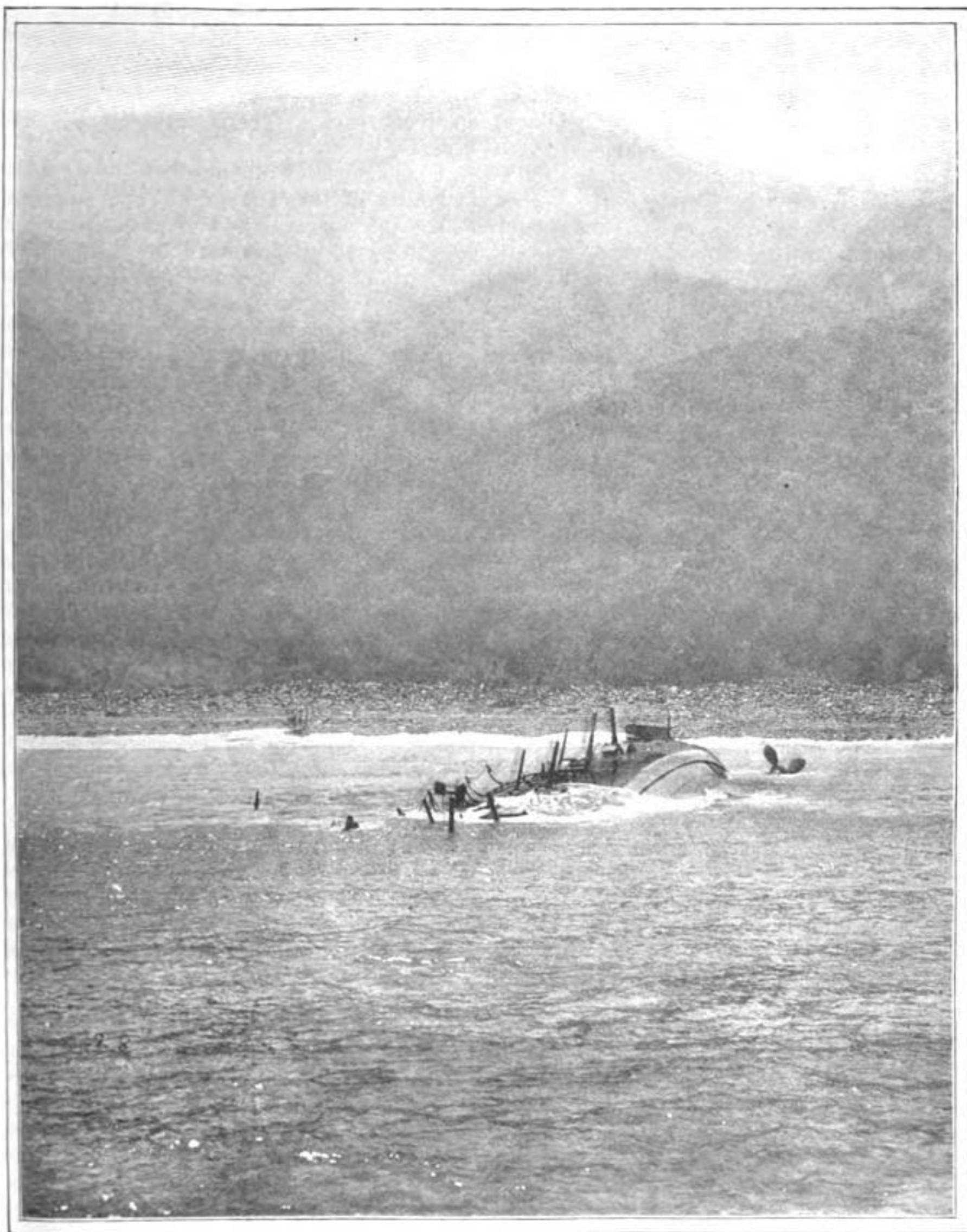
was making heroic efforts to stay with us, but we were going at more than her maximum speed, and she fell behind. The "Oregon," at 10.38, was about one and a half miles astern of the "Brooklyn," and gaining every minute.

Now began a fight that was to set the naval world thinking and discredit the predictions of the prophets. The "Vizcaya," with armor double the thickness of the "Brooklyn" and guns of larger caliber, had often been placed by critics as the superior of the "Brooklyn;" and there was a low murmur of approval on the latter ship as the word was passed to concentrate fire on the former. Commodore Schley said to Captain Cook, "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her." A little turn of the helm sent the "Brooklyn" in to within a thousand yards of the enemy, and there they were broadside to broadside. "Nine hundred and fifty yards," called the messengers into the turret decks, and the answer was the terrible boom of the big eight-inch guns, followed by the tenor of the five-inch and the shrill treble of the six-inch and the one-pounders. The smoke was so dense that it was hard to see the target, but up forward we could see the "Colon" spitting out smokeless fire from her side. When five minutes had passed and we had not felt the ship tremble with the concussion of Spanish shells, we looked at one another in amazement. The water about us and between the "Brooklyn" and the "Vixen," which had kept near us, absolutely boiled, while the song of the shells over us and a few muffled explosions on deck told that the Spanish aim was not so bad. Suddenly a marine in the foretop at a one-pounder gun shrieked down, "Every shot is telling," and as the word passed aft to the gun crews, the shooting became more vigorous, and two thousand pounds of explosive metal went banging against the "Vizcaya" every three minutes. The secondary battery fire, of one and six pounders, was unusually deadly, the Spanish gunners in the "Vizcaya's" superstructure being driven from the guns. At 10.50, after twenty minutes of this close engagement, the "Oregon" got near enough to land several six-inch projectiles in the "Vizcaya" and to drop a few thirteen-inch shells about the "Colon," which was rapidly drawing away to the westward. At precisely 10.54 the "Vizcaya" was seen to be on fire, and at the same time she swerved out from shore, as though to ram the "Brooklyn" as her dying effort. The fire of the big cruiser was too hot for her, evidently, for at 11.06

she turned in to shore and hauled down her colors. The "Texas" and "Vixen" were seen to be about a mile to the rear of the "Oregon," and the "Vizcaya" was now left to them and the "Iowa," the latter staying by her finally.

What seemed to be now a forlorn hope faced Commodore Schley, but faith in the "Brooklyn" and in the splendid battleship "Oregon," now close on the chase, never faltered, and he remarked to me, "We may be able to wing that fellow, and then Clark and Philip will get a show at him, even if he sinks us." Captain Philip's "Texas" could be seen about five miles astern. The "fellow" alluded to was the "Cristobal Colon," which, so far as indications went, had to this point escaped unharmed and now had a lead of about four miles over the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon." The "Colon's" accredited speed was nineteen and a half knots, and while the "Brooklyn's" is greater than that, it was impossible to make more than seventeen knots, because the forward pair of engines were not coupled up and were lying useless. The "Oregon" had a speed at the most of fifteen and one half knots; so it appeared as if the chances of escape were good, and everybody believed that for one ship to get away would spoil the day's victory. There was one chance, however, and Schley, quick to see it, determined to take advantage of it. The "Colon" was running close in to shore, and to continue her course had to make a long detour to the south around Cape Cruz, sixty miles west. The "Brooklyn" was two miles farther out to sea than the "Colon," and, after consultation with Captain Cook and Navigator Hodgson, it was concluded to run a straight course to Cape Cruz and try and head off the chase. The "Oregon" in the meantime stayed in close, so as to get a range on the "Colon's" broadside if she tried to run directly south. This line of tactics having been decided upon, the chase, which lasted from 11.25 to 1.15, began.

Up to the masthead of the "Brooklyn" went the signal "Cease firing," and Commodore Schley said to First Lieutenant Mason, "Get all your men out for an airing." In an instant the top of every gun casemate and every turret was a mass of half-naked, perspiring, but jubilant, cheering men. Even the men from the powder magazines below the protective deck came up, and joined the crowd. The "Colon," in sheer desperation, was firing a few shells, but they fell so short that there were only jeers for them.



THE "CRISTOBAL COLON" LYING ON THE BEACH NEAR RIO TARQUINO.

From a photograph taken in the afternoon of July 4th, by J. C. Hemment ; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst.

Suddenly a big fellow on Lieutenant Simpson's turret called, "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," and there were three roars that drowned even the "Colon's" gun thunder and made me wonder if the vigor of the jubilant Americans would not drive terror to the hearts of the crew of the "Colon." Then somebody aft proposed three cheers

for the "Oregon," and they were given with a will, and returned with interest.

But if these scenes, lacking in tragedy, were going on above decks, there were men far below the steel protective deck still fighting for the flag ; men who are seldom spoken of, but who are always heroes. At the fires in the coal rooms, and at the great engines,

in a temperature of from 130 to 150 degrees, were men fully as patriotic and enthusiastic as those on deck, and the successful ending of the day now depended upon them. Into the furnaces the coal was piled, while in almost a white heat naked men kept the fires clear. At the big engines stood the engineers, closely watching for any flaw. Higher and higher climbed the steam, and faster and faster turned the great screws. Once in a while the great steel prison would open while a man was lifted out overcome by the heat, but the moment the air revived him he would go back to his furnace prison. One man who gave way was carried up on deck, and his four fellow workers stood about with anxious eyes to see if he would recover. He opened his eyes, looked around at them, and said: "Why the devil don't you fellows get back to work. What are yer standin' there for?" And as they slunk away he said to the doctor, "Say, Doc, are we catching the Dago?"

Perhaps it is a new thing in the navy, and perhaps it is not, but one thing struck me forcibly: from the beginning of the fight Commodore Schley issued instructions that all news of any advantage gained by us should be communicated about the ship to those who could not see, and it seemed to raise the *esprit de corps* at least a hundred per cent.

The chase continued for about an hour and a half without much gain on either side, the "Colon" at 12.15 having a lead of about four and one-quarter miles. Forced draught for the furnaces was being used on the "Brooklyn," however, and she began to gain slowly. At the same time it was apparent that the tactics adopted by Commodore Schley had worked well, and it was evident that the "Colon," in rounding Cape Cruz, would be near enough for the "Brooklyn," and probably the "Oregon," to broadside with their large guns.

It was at this time that Captain Clark on the "Oregon," in facetious mood, signaled

over to Commodore Schley, "A strange vessel to the eastward. Looks like an Italian," and knowing the ship had been purchased from the Italian government, the Commodore answered back, "Yes, I guess it was built in Italy."

A moment later a pennant went up at the masthead of the "Oregon," and there was a shout of approval as the glasses made it out to read "Remember the Maine," as if the burning ships on shore spoke not of remembrance and retribution.

At 12.20 Commodore Schley directed the "Oregon" to try a large shell, and at 8,500 yards a thirteen-inch shell rushed like a great railroad train by the "Brooklyn" and struck just short of the chase. A signal was sent to tell the "Oregon" the effect, and then she tried another. This time it hit just astern, and threw tons of water on the deck of the "Colon." The effect must have been terrifying; and when at 12.40 the "Brooklyn" opened up with her eight-inch and landed a few shots against the "Colon's" side, it became evident that the game was cornered. However, everybody expected that the ship of the enemy would put up a last fight and only surrender when overpowered; and we were all very much surprised when, at 1.15 o'clock, down came the ensign of Spain and the ship ran ashore.

It may have been a revengeful providence, it may have been a mere accident, but it certainly was a peculiarly strange coincidence that the last of the fleet of Cervera and the flower of the Spanish navy should have gone ashore at the very spot where the ill-fated "Virginius" expedition tried to land. The ship surrendered to Captain Cook.

As the "Brooklyn" and the "Oregon" moved in upon the prey, the men poured out of the fire rooms, black with smoke and dirt and glistening with perspiration, but wild with joy; and when some wag raised a broom to the masthead, there was a roar of applause from the "Oregon" and an answer from the "Brooklyn." Climbing up to the

bridge, Commodore Schley gazed down at the jubilant men with just the suspicion of a tear in his eye. "Those are the fellows who made this day," he said, pointing to

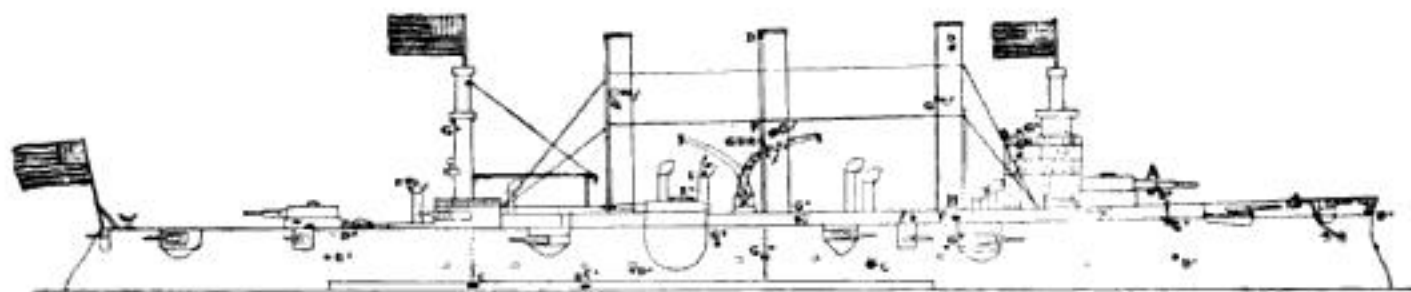


DIAGRAM OF THE "BROOKLYN," SHOWING INJURIES SUSTAINED.

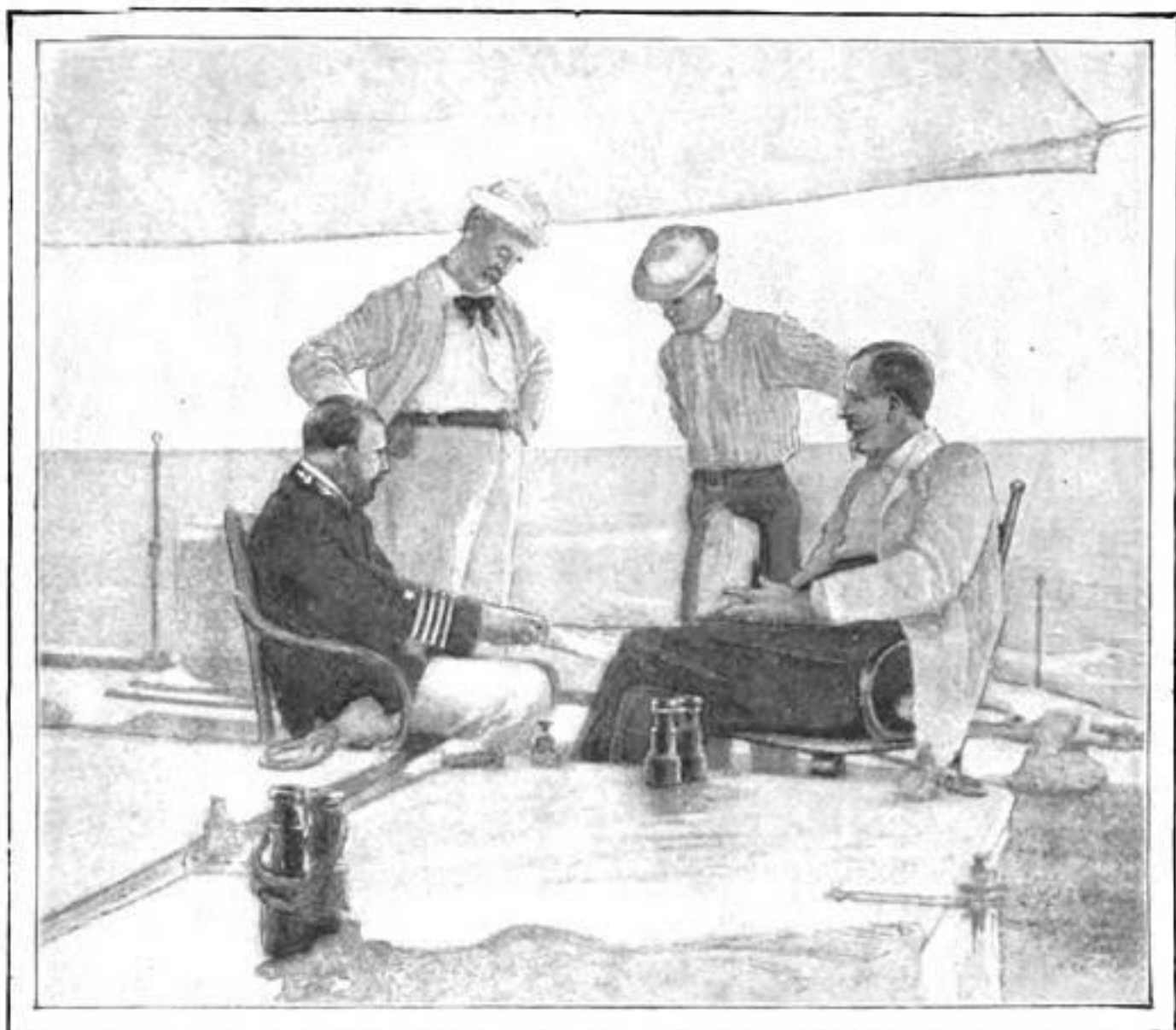
Drawn by George H. Warford, Carpenter, U. S. N.—A, man killed; B, man wounded; C, six-inch shot holes; D, six-pounder hit deck and glanced on turret; E, seven-millimeter holes; G, one-pounder holes; W, chest wrecked and thrown overboard; x, miscellaneous hits and dents; f, fragments.

them, and then ordered Ensign MacCauley to make signal "The enemy has surrendered." Five miles to the east, the "Texas" saw the signal, and repeated it to Admiral Sampson on the "New York," some miles farther away. It was not, however, recognized by that ship, which also failed to answer Commodore Schley's two signals: "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details will be communicated later," and "This is a great day for our country." The Spanish losses were about 600 lives, 1,200 prisoners, and \$12,000,000 worth of property. The American loss was one man killed and three wounded, all from the "Brooklyn:" a fact little short of a miracle in view of the further fact that the "Brooklyn" was hit over thirty times.

FRIGHTFUL WRECKS.

A little later, accompanied by my faithful but not always reliable camera, I had the privilege of coming back towards Santiago on the "Vixen," in close proximity to the wrecks, and examined them carefully. It was not a sight one could exult over. It was pitiful to see these great modern war engines, helpless and destroyed, swaying slightly with the roll of the heavy surf. The "Colon," which had not been fired, but sank by the dastardly work of its own crew, had rolled over on its starboard side helpless, and the sea was beating wildly against it.

The "Vizcaya," fourteen miles from the entrance of the harbor that for six weeks had been its refuge, lay up on a reef, its steel plates broken and unbolted by the ter-



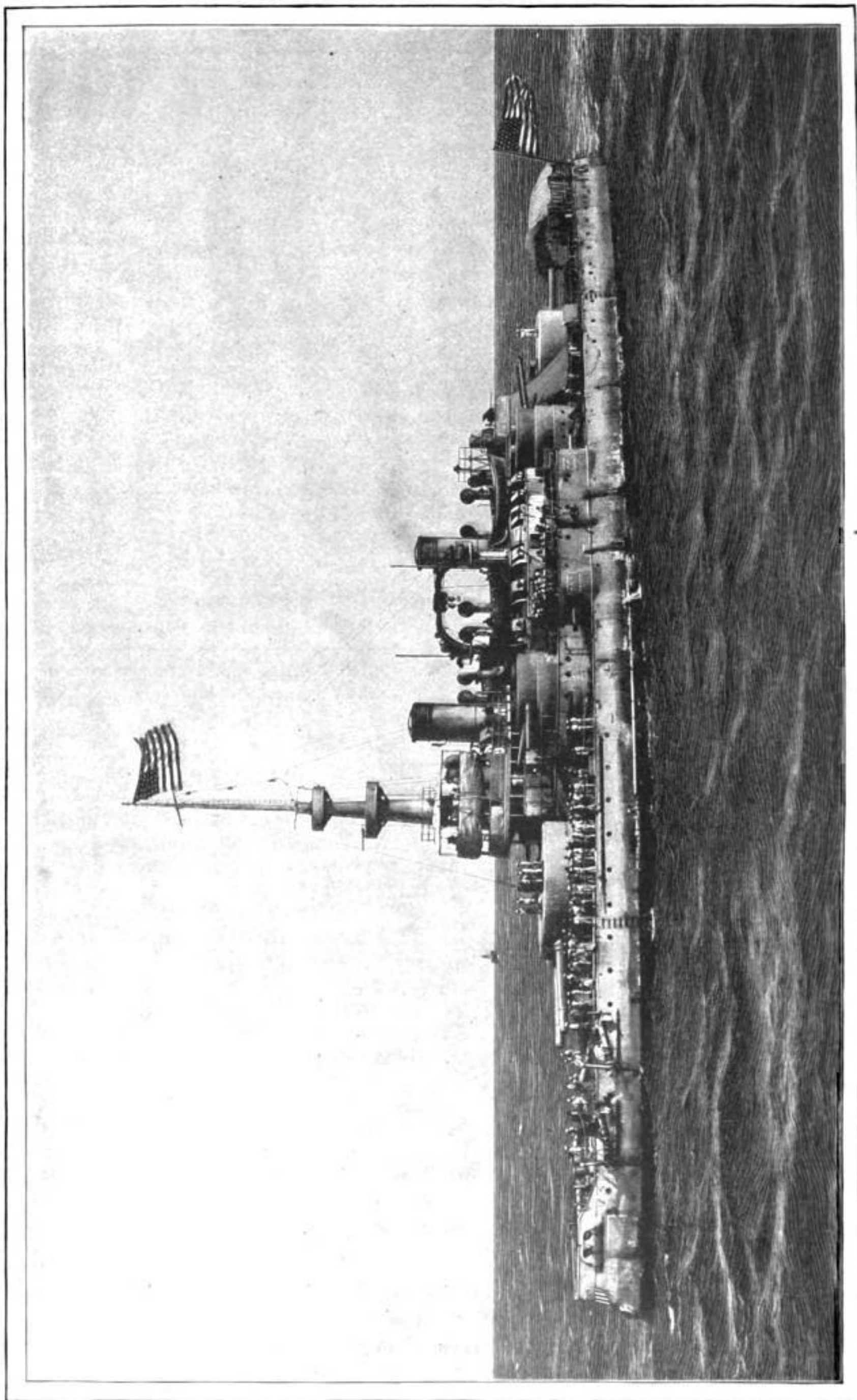
CAPTAIN COOK AND COMMODORE SCHLEY ON THE DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN," WITH CAPTAIN PHILIP OF THE "TEXAS," AND THE AUTHOR.

From a photograph taken July 3d, shortly after the battle.

rible heat, the sides a dull, dirty red; the military masts flat on the deck through the explosions of the magazines; and the interior a crematory for the unfortunate dead. On the bridge lay the half charred remains of an officer.

The "Maria Teresa" and the "Oquendo," as if keeping doleful vigil with each other, lay but six miles west of Morro, tributes to the magnificent gunnery of the American fleet and to the brief time it takes modern guns to destroy modern ships. How many men perished shut up beneath the protective decks will probably never be known, as terrible fire and frightful explosions disposed of the bodies. The "Oquendo" was riddled with shot, and her forward turret, safe from the flames, contained the bodies of an officer and two men standing by their guns, but killed by concussion from an eight-inch shell. The "Maria Teresa" was less terribly damaged, but with all her fire mains cut by shells and with her decks burning fiercely, she had to surrender. She had been hit about thirty times.

So perished from the earth the bulk of the sea power of Spain.



FIRST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "OREGON." From a photograph taken the day after the battle by J. C. Hemment ; copyright, 1908, by W. R. Hearst. (See note on opposite page).



ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP, THE ARMORED CRUISER "NEW YORK."

From a photograph taken by J. C. Hemment, the day after the battle, when the "New York" was transferring wounded prisoners to the "Solace;" copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst. Displacement of the "New York," 8,200 tons; speed, 21 knots; length, 380 feet, 6½ inches. Armor: belt, 4 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 10 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: six 8-inch and twelve 4-inch rapid-fire. Secondary rapid-fire guns: eight 6-pounders, two 1-pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, two.

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

II.—AS SEEN BY AN EYE-WITNESS ON THE "NEW YORK," ADMIRAL SAMPSON'S FLAGSHIP.

By W. A. M. GOODE.



It was a beautiful Sunday morning. The day before, July 2d, the fleet had bombarded the forts of Santiago for the fourth time. At half-past nine o'clock the bugler sounded the call to quarters.

The quarter-decks of the warships lying lazily in front of Santiago harbor became white with lines of Jackies, rigged out in their Sunday jumpers. Between the lines passed the executive officers, making their regular Sunday inspections. On the "Iowa," Lieutenant-Commander Rodgers was pointing his finger at a man and saying, "That jumper isn't clean, sir; you ought——" when from the bridge came a shout, "The fleet's coming out!"

In an instant ranks were broken. Jackies and firemen tumbled over one another as they

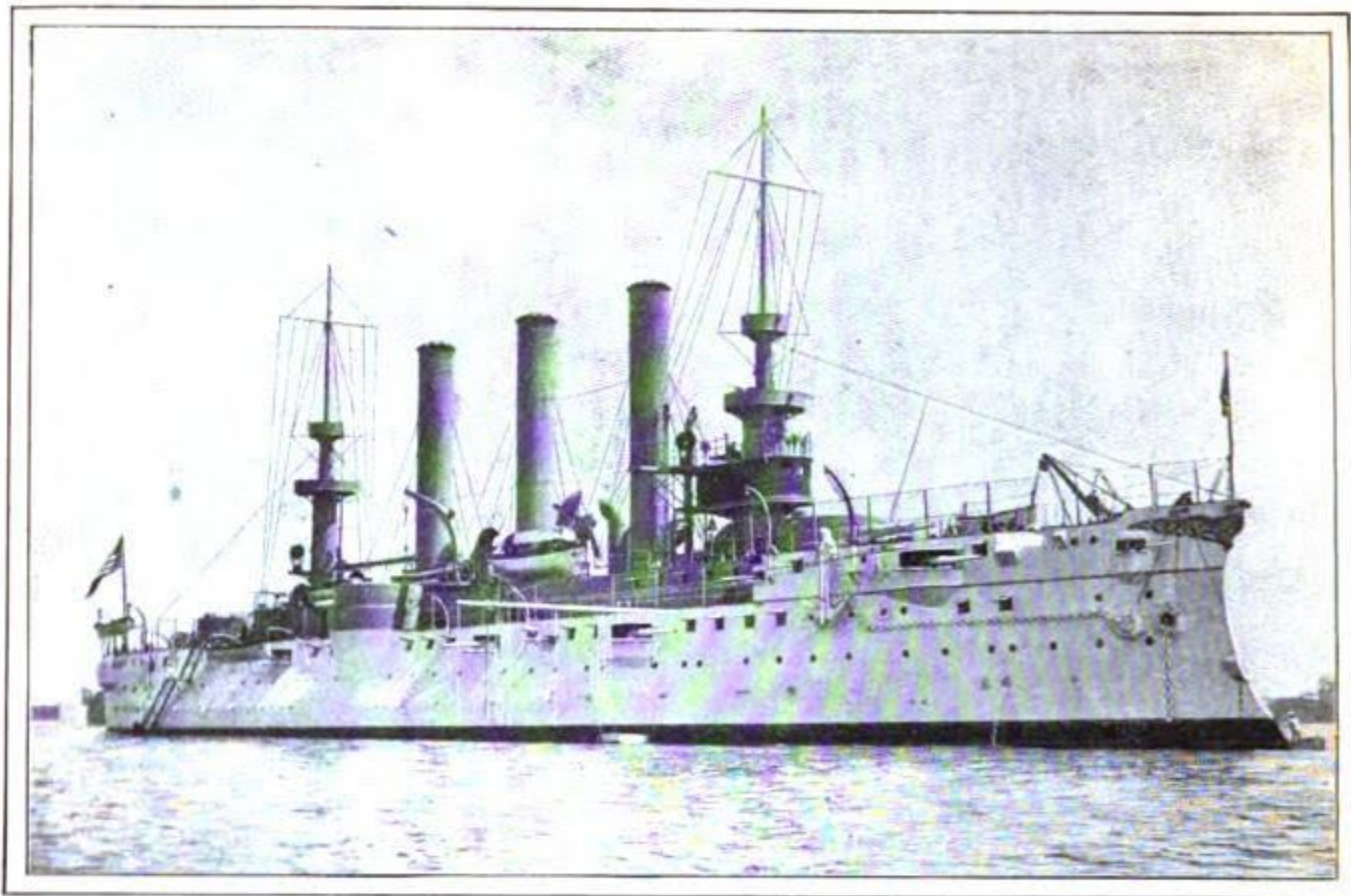
rushed to their stations. The bugler snatched his bugle, and blew "general quarters."

From the "Iowa's" yard this signal was run up: "The enemy is escaping to the westward." From the forward bridge of the "Iowa" a six-pounder boomed out to draw the attention of the other ships to the signal fluttering in the breeze (the diagram on page 409 shows the



CAPTAIN CLARK
of the "Oregon."

The "Oregon" was struck by only three shots during her wonderful performance on July 3d, two of them being fragments of shells, and none doing any great damage. Displacement, 10,288 tons; speed, 16.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,596 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 18 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbettes, 17 inches; turrets, 16 inches; casements, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13 inch, eight 8-inch, four slow-fire 6-inch. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1 pounders, four Gatlings, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, three.



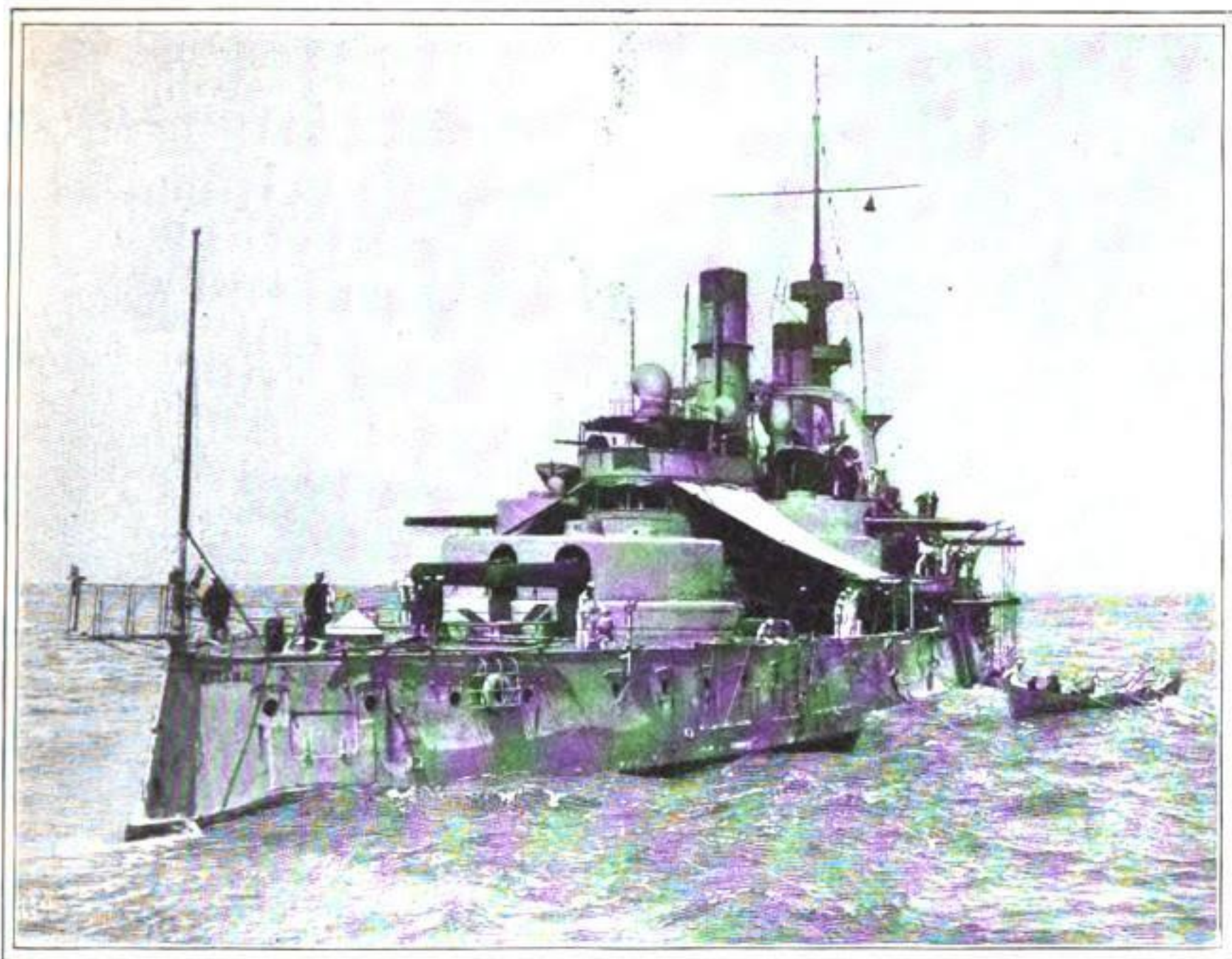
THE ARMORED CRUISER "BROOKLYN."

From a copyrighted photograph by West & Sons, Southsea, England. Reproduced from *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for July, 1898. The "Brooklyn" bore the brunt of the running fire on July 3d, and was hit more times than any other ship in the fleet. Displacement, 9,215 tons; speed, 21.9 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,461 tons; complement, 516 men. Armor: belt, 8 inches; deck, 3 to 6 inches; barbettes, 8 inches; turrets, 5½ inches. Guns—main battery: eight 8-inch, twelve 5-inch. Secondary battery: twelve 6-pounders, four 1-pounders, four Colts, and two field guns. Torpedo tubes, four.

position of the ships at this time, 9.33 A.M.) One by one the quarter-decks of the other ships became deserted, as the white masses of men scrambled forward. Officers jumped into the turrets through manholes, dressed in their best uniforms. There was no time to waste; scarcely enough to get the battle hatches screwed on tight. Captains rushed into their conning-towers. "Jingle, jingle," went the engine-room telegraphs. In the fire rooms officers in inspection uniforms and firemen in clean white jumpers mixed with the grimy men already on watch. "Steam, steam!" they cried. It was for no tedious bombardment that these men grasped shovels and started blazing fires under cold boilers. It was the chance of their lifetime, the naval engagement fervently hoped for by all, from Admiral Sampson down. The news seemed almost too good to be true. Below decks, where men work and see not, they said: "It is a false alarm. They will turn back. It is too good to be true." But they struggled with black coal until it glowed red, and gave speed and power to the gray, steel hulls; they hauled up ammunition by the light of battle lanterns

until it was piled high on the decks above; they cursed, and cheered, and worked with a fierce enthusiasm that not a hundred bombardments could inspire. And when it is remembered that all the ships except the "Oregon" had steam in their boilers for only five knots, and that the Spanish cruisers started out at thirteen knots, it can be realized how nobly these men below our battle gratings did their duty.

About a minute after the six-pounder had been fired from the "Iowa," that battleship started to move in towards the harbor. From under the shadow of Morro Castle came the "Maria Teresa." From her port side puffs of smoke curled up, while above and behind her, from the heights of Santiago harbor, jets of smoke shot out from the batteries. Countless geysers around our slowly approaching battleships showed where the Spanish shells exploded in the water. One by one the Spanish cruisers came out, swinging around the western point of the narrow harbor entrance, the neck of the bottle which so far had held them tight. All opened fire as soon as the bows showed around Estrella Point. The battle was on,



THE BATTLESHIP "INDIANA."

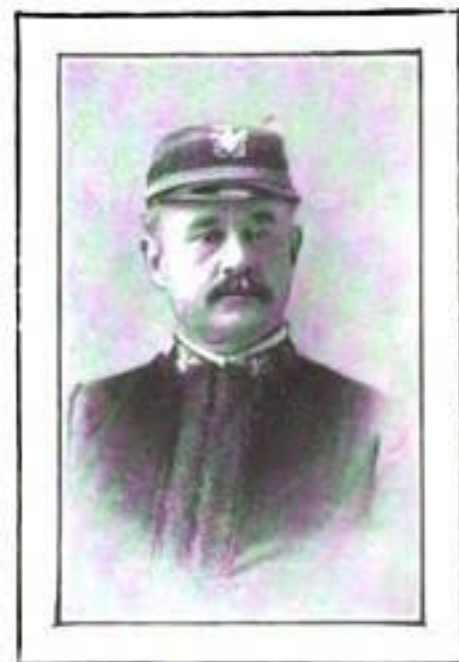
The 13-inch shells from the "Indiana" entered the "Maria Teresa" under the quarter-deck and exploded, causing terrible havoc. Displacement of the "Indiana," 10,288 tons; speed, 15.5 knots; maximum coal supply, 1,527 tons; complement, 473 men. Armor: belt, 8 inches; deck, 2½ inches; barbets, 17 inches; turrets, 15 inches; casemates, 6 inches. Guns—main battery: four 13-inch, eight 8-inch, four 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders, four Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

but at long range. Thirteen-inch shells from the "Oregon" and the "Indiana" and twelve-inch shells from the "Texas" and the "Iowa" spurted water between the advancing Spaniards. The two or three miles which still separated the fleets prevented great accuracy of aim. Secondary batteries had not yet been called into use.

The flagship "New York" was near Altares, seven miles to the east of Morro Castle, preparing to disembark Admiral Sampson, so that he might visit General Shafter. Horses were waiting at Siboney for the Admiral and his party. Time and again Admiral Sampson had wished to personally visit General Shafter, but until this morning he had delayed his visit, saying, "If I leave, I'm sure something will happen." Then the situation of the army became critical, and demanded a personal interview between the commanders of the land and naval forces. Much against his will, Admiral Sampson bowed to the inevitable. Had the Spanish fleet come out twenty minutes later the Ad-

miral of the North Atlantic squadron, the largest ever assembled under the command of one man, would have been riding over the hills to the army's front. As it was, the "New York" had just time to turn and chase the "Maria Teresa" as she came out of the harbor.

During the entire engagement the flagship was within signal distance of the other ships, and those on board had a better view of the battle even than those on the ships that did the heavy fighting, so thick was the smoke from our own guns, which unfortunately are not provided with smokeless powder.

CAPTAIN TAYLOR
of the "Indiana."

THE DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.



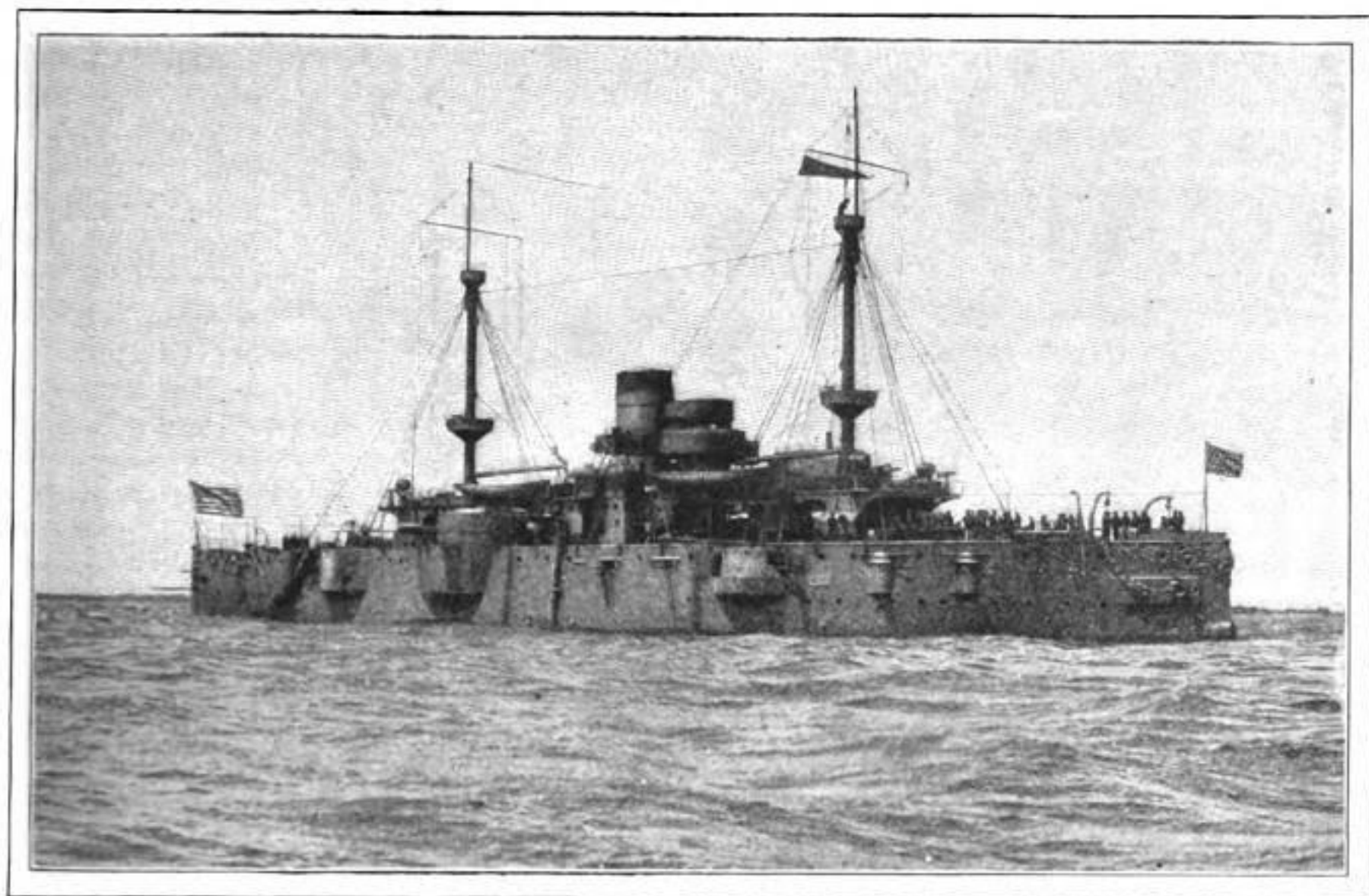
THE FINEST-CLASS BATTLESHIP "IOWA."

The four enemy's ships. The four steamships were now so close to the westward that it was hard to make them out. Every moment I expected to see at least two of them head across the mouth of the harbor and make for the southeast, attacking the "New York" and "Furor". White smoke from their tiny guns kept up an incessant fire to the westward. Inside the turret I had seen and grown weary of. The shells sounded high. They were firing deliberately and with great care. They could hear the whistle of shells passing over their heads, for throughout the battle the Spanish fleet fired high. They were high-power projectiles, and did not stop to sing the weird tunes of a dropping shell. At this period of the battle the hardest

It seemed impossible for the Spanish cruisers to head off the western point. If torpedoes were now so close to the mouth of the harbor, it was hard to make them out. Every moment I expected to see at least two of them head across the mouth of the harbor and make for the southeast, attacking the "New York" and "Furor". White smoke from their tiny guns kept up an incessant fire to the westward. Inside the turret I had seen and grown weary of. The shells sounded high. They were firing deliberately and with great care. They could hear the whistle of shells passing over their heads, for throughout the battle the Spanish fleet fired high. They were high-power projectiles, and did not stop to sing the weird tunes of a dropping shell. At this period of the battle the hardest



CAPTAIN EVANS of the "Iowa."



THE SECOND-CLASS BATTLESHIP "TEXAS."

From a photograph by E. M. Hart. The injuries received by the "Texas" were of a comparatively trifling nature, and were mainly the effect of the discharge of her own great guns across her deck. Displacement, 6,315 tons; speed, 17.8 knots; maximum coal supply, 850 tons; complement, 389 men. Armor: belt, 12 inches; deck, 2 inches; turrets, 12 inches. Guns—main battery: two 12-inch, six 6-inch slow-fire. Secondary rapid-fire battery: six 1-pounders, four 37-millimeter Hotchkiss, two Gatlings. Torpedo tubes, two.

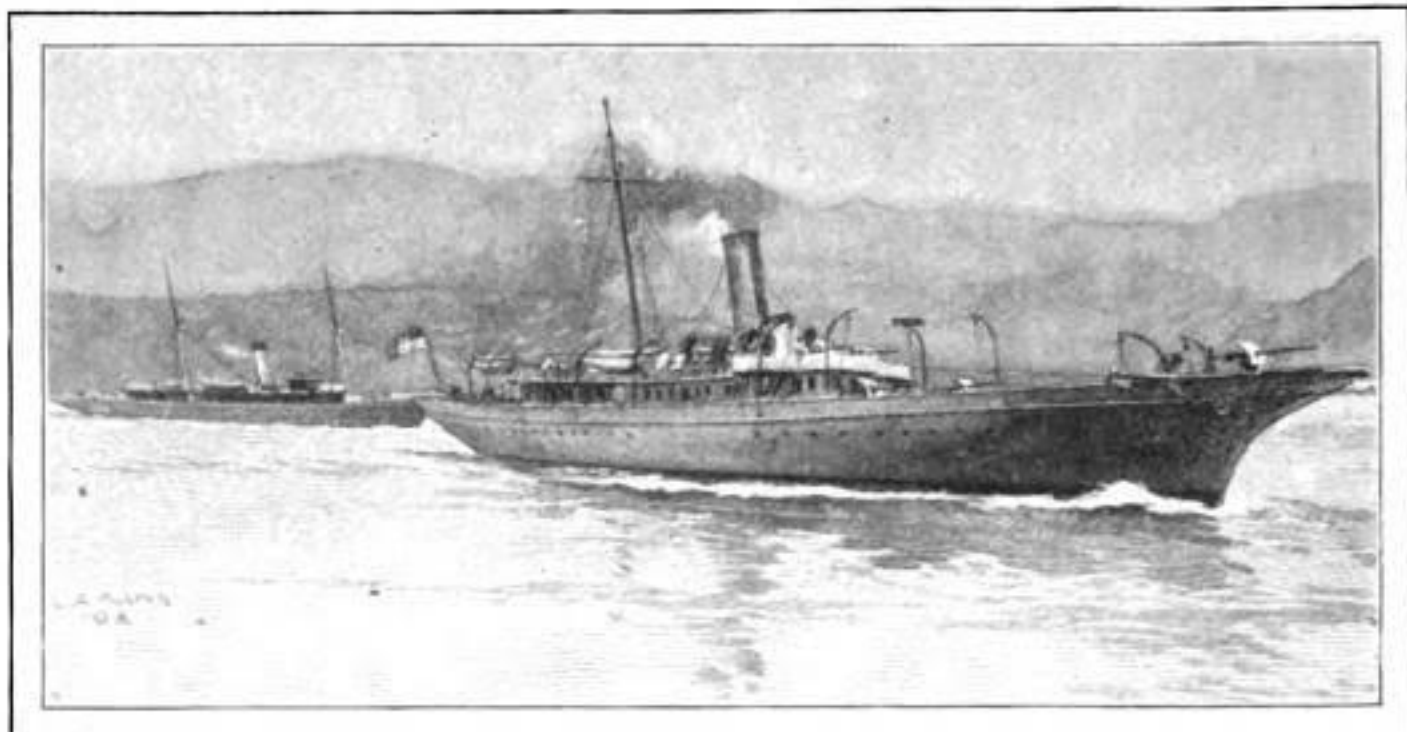
was going on in the engine and fire rooms, for it was evident that without speed the result was doubtful. Each captain acted on his own responsibility, following out to the best of his ability Admiral Sampson's previously published plan of battle. The Admiral's instructions had been simple. All he said was, "Should the enemy come out, close in and head him off." There were no elaborate evolutions based on signals. Each man knew what was expected of his ship. From the flagship, now abreast of Morro, fluttered the signal "Close into the mouth of harbor and engage the enemy;" but there was little need for it; in fact it is doubtful whether it was seen in the excitement of the first moments of battle.

THE FULL FURY OF THE BATTLE.

It was not until the leading Spanish cruiser had almost reached the western point of the bay, and when it was evident that Cervera, with fatal policy, was leading his entire fleet in one direction, that the battle commenced in its full fury. The "Iowa" and the "Oregon" had headed straight across Morro for

the shore, intending to ram one of the leading Spanish vessels. The "Indiana" was heading after them. The "Texas" was on the port beam of the "Oregon," while the "Brooklyn" was heading straight for the western point. All were like white clouds resting lightly on the sunlit sea, punctured every few seconds with flashes of fire. The smoke from the big turrets drifted so completely over them that it was only when it lifted for a moment that we could distinguish the ships. They were keeping up an incessant fire on the rapidly approaching cruisers and torpedo boats. The tiny unprotected "Gloucester" had steamed right across the harbor mouth, and was headed for the "Oquendo," at

CAPTAIN PHILIP
of the "Texas."



THE "VIXEN" AND THE "GLOUCESTER."

The "Gloucester," in the foreground, is the converted yacht "Corsair." The "Vixen" was the "Josephine."

closer range than any other ship, engaging the cruiser and also firing at the "Pluton" and the "Furor," which were approaching on the "Gloucester's" starboard beam.

Over our own and the Spanish ships huge shells winged their way, throwing the water high into the air as they exploded. Then it became apparent that the "Iowa" and the "Oregon" could not ram the leading vessels; so Captain Evans and Captain Clark sheered off until on a parallel course with the leading ships of the enemy, and brought their starboard broadsides to bear. The "Brooklyn" also changed her course. Then began the terrific slaughter. The rapid-fire guns of the "Iowa," nearest the "Maria Teresa," belched forth. The "Oregon" followed suit. The "Indiana," the "Texas," and the "Brooklyn" joined in. Six-inch, four-inch, six-pounder, and smaller shells were rained into the cruisers as they passed along in their desperate effort to escape. The battleships also directed a heavy fire against the "Pluton" and the "Furor," but clouds of black smoke from each of these small crafts, showing where shells struck, soon proved that the bigger ships could leave

"Iowa," the "Indiana," and the "Brooklyn," drove the Spaniards from their guns. Perfect masses of flame shot out from our battleships.

Which ship did the most effective work will never be known. Gun crews, stripped to the waist, shoved shell into the breeches until the breeches glowed with heat. Rapid-firing records were broken time and again. In the turrets officers watched as well as they could the effect of their shells, and shouted to their perspiring men what they saw. Down the black passage that opens

into the turret and leads to the magazines the glad word was passed. The men who worked down there cheered, though their throats were rasped with smoke and saltpeter. Through the chinks in the conning-tower, through which "Fighting Bob" Evans says he never thought you could see so much, it was seen that few flashes were coming from the guns of the "Maria Teresa" and the "Almirante Oquendo." The "Vizcaya" and "Christobal Colon" were seen forging ahead, the "Colon" leading. A moment later clouds of smoke burst out from the after ports of the "Maria Teresa" and



LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WAINWRIGHT OF THE "GLOUCESTER."

From a photograph by J. C. Hemment.

the "Almirante Oquendo." Then flames leaped from the portholes. Slowly both ships turned and headed for the shore. "They're on fire! We've finished them!" shouted the gun crews. Down came the Spanish flags. Somebody on the "Iowa" shouted the news through the engine-room tube. From the depths of that ship came a thunderous cheer that rose above the din of battle. Lieutenant Scheutz, the Navigator of the "Iowa," threw his arms around Lieutenant Hill, and embraced him with such glad vehemence that Hill's ribs were almost broken.

This was at 10.20 A.M. The "Vizcaya" and the "Colon" were still being pursued. The "Brooklyn" was some distance off, on the "Vizcaya's" port beam. The "Oregon" forged after them, followed by the "Iowa." Again the rapid-fire batteries did their awful work, setting fire to the "Vizcaya's" cabin and sending fragments of bodies floating down the streams of water with which the Spaniards, all in vain, flooded their decks. At 10.36 A.M. the "Vizcaya" hauled down her flag, and, burning fiercely, headed for the shore at Acerradero. The "Oregon," going sixteen knots, pushing aside the sea until it frothed up white and angry around her bow, clung on to the "Colon." Further to the southward was

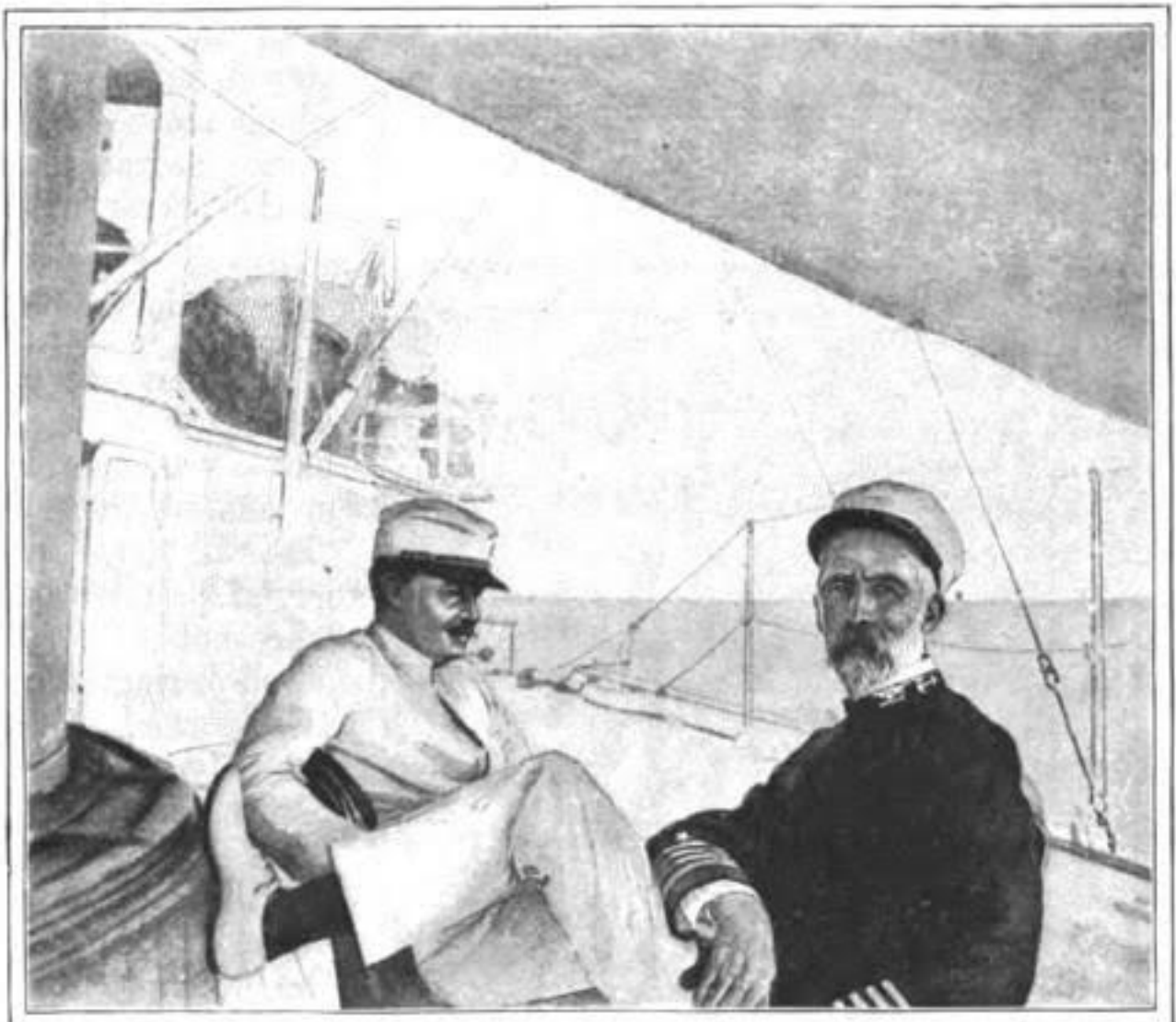
the "Brooklyn." Behind came the "Texas," the "Vixen," and the "New York." It was a grand chase. Now and then great puffs of smoke came from the forward thirteen-inch guns of the "Oregon." The "Brooklyn" tried her eight-inch guns, but they fell short. Gradually the "Oregon's" shells began to strike nearer. Smoke poured in such volumes from the "Colon" that many thought she was afire. Far ahead Cape Cruz loomed up. Safely inside of it, close to the shore, was the "Colon" (as shown in Diagram 3, page 409). At fifteen minutes past one the "Colon" headed in for the beach, hauled down her flag, and ran ashore

at Rio Tarquino. Then what cheering, what wild exultation as the "Oregon," the "Brooklyn," the "New York," the "Texas," and the "Vixen" came up in a bunch, the "Brooklyn" first, having headed across the "Oregon's" stern, the latter ship making a long turning circle to head off the "Colon" should she play any tricks.

Such was the battle in a general way, as I saw it, and as I can gather from reports, official and personal, from the ships that were engaged. Owing to the smoke, accounts differ on various points, but I believe that the foregoing fairly represents the naval engagement of Santiago, in which four splendid Spanish cruisers, practically second-class battleships, and two of the best torpedo-destroyers in the world were defeated and wrecked, with the loss of only one man, Yeoman Ellis of the "Brooklyn," and without serious damage to any of our ships. All

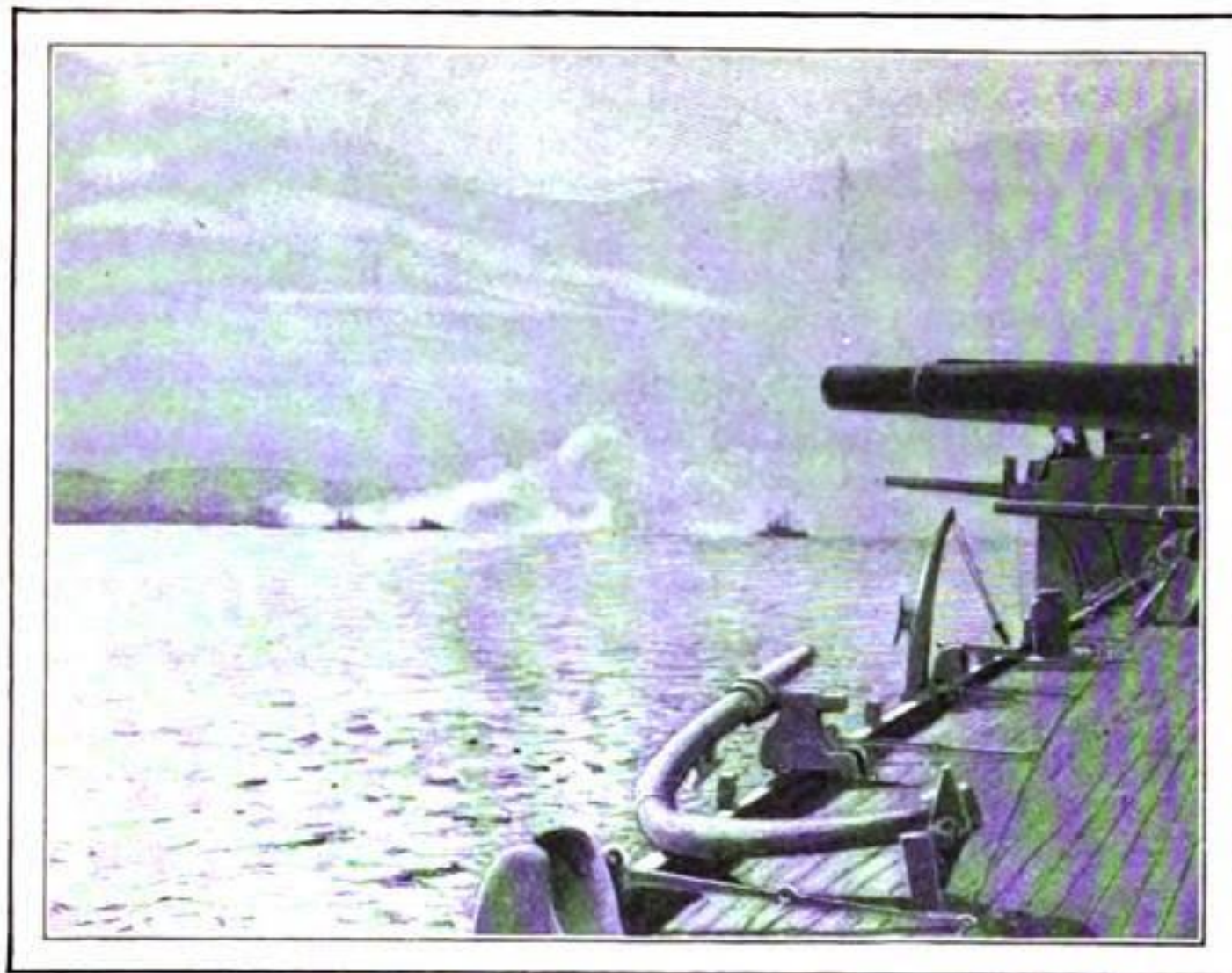


LIEUTENANT SHARP
of the "Vixen."



ADMIRAL SAMPSON AND CAPTAIN CHADWICK ON THE "NEW YORK."

From a photograph taken by the author. A larger portrait of Admiral Sampson was published on page 179 of McClure's MAGAZINE for June, and an article on Admiral Sampson will appear in an early number.



THE "OREGON," THE "TEXAS," AND THE "INDIANA" FIRING ON SPANISH SHIPS.

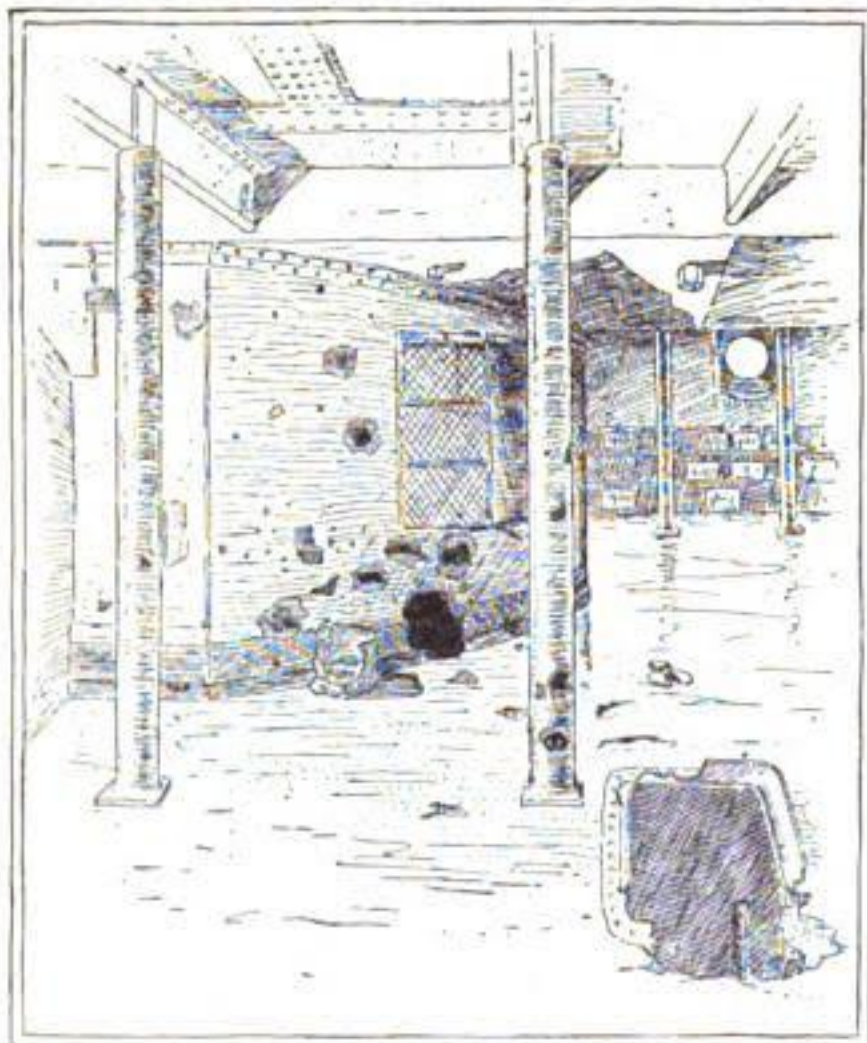
From a photograph taken by Benjamin C. Heald, U. S. N.

the ships were struck several times, but the majority of the shells struck armor and simply glinted off. One shell went into the "Iowa" on her starboard bow a little above the water line, passed through her unpro-

protected five-foot cofferdam, and exploded four yards in board, where it hit an armor hatch on the berth deck. The accompanying sketch shows the erratic course of the fragments after the shot exploded. One small fragment, after passing through several bags of sand protecting an ammunition hoist, cut clean in two a link of the heaviest anchor chain made. At least three hundred holes were made in the thin steel deck and bulkheads in the immediate vicinity of the explosion. The noise when the shell exploded was terrific. One Jackie told me he thought the whole ship had blown up. The gas from the shell filled the compartment, and this made it very difficult for the men to put out the fire which started on the protected deck below, where fragments of shell had passed through as the armor hatch was blown up.

ENTHUSIASM OF THE MEN.

From my own point of view, on the superstructure of the "New York," the entire battle was magnificent, though immediately around me there was not the terrible energy that was shown on the ships more directly engaged. However, even on these the scenes were not so very different from those enacted during bombardments, except that the men worked with a fierce enthusiasm which can only come from seeing your enemy right before you. As the "New York" left Altares in the rear and sped across the harbor mouth after the Spanish fleet, every man aboard was wildly anxious to get well into the fight. Through two months of weary blockading and occasional bombarding, the flagship and her crew had waited for such an opportunity. But above this sense of personal pride and love of ship, everybody felt that the Admiral should have the chance



WHERE A SIX-INCH SHELL EXPLODED ON THE "IOWA."

Taken from the starboard side. In the foreground is an open hatch the cover of which was blown to pieces. From a drawing by Cadet J. W. Graeme, U. S. N.

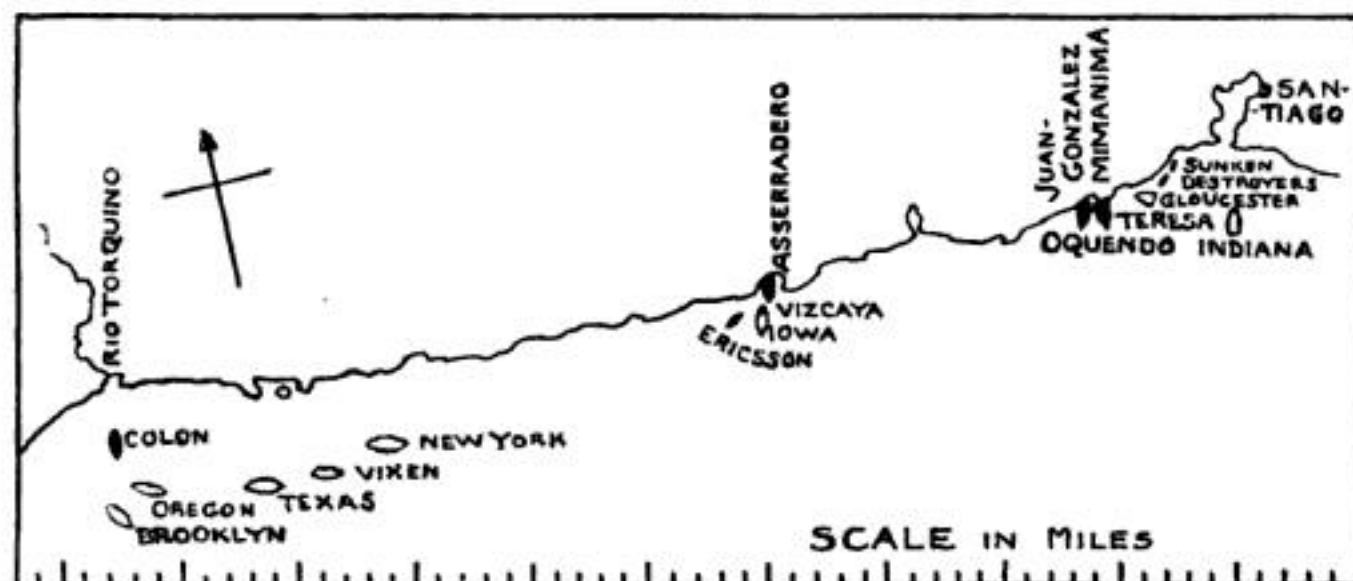
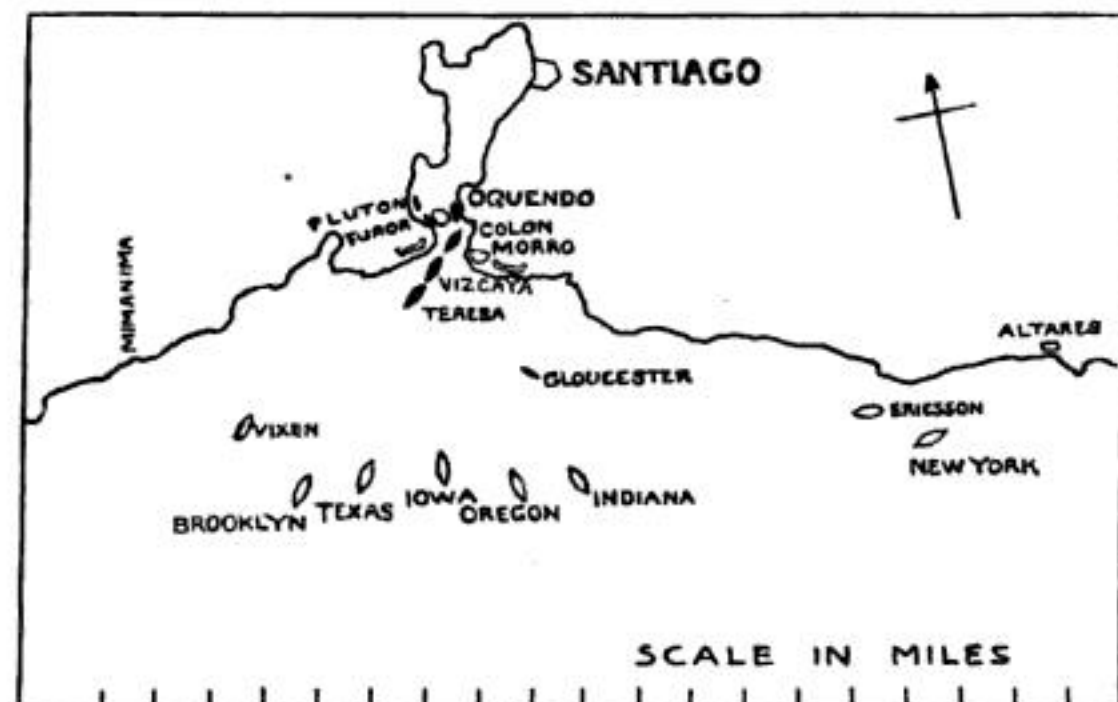
to be in the thick of the fight. That he should miss the battle seemed cruel. Even the firemen, who worked tirelessly below to get full steam on the boilers, felt this, and worked the harder. Indeed, worship of the Admiral—it is nothing less, and is inspired almost solely by his potent strength of char-

His continual order was: "Let us get on, on after the enemy." The Spaniards on shore, unhindered by opposing fire, proved themselves better marksmen than ever before. I had been under the fire of forts six previous times, and had never failed to duck as the shells whizzed close to us, but this

morning the absorbing interest of the combat ahead of us drove away all realization of danger. The crew got out on the fo'castle, and led by Captain Chadwick, waving his gold-laced cap, cheered the little "Gloucester" to the echo. We were then close to the torpedo destroyers, both burning fiercely amidships. Each is said to have had a crew of seventy, and only twelve men from each escaped alive. Many of them had been blown to pieces. It was pitiful to

see these beautiful long, black boats lying helpless in the water, huge columns of smoke telling of thin hulls.

Right across our bows the smoking "Maria Teresa" was heading for the beach, closely followed by the "Almirante Oquendo." By the time we passed, Cervera's flagship was ashore at Nimanima, and the



DIAGRAMS SHOWING THE RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE VESSELS AT THE BEGINNING AND AT THE END OF THE BATTLE.

Drawn by the author.

acter rather than by intimate knowledge of his personality, which few have the privilege to possess—was chiefly responsible for bringing the "New York" in on the heels of the "Colon," after a stern chase. Until the "Colon" struck her colors the Admiral watched every movement. For some time he feared she would get away. His long glass was hardly ever taken from his left eye.

When the "New York" came up with the "Gloucester," after firing four shots at one of the torpedo destroyers and hitting her fair amidships, the forts kept up a vigorous fire. The Admiral would not answer it, though two shells exploded just over the flagship and others dropped all around.

"Oquendo" at Juan Gonzales, both little inlets distant from each other about half a mile and from Morro Castle about six miles. The race had been short. The stern of the "Maria Teresa" was almost under water. Both ships were about half a mile from the surf that broke on the thickly wooded shore. Clustered over their decks were groups of men. At the bow of each was a white streak leading down to the sea. It was composed of men dropping from the red-hot decks into the water. Already in the sea were long rows of the heads of men swimming shorewards. Now and then a magazine exploded, and the fires spread forward. Inside the hulls, the bodies of the helpless wounded were being burned. The Cubans on shore could hear,

amid the hissing of flame and explosion of ammunition, the shrieks and groans of Spaniards, as the flames from the burning wood-work gradually encircled them. But we on the "New York," as we sped by in hot chase of the "Vizcaya" and "Colon," knew nothing of the awful scenes enacting aboard the beached vessels. It was hours afterwards before we knew that many among those white groups on the burning decks were either so badly wounded or so paralyzed with fear that they could not drop over the side and swim for the shore. There was no cheering from the "New York's" crew as they watched the burning enemy. The sight was too awful to allow the struggling spirit of certain victory to find vent in shouting. On we went, until the "Vizcaya" was on our starboard beam, beached and blazing, and the "Iowa" close on our port side. We gave a loud cheer to Captain Evans, who was standing at the stern shouting, "No one hurt;" and the crew of the "Iowa" crowded over turrets and cheered the Admiral, their old commander.

RESCUING THE SPANIARDS.

"Those Cubans are shooting them Spaniards!" yelled a quartermaster, standing beside me. From the bushes at Aserradero came puffs of smoke. Little jets rose in the water among the Spaniards swimming from the blazing "Vizcaya" for the shore. I ran up on the bridge. "Admiral," I said, "do you see those Cubans shooting at the Spaniards, naked and escaping from a burning ship?" He waited for a moment, looked carefully, then said: "The 'Vizcaya' couldn't have chosen a worse place. They ought to have known that Aserradero is a hotbed of Cubans." But the "Iowa's" boat with a flag of truce was already headed for the "Vizcaya," and the "Ericsson" was signaled to also go in to her assistance. The "New York" continued on after the "Colon," her decks shaking with the vibration of the engines. It was not until the next day that we heard how gallant American officers and Jackies had clambered up the red-hot sides of the "Vizcaya" and carried wounded men down into boats; how others swam around the "Vizcaya's" stern and implored the wounded men to drop into the sea from the rope ladder to which they clung with frenzied tenacity; how one

"Iowa" man shook this rope ladder until armless, legless, half-burned Spaniards fell headlong into the water, clutching at everything they saw. They had, in some instances, to be knocked senseless before they could be pulled into the boat. All this time terrific explosions were rending the "Vizcaya's" decks, smoke, flames, and burning splinters rising almost as high as the green Cuban hills which formed the peaceful background.

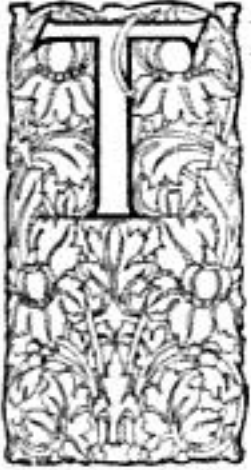
Behind us, as we headed after the "Colon," rose three great columns of smoke, marking the destruction of the crack cruisers of the Spanish navy. The torpedo destroyers had ceased burning and were sunk close inshore. Our guns were trained on the "Colon," and the crew was at "general quarters," but there was no need of firing, for the shells from the "Oregon" had had the desired moral effect. When we passed the "Texas," the "Vixen," the "Brooklyn," and the "Oregon," there was great cheering. As we stopped within hail of the "Colon" we saw the flag of Spain, bedraggled, lying in folds on the quarter-deck of the stranded ship. Captain Cook of the "Brooklyn" had just boarded her. He was in the center of a group of Spanish officers. All of the prisoners were finally put on board the "Resolute," which had now come up, except General Paredea and his staff, who came aboard the "New York." Later followed the daring feat by Captain Chadwick, in ramming the sinking "Colon" further upon the beach, an achievement accomplished by searchlight, watched eagerly by the "Colon's" former crew and officers, and as wonderful as anything that had happened that day.

The next day I went aboard the "Iowa." A white-bearded, venerable man was sitting on the quarter-deck under the awning. He was talking in French to Passed-Assistant Surgeon Crandall about his country home in Spain. "Une très petite villa, près Cadix," he was saying. Then he went on, talking poetically, pastorally; saying how his two daughters loved to go out when the early morning dew lay on the ground, and gather flowers. It was Admiral Cervera. You would never have thought that, the day before, he had commanded the flower of Spain's navy, and that since then he had seen the shell-riddled hulls of his vessels burning on the shores of Cuba.

THE GIFT OF ABNER GRICE.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.



HE tramp leaned over the gate, looking at the trim garden and the homely little one-story cottage. The place was perhaps an acre in extent, and the cottage seemed very small for the size of the grounds. The tramp was not in his usual fettle, or he would not have hesitated so long about entering. His nerve had given way, and he feared there might be a dog or a man about the premises. His cough troubled him, and the freedom of sleeping out of doors had lost its zest. The world had gone hard with him, and there was too much law about for a waif of the road to live in comfort. He was afraid to enter the village at the outskirts of which the cottage stood, yet he must have something to eat.

A little girl approached, looking wonderingly at him, but her shrinking from him caused no resentment in the tramp's mind, for he was used to it. He accosted her in a whining voice:

"Who lives here, little girl?"

"Aunty Mehitable and Aunt Euphemia," she answered, gazing at him with surprise in her eyes, amazed that he asked what every one was supposed to know. Then she ran away as fast as she could, and the tramp, after watching her flight, opened the gate and entered the garden.

The unkempt man could hardly have made a better choice if he had wandered all day in search of an ideal spot at which to obtain refreshment. The rigor of the local authorities kept the village reasonably clear of suspicious wanderers, and it was believed that the fences on all roads leading to the place were marked with those cabalistic characters, the hieroglyphics of the tramp, which warned the wayfaring fraternity that nothing was to be expected here but the hospitality of the lock-up. Therefore the Misses Bassett never had their charity unduly imposed upon.

Whether Mehitable was older than Euphemia, or Euphemia than Mehitable, nobody

knew. Mehitable was called aunty, and Euphemia aunt, by every one in the village; but whether the slight distinction in their titles arose through euphony or because aunt was supposed to be older than aunty, or *vice versa*, is hard to tell. It could not be that one was thought kinder than the other, for each was the most lovable old lady, and the most innocent and unsuspicious, that ever made nephews and nieces of the entire juvenile population. They had an income which many would have considered meager, but which the old ladies found large enough to share on occasion with those in need. The cottage and the garden belonged to them, and the fact that they had no rent to pay was their excuse for many benefactions which seemed larger than they could well afford.

In an outhouse that had once been a stable, their gardener lived, as loitering an old fraud as ever idled away his time at other people's expense, yet the ladies could never be made to see this. When spring came, he would leave them to get higher wages elsewhere, returning dolefully in the autumn to be reinstated when there was little for him to do. As a gardener is chiefly for use from the springtime onward, the Misses Bassett found themselves compelled to do most of the work with their own hands. The veranda of the cottage stood at the back of the building, where it gave a view over the garden, and here, on this spring day, a week after the annual flitting of the deserting gardener, the two old ladies sat, when the tramp came round to them, saying he was in search of work, which was not true, and that he was hungry, which was.

The old ladies bustled about to get something for him to eat, and such a dainty little meal as they spread, the tramp never before sat down to. Then they swayed back and forth in their rocking-chairs and gazed at him with a satisfaction no less complete than his own, gratified to think that presently there would be one hungry man the less in the world; and they questioned him, one interrupting the other in eagerness to elicit the pathetic story of his life. Pathetic, in-

deed, it was, for the man, being utterly unhampered by truth, was thereby enabled to furnish them adorned fiction that went straight to their tender, unworldly hearts. He was a mechanic. He had been thrown out of work through no fault of his own, all on account of hard times. He had tramped and tramped searching for a job, and often, oh, how often, had been tempted to steal; but when about to do so, the precepts of his childhood forced themselves on his memory and he said, "No; I'll starve first." Consequently he starved.

Tears came to the eyes of the old maids and trickled down their wrinkled cheeks as they listened. With faltering voices they begged him to eat more, and he did.

Once or twice, as he furtively glanced at them, his ragged remnant of conscience actually accused him, a thing it had not done for years, even when worse crimes than lying were in question.

When he sat back unable to eat a morsel more, the two women consulted together for a few moments, standing at the end of the veranda and talking in whispers. At last they came forward again, and Miss Mehitable, being presumably the elder, was spokeswoman.

"If you think you could work in the garden," she said, "we might give you something to do. We can't pay much; but you will have plenty to eat, and a comfortable place to sleep in the outhouse. What do you say?"

Now of all things on earth that the tramp wanted, work was the very last. Still, circumstances over which he had no control, at the present moment, made it strictly necessary that he should lie low for a while, and this spot was about the safest place he could choose: no one would think of looking for him in such a remote corner. He glanced

over the peaceful garden and pondered a while before replying.

"Well, mum," he said at last, "I don't so much care about wages as I do about a safe home and good victuals. I'm not a great hand at garden-ing, being used to city work mostly; but things got a bit lively—that is, trade was dull, and so I thought—well,—I'll do my best, if you show me how."

"That is all any

one could ask," said the two in the same breath.

"I'd like to get another suit of clothes," he continued, looking down at his torn garments, "but I'd rather not go into the village after them. I've been used so cruelly by folks that I don't exactly care about anybody seeing me but yourselves, and I'd kind of rather nobody knew I was here, if you don't mind."

The sisters looked at each other with pity in their eyes, which said as plainly as words, "See how hard usage warps the kindly nature of an unfortunate man." Aunty Mehitable assured him that he might live entirely by himself and need meet no



"The tramp . . . opened the gate and entered the garden."

one. There was an old suit of the garden-er's in the outhouse; perhaps that would do for him, and they would pay the gardener for it when he returned in the autumn.

"That'll be just the ticket," replied the man.

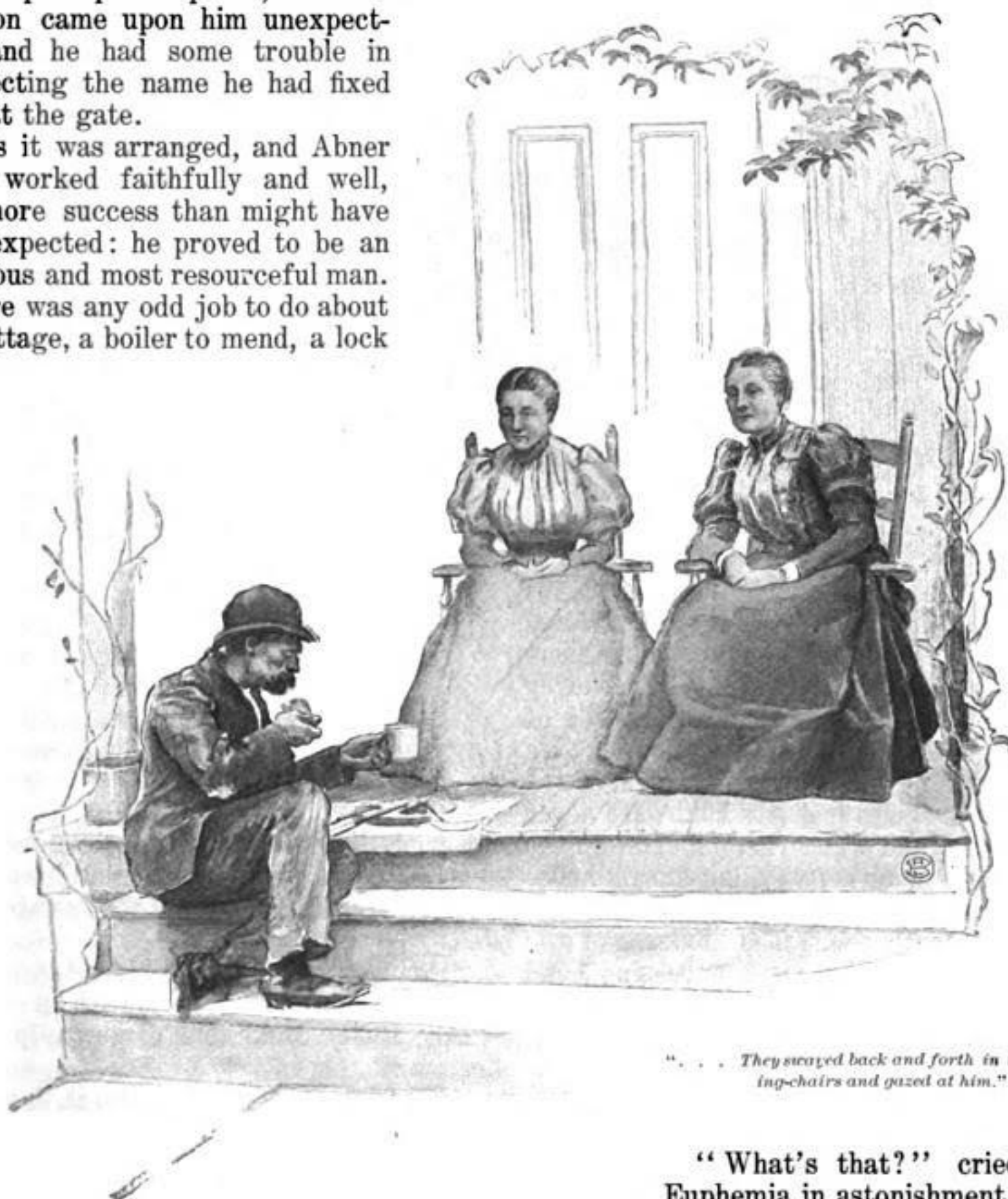
"And now what is your name?" she asked.

"Abner Grice," he answered, after a perceptible pause, for the question came upon him unexpectedly and he had some trouble in recollecting the name he had fixed upon at the gate.

Thus it was arranged, and Abner Grice worked faithfully and well, with more success than might have been expected: he proved to be an ingenious and most resourceful man. If there was any odd job to do about the cottage, a boiler to mend, a lock

"Now, why couldn't you open a plumbing shop in the village next winter, for there isn't one, although we have water-works here, and must send to town twelve miles away when there is anything to be done."

"I'd sooner open a bank," muttered Abner.



"... They swayed back and forth in their rocking-chairs and gazed at him."

"What's that?" cried Miss Euphemia in astonishment.

to repair, Abner seemed a very magician with tools.

"I know your trade," cried Aunt Euphemia triumphantly, once as she stood watching him expertly soldering a pipe.

"Ah!" gasped Abner with a start; "what is it?"

"You're a plumber."

"Yes, mum," he said with a sigh of relief, "you've hit it the first time."

"I mean I haven't the capital, and I suppose a bank wouldn't care to back me up."

"It surely wouldn't take much capital," said Aunt Euphemia.

"More than I've got," remarked Abner, as he finished his task.

Spring blended into summer, and summer was wearing into autumn, but still Abner Grice worked for the two ancient ladies, and ate at their hospitable board, for they



had insisted that he should have his meals with them. He usually sat very silent, and sometimes was startled when a sudden question was asked him. The sisters chirped away over their tea, and Abner had the benefit of all the harmless gossip of their village. He had lost, in a measure, his haggard, haunted look, and his cough had left him. He never went abroad, and when visitors came to the cottage he was either working in a remote part of the garden or had disappeared to his room in the outhouse. The kindness of the two old ladies to him was unceasing, and although it did not succeed in curing him of his shyness where others were concerned, it certainly seemed to be having a mellowing effect on the man, as it must have on one hitherto accustomed only to harshness.

In September he told them he thought of leaving them, but they begged him to remain, and he said he would, until the other gardener returned.

The two sisters had been having tea at the Squire's, for they were welcome guests with rich and poor alike, and over their next meal at home they gossiped about their visit.

"And such a lovely new solid silver tea service the Squire has bought," Aunty Mehitable said to Abner, who regarded her silently. "Ah, that is what it is to have money!

"If there was . . . a lock to repair, Abner seemed a very magician."

Goodness knows how much it must have cost! I don't care for gauds or jewels, but I should like to have a tea service like that."

"And so should I," sighed Aunt Euphemia. "Perhaps if we saved up——"

But Aunty Mehitable sorrowfully shook her head.

"We could never, never do it," she replied.

All of which goes to show that we rarely know what good luck awaits us. The charming old ladies were to have their heart's desire granted when they least expected it, and that right soon.

Every night before they went to bed, they carefully locked and barred their doors and securely fastened all their windows, just as if there was untold treasure in the house. In spite of these never-neglected precautions, they saw as soon as they got up one morning that their domicile had been entered, although neither of them had heard a sound

during the night. There on the table, to their amazement, stood the silver service. In the sugar-basin was placed a letter, which Aunt Mephibah took with trembling hands; and after reading it she uttered an exclamation of despair and let it flutter to the floor. Aunt Euphemia picked it up, and read it in her turn.

"Dear ladies," it began, continuing, with deplorable spelling which need not be recorded here, "you have been good to me, and this is all I can do in return. The Squire is rich, and will never miss the service. Keep it dark for a while, for they will never think of looking for it in the cottage, anyhow. You can't give it back, for if you do it will land me in prison, and I know you wouldn't want to do that. I'm a burglar, I am, and a good one, you bet. I've bolted, so you won't see no more of me. It isn't real silver, anyhow, but plate, so the Squire deserves to have it pinched. P. S.—I didn't take anything else, 'cause the Squire's a friend of yours."

The two old ladies sat down breathless, and began to weep, quietly and hopelessly.

"What are we to do?" said Aunt Euphemia at last, leaving decision with the other, as she always did when things came to a crisis.

"We must take the set back at once; that is the first thing to be done. If we delay, some innocent man may be arrested."

"Poor Abner," moaned Miss Euphemia, dolefully. "Then they will catch him, and put him in prison, perhaps for life."

"No; that will never do. We must save Abner; and, after all, he did it for us. If we give the things back immediately, perhaps they won't do anything to him. We'll beg the Squire not to say a word about it."

Miss Euphemia shook her head.

"I'm afraid it's too late for that. Early this morning, when I first awoke, I heard the galloping of a horse, and I looked out to see who it was, for I thought it might be some one going for a doctor, but it was the Squire's man on his fastest horse. The police will be there now."

"Who has committed this crime, Euphemia? Whom should the police arrest? Answer me that, and answer it truly," cried the elder sister, with a stern, accusing ring in her voice.

The other laid her head on her arms, resting them on the table, and sobbed without reply. Mephibah rose and paced up and down the room, wringing her hands.

"We have sinned, and we alone. 'Thou

shalt not covet.' That is a commandment as strong as 'Thou shalt not steal.' The one is printed in the Good Book in the same size letters as the other, and who are we to judge between the Lord's commandments and say that he intended the breaking of one to be more serious than the breaking of another? We coveted our neighbor's goods, and all the evil flowed from that. No one should suffer but ourselves."

"But how can we save Abner?"

"We must save him by committing another sin, and this should be a warning, showing how evil leads to evil. We must carry these things back to the Squire, and tell him we took them, and abide by the consequences. And there is not so much of a lie about that, for we *did* take them; it was our coveting that brought them here; you see he says he took nothing else; it was all for us. Then we must tell the Squire we took them."

"Oh, oh!" wailed Aunt Euphemia, shrinking from so terrible a confession, but nevertheless admitting, a moment later, the justice of it. "It is only right and just; but will you speak, or must I?"

"I spoke first of the tea service last night at supper, so it is I who should say what must be said to Squire Redfern."

"Perhaps you spoke first, sister," murmured Aunt Euphemia, with a deep sigh; "but I am sure I said the most, and I think I was the one who wished we had more money."

"We will go together, and if I break down you must help me. It isn't a question of who is most to blame; we are very likely equally guilty in the sight of the Lord. Now we must tell Abner that we will take the whole sin on our shoulders."

"But Abner is gone. He says 'bolted' in the letter; don't you remember?"

"Oh, I thought he meant his door. We must see at once whether he has gone or not. Come along, sister."

They found Abner fully dressed, but sound asleep on the bed where he had flung himself after his night's work. The morning had crept on him unaware, and he started up and threw himself into a dazed attitude of defense when they came in.

"Ah, aunties both!" he muttered sheepishly when he saw who it was. "I thought it was the police. I've overslept myself. Expected to be ten miles away by this time."

"Oh, Abner, Abner," cried Aunt Mephibah in anguish. "How could you do such a thing?"

"Well," said Grice dubiously, "it wasn't very easy without the right sort of tools, but I got there just the same, and I could have made a rich haul, but I thought you wouldn't like it."

"How could you think, then, that we would like your taking the silver?"

"'Tain't real silver, and the Squire's rich

only coveted contrary to the commandment, but we put temptation in the way of a fellow-creature, and as you didn't take anything for yourself, you mustn't give yourself up. We are going now to the Squire, and I am sure nothing will be done to you. You stay here until we come back—if they let us come back, which we don't deserve. But

I think the Squire will be easy on us for old times' sake."

"Ladies," cried the burglar fervently, "I ain't fit to be on this earth along with you. I'll do whatever you tell me to do, and stay right here till the police come. It won't be any good begging the Squire, for he'll jug me sure, and everybody'll say he is dead right, but I'll stay where I am till you tell me to go."

The two old ladies, getting the upper hand of as much of their emotion as was visible, packed the silverware carefully in the two baskets which generally carried benefactions to their poorer neighbors, thinking that they would in this way escape observation, although it might have seemed unusual to go thus laden up the avenue which led to Squire Redfern's residence; and thus they set off on their slow and mournful journey with quaking hearts.

The Squire, a hale and stout gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, received them in his library. He was visibly perturbed, but brightened as they entered, and greeted them with much cordiality.

"Ah, neighbors!" he cried, "going about doing good with full baskets, I'll warrant. I think I'll become ill some day just to get you to bring nice things to me: indeed, I'm nearly worried into an illness this very day. I've got news that will startle you. I've been robbed; house broken into, burglarized.

anyhow. I knew you wouldn't like it, just at first, but then I thought you wouldn't know what to do with the stuff, and so after a while you'd get kind of used to it, and then maybe the Squire 'ud die, or something like that, and then everything would be all right, don't you see? But I suppose I may as well give myself up now that I didn't get away, if you won't hide the swag."

"No, you mustn't give yourself up. It is all our fault, and not yours, for we not



* There on the table, to their amazement, stood the silver service."



* *We broke into your house and stole your silver.*"

Such a thing never happened in this village before, which comes of soft-hearted fools encouraging tramps all about the country. Robbed! You wouldn't believe that, now, would you?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Redfern, we believe it. We did it."

"Did what?"

"We broke into your house and stole your silver, and we are very sorry, indeed, indeed we are," and Aunty Mehitable, her voice quavering, groped blindly round with her handkerchief under her veil, to wipe away the tears which she could not suppress. Aunt Euphemia, hanging down her head, cried silently in sympathy with her fellow-criminal, making no effort to restrain her grief, for she knew such effort would be useless.

"What!" shouted the Squire in bewildered amazement, first thinking the ladies had suddenly gone insane, then doubting that he

had heard aright. "We saw the silver last evening and hankered after it," continued Aunty Mehitable. "We came at midnight and took it, but we repented this morning; bitterly repented, bitterly, bitterly, and here it is, Mr. Redfern; confession and restitution is all we——"

Aunty Mehitable here broke down completely, unable to speak further; then the two aunties uncovered, each her own basket, and displayed before the astonished eyes of the Squire his missing silver plate. For a moment the man stood mute, getting redder and redder in the face; then he drew back his head and roared with laughter. The two women looked up at him in tearful surprise, while he tried to speak, but could not.

"Oh, aunty, aunty," he stuttered at last, "how little you know this wicked world. Why, the police say it was the work of one of the most expert burglars in the country."

"He was always handy with tools," sighed Aunt Euphemia, forgetting herself.

Her sister darted a look of reproach at her, then tremulously to the Squire she said:

"It is a very serious matter, Mr. Redfern; I wish you wouldn't laugh."

"How can I help it, aunty? Where did you go after you broke into the kitchen, and how did you open the china closet door, for it was locked this morning and did not show a scratch? And then, how did you get into the wine-cellar, and how could you, whom I have always thought a temperance woman, never tasting anything stronger than tea, select the very best bottle I had in my bins, break the neck off it with a neatness I never saw equalled, and drink it all? And how you and Miss Euphemia must have staggered as you went across the lawn, not under the weight of the silver, but under the weight of that most potent bottle of wine!"

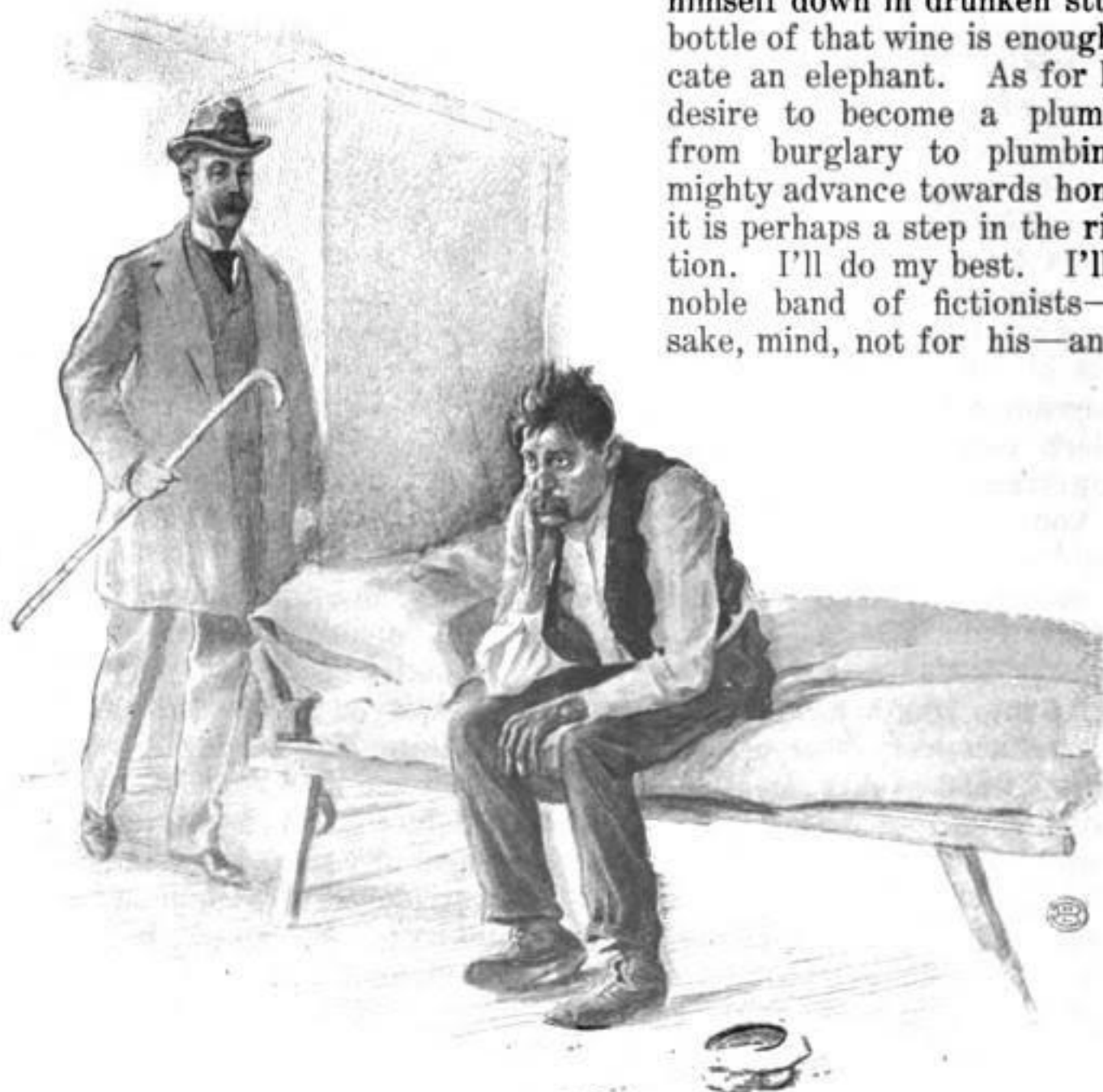
Here the Squire collapsed into his arm-chair and shook with uncontrolled merriment at the picture he had drawn, while the two women looked at each other with dismay, evidently fearing they had, in some unexplainable way, bungled the confession.

When the Squire had partially recovered his composure, he said: "Whom are you shielding, aunty, and how did you come to know of this burglary? What scoundrel has crept his way into your tender and unsophisticated sympathies? You think you are going to reform him, of course, and that people have been hard on him, and all that sort of thing; but nothing will reform such a person except the jail. Where is he hiding?"

After a few minutes the Squire was in possession of the whole story—from the time the tramp first appeared famished at the veranda until the last hour when they left him repentant and deeply despondent sitting on his bed in the outhouse—Aunty Mehitable relating, and Aunt Euphemia eagerly interjecting little remarks which told in the culprit's favor as the narrative continued.

The Squire shook his head.

"I don't much believe in the reformation of such characters. It was not contrition that you noticed in him this morning, but the effects of drink. The fellow didn't oversleep himself, tired after an industrious night's work, as you imagine; he threw himself down in drunken stupor, for a bottle of that wine is enough to intoxicate an elephant. As for his alleged desire to become a plumber—well, from burglary to plumbing isn't a mighty advance towards honesty; still it is perhaps a step in the right direction. I'll do my best. I'll enter the noble band of fictionists—for your sake, mind, not for his—and will tell



"... He found Abner Grice ... sitting on the bed."

the police the silver had been mislaid and has been found again. That will sound fishy enough, but I will send them a nice check for what they have done, and so, perhaps, nothing will be said. Now, I don't believe we shall find the fellow when we go to the outhouse; he'll have made himself very scarce in spite of his promise. Still I'll go

slinking here under the protection of two innocent, confiding women, when you ought to be wearing striped clothing in prison! What have you to say for yourself, you rascal?"

"Go on, go on," growled Abner, without looking up. "That's the kind of talk I've had a great deal of in my time."



"I'll be the other fool, Squire," said Abner."

over with you and see. Meanwhile this will be a secret between us three."

"You won't be harsh with him, will you, Mr. Redfern?"

"I'll be as mild as new milk—if he's there, which I doubt."

The two ladies with their empty baskets returned to the cottage, and entered in fear and trembling, while the Squire, a stout stick in his hand, strode to the outhouse. To his surprise, he found Abner Grice still there, sitting on the bed, with his head in his hands (aching, no doubt, thought the Squire).

"Well, you scoundrel, you arrant knave,

"In your time! Doing time, is what you deserve. You thieving loafer, bamboozling two lone women, getting them to stand between you and the consequences of your crime. It is my duty to turn you over to the police. What have you to say against it?"

Abner Grice sprang to his feet, his fists clinched, all the lower animalism of his nature glaring from his bloodshot eyes.

"What have I to say?" he roared. "I have to say that you are a liar. You never would have been standing there—you never would have known I was here, if you hadn't lied to them ladies, and told 'em you

wouldn't do anything. I know 'em. 'They'd gone to jail themselves first before they'd a-rounded on me. Don't you threaten me with your stick, or I'll break your neck down the stair.'"

"None of that, my man," cried the Squire, backing away from him. "I've come to help you, if you will keep a civil tongue in your head."

"I don't want your help. I'm one kind of a thief, and you're another. You steal according to law, and I don't; that's all the difference. I've lived with these real Christian ladies nearly six months, and have done my work as well as I knew how. Not a day passed but they had something nice to say about the Squire: what a good man he was; what fine things he said; how kind he was, and all that, till I was so sick of you I had to come out here to swear. You, with your income bigger than all they own, having as much money in a week as they have in a year, what have you done for them? Is there a stick in their cottage you gave them? You saw them, year in and year out, go past your door, bringing things to the sick and poor, and when they came to you and begged for others, you put your hand in your pocket, and they thought you were generous! You fat, old, stingy, puffing grampus! What present have you ever given to them?"

"But, my dear man," stammered the Squire, taken aback, "you don't understand. The Misses Bassett are ladies. You can't give alms to a lady."

"A real gentleman would have found a way, if he wasn't all solid selfishness. What did the bottle of wine I drank cost you? And there are hundreds in your cellar, all for your own gullet. A gentleman would have bought something nice—china, a desk, a little cabinet, something of silver or gold that they couldn't give away—something pretty and useless, that ladies like, and he would have said: 'Miss Euphemia, or Miss Mehitable, to-day is your birthday, and here's a little trinket

just to show we ain't forgotten you.' That's what a gentleman would a-done. The poor can't give, and the rich don't think. There isn't anything in that little cottage that them ladies can point to, with tears in their eyes (as there would be, for they think everybody's good), and say, 'The Squire, bless 'im, gave us——' "

"Hold on, hold on," cried the Squire, with a gulp in his throat, dropping his stick and placing a hand on the other's shoulder. "Don't say another word, and forgive me for the way I spoke to you. Let's talk business. Answer me this. Is burglary like drink? Can you keep your hands off things if you are in the way of temptation, or can't you?"

"Well, Squire," said the man, mollified, but lowering suspiciously at him, "I might have cut your throat last night as you lay snoring fit to wake the dead, but——"

"Not snoring!" cried the Squire, quick anger rising to the surface again. "I never snore."

"It led me up from the basement like a fog-horn. I took the keys from your trousers pocket, as I ain't got my skeleton kit along, and so got into the cellar and the china closet. There was money in your pocket and a watch in your vest. I let 'em stay there."

"That's all right. I'll be your financial backer, and will set you up in business where you can make honest money. Are you willing?"

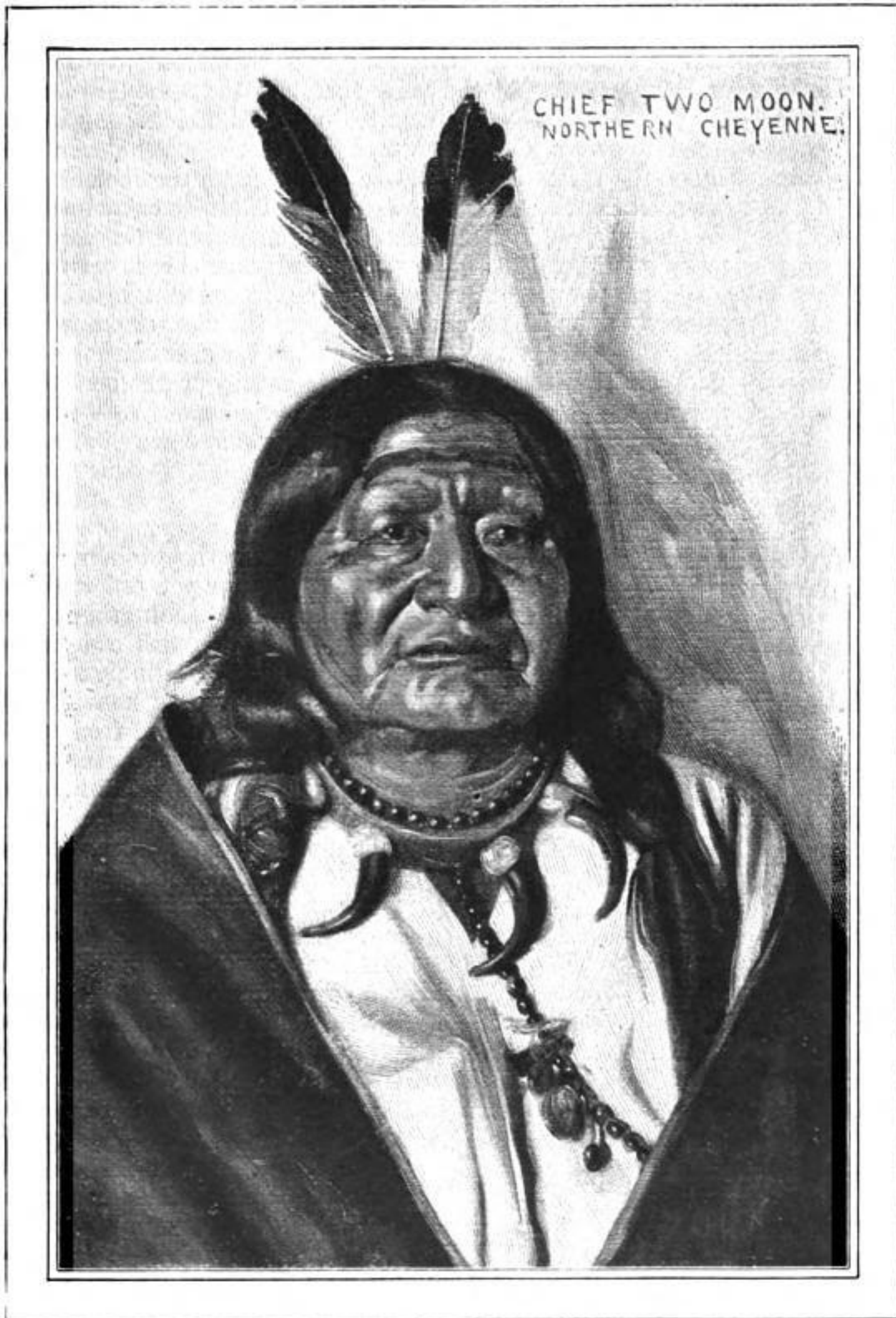
"I haven't had any too much money, either honest or dishonest, this while back. I'd like to try and earn a little."

"Then that's a bargain. And now, if you prosper, you and I will buy a real silver service, and we'll present it to the aunties on the next birthday that comes to the cottage. I'd buy it myself, but I think they will treasure it more coming from two fools than from one. What do you say?"

"I'll be the other fool, Squire," said Abner with a reluctant grin.



Painted from life by E. A. Burbank.



GENERAL CUSTER'S LAST FIGHT AS SEEN BY TWO MOON.

THE BATTLE DESCRIBED BY A CHIEF WHO TOOK PART IN IT.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE CUSTER FIGHT.—In a campaign in 1876 against a powerful confederation of hostile Indians, Brevet Major-General George A. Custer, lieutenant-colonel in command of the Seventh Cavalry, was sent by General Terry to hem the Indians in on the east, while General Terry himself and Colonel Gibbons moved round and came down upon them from

the north. On approaching the Little Big Horn valley, where the Indians lay, Custer divided his command into three parallel columns: one under command of Captain Benteen; one under command of Major Reno (the two comprising six companies); and one, consisting of five companies, under himself. At the same time he left Captain McDougall, with one company, in the rear, to guard the pack train. On June 25th, the day before Terry and Gibbons had appointed to arrive, Custer ordered an attack. Reno's column, which was the middle one, crossed the Little Big Horn, and advanced on the Indian encampment from the south. It was soon repulsed, and retreated with loss back across the river. It was here joined by the commands of Benteen and McDougall, and the combined force was able to entrench and maintain itself, though with difficulty, until relieved by the arrival of General Terry, two days later. Custer, meanwhile, proceeded with his column toward the river by a more northerly way, shut off completely from the view or knowledge of the other columns; and neither he nor any man with him was ever seen alive by the men of the other commands again. A large force of Indians rode hardily up the bare bluff against the column, encircled and simply swept it off the earth to a man. With Custer fell his brother Thomas, an officer whose record for personal bravery and daring was scarcely less remarkable than his own. Twelve officers were killed in all, 247 enlisted men, three Indian scouts, and several civilians.—EDITOR.



As we topped the low, pine-clad ridge and looked into the hot, dry valley, Wolf Voice, my Cheyenne interpreter, pointed at a little log cabin, toward the green line of alders wherein the Rosebud ran, and said:

"His house—Two Moon."

As we drew near we came to a puzzling fork in the road. The left branch skirted a corner of a wire fence, the right turned into a field. We started to the left, but the waving of a blanket in the hands of a man at the cabin door directed us to the right. As we drew nearer we perceived Two Moon spreading blankets in the scant shade of his low cabin. Some young Cheyennes were grinding a sickle. A couple of children were playing about the little log stables. The barn-yard and buildings were like those of a white settler on the new and arid sod. It was all barren and unlovely—the home of poverty.

As we dismounted at the door Two Moon came out to meet us with hand outstretched. "How?" he said, with the heartiest, long-drawn note of welcome. He motioned us to be seated on the blankets which he had spread for us upon seeing our approach. Nothing could exceed the dignity and sincerity of his greeting.

As we took seats he brought out tobacco and a pipe. He was a tall old man, of a fine, clear brown complexion, big-chested, erect, and martial of bearing. His smiling face was broadly benignant, and his manners were courteous and manly.

While he cut his tobacco Wolf Voice interpreted my wishes to him. I said, "Two Moon, I have come to hear your story of the

Custer battle, for they tell me you were a chief there. After you tell me the story, I want to take some photographs of you. I want you to signal with a blanket as the great chiefs used to do in fight."

Wolf Voice made this known to him, delivering also a message from the agents, and at every pause Two Moon uttered deep-voiced notes of comprehension. "Ai," "A-ah," "Hoh,"—these sounds are commonly called "grunts," but they were low, long-drawn expulsions of breath, very expressive.

Then a long silence intervened. The old man mused. It required time to go from the silence of the hot valley, the shadow of his little cabin, and the wire fence of his pasture, back to the days of his youth. When he began to speak, it was with great deliberation. His face became each moment graver and his eyes more introspective.

"Two Moon does not like to talk about the days of fighting; but since you are to make a book, and the agent says you are a friend to Grinnell,* I will tell you about it—the truth. It is now a long time ago, and my words do not come quickly.

"That spring [1876] I was camped on Powder River with fifty lodges of my people—Cheyennes. The place is near what is now Fort McKenney. One morning soldiers charged my camp. They were in command of Three Fingers [Colonel McKenzie]. We were surprised and scattered, leaving our ponies. The soldiers ran all our horses off. That night the soldiers slept, leaving the horses one side; so we crept up and stole them back again, and then we went away.

* George B. Grinnell, whom the Cheyennes, Blackfeet, and Gros Ventres love and honor.

"We traveled far, and one day we met a big camp of Sioux at Charcoal Butte. We camped with the Sioux, and had a good time, plenty grass, plenty game, good water. Crazy Horse was head chief of the camp. Sitting Bull was camped a little ways below, on the Little Missouri River.

"Crazy Horse said to me, 'I'm glad you are come. We are going to fight the white man again.'

"The camp was already full of wounded men, women, and children.

"I said to Crazy Horse, 'All right. I am ready to fight. I have fought already. My people have been killed, my horses stolen; I am satisfied to fight.'"

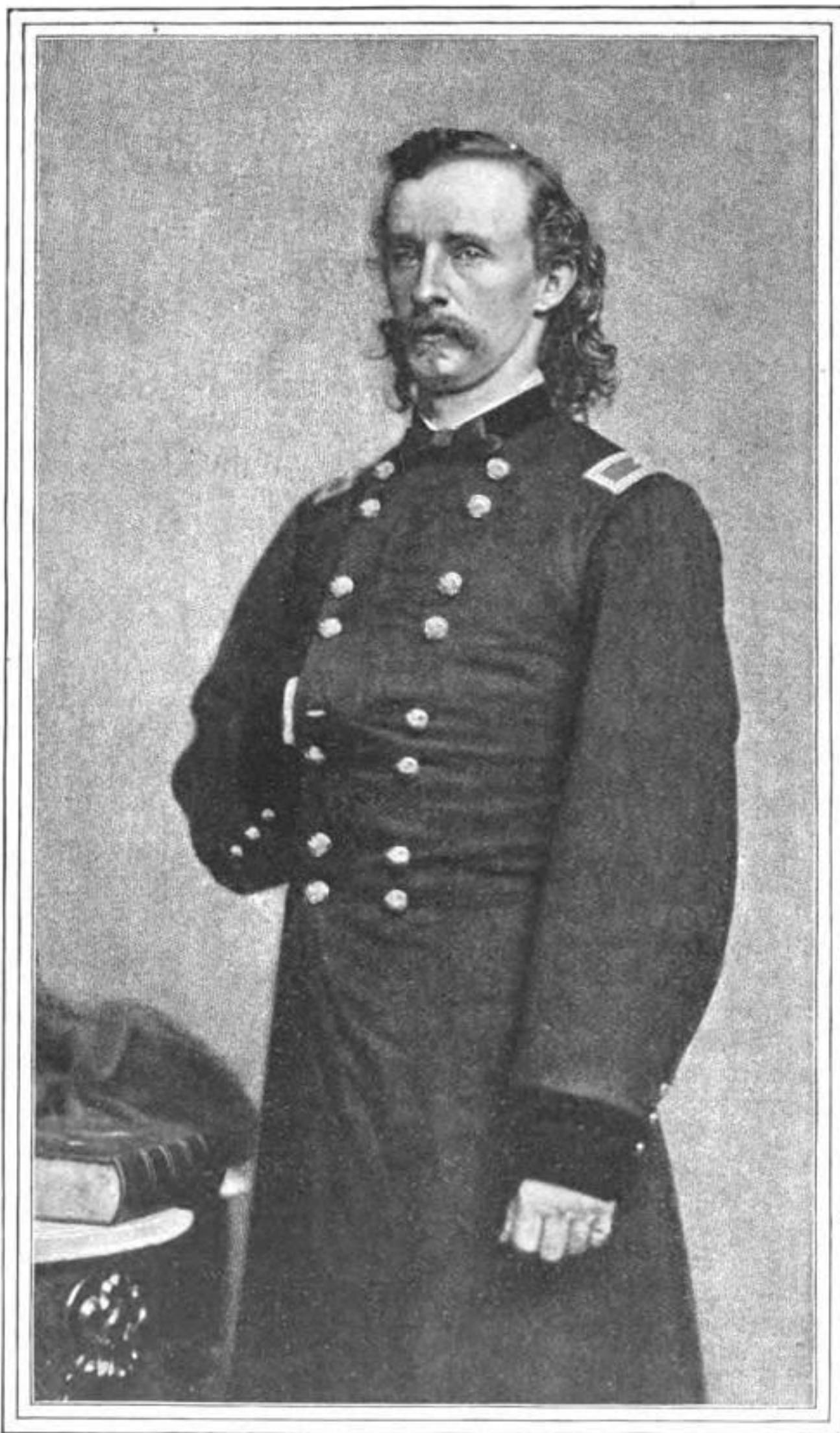
Here the old man paused a moment, and his face took on a lofty and somber expression.

"I believed at that time the Great Spirits had made Sioux, put them there,"—he drew a circle to the right—"and white men and Cheyennes here,"—indicating two places to the left—"expecting them to fight. The Great Spirits I thought liked to see the fight; it was to them all the same like playing. So I thought then about fighting." As he said this, he made me feel for one moment the power of a sardonic god whose drama was the wars of men.

"About May, when the grass was tall and the horses strong, we broke camp and started across the country to the mouth of the Tongue River. Then Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse and all went up the Rosebud. There

we had a big fight with General Crook, and whipped him. Many soldiers were killed—few Indians. It was a great fight, much smoke and dust.

"From there we all went over the divide, and camped in the valley of Little Horn. Everybody thought, 'Now we are out of the white man's country. He can live there, we will live here.' After a few days,



GENERAL GEORGE A. CUSTER.

From a photograph in the War Department Collection.

one morning when I was in camp north of Sitting Bull, a Sioux messenger rode up and said, 'Let everybody paint up, cook, and get ready for a big dance.'

"Cheyennes then went to work to cook, cut up tobacco, and get ready. We all thought to dance all day. We were very glad to think we were far away from the white man.

"I went to water my horses at the creek, and washed them off with cool water, then took a swim myself. I came back to the camp afoot. When I got near my lodge, I looked up the Little Horn towards Sitting Bull's camp. I saw a great dust rising. It looked like a whirlwind. Soon Sioux horseman came rushing into camp shouting: 'Soldiers come! Plenty white soldiers.'

"I ran into my lodge, and said to my brother-in-law, 'Get your horses; the white man is coming. Everybody run for horses.'

"Outside, far up the valley, I heard a battle cry, *Hay-ay, hay-ay!* I heard shooting, too, this way [clapping his hands very fast]. I couldn't see any Indians. Everybody was getting horses and saddles. After I had caught my horse, a Sioux warrior came again and said, 'Many soldiers are coming.'

"Then he said to the women, 'Get out of the way, we are going to have hard fight.'

"I said, 'All right, I am ready.'

"I got on my horse, and rode out into my camp. I called out to the people all running about: 'I am Two Moon, your chief. Don't run away. Stay here and fight. You must stay and fight the white soldiers. I shall stay even if I am to be killed.'

"I rode swiftly toward Sitting Bull's camp. There I saw the white soldiers fight-

ing in a line [Reno's men]. Indians covered the flat. They began to drive the soldiers all mixed up—Sioux, then soldiers, then more Sioux, and all shooting. The air was full of smoke and dust. I saw the soldiers fall back and drop into the river-bed like buffalo fleeing. They had no time to look for a crossing. The Sioux chased them up the hill, where they met more soldiers in wagons, and then messengers came saying more soldiers were going to kill the women, and the Sioux turned back. Chief

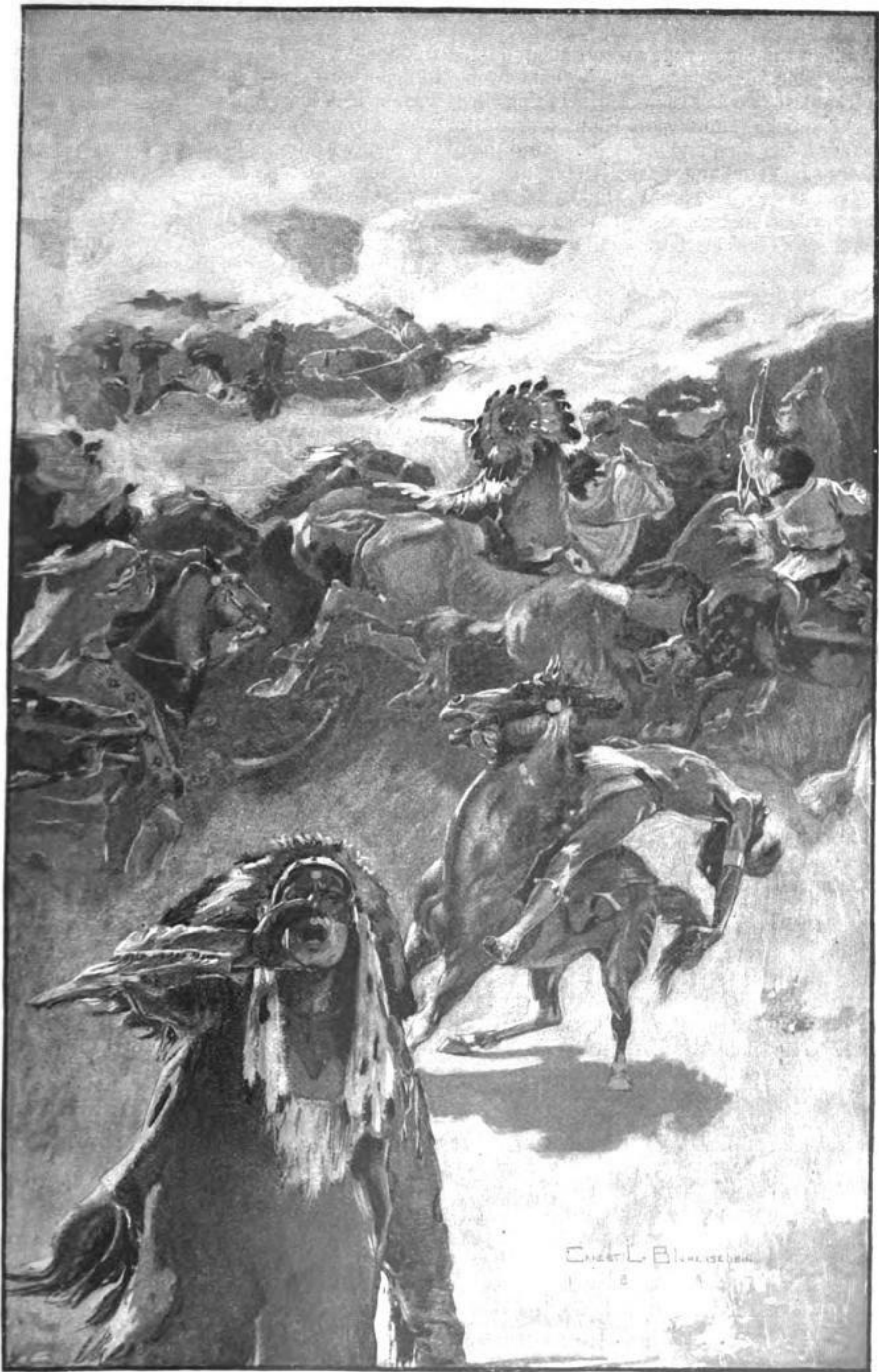


RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, A SIOUX WHO TOOK A PROMINENT PART IN THE CUSTER FIGHT; NOW AN INDIAN POLICEMAN AT ROCK CREEK, SOUTH DAKOTA.

From a painting by E. A. Burbank.

Gall was there fighting, Crazy Horse also.

"I then rode toward my camp, and stopped squaws from carrying off lodges. While I was sitting on my horse I saw flags come up over the hill to the east like that [he raised his finger-tips]. Then the soldiers rose all at once, all on horses, like this [he put his fingers behind each other to indicate that Custer appeared marching in columns of fours]. They formed into three bunches [squadrons] with a little ways between. Then a bugle sounded, and they all got off horses, and some soldiers led the horses back over the hill.



See page 448.

"WE CIRCLED ALL ROUND HIM."

"Then the Sioux rode up the ridge on all sides, riding very fast. The Cheyennes went up the left way. Then the shooting was quick, quick. Pop—pop—pop very fast. Some of the soldiers were down on their knees, some standing. Officers all in front. The smoke was like a great cloud, and everywhere the Sioux went the dust rose like smoke. We circled all round him—swirling like water round a stone. We shoot, we ride fast, we shoot again. Soldiers drop, and horses fall on them. Soldiers in line drop, but one man rides up and down the line—all the time shouting. He rode a sorrel horse with white face and white fore-legs. I don't know who he was. He was a brave man.

"Indians keep swirling round and round, and the soldiers killed only a few. Many soldiers fell. At last all horses killed but five. Once in a while some man would break out and run toward the river, but he would fall. At last about a hundred men and five horsemen stood on the hill all bunched together. All along the bugler kept blowing his commands. He was very brave too. Then a chief was killed. I hear it was Long Hair [Custer], I don't know; and then the five horsemen and the bunch of men, may be so forty, started toward the river. The man on the sorrel horse led them, shouting all the time.* He wore a buckskin shirt, and had long black hair and mustache. He fought hard with a big knife. His men were all covered with white dust. I couldn't tell whether they were officers or not. One man all alone ran far down toward the river, then round up over the hill. I thought he was going to escape, but a Sioux fired and hit him in the head. He was the last man. He wore braid on his arms [sergeant].

"All the soldiers were now killed, and the bodies were stripped. After that no one could tell which were officers. The bodies were left where they fell. We had no dance that night. We were sorrowful.

"Next day four Sioux chiefs and two Cheyennes and I, Two Moon, went upon the battlefield to count the dead. One man carried a little bundle of sticks. When we came to dead men, we took a little stick and gave it to another man, so we counted the dead. There were 388. There were thirty-nine Sioux and seven Cheyennes killed, and about a hundred wounded.

"Some white soldiers were cut with knives, to make sure they were dead; and the war women had mangled some. Most of them were left just where they fell. We came to the man with big mustache; he lay down the hills towards the river.* The Indians did not take his buckskin shirt. The Sioux said, 'That is a big chief. That is Long Hair.' I don't know. I had never seen him. The man on the white-faced horse was the bravest man.

"That day as the sun was getting low our young men came up the Little Horn riding hard. Many white soldiers were coming in a big boat, and when we looked we could see the smoke rising. I called my people together, and we hurried up the Little Horn, into Rotten Grass Valley. We camped there three days, and then rode swiftly back over our old trail to the east. Sitting Bull went back into the Rosebud and down the Yellowstone, and away to the north. I did not see him again."†

The old man paused and filled his pipe. His story was done. His mind came back to his poor people on the barren land where the rain seldom falls.

"That was a long time ago. I am now old, and my mind has changed. I would rather see my people living in houses and singing and dancing. You have talked with me about fighting, and I have told you of the time long ago. All that is past. I think of these things now: First, that our reservation shall be fenced and the white settlers kept out and our young men kept in. Then there will be no trouble. Second, I want to see my people raising cattle and making butter. Last, I want to see my people going to school to learn the white man's way. That is all."

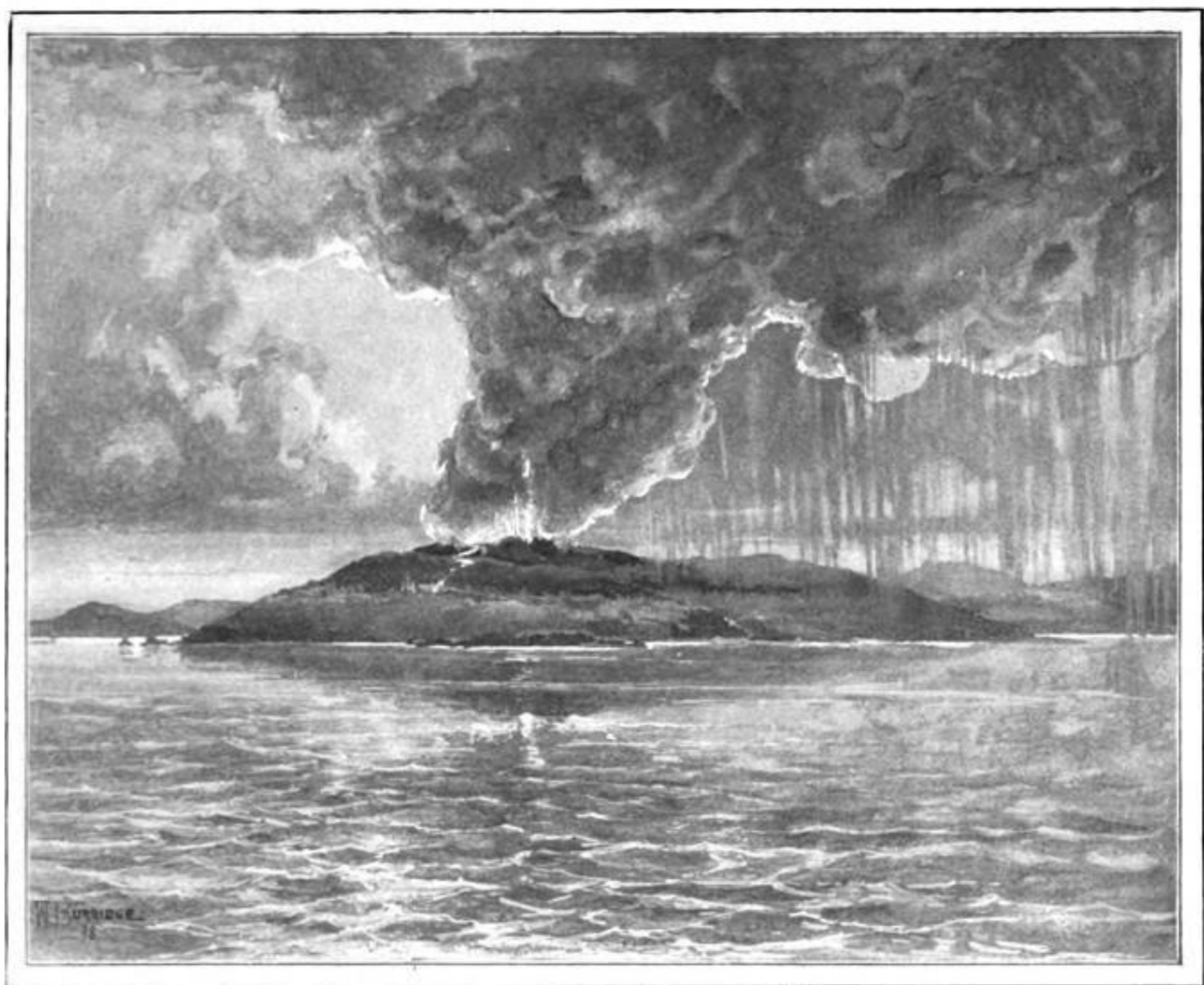
There was something placid and powerful in the lines of the chief's broad brow, and his gestures were dramatic and noble in sweep. His extended arm, his musing eyes, his deep voice combined to express a meditative solemnity profoundly impressive. There was no anger in his voice, and no reminiscent ferocity. All that was strong and fine and distinctive in the Cheyenne character came out in the old man's talk. He seemed the leader and the thoughtful man he really is—patient under injustice, courteous even to his enemies.

* This man's identity is in dispute. He was apparently a brave.

* Custer fell up higher on the ridge.
† This was a wonderful retreat.

VIEW OF KRAKATOA DURING THE EARLIER STAGE OF THE ERUPTION.

From a photograph taken May 27, 1883, and published in the report of the Krakatoa committee of the Royal Society, 1888, entitled "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."



WHEN MOUNTAINS BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF.

MARVELOUS FACTS IN THE ACTION OF VOLCANOES.—SOME
OBSERVATIONS BY PROF. JOHN MILNE.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

IN 1878, when Professor John Milne, then occupying the chair of geology and mining at the University of Tokio, was journeying over Japan describing its active volcanoes, he came to innocent old Bandaisan, about a hundred miles north of the capital, and for some time was in doubt whether to include her in his list or not. As far as he could learn, there was not a better behaved mountain than she in the whole empire; she never smoked, she never shook, and there were no traditions of her having been in eruption even at the most distant period.

She simply rose out of her lonely valley, and went on, century after century, holding up the sky and troubling no one. She rose to the height of about a mile, and was calm and grand.

But peasants in the valley told of hot springs coming out from the base that brought poor people thither in numbers for their healing virtues, and when the Professor saw these springs he knew that he must look further, for where there is hot water there may be steam, and when steam gets into the bowels of a mountain many things may hap-

pen not provided for by the word "extinct." So he pressed up the mountain's sides, beautiful with verdure, and underneath the mosses and trailing vines he came upon scoriaceous lava, which is another sign. Then he went right to the top, up the steepest slope, and found as fair a spread of vegetation as the eye could rest upon; and presently two deer came bounding from the undergrowth as if to show him that there was no danger. Nevertheless, he found a crater underneath, a genuine volcanic crater, and without more searching he classed Bandaisan among the active volcanoes of Japan.

Then see what Bandaisan did. On July 15, 1888, ten years later, with no warning and for no reason that anyone can find out who does not know the secrets under the earth, she blew her beautiful green head off, and sent sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth—that is Professor Sekya's estimate—to arrange themselves in the valley beneath as best they might. There is little use trying to think of sixteen hundred million cubic yards of rock and earth; it is better to do some figuring, and this shows:

(1) That if the mass blown away by Bandaisan at this time had been in nicely hewn fragments each the size of an ordinary street car, there would have been a train of these long enough to go five times around the earth.

(2) That if these fragments had been blown into great shells as large as the largest ship afloat, with a displacement of, say, 15,000 tons each, they would, if floated end to end, have bridged the Pacific from San Francisco to Yokohama.

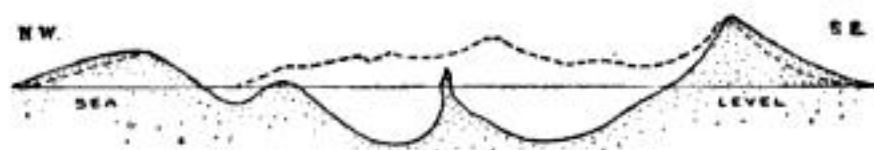
Within three days of this startling justification of his conclusions as to Bandaisan, Professor Milne was at the scene of the disaster, and was the first person to make thorough and accurate observations of what had taken place. It is to him that I am indebted for the facts about this eruption, and also for photographs taken on the spot by his friend, Professor W. K. Burton.

A FURIOUS RIVER OF MUD AND STONE.

Now, this is what had happened. A river of "moya" or agglomerate, not lava, but a

mixture of mud and stone, had poured down the valley at the rate of forty-eight miles an hour, and in twenty minutes had spread itself to a depth of one hundred feet over a region from twelve to fifteen miles long and from five to seven miles wide. When a river of mud travels down a valley at this rate, nearly a mile in a minute, a river as deep as a church, it is needless to say that Death rides on the wave for a quick garnering. That valley would have taken in the greater part of New York City, which is long and narrow, and had New York City been there at this time, some two million mortals would have sent their last breaths bubbling up through mud. As it was, only 401 persons lost their lives, because only 401 persons were there to lose them. The same is true

of houses and buildings: whatever was in the valley was destroyed; and for miles beyond, in all directions, villages were wrecked by the air-blast, trees were stripped bare as if by a forest fire, and crops standing in the fields were flattened on the



OUTLINE OF THE CRATER OF KRAKATOA AS IT IS AT THE PRESENT TIME.

The dotted line indicates the portions blown away in the paroxysmal outburst of August, 1883, and the changes in form of the flanks of the mountain by the fall of ejected material upon them. Reproduced from "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."

ground like threads for a loom.

Near Bandaisan is Lake Inawashiro, and from this point Professor Milne and his party, on the morning after their arrival, set out for the ruins. They started at day-break, and explored until after dark, walking over a waste of steaming, slippery debris. They slid down banks of mud, not knowing what they should find at the bottom nor how they could get out again; they climbed over boulders like small cathedrals; they viewed the rebellious mountain from many points, and saw that its head was indeed missing, only a jagged neck showing here and there when the steam lifted. And they saw with amazement how the face of things was changed: everything bare and brown where carpets of green had been; houses gone, people gone, the valley buried in mud, and here, where dry land was, a new lake forming. This lake was caused by the sudden damming up of a mountain stream, and was destined to go on growing for two whole years, so that to-day it rivals Inawashira, and has actually caused the peasants in its vicinity to abandon farming and devote themselves to fishing.

There was one phenomenon observed by



BANDAI SAN STILL SMOKING AND STEAMING AFTER IT HAS BLOWN ITS HEAD OFF.

The ragged line at the top marks what was the neck of the mountain. This and the pictures following on pages 452, 453, 454, and 455 are from photographs by W. K. Burton.

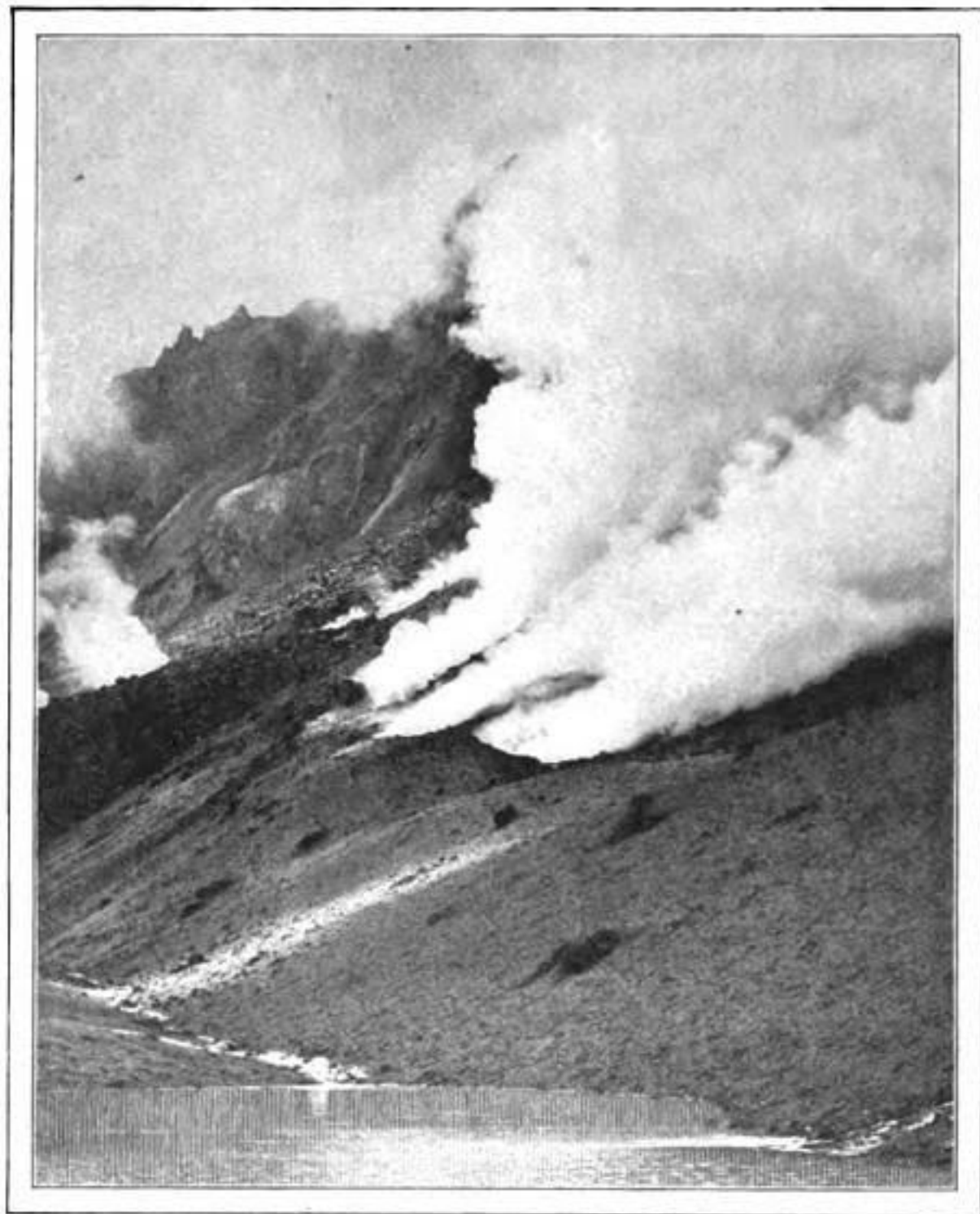
these first explorers which gave rise to much controversy. They found the plain, beyond the mud-swept valley, covered with conical holes several feet in diameter, that looked like small volcanoes. And some insisted that there had been minor eruptions here at the time of the big one, but their reasonings were presently overthrown by the discovery that at the bottom of each one of these holes, buried six or eight feet under the ground, were boulders from Bandaisan which had embedded themselves thus in falling. When it is considered that these boulders were of considerable mass, some weighing four or five tons, and that they had been hurled eight or ten miles from the summit, the velocity with which they must have struck the earth is seen to have been enormous. Indeed, it is the opinion of Professor Milne that they fell from a height sufficient to give them the maximum velocity that may be attained by bodies falling through our atmosphere, a velocity equal to that of falling meteorites, for it must be understood that

the increasing resistance of the air puts a definite limit upon such velocities.

TWO KINDS OF VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

In our talk about Bandaisan, I naturally asked Professor Milne what were the causes of such an appalling catastrophe as this, and in explaining these causes he pointed out that there are two kinds of eruptions to be noted in the history of a volcano, those that build it up very slowly, and those that destroy it very swiftly, as if nature amused herself by piling up these great masses through the ages simply to see how quickly she could tear them down.

The eruptions that build up mountains, I understood, are periodical wellings over of molten lava, comparatively harmless. The others are violent explosions, occurring irregularly and bringing widespread destruction. It is easy to see how each streaming-over of the lava makes the mountain grow, just as an icicle grows or a stalactite; each



ON THE STEAMING SLOPES OF BANDAISAN AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

At the bottom of the picture is shown part of the new lake formed by the damming up of a mountain stream.

fresh outgush hardens as it pours, and forms a fresh shell of lava for other shells to form on. And, finally, when a certain height is reached—one, two, three miles—we may suppose the impelling force beneath no longer equal to the task of lifting this great column, and the crater crusts over at the top, and so generations pass, and men with their short lives and shorter memories say that the volcano is dead.

But the fires are there at the core, so much latent energy ready to be stirred; and if something stirs them, it is like rousing a thunderbolt. The fact that the natural vent above is blocked with the coolings of centuries only makes the discharge the more terrible when it comes, just as hard rammed bullets make the powder more effective.

I asked what was the cause that usually determines one of these explosions and rouses the volcano's latent energy, and I learned that in most cases it is the very same cause that makes a boiler burst—the

sudden and excessive generation of steam when the hot part of a volcano comes in contact with water. This contact may be due to various causes, as, for instance, the readjustment of strata or materials beneath, so that a lake—or water-course is turned into the crater. It may even be due to an irruption of the sea, as at Krakatoa in 1883.

"Then does molten lava never come out in one of these violent explosions?" I asked.

"Sometimes it does; sometimes it does not. It did in 1873, when Asama, another Japanese volcano, blew its head off, and the lava track may still be seen along the face of the mountain like a huge black serpent. But in cases like that the lava does not well out; it is driven out by the steam, just as rocks are driven out."

"And when no lava comes out, where does the mud river get the liquid to make it flow?"

"Partly from the steam, partly from water it absorbs

from springs and streams in its course. The mud river from Asama, for instance, lapped up two ordinary rivers as it went, so that no sign of them appeared thereafter."

"Is it likely, Professor, that there are volcanoes in the world at present that have been quiet for a long time, but will one day or another blow their heads off?"

"It is almost certain that there are."

"Some in Europe?"

"Many in Europe."

"Some in the United States?"

"Undoubtedly."

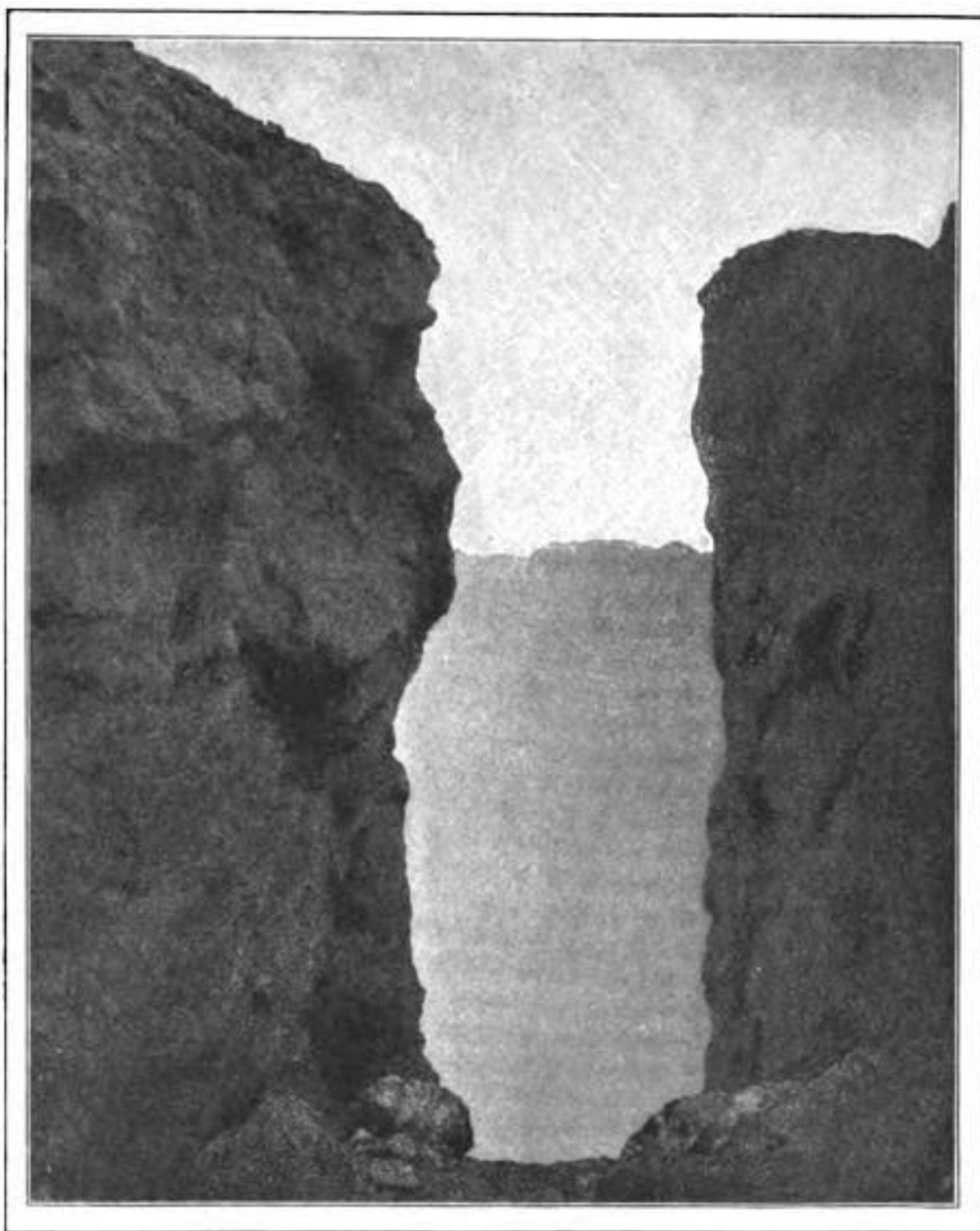
"Some in England?"

"Very probably, although there is no telling when they will do it. England has at least a dozen basal wrecks of volcanoes, mostly in the western Highlands, regarded as extinct, but Bandaisan has shown us what 'extinct' volcanoes will do. An 'extinct' volcano is very much like an old rusty gun—it may be loaded."

THE GREAT EXPLOSION AT ASAMA.

Next we talked about the explosion of Asama, the great one of 1783, which Landgrelle, a distinguished authority, regards as one of the most frightful eruptions in the history of volcanoes. There is special reason for referring to this mountain since its ragged shoulders, from which the head was blown at this time, were the scene a few years since of an interesting and rather hazardous experiment attempted by Professor Milne and a party of friends. Asama rises to a height of over 8,000 feet, and in its great paroxysm it sent down, so the records say, a river of mud from five to ten miles broad, that overwhelmed forty-two villages. "In some places," continue the records, "the mud was so hot that it did not stop boiling for twenty-four days. . . . In the Tonezawa River immense masses of lava remained red hot even in the river itself. . . . In Kurogano a stone 120 by 264 feet, one among many, fell into a river and formed an island. Two rivers were sucked up into the mud torrent and their places taken by dry land, and the noise of the explosion was like a thousand thunders. The lakes were poisoned, and fish sickened, the rivers were full of dead dogs, deer, and monkeys, with hair singed from their bodies."

The crater of this volcano, as it stands to-day, measures a mile and a quarter in circumference, and never ceases to belch forth pungent, strangling vapors of hydrochloric acid and sulphurous anhydride, to breathe which is to die. The depth of the crater has been a subject of endless discussion among the foreign residents of Tokio, some putting it at 1,000 feet, others at 8,000, and it was to settle this controversy that the experiment just referred to was undertaken. A party set out one day, headed by Professor Milne and United States Minister Edwin Dun, with no less an object than to

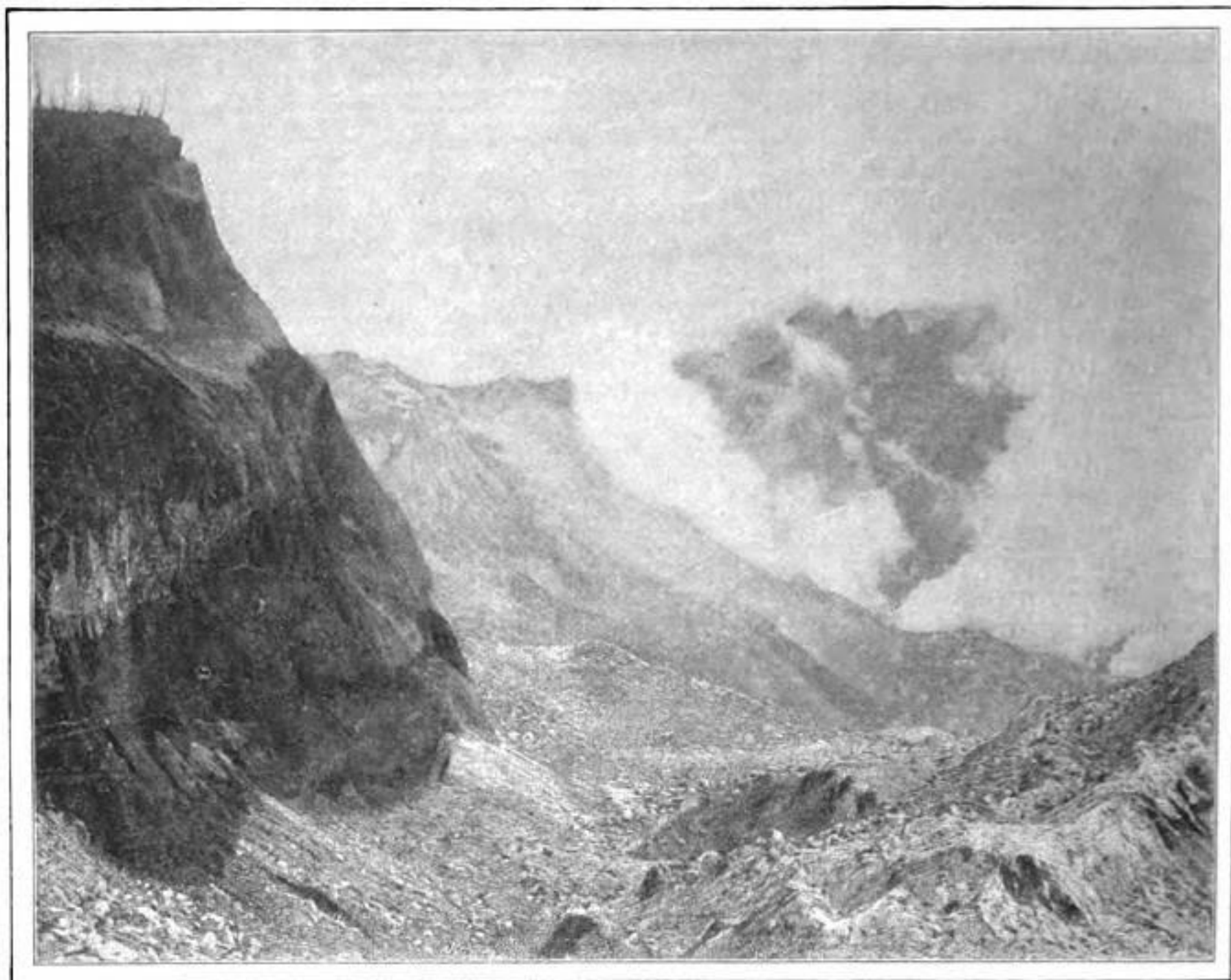


VIEW INTO THE SMOKING MOUTH OF ASAMA.

It was across the chasm shown in the picture that Professor Milne's party stretched a rope tackle in their attempt to measure the depth of the crater.

sound Asama's crater. They took with them elaborate chemical and physical appliances, a great quantity of rope, and a number of coolies to haul it. When they reached the edge of the crater, keeping carefully to the windward of the vapors, they proceeded to execute an idea of Minister Dun for measuring the depth, an idea that had been adopted after much discussion. First, with extreme difficulty, a rope was stretched across the crater, a distance of about 500 yards. Then a pulley was run out on this fixed line with another rope that could be lowered straight down (a thick wire was tried first, but it kinked and broke), and at the end of the vertical rope was made fast what the explorers called their "chemical and physical laboratory," that is, special thermometers, bits of metal and other substances that would fuse at various temperatures, pieces of red and blue litmus paper, etc.

Finally, when all was ready, the coolies



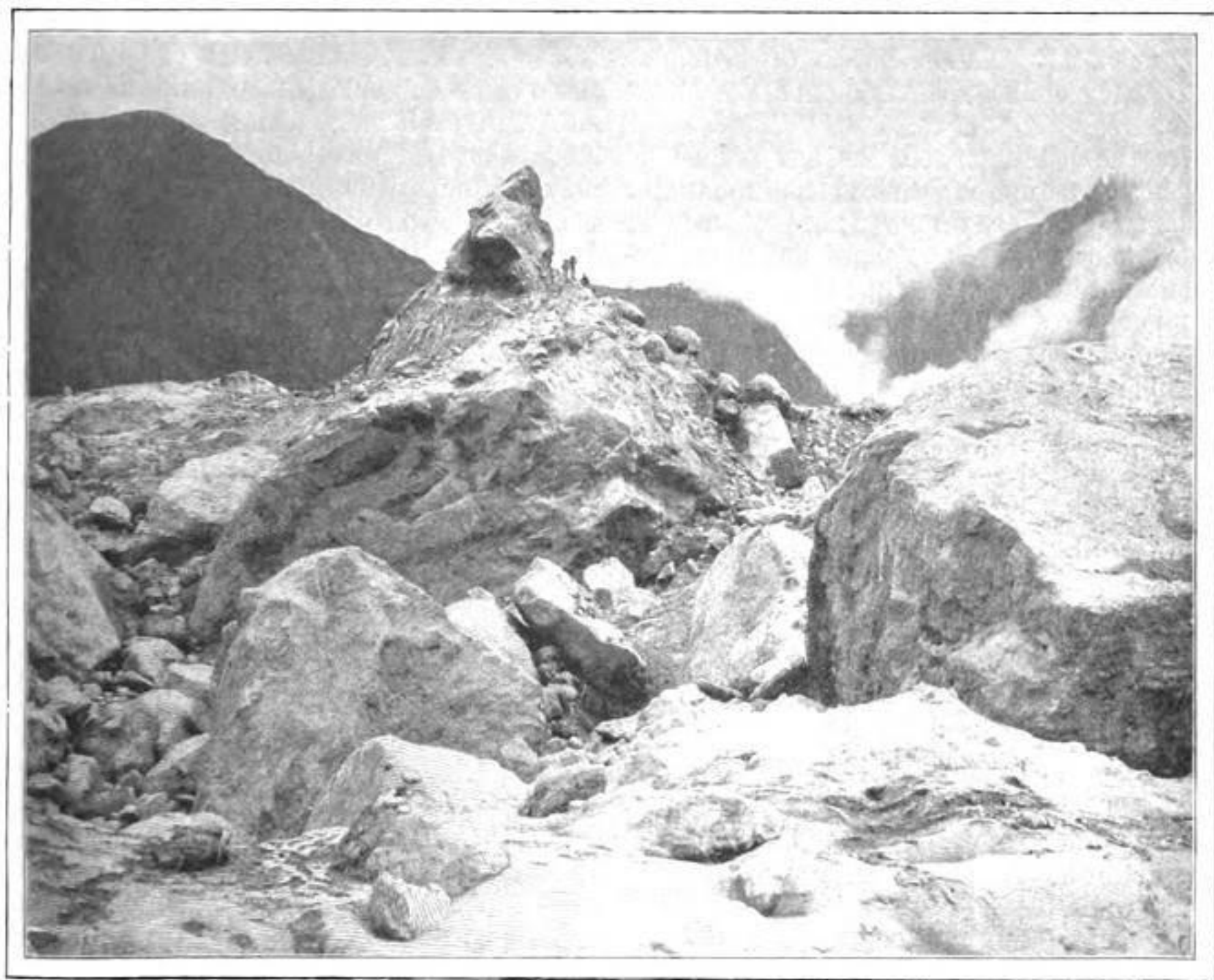
CAVERN DUG AT THE SUMMIT OF BANDAISAN BY THE GREAT EXPLOSION : THE PLACE WAS FILLED WITH ROCK AND EARTH BEFORE THE EXPLOSION.

were told to lower away, and the rope began to go down in the very thick of the vapor clouds, while all waited expectantly. Everything went well until a depth of 735 feet was reached, and then the experiment came to an abrupt and disconcerting end by the burning up of thermometers, rope, and everything. And that is the only attempt that has ever been made to penetrate the mysteries of Asama's crater.

THE GREATEST EXPLOSION EVER KNOWN.

Coming now to the explosion of Krakatoa, let me note that although we have here what is admittedly the most formidable volcanic convulsion of modern times, perhaps the most formidable in our whole history, yet the place of its occurrence was quite insignificant. Krakatoa on those memorable days in 1883, the 26th and 27th of August, was a poor neglected little island in the Strait of Sunda, between Java and Sumatra. No one lived there, no ships touched there, and in the presence of forty-nine towering volcanic

mountains on the neighboring island of Java, some of them 12,000 feet high and most of them in chronic disturbance, no scientist had ever paused to observe the peculiar situation of Krakatoa with its one humble peak, measuring scarcely 3,000 feet. Had he given much heed, he would have made some important discoveries, notably that this humble peak was not the real volcano at all, but only a tooth in the ragged jaw of its vast crater, a crater that was largely submerged, and included not only the island of Krakatoa, but several other islands in the Strait of Sunda. And he would have seen that here, at some time in the dim past, had stood a great mountain that may have joined Java and Sumatra, and that certainly had a girth of twenty-five miles at its base and a summit towering with the best of them. That was the real volcano Krakatoa, after the work of its building up with lava layers had been completed, and before the phase of its self-destruction had begun. Then, in the pride of her strength, Krakatoa proceeded to tear herself to pieces; she blew her head off, she



VIEW OF THE SUMMIT OF BANDAISAN AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

The great rock at the right is a specimen of many, as large as houses or churches, which were tumbled for miles in all directions.

blew her shoulders off, she scattered her body far and wide, and finally left herself only a "basal wreck," in the words of Darwin, to rest upon, and that half under water. All this the scientist would have discovered, and also that, broken and disfigured though she was, Krakatoa still stood at the intersection of two great lines of volcanic energy, and therefore marked the most dangerous volcanic focus on the surface of the earth.

But all this came as after-knowledge, and the giant force imprisoned in that unheeded crater was allowed to rend asunder its fetters with a quaking of the earth and a blazing of the heavens before any suspicion of its presence went abroad. For nearly 200 years Krakatoa had done nothing; then on Sunday morning, May 20, 1883, she began to rouse herself, merely a matter of steam and falling ashes, with a roaring heard plainly in Batavia, a hundred miles away. Then followed three months of menacing prelude, as if she wished to give the world fair warning. Then, on the

24th of June, a second crater opened. Soon after this a third crater opened.

The low-lying walls of the craters had at last given way in many places, and there were white hot chasms below the level of the sea sending up to the waves their hissing challenge. Then thousands of tons of water surged downward, and the fight was on. This was Sunday afternoon, August 26th. For the first few hours the fires of the earth made short work of the sea, driving it back in splendid explosions that came every ten or twelve minutes. Each explosion sent up black columns, miles in height, steam and smoke and ash and pumice, all the scum and debris on the surface of the molten lake, and drove back the sea in great waves. Soon the darkness of night settled over Java and Sumatra and over vessels sailing in those waters, and through the darkness at intervals was seen the glory of Krakatoa, a terrifying glory. "From a distance of forty miles," says an eye-witness on a ship, "it looked like an immense wall, with bursts of forked lightning

darting through it and blazing serpents playing over it." These bursts of brilliancy were the regular uncoverings of the angry fires.

As the hours passed, the sea gained an advantage through fresh breaks in the crater walls that offered new points of attack. The explosions became more and more frequent until about midnight they sounded to the people of Batavia and Buitengong like one continuous roar, the noise making it impossible for the inhabitants of these places to sleep. It

was generally believed that a heavy cannonading was going on in the immediate vicinity, though why, no one could imagine. The concussion shattered stone walls, upset lamps, and tore gas meters from their fixings. And yet Batavia is as far from Krakatoa as London is from Portsmouth.

And all through that Sunday night electricity did wonderful things in the heavens, and sailors saw balls of fire resting on the mastheads of their ships and at the extremities of the yardarms, and in some cases lightning struck the mainmasts. The climax came the next morning at about ten o'clock. For some hours the explosions had been more violent, though at longer intervals; the sea had made the fire retreat, but the fire had checked the farther passage with walls and floors of hardened lava. When these blew up, it was like blowing up the eternal foundations. And the hardest shock was yet to come. Did the earth open in one gigantic fissure and call the sea down for a final desperate encounter, or was there a sudden subsidence of strata to fill in the

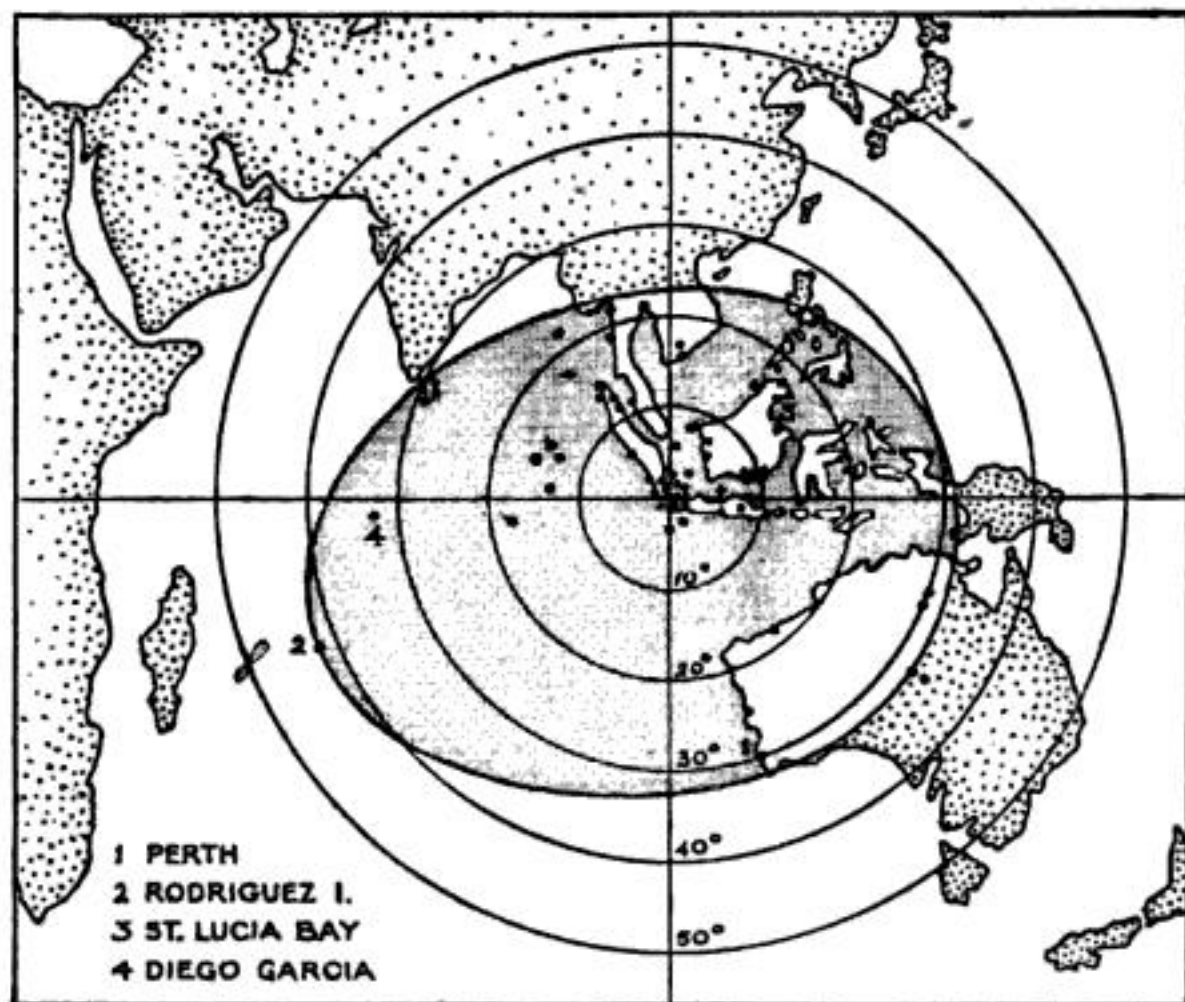
hollows left by what had been ejected? Not even the wisest scientist can say. But there came an explosion so loud, so violent, and with such far-reaching effects, that it made what had gone before seem as child's play in comparison, and made all other explosions known to the earth in historic times dwindle into insignificance.

To begin with, this explosion set in motion air waves that traveled around the earth four times one way and three times the other; that is, they disturbed every self-

recording barometer on the globe no less than seven times. They traveled around the earth once in about thirty-six hours, or at the rate of 700 miles an hour, which is somewhat slower than sound waves travel. For it must not be supposed that these air waves produced sound; their periods of vibration were too long for that; in other words,

their sounds were too low for our range of hearing. Those that went in the direction of the earth's rotation, that is, from west to east, traveled about twenty-eight miles an hour faster than the waves which went in the opposite direction.

Besides these inaudible air waves, there were others of shorter vibration, that came within our range of hearing. These waves carried the sounds of the last terrible explosions over distances far beyond anything else known in human experience of sound transmission. All over Sumatra and Java the sounds were distinctly heard, which is as if all the people in New York should hear an explosion in Boston. That, however, is nothing. A resident at St. Lucia Bay,



MAP SHOWING THE PLACES WHERE THE SOUNDS OF THE GREAT KRAKATOA EXPLOSION WERE HEARD.

The oval indicates approximately the area over which the sounds were heard. The distance from Krakatoa to Perth is 1,902 miles; to Rodriguez Island, 2,968 miles; to St. Lucia Bay, 1,116 miles; and to Diego Garcia, 2,267 miles. From "The Eruption of Krakatoa and Subsequent Phenomena."

Borneo, 1,116 miles distant, writes: "The noise of the eruption was plainly heard all over Borneo."

This last was as if people in Chicago had been frightened by a noise in New York. But still this is nothing. From Tavoy, Burmah, 1,478 miles distant, they sent out the police launch in alarm; and Staff Commander Coghlan, R. N., writes from Perth, West Australia, 1,902 miles distant: "This coast has been visited (August 27th) by sounds like the firing of guns inland." And Mr. Skinner, of Alice Springs, South Australia, 2,233 miles distant, writes: "Two distinct reports similar to the discharge of a rifle were heard on the morning of the 27th, and similar sounds were heard at a sheep camp nine miles west of the station, and also at Undoolga, twenty-five miles east." At Diego Garcia, an island in the Indian Ocean, 2,267 miles distant, the people heard sounds from the east so distinctly that they thought it must be a ship in distress. And finally, Mr. James Wallis, chief of police in the Island of Rodriguez, which is almost across the Indian Ocean, 2,968 miles from Krakatoa, writes: "Several times during the night of the 26th-27th, reports were heard coming from the east, like the distant roar of heavy guns." This was as if a noise in Philadelphia had been heard in San Francisco.

Summing up the results of many reports like the above, it stands as certain that the Krakatoa explosion was heard over a sound zone covering one-thirteenth of the earth's entire surface; also, that the sounds, as is seen from the accompanying diagram, were carried much farther toward the west than toward the east, owing probably to the fact that a strong wind was blowing at the time.

Coming next to the sea waves sent from Krakatoa, the damage done by these was enormous. Two lighthouses in the Strait of Sunda were destroyed, all the towns and villages on the shores of Java and Sumatra bordering the strait were destroyed, all the boats and vessels on the same shores were destroyed, and 36,380 lives were lost. The tidal wave which started at ten o'clock was the one which wrought the worst destruction. Its average height when it struck the shores of Java and Sumatra is estimated at fifty feet, but in many places it is known to have been much higher than that. At Merak, on the Java coast, where there is a funnel-shaped bay that may have heaped the water up, the wave is said to have reached a height of 135 feet. And a man-of-war, the "Berouw," lying off the Sumatra shore, was

carried a mile and three-quarters inland up a valley and left in a forest thirty feet above sea level.

These sea waves traveled across the Indian Ocean in all directions, and were recorded by tide gauges at Colombo, Ceylon, 1,760 miles distant; at Bombay, 2,700 miles distant; and at Cape Horn, about 5,000 miles distant. That is, they washed the southern coasts of Asia and the eastern coasts of Africa. Their average rate of transmission was about 350 miles an hour; their average height, as shown by the gauges, was from six to eighteen inches.

Coming now to other effects of this great explosion, it is established on the evidence of many officers of ships and dwellers on islands, that on this day a large part of the Indian Ocean was showered with lava dust and lava mud to a depth of several inches. This applies to an area of, perhaps, about half a million square miles, but in the immediate vicinity of Krakatoa, say within a hundred miles, the sea was so thick with fallen lava dust and debris that vessels pushed through it with great difficulty, as if they were passing through a field of broken ice. As for the Strait of Sunda, it was rendered quite impassable with mud and pumice, which is as if Channel steamers were blocked on their way to the Continent, because the Straits of Dover were covered with mud a foot or more deep. In a word, the mass of mud and ashes and lava dust blown out of Krakatoa into the air would have formed a solid cube a mile and a quarter in each dimension. That is four or five times more than Bandaisan threw out.

A great quantity of the finer dust projected into the air remained in suspension there for over a year, and by a refraction of light caused the red and purple sunsets, the blue moons, and the copper suns that were seen all over the world from September, 1883, to the close of 1884, and that caused so much discussion and alarm. The whole northern portion of the island, much the greater portion, with an area of nearly six square miles and an average height above sea level of 700 feet, was submerged, and remains so to this day, under 150 fathoms of water. Two new islands had thrust up their heads, and the whole configuration of the channel was altered. All of which confirms one in the opinion that, when this old earth begins to fire off her heavy artillery—that is, blow the heads off her mountains—it makes human battles and explosions in powder and dynamite factories and the like look rather small.

THE PEACE OFFERING.

BY OCTAVE THANET,

Author of "The Missionary Sheriff," "Stories of a Western Town," etc.



HE strike had its edge on when Martin Wallace came to Burnside on his first detail as a reporter.

"Clear case of pull," snarled the man who had expected the assignment; "well, he'll make a holy mess of it!"

But therein he was wrong twice. It was not a case of influence, although Martin's father was a great friend of the proprietor; it was given the young fellow because one of the editors had taken a fancy to his stories in the "Harvard Advocate." Neither did Martin make a mess of the Burnside strike. For the latter good fortune he had old Oliver Jones to thank, at least in part. He made Oliver's acquaintance his first afternoon in town. The strike was two weeks old that day, which was time enough for the small tradesmen to be looking sharply after credits, and the wives to be ordering cautiously; time enough for the line of policemen bristling outside the great dingy bulk of the steel mills to have grown odious and menacing; time enough for the ceaseless clatter of the rolls, day and night, night and day, to taunt the idle men: "You are gone, but we don't stop! We *won't* stop!" and time enough for the painted sky behind the black chimneys to glow a baleful sign of blood and war. Martin passed dozens of sullen groups on his way down the wide, shady village street that ended in the "mill district." He heard snatches of wild talk at every corner.

One young man's face arrested him. It was because it was the only face that he had seen that was not lowering; this face was simply sad.

"Well, how's the strike?" said Martin, while his quick eyes took in all the young man's six feet of splendid muscles and his curly brown head. His features were rather delicate for such a big fellow. His eyes were small, but very bright, and of that sensitive gray which takes the hue of the light and the moment's feeling. He gave Martin a quick, unresponsive glance in return. On his part, perhaps, he took in the

other man's well cut clothes, his slight stature, his limp, and his reporter's pad.

"It's on," said he, coldly.

"Are you fellows going to win?"

"I don't know."

"I say"—Martin laughed, with a sudden friendliness in his face—"that isn't the answer I expected. But maybe you aren't one of the strikers?"

"I'm a striker fast enough, but I'm not God Almighty; and I guess he's the only one can tell how things are going to shape themselves at this stage of the game."

With that he brushed off, as one who did not seek talk; he did not so much as turn his head to Martin's "I hear you are very orderly——"

Martin gave his attention to the people on the streets. The scattered groups were slowly drifting in one direction, towards the river, towards the steel works. The crowd lined up on the sidewalk opposite the long stockade that was a background for the patrol of police; it lined the street—and waited.

Presently the big red gates swung open and a little company of police marched out. Martin felt his pulses pricking. The crowd was like a hound in a leash straining forward, then hauled back by some invisible force.

"The scabs is coming!" screamed a child's pipe.

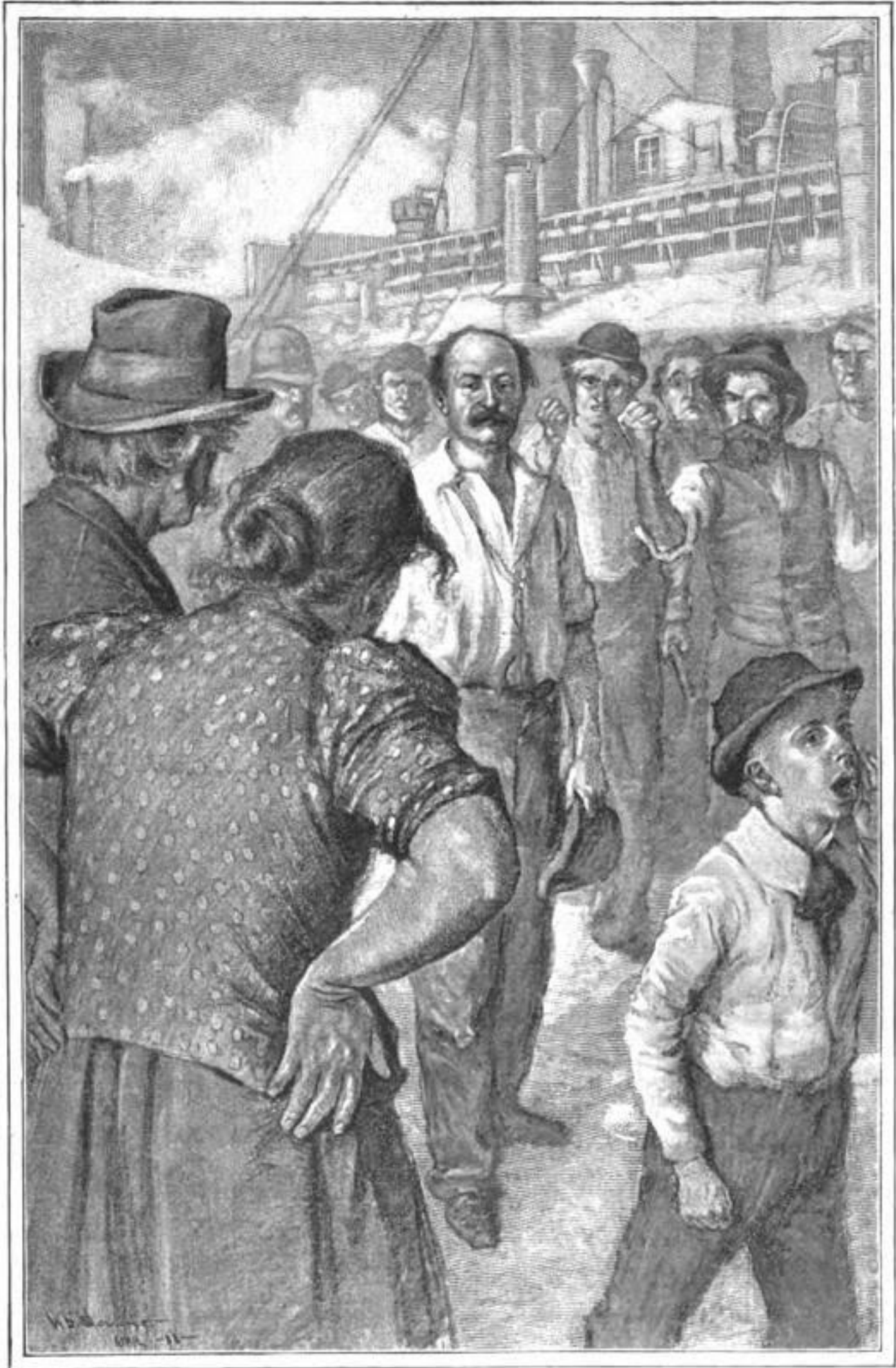
Behind the blue ranks Martin could see the new men. Some of them were farmers' lads, young, awkward, but undismayed, defying the scowling faces and insulting gestures. The others had bleached faces and hang-dog eyes, and slunk together. "They must have raked the slums," thought Martin. What surprised him very much was the quiet of the crowd; they scratched their wrists and yelled "Black sheep!" and "Scabs!" here and there, in scattering volleys of abuse; but for the most part they looked on in glowering silence. Last of the men, just in front of the police, a man walked alone. He was a man of another sort. Anyone who knew steel workers could tell at a glance that he was a veteran steel man. He had taken off his hat to wipe his face and his bald head, which the August sun

beaded with moisture. The face was round, florid, and, in spite of the discomfort and peril of his plight, had a kind of grin on it. His leather-guarded trousers and blue-checked shirt made the heavy gold watch chain dangling over his chest look incongruous. There were gray hairs in the scanty, red-brown fringe and stubby moustache, but his small gray eyes were sparkling, and he walked as lightly as a boy.

No sooner did this man come in good view of the crowd than an indescribable uproar broke out, one long, furious yell: "Scab!" "Scab!"

He retained the same unruffled composure. The air was full of threats and oaths. Why this one man was singled out more than the others Martin could not tell. More out of curiosity to know than for any other reason, he turned on his heel and followed the procession. The new men had a short distance to go—only to their boarding-house, which was behind a stockade and patrolled by a policeman. But this one man, at a turning, slipped away into the streets. Not unobserved, for a dozen men left the crowd to follow him, offering no violence, but shouting "Scab!" and "Traitor!"

At the same moment the striker with whom Martin had talked and another man, a



"One long, furious yell: 'Scab! scab!'"

tall man in a red shirt, ran past the others and joined the cause of the cries.

"No swiping!" called the man in the red shirt, who showed to Martin a flushed, black-bearded face and a huge swinging fist. "You let him alone!"

The words were addressed to two or three of the crowd who had picked up stones and were in advance of the others.

The first of the crowd hurled a brick, calling that he'd kill a scab as quick as a mad dog. Instantly the big fist was in his face.

"Drop it!" cried the man in the red shirt. "You know the orders. Drop it, you fool!"

"And *you* keep off," shouted the other striker, his companion, to the next assailant.

"Aw, let 'em both come on and see how I can fight," said the pursued man, who had faced about and was putting up his fists with a cheerful air.

The two men fell back sullenly. "Scab! scab!" they cried in the rear.

"'Tis only a word," said the man; "I don't mind it."

The men, still yelling and jeering, fell back. But a woman, who had run abreast of the crowd, pushed herself into the van. She was a wild figure, with disheveled dress and flying hair; and wilder was her shrill voice, screaming: "Noll Jones, I ain't under orders, and I'll mark you well, you scab, you black-hearted traitor!"

Both the men who had come to Noll Jones's assistance turned to catch her frantic arms; but Martin, who was the nimblest, caught her wrist, whirling her about. "Don't you do it," said he. "I'm a reporter, and it would get into the papers, and I'd make fun of you and say you were no lady!"

"Ye would, would ye? Ye little limping poodle dog!" She made a dart at him with her teeth in an access of fury. Martin held her off from him; he was stronger than he looked. He shook his head at the young striker, who would have pulled the woman away.

"What good will it do the strike or you, either, to scratch me or call me bad names and make me suspect that you are not a decent woman?"—so he continued coolly, although his cheek was hot, for he did mind his limping—"you'll only make me think you have been drinking."

Her passion collapsed as swiftly as it had swelled. "I ain't, then," she answered, "and Tom Neal knows it, and so does Mr. Walden. But my man's in bed with his head broke by dirty cops——"

"Pete got hurt yesterday, I guess, when he was fighting drunk," interposed the young man, Walden.

"Pete ain't a drinking man, Mr. Walden, no he ain't. Any man would git downhearted laying round idle from morning till night. He's got to go to the saloon to git the news; and then he takes a drop, and they git to talking, and he takes more'n he knows; and they all git excited."

"I guess you don't do anything to calm him, Mrs. Waters. I saw you at every

meeting; and I guess you're on the street a good deal."

The woman bridled, but she did not explode again. The man in the red shirt said something about it's being hard on the women, too.

"Of course I know you're wanting the news; but if you'll do a little washing instead of running the streets, I'll give it to you," said Walden.

"And here's a dollar for the kids," said Noll Jones.

The woman struck the silver out of his hand, and ran down the street.

"Your money's got blood on it, you scab!" she cried; "but I'll take the washing and thank you, Mr. Walden."

"She's a silly, violent woman," said Walden, with unexpected heat.

"Pshaw," said Noll, good naturedly, picking up the coin and dusting it with his finger tips, "what do I care for the word! Judy's a good woman when she ain't in a bad temper. But I'm obliged to you, Mister Reporter, and to you Oscar, and"—he hesitated, while his lips twitched into a smile that seemed to conceal some other emotion—"it was—say, I'm very much obliged to *you*, Tom." He turned to the tall man, whose face flushed darkly as he dove his hands into his pockets, looking away from Jones's outstretched hand.

"We are running this strike in a decent, orderly way; but I won't shake hands with a scab, no matter who he is!" said he.

Jones winced, and the blood mounted to his forehead; but he kept the reins on his temper. "You'll see that different some day, I guess," he replied; "good afternoon; I'd rather you wouldn't walk any further with me, it might hurt your reputation." The irony in the last words was the only sign he gave that Tom's jeer had cut.

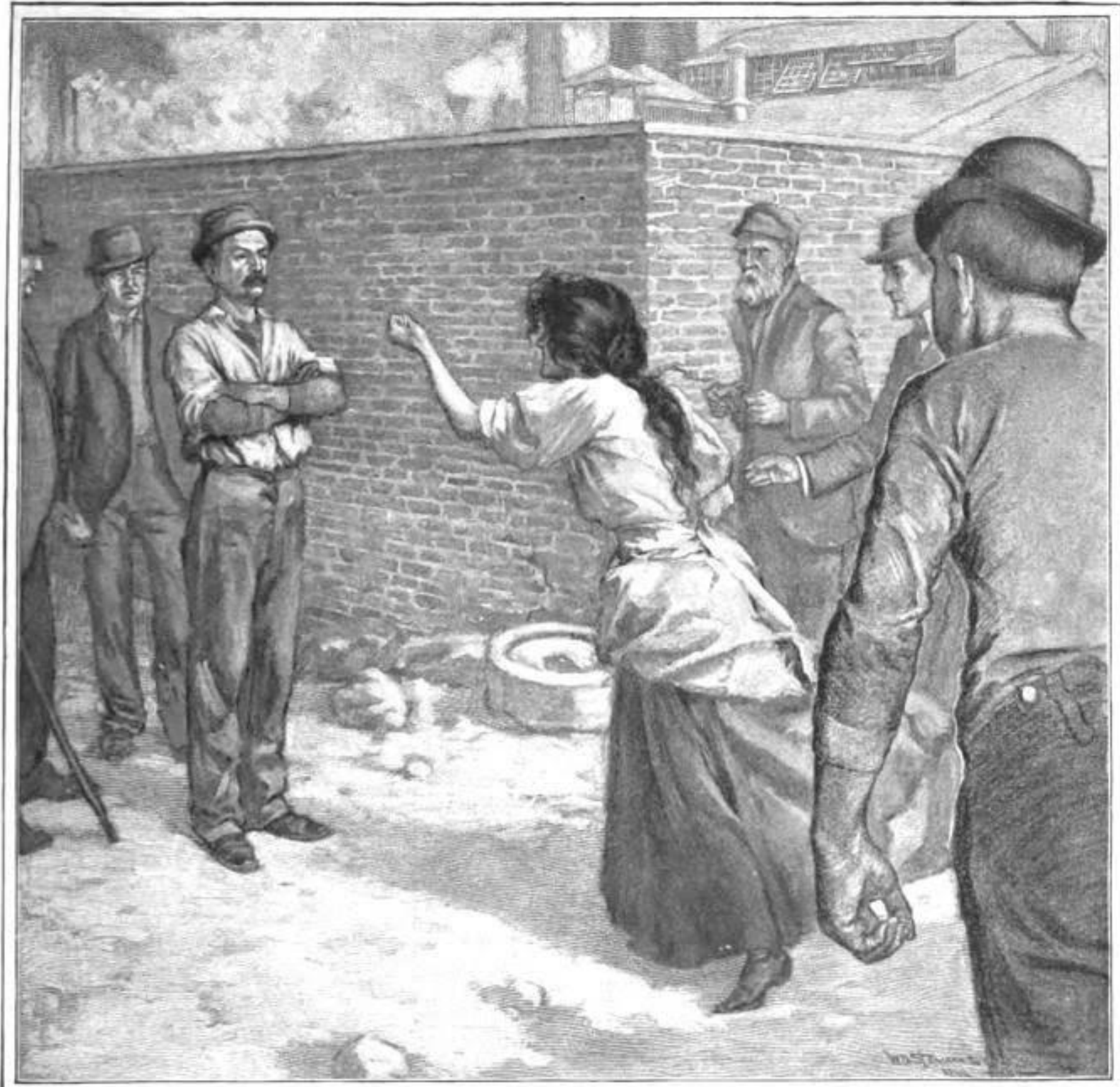
"I'll go with you, Noll," said Walden.

"And I, if you'll let me," said Martin.

"Thank you, boys," said Jones; "good-by, Tom."

But Tom's back was swinging down the street. He made no response.

Jones and the others continued their way, and Martin began to ask questions, prefacing them with an apology, which Noll Jones took in very good part. No, he didn't mind talking about the strike. "My name's Noll Jones; I guess everybody in Burnside knows me. I'm a roller at the Burnside Steel Works, the only roller who didn't strike. They used to call me a good fellow, now they call me a traitor and a bloody, black-



"I'll mark you well, you scab, you black hearted traitor!"

hearted scab." He smiled amiably at Walden, who unaccountably sighed.

"How did you come to stick to the Burnside people when the others went out?" said Martin.

Noll chuckled: "Well, I guess you'll not understand much better'n I do, if I do tell you; and I ain't got it quite to rights in my own head, yet. It wasn't exactly because the boys are making kinder too big demands—though I guess they are; still, I got a good sized pile laid up, and I can afford to lay by a few months well enough, stay quiet, wear my good clothes, and keep off the street, and sure to git back when the strike's over and nobody feeling hard. 'Noll Jones, he wasn't in none of the rows,' says the officers, 'he was all for law and order;' and 'Old Noll Jones, he walked right out with the boys,' says the boys; and it would be friendly all round. And 'nuff sight easier

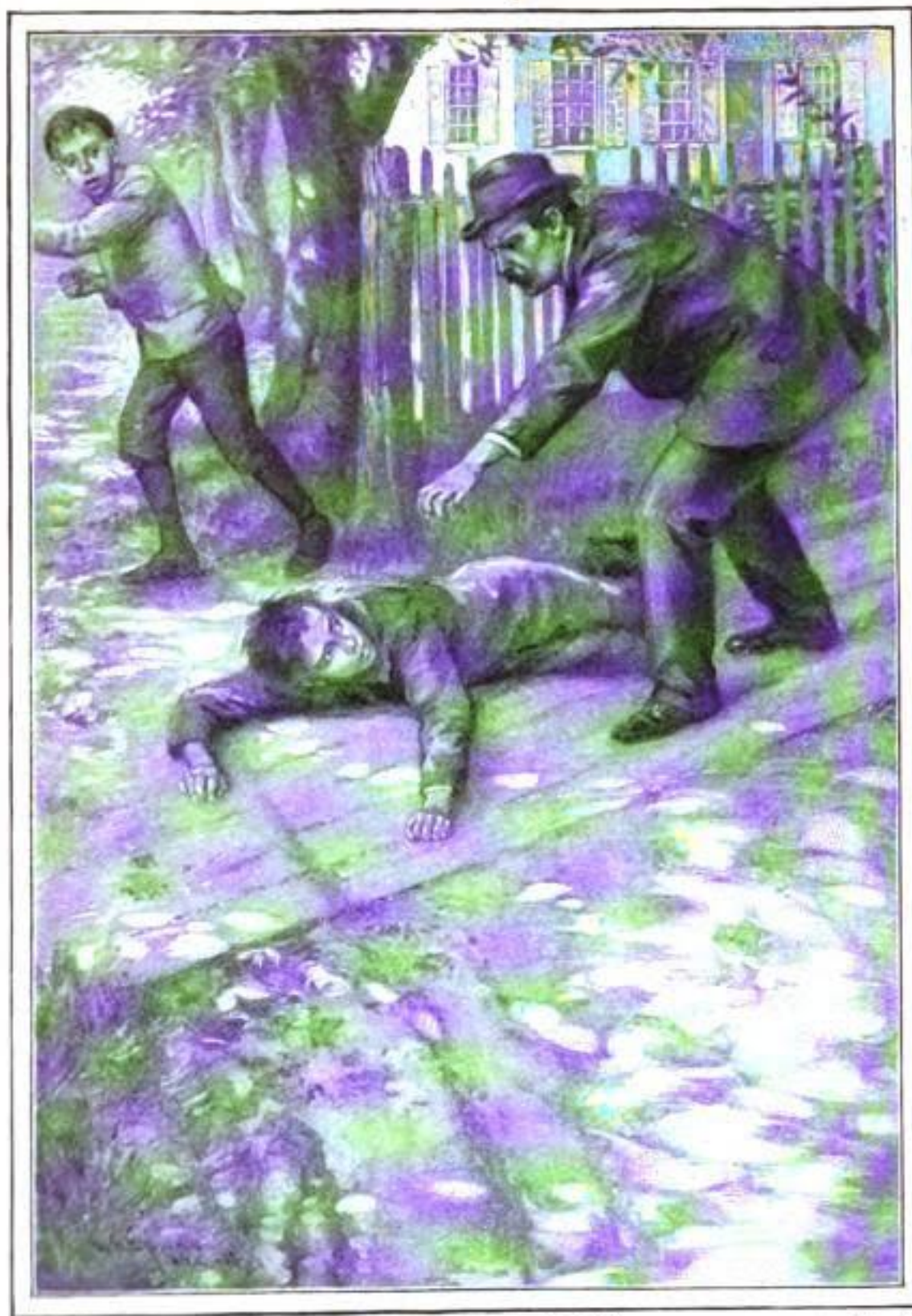
for me and Nanny—she's my daughter, all the child I got, and her ma's dead. And 'tain't that I mind the subscribing to the funds I'd have to do; I've always lived free and had something to throw in when they passed the hat. Ain't I, Oscar?"

"That's right," said Oscar.

"No, twasn't any of them things. But you see I worked in the Burnside mill ever since we come over from Wales, me a little kid of twelve. And I'm fifty-two year old. I was there when old Foster Burnside owned the works. Say, he was a good man. I knew him well. He'd often stop and give me a word, passing. I guess it's a bad job he's dead, too. The widder sold the works to his cousins, him having no child to speak of—jest a lawyer."

"Judge Foster Burnside is a great lawyer, you know," Martin interposed.

"Maybe, maybe. Nice man, too; but no



"Like a thunderbolt his pursuer was upon him."

'count for a steel mill. No doubt, though, lawyers has their place. But he didn't know rounds from ovals, and when he'd come in to see the mill, I was scared to death lest he'd git burned never seemed to know which way to jump! So the works went to the second cousins and some other fellers. I ain't finding fault, but things haven't gone like they used to; there's about twice as many men and all sorts of new kinks with electricity and God knows what not; but I ain't seen the president to speak to three times, and most times we've had some kind of a dispute going on. But the superintendent, he's the same, and he asked me, personally, would I stick to 'em. I says, 'See here, if I stick to you, you know they'll call me a scab and my girl's mates won't speak to her and I wouldn't be so bad shunned if I had the smallpox'—ain't that right, Oscar?"

Walden nodded.

"Now," I says to him, "if I risk that and

they don't kill me or break my legs or blow me up, some-way, and I stand by you and the firm, for the sake of old times, will you and the firm stand by me? Or will you make a kind of peace offering of me to git the boys back?" Says he, 'You stand by us, Noll, and, by God, we'll stand by you.' And there was the picture of the old man, old Foster Burnside, hanging up in the office, and I kinder looked up at it, for I thought an awful lot of the old man; and I says, 'There's my hand on it, I'll stick to you, no matter what the boys say.' And three of the boys on the eight-inch, Henry Wiser, Stumpy Dix, and Patsy Doornan, they stuck to me; but Long Tom, he went out with the boys. And, I'm sorry to say, we had words first."

"But you went out?"—Martin looked at Walden.

"Sure," said Walden.

"May I ask why?"

"I don't mind. It's just that I wasn't going back on the boys."

"Nor he ain't going back on me, neither," said Noll, laughing, "and that's what is

hurting some of 'em bad. You see, Nanny's all the child I got. I had two boys, likely boys as you ever saw, wasn't they, Oscar?"

"I never saw such nice boys," said Oscar. He slipped his hand through Noll's arm, bending his tall head a little.

"Oliver was the oldest. He was educated, went to school, then he went to college."

Martin opened his eyes; then he recalled how much more considerable a sum the average good roller's wages make in a year than a clergyman's salary, and nodded.

"He took to learning like a duck does to water. There's awful good blood in our family on his mother's side. The missus was a lady, her pa was a minister, and I always kept her like a lady. I don't know the time she didn't have a hired girl, except jest when we were first married, and then we always hired a washerwoman. She took a deal of comfort in Oliver; but he had the pneumonia, and died while he was in college. Then, there was little Foster, that I named

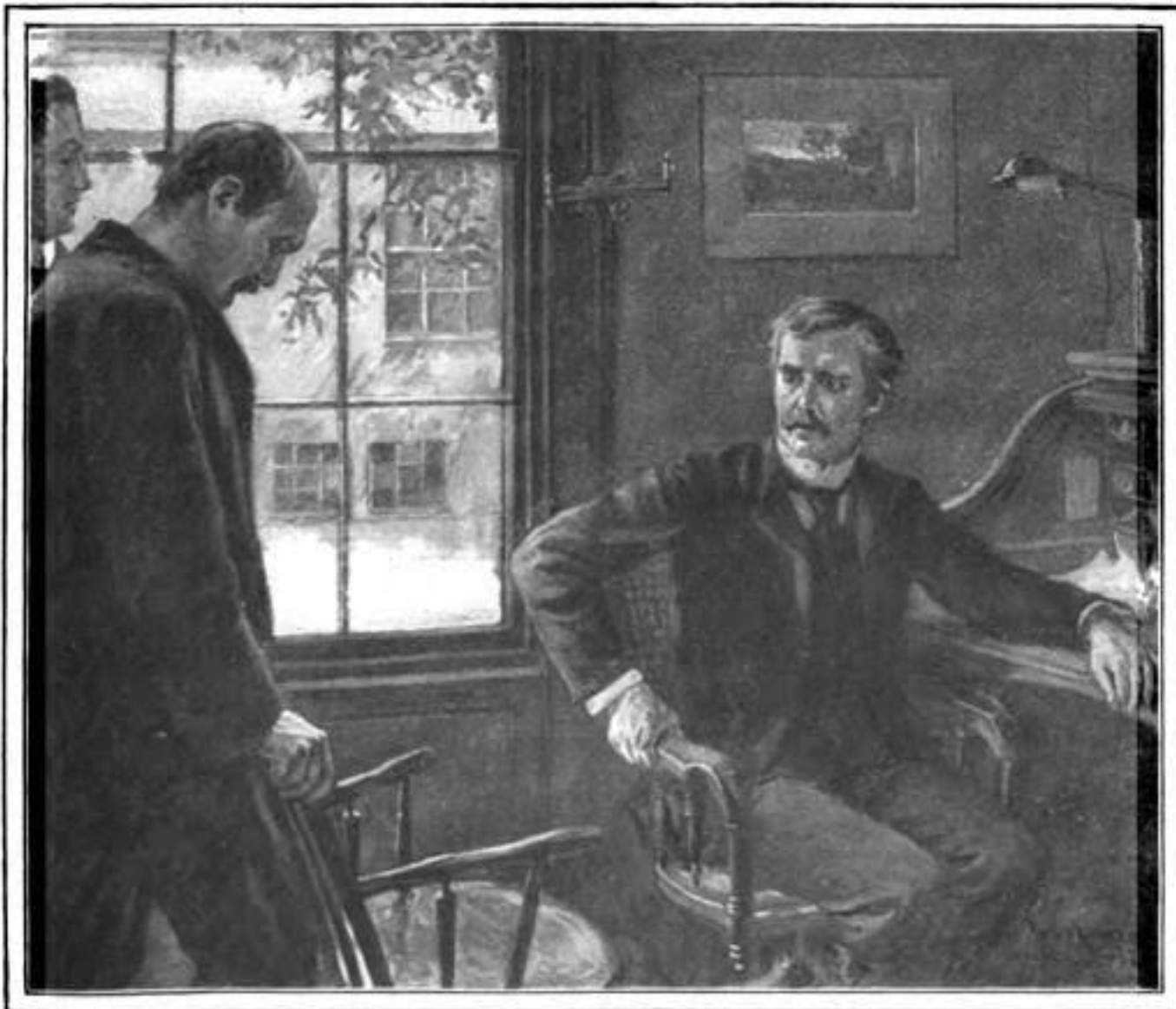
after the old man. Well, he was good to Foster; and when Foster was killed he went to the funeral. Foster was the kind of boy you couldn't help liking, everybody liked him. He wouldn't go to school a day after he was fourteen—jest bound to git at the iron. He was my finisher when he was killed."

He must have read the touch of horror that wrinkled Martin's brow, because he added: "I daresay I ought to be thankful he wasn't burned; it was one of the pipes in the engine bursted, jest as they were a fixing it. It hit Foster in the head; doctor said he never knew what hurt him. They came round to me afterwards, one of the snide lawyers that go nosing round for damage suits, and wanted me to sue the company. I told him to get out, for it wasn't the company's fault. No more it was; minute they suspected that pipe they went to fixing it, and it bursted. I don't know how it got to the old man, but it did, and he was awful pleased about it. He wanted to put up a stone to Foster; but I told him I wasn't poor, I could put up stones to my children. 'I'll not forget the decent way you've acted, Noll,' says he, and he shook hands with me. The old man was always square. Do you know, he put up a wash-room for the men to wash up for their dinners, with tables and chairs as well as lockers and wash places,

and he had it called the Foster B. Jones room. The words are painted over the door. And long's he lived he sent papers and magazines there for the men to read."

"And since he died, you have been sending them yourself," said Oscar.

"'Cept what you send," retorted Noll, with a grin; "but this ain't what I was going to tell you. You see, 'bout this time my wife died; and there was jest Nanny and me. It was a mighty rough time; my wife was an awful good woman. And I always tried to remember it. I cut loose in the mill, sometimes, when things is aggravating, but they never heard me swear at home—well"—as a flicker kindled in Oscar's grave eyes—"damn, now and then, that ain't nothing, that might slip out me not knowing. But I mean I was particular. And there never was a kinder wife. So there was only Nanny and me left, and you can believe we think an awful lot of each other. I give Nanny a good education, but she got it right here, she'd never go away to school; and there's a young man studying for a doctor wants to marry her. And I tell you I was scared, he sat around in the parlor so much, and was so particular to call me 'Mister Jones,' and laughed so hard at my jokes; but Nanny never took to him, she took to Oscar, who had always played with her. She made a joke of it. 'I'm going to marry money,

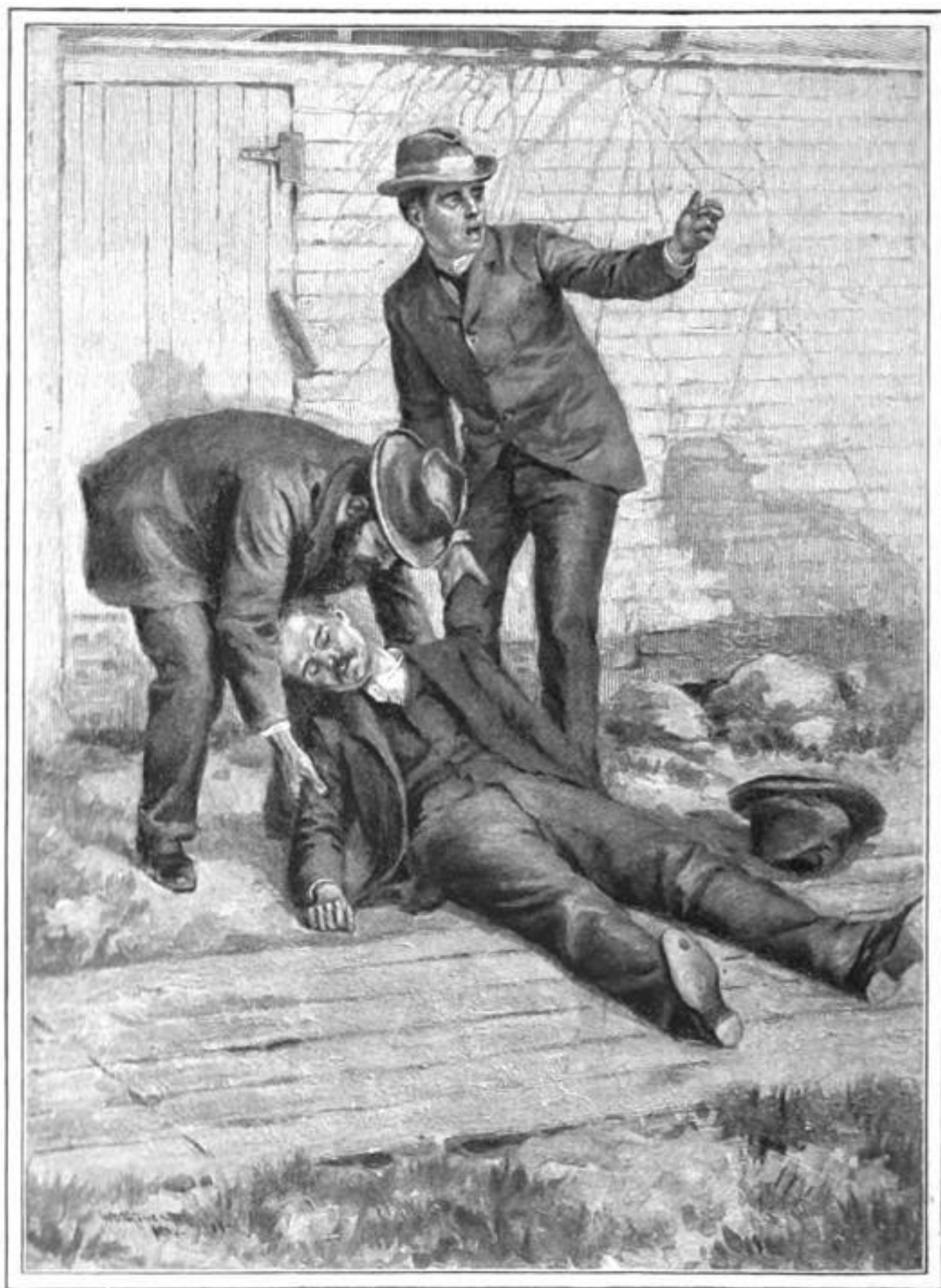


"Noll was standing, both his hands on an office chair."

pa.' says she, 'not position. I'm going to take Oscar, who can make more money than any of them. And a steel worker can be just as good a gentleman as anybody.' She's right, too; steel workers are a awful pleasant, nice lot of fellows."

he comes to the house, but he says he's going to see his sweetheart at her father's house and he's going to treat his father-in-law decent."

"I would be a pretty poor try for a man if I did anything else," said Oscar.



"It was Tom Neal who was waiting and lifted the unconscious man."

Martin thought of the scene round the corner. Noll looked at him sharply and laughed. "Why, you don't call that anything, down there," with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder; "that ain't nothing. Besides, a strike's jest war; and folks lose their heads in a war. Why, they wanted Oscar to break with Nanny 'cause she was a scab's daughter. He had to lick two fellers before they saw things right. Lots of 'em objected 'cause

The other man looked at him with a frank affection that touched the young reporter, fresh from his college friendships; he cleared his throat before he spoke. "Oh, Oscar's all right. Nanny and I would be kinder lonesome, wasn't for Oscar. Well, here's the house."

The yard was large and in good order. The house stood far back from the street, a pretty wooden house, newly painted, with

fanciful windows and a wide disk of piazza. A bent and grizzled old man, so decrepit one would not expect to see him working anywhere outside of a street-cleaning gang, was pottering over the lawn.

"Hullo, where's Ross?" exclaimed Oscar. "They didn't——"

"Oh, yes, they did," said Noll, grimly. "Wife and 'leven children to keep; but he couldn't stand it working for a scab, he said. So Nanny got old Flint, who ain't much to work, but at least they can't coax him away. And they got the girl off, too. Yes. Nanny's given that girl I don't know how much clothes for her wedding. She was going to marry, Mr. Wallace, marry a feller used to be a rooster for the Burnsides, and struck with the other boys. He got pretty full and come round to her last Sunday, and told Mary she'd got to quit us or he'd quit her. You know how he'd talk. So she cried all night, and didn't put her clothes to soak, and after breakfast she come to Nanny, and Nanny advised her to go and not have trouble with her young man. Come in."

"But you haven't got any girl, and——"

"Don't you suppose Nanny can cook a supper? But we've got a girl, jest in from the country and got a brother 'mong the new men. Mr. Wallace, I don't like to urge you, for folks might make it uncomfortable if you came, but I'd be glad to see you."

Martin had not thought to go further, but the last sentence was like a spur to the young fellow's mettled spirit. He answered promptly, "If my coming will not inconvenience Miss Jones, I shall be glad to come, Mr. Jones."

"That's right—all but the Mr. Jones; my friends all call me Noll."

"And mine call me Martin," said the young fellow, impulsively.

Jones held out his hand, and Martin shook it; and thus the pact was formed.

Martin found Nanny a pretty, modest young girl, who looked like hundreds of young American girls in her street suit, but who had a soft Welsh voice. The supper was well cooked and well served; and Martin's welcome was so warm that it touched him. His heart opened to these simple, frank people, who were so glad to see him. And the more readily that through all the good cheer and gaiety and affection of the three he seemed to hear the heavy step of invisible, but ever approaching danger. It sounded whenever he detected Nanny's veer-

ing the subject if it looked towards the strike; it sounded whenever he caught Oscar's melancholy glance on its way to his sweetheart's averted face. He had to put the fancy out of his head by force. Then he enjoyed the evening. But it came back to him, on his way through the quiet, dark streets, with Oscar, after they left the house. Martin had been expressing his strong liking for the roller.

"Yes," agreed Oscar, "he is a fine man. Isn't it queer folks can turn on him so? There wasn't anybody in town that everybody, rich and poor alike, thought so much of as Noll Jones. They all called him Noll, even the kids. Now—you saw! That's what makes it so cruel hard on him."

Martin said that he thought Noll took the public outcry very philosophically.

"You didn't know Noll before. I can see it's wearing on him. The worst is Long Tom—you saw him, you saw him give Noll the marble heart. Would you suppose those two men had been like brothers? Well, they had. Long Tom was the heater, and Noll the roller, on the eight-inch; and I never saw two men think more of each other seemingly. When Tom's boy died Miss Nanny was there for a week. It was diphtheria; but Noll let her go—he thought as much of Tom as that!"

"And yet Tom went back on him?"

"I don't see how he could; but I tell you, Mr. Wallace, there ain't a thing on earth or in hell that we workingmen are so afraid of as that word Scab. First Tom was trying to argue Noll out of the notion of sticking to the company; and from arguing they got to disputing, and from disputing they got to flinging names back and forth. And finally they were both mad; and Long Tom swore before all the mill that he'd never speak to Noll until he came out and joined his mates. He didn't say a word to him until to-day. And they used to be 'most every night together, his house or Noll's; and now, poor Mrs. Neal slinks across the street and goes blocks out of her way not to meet Noll or Miss Nanny and have to pass 'em by or have a row with Tom. And Tom's drinking lots more than is good for him. It's bad all round. The worst is things won't mend. And—I don't see how Noll's going to stand it!"

"What do you mean? The strike will end somehow."

"I don't know which way it will end. One thing I know, and all the rest of us know, they'll want the old men back."

Whether they lick us or we lick them, they want the old men back. And we'll get back, some way. And then there'll be bad blood with Noll. And if we lick them—and we're just as likely and maybe a little more—they'll throw Noll over. And it will 'most kill him."

Oscar spoke with a suppressed vehemence that was startling in so quiet a fellow.

"But do you think the company *will* throw him over? It—why, it would be atrocious!"

"Well, they will, just the same. It will be, 'We'll come back if you bounce Noll Jones;' and they ain't going to lose the thousands of dollars they're losing every day, a day longer than necessary, after they decide to throw up the sponge, only to keep on one man! No, sir. What do they do all the while? Do they keep these scabs they're so keen to hire? Never; not even when they can do the work. And it's the same with the old men when they scab. The other fellows ask for their heads, *and they get them, too!* And it's knowing that makes men scary of sticking to the bosses. They know that when it comes to a question of losing money or breaking their word to them, they'll go."

Oscar might have said more, but at this moment they were joined by some young workmen, acquaintances of Oscar, and the subject dropped of necessity.

Martin remained in Burnside a day longer. He wrote an account of the strike which the old man said showed "a good nose for news," and he gave a picture of the Welsh roller that tickled the original. Nanny got a dozen papers in her filial delight. But he judged it kinder to Oscar to omit him entirely, in which judgment he was confirmed by Oscar himself.

A month passed before Martin was in Burnside again. The strike by this time had slipped into a paragraph. The men continued "to excite admiration by their quiet and orderly behavior;" but for this they had some warrant in "a growing belief that the strikers would win."

Martin came on a Sunday morning, and took his way from the station to Noll's house without pause. The church bells were ringing, and he met little groups in their Sunday clothes leisurely pacing the streets. The air was still, with golden motes in it where the sun shone on the dust. The wide village street was dappled with shadows of elm trees. He heard a child's laugh now and then from the passing church-goers. The perfume of tea roses was wafted to him from the little gardens that prospered on either

side. The scene was so tranquil, so homely and gentle, that Martin sighed for memory of his own peaceful Western town that was not too large to have its homes set in gardens. At this moment his ears were smitten with a piercing, childish din, and there burst round the corner a hooting mob of lads and little boys who danced at a safe distance from a furious man, yelling "Scab! Scab!" and accompanying the word with all the indecency of gesture that their small wits could compass.

Martin began to laugh at their antics, but suddenly uttered an exclamation: "Thunder! that's Noll!"

Simultaneously one of the imps stumbled and fell, and like a thunderbolt the pursuer was upon him. The rage in the Welshman's face shocked Martin, who was near enough to see what a little creature it was that he was choking, and even to perceive the child's face whiten and his bony little chest pant. But Noll bared his teeth at him with a grin of hate. "Will you call me scab? Will you, ye little ———!" he bel-
lowed.

The boy struggled to speak, but the breath merely whistled through his nostrils. Noll must have felt his heart pounding against his ribs. "Was you one of the boys chased Johnny and tried to steal my dinner?"

Supreme anguish squeezed, "No, sir, please sir, no sir!" out of the gulping throat under his hand. Martin, however, had observed that Noll was holding his captive in a looser grasp. "Yes, you was, too," growled Noll, "I saw you. I'd ought to lambast you *well!*" (Heart-shaking pause during which the boy sobbed aloud.) "I *would* if you wasn't so little. You tell your father, if you've got one, he won't git off so easy if he tries that name on me. Now, show me how you can run!"

He flung the boy off, and stood somberly watching him scamper after his comrades as fast as his limp legs would let him. At Martin's hail, he turned, bristling, his fists up; it was a second before he recognized the face, then he forced a sorry smile. "Hullo, I'm glad to see you. Same old story, you see, me gitting mad. I've licked five men this last week. By ——— I won't stand 'em slinging that word at me!"

His words gave Martin a chill; this was not the jovial philosopher who had so cheerfully defied the crowd three weeks ago.

"How's the strike?" said Martin—he said the first thing that entered his head to give his thoughts a chance to rally; he felt

confused, like a man who expects to step into soft clay and finds himself on a bed of nettles.

"I dunno," returned Noll, morosely; "I know they have the worst lot of skunks in the country working. The chimneys keep a smoking, a smoking; but I tell you in confidence, we could haul every bit of decent iron we've made in a month on one wheelbarrow! Oh, they're rank!"

"But I thought you had three men——"

"So'd I think so. I don't now. They all weakened. Patsy, the best of 'em, he went West. The others, they joined the strikers, so's not to be called scabs."

He shrugged his shoulders in a queer way, clenching his fists and loosening the fingers and his muscles suddenly. One would say it was not so much a gesture of indifference as of pain. "I don't know's I blame them," said he, drearily; "it's hell, having that word in your ears all the time. And all the old faces that used to be so friendly turned away from you. Not a house you can so much as go to in case of sickness. My woodshed caught fire. Was it them set it afire? I don't know; I know it was afire in the night, and not one of the neighbors come to help me fight it, not even Tom Neal. Nanny and me fought it alone, till Oscar came with the fire department, and they put it out. Yes, and somehow Oscar got hit on the head that night, and he's been in bed ever since. Yes, sir"—he spread out both his hands, and Martin saw how changed and hueless his ruddy face had grown—"yes, sir, folks in the office, the cops, and them say, 'You keep your temper, Noll; don't fly at 'em, take 'em easy!' My God, if I didn't fly at 'em and fight 'em, I'd go crazy! I hear 'em yelping that word at me all night. I've got so I'm scared to sleep. Why, Martin, two months ago I used to look round this town and say, 'I ain't got an enemy in it!' Now I ain't got a friend."

"Oh, brace up, old man," Martin tried to comfort him, as he would have tried to comfort one of his chums. He took him gently by the arm. "There's the superintendent, surely he's your friend."

"I ain't so sure. Sometimes I think he'll go back on me, too. I don't see no way out. Say, Martin, won't you come and see Nanny?"

More and more, as Martin walked by Noll's side, he marveled at the woeful change in him. He no longer trod with the easy lightness that one acquires dodging hot iron; he

had a listless, heavy-gaited slouch; yet his eyes were darting everywhere. His talk showed the irritability of his nerves; he did not seem like the same man. There was a reason why Martin should feel an intense pity for him, which he could not show except by an added friendliness of demeanor.

It was some time before he perceived that they were not going in the direction of Noll's house, and a minute or so after this discovery before he ventured to suggest it, in a tentative, off-hand way. "Why, you're going a new way to your house."

Noll had been sunk in a black reverie; he looked up suddenly. "What's that, Foster?" said he, in a very gentle voice. The pity of it all, remembering what he knew, caught Martin by the throat; he had to fish for his voice for a second.

Noll's eyes slowly took in his new friend's figure; he rubbed them with his hand. "I guess I forgot; it's not sleeping for sech a long while makes me sorter lose myself and talk out my thoughts. No, Martin, I ain't going home, I'm going to the works to see Mr. Blake, the superintendent. He wants to have a talk with me. Would you mind going with me?"

Martin was glad to go, feeling a nervous dread of the interview at the same time. Noll did not seem to see the half a dozen men who came down the sidewalk in front of the office just as they turned in. Martin remarked them, and Tom Neal among them: Tom looking two ways at once and stopping twice as if to turn back, yet each time going on the more briskly. He did not wonder how they got inside the cordon of police; he thought that he knew.

Blake greeted Noll with a surprising effusion of cordiality; but gave Martin a very cool stare, saying that he wanted to see Noll alone.

"That's all right, Mr. Blake," said Noll, "I asked him to come. I guess I know what you wanted to see me about. The boys will come back if you'll lay me off. And you got some big orders. And the boys have given up considerable, and it's losing a lot of money not to throw me over. Ain't that it?"

Blake was an elderly man, with a florid, good-natured face, that reddened more deeply at Noll's words. "It's bitter medicine to take, Noll," said he; "but I'm helpless. But I'll find just as good a job for you somewhere else. Sorry don't count much, but I am sorrier about this than I ever was in my life—sit down, Noll."

Noll was standing, both his hands on an office chair; it was almost as if he needed the chair to help him keep erect, and there were blue and white lines about his mouth; but he straightened himself and answered steadily: "No, thank you, I got to be going. I won't come back, then. Good morning."

He nodded his head, and walked very straight to the door, but something must have blurred his eyes, for he ran into the casing on one side, instantly recovering himself and stepping back.

Blake had jumped up and was at his side. "Won't you come back a minute? I feel like sin over this; I do; I'm sick! Let me show you the letter I've written——"

"To-morrow," said Noll; "I ain't well."

He put his hand up uncertainly to his head, moving the head itself slowly from side to side. His eyes, which were very dull, rested a second on the portrait of Burnside on the wall, while a kind of spasm convulsed his face; it was only for the space of an eye-blink, however, and instantly he braced his muscles and walked out of the door. Martin had his arm about him all the time, a support of which he did not appear to be conscious. He was walking quite firmly and of his own strength until they reached the sidewalk. Then, without warning, he swayed heavily against Martin, and it was all the young man could do to let him slip by degrees to the ground. There he lay like a log, and Martin's first glimpse of his purple red face made him cry out for help. It was Tom Neal who was waiting and lifted the unconscious man; but two or three policemen came at the same moment, and presently Oscar Walden, very pale and grim.

They sent for a doctor; but before he could come Noll opened his eyes. His first motion was to feel his throat and the loosened collar, his next to dash the water off his dripping hair; then he struggled to rise, gurgling, "You let me up. I ain't hurted bad. I can fight!"

"Noll, you lay still, it's all right," blubbered Long Tom, suddenly beginning to cry;

'jest old Tom. I was a fool to be mad with you, Noll, and if you only forgive me, I'll go off West with you and work in a black-sheep mill, I will by——!"

Noll wriggled out of his grasp, and struck feebly at Oscar on the other side.

"I'll fight ye, I ain't afraid of you! Take the word back!" he screamed.

"Oh, Lord! he don't know us," groaned Oscar.

Martin Wallace called by appointment on the president of the Burnside Steel Works. He found him a young man of attractive appearance, but, in spite of his man-of-the-world air, struggling with considerable agitation. The president plunged into his subject at once. He supposed he might find fault with the article that Mr. Wallace had written on the conclusion of the Burnside strike, but——

"You have seen Judge Foster Burnside, and know it's all true," interrupted Martin.

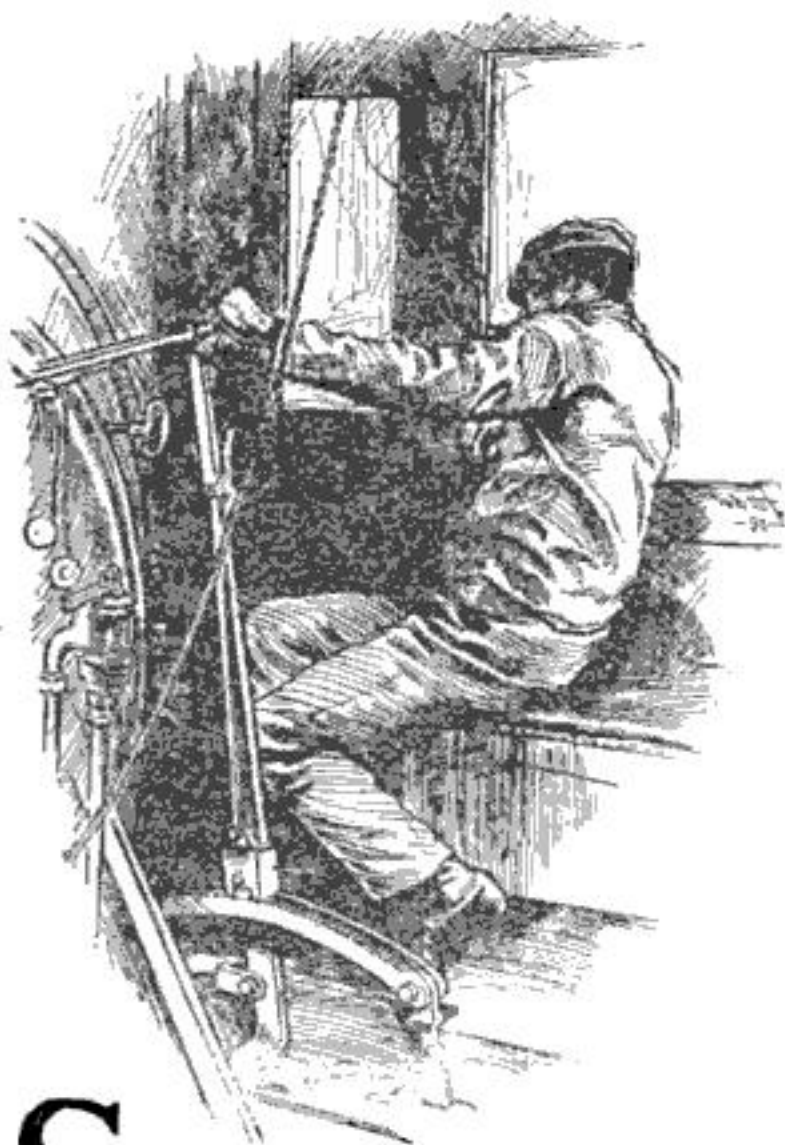
"That's it, Mr. Wallace. It places me in a—in a confusedly embarrassing position. I can assure you, until I saw Foster and knew about this roller, I didn't realize why Blake made such a racket about him. I am not the kind of man this would imply. I simply wanted to get out of a disastrous struggle the best way possible. I did not understand that our word was engaged. I supposed an equivalent job would make it all right. So we all did. Now, I'm told he was so cut up that he had a stroke of apoplexy and that he was a very good fellow. Isn't there some way to get this mess cleared up? You can see it is clearly impossible for us to take him back here. But I will buy his house here, myself, for a good advance on what he paid, and I'll get him just as good a job in a branch mill. Can't you see him for me and make some arrangement? You understand, don't you, how cursed mean I feel about it?"

"I understand," said Martin, gravely, "but I don't see what can be done. Noll Jones is in the Hunter Insane Asylum, and God only knows whether there is any chance of his recovery."

A PEG-LEGGED ROMANCE.

A RAILROAD STORY.

BY JOHN A. HILL,



SOME men are born heroes, some become heroic, and some have heroism thrust upon them; but nothing of the kind ever happened to me.

I don't know how it is; but, some way or other, I remember all the railroad incidents I see or hear, and get to the bottom of most of the stories of the road. I must study them over more than most men do, or else the other fellows enjoy the comedies and deplore the tragedies, and say nothing. Sometimes I am mean enough to think that the romance, the dramas, and the tragedies of the road don't impress them as being as interesting as those of the plains, the Indians, or the seas—people are so apt to see only the everyday side of life anyway, and to draw all their romance and heroics from books.

I helped make a hero once—no, I didn't either; I helped make the golden setting after the rough diamond had shown its value.

Miles Diston pulled freight on our road a few years ago. He was of medium stature, dark complexion, but no beauty. He was a

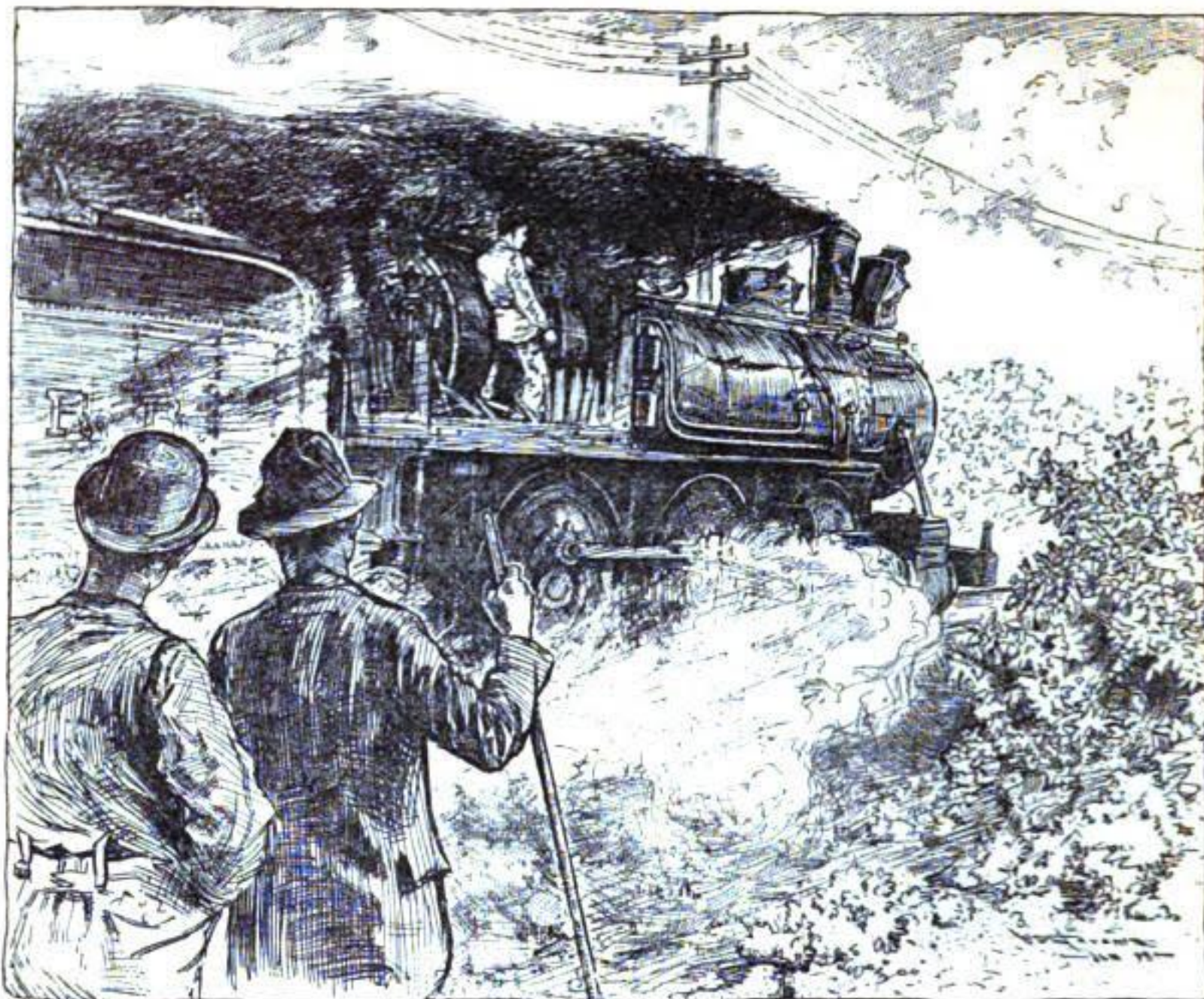
manly-looking fellow, well-educated enough, sober, and a steady-going, reliable engineer; you would never pick him out for a hero. Miles was young yet—not thirty—but, somehow or other, he had escaped matrimony: I guess he had never had time. He stayed on the farm at home until he was of age, and then went firing, so that when I first knew him he had barely got to his goal—the throttle.

A good many men, when they first get there, take great interest in their work for a few months—until experience gives them confidence; then they take it easier, look around, and take some interest in other things. Most of them never hope to get above running, and so sit down more or less contented, get married, buy real estate, gamble, or grow fat, each according to the dictates of his own conscience or the inclinations of his make-up. Miles figured a little on matrimony.

I can't explain it; but when a railroad man is in trouble, he comes to me for advice, just as he would go to the company doctor for kidney complaint. I am a specialist in heart troubles. Miles came to me.

Miles was like the rest of them. They don't come right down and say, "Something's the matter with me; what would you do for it?" No, sir! They hem and haw, and laugh off the symptoms, until you come right out and tell them just how they feel and explain the cause; then they will do anything you say. Miles hemmed and hawed a little, but soon came out and showed his symptoms—he asked me if I had ever noticed the "Frenchman's" girl.

"The Frenchman," be it known, was our boss bridge carpenter. He lived at a small place half-way over my division—I was pulling express—and the freights stopped there, changing engines. I knew Venot, the bridge carpenter, very well; met him in lodge occasionally, and once in a while he rode on the engine with me to inspect bridges. His wife was a Canadian woman, and good-looking for her forty years and ten children. The daughter that was killing Miles Diston, Marie Venot, was the eldest, and had just



"It was this apparition of wreck, ruin, and concentrated energy that Marie Venot saw flash past her father's door."

graduated from some sisters' school. She was a very handsome girl, and you could read the romantic nature of her being through her big, round, gray eyes. She was vivacious, and loved to go; but she was a dutiful daughter, and at once took hold to help her mother in a way that made her all the more adorable in the eyes of practical men like Miles.

Miles made the most of his opportunities.

But, bless you, there were other eyes for good-looking girls besides those in poor Miles Diston's head, and he was far from having the field to himself; this he wanted badly, and came to get advice from me.

I advised strongly against wasting energy to clear the field, and in favor of putting it all into making the best show and in getting ahead of all competitors. Under my advice, Miles disposed of some vacant lots, and bought a neat little house, put it in thorough order, and made the best of his opportunities with Marie.

Marie came to our house regularly, and I had good opportunity to study her. She was a sensible little creature, and, to my mind, just the girl for Miles, as Miles was just the man for her. But she had confided to my wife the fact that she never, never

could consent to marry and settle down in the regulation, humdrum way; she wanted to marry a hero, some one she could look up to—a king among men.

My wife told her that kings and heroes were scarce just then, and that a lot of pretty good women managed to be comparatively happy with common railroad men. But Marie wanted a hero, and would hear of nothing less.

It was during one of her visits to my house that Miles took Marie out for a ride, and (accidentally, of course) dropped around by his new house, induced her to look at it, and told his story, asking her to make the home complete. It would have caught almost any girl; but when Miles delivered her at our door and drove off, I knew that there would be a "For Rent" card on that house in a few days and that Marie Venot was bound to have a hero or nothing.

Miles took his repulse calmly, but it hurt. He told me that Marie was hunting for a different kind of man from him; said that he thought perhaps if he would enlist, and go out to fight Sitting Bull, and come home in a new, brass-bound uniform, with a poisoned arrow sticking out of his breast, she would fall at his feet and worship him. She

told him she liked him better than any of the town boys; his calling was noble enough and hard enough; but she failed to see her ideal hero in a man with blue overclothes on and cinders in his ears. If any of Miles's competitors had rescued a drowning child, or killed a bear with a penknife, at this juncture, I'm afraid Marie would have taken him. But, as I have indicated, it was a dull season for heroes.

About this time our road invested in some mogul passenger engines, and I drew one. I didn't like the boiler sticking back between me and Dennis Rafferty. I didn't like six wheels connected. I didn't like a knuckle-joint in the side rod. I didn't like eighteen-inch cylinders. I was opposed to solid-end rods. And I am afraid I belonged to a class of ignorant, short-sighted, bull-headed engineers who didn't believe that a railroad had any right to buy anything but fifteen by twenty-two eight-wheelers—the smaller they were the more men they would want. I got over that a long time ago; but, at the time I write of, I was cranky about it. The moguls were high and short and jerky, and they tossed a man around like a rat in a corn-popper. One day, as I was chasing time over our worst division, holding on to the arm-rest and watching to see if the main frame touched the driving-boxes as she rolled, Dennis Rafferty punched me in the small of the back, and said: "Jahn, for

the love ave the Vargin, lave up on her a minit. Oi does be chasing that dure for the lasth twinty minits, and dang the wan'st has I hit it fair. She's the divil on th' dodge."

Dennis had a pile of coal just inside and just outside of the door, the forward grates were bare, the steam was down, and I went in seven minutes late, too mad to eat—and that's pretty mad for me. I laid off, and Miles Diston took the high-roller out next trip.

Miles didn't rant and write letters or poetry, or marry some one else to spite himself, or take the first steamer for Burrage, or Equatorial Africa, as rejected lovers in stories do. It hurt, and he didn't enjoy it, but he bore up all right, and went about his business, just as hundreds of other sensible men do every day. He gave up entirely, however, rented his house, and said he couldn't fill the bill—there was n't a hero in his family as far back as he could remember.

Miles had been making time with the Black Maria for about a week, when the big accident happened in our town. The boilers in a cotton mill blew up, and killed a score of girls and injured hundreds more. Miles was at the other end of the division, and they hurried him out to take a car-load of doctors down. They were given the right of the road, and Miles tested the speed of



"We carried him into the depot."

the doctor found a black bruise over the short ribs. . . .

in a condition to run—she only looked stunned. Miles had to stand up. His foot felt numb and weak, so he rested his weight on the other foot. He was afraid he would fall if he became weak, and he had Denis take off the bell-cord and tie it around his waist, throwing a loop over the reverse side of the cab and all the roof were gone, so that Miles was in plain sight. The cut in his scalp bled profusely, and in trying to wipe the blood from his eyes, he merely smeared it all over himself, so that he looked as if he had been half murdered.

It was this apparition of wreck, ruin, and concentrated energy that Marie Venot saw flash past her father's door, hastening to the relief of the victims of a worse disaster, forty miles away.

Her father came home for his dinner in a few minutes from his little office in the depot. To his daughter's eager inquiry he said there had been some big accident in town and the

"extra" was carrying doctors from up the road. But what was the matter with the engine, he didn't know; it was the 170; so it was old man Alexander, he said—and that's the nearest I ever came to being a hero.

Marie knew who was running the 170 pretty well; so after dinner she went to the telegraph office for information, and there she learned that the special had struck the new coal chute at Coalton and that the engineer was hurt. It was time she ran down to see Mrs. Alexander, she said, and that afternoon's regular delivered her in town.

Like all other railroaders not better employed, I dropped round to the depot at train time to talk with the boys and keep track of things in general. The regular was late, but Miles Diston was coming with a special, and came while we were talking about it. Miles didn't realize how badly he was hurt until



"The doctor found . . . a black bruise over the short ribs."

he stopped the mogul in front of the general office. So long as the excitement of the run was on, so long as he saw the absolute necessity of doing his whole duty until the desired end was accomplished, so long as he had a reputation to protect, his will power subordinated all else. But when several of us engineers ran up to the engine, we found Miles hanging to the reverse lever by his safety cord, in a dead faint. We carried him into the depot, and one of the doctors administered some restorative. Then we got a hack and started him and the doctor for my house; but Miles came to himself, and insisted on going to his boarding-house and nowhere else.

Mrs. Bailey, Miles's boarding-house keeper, had been a trained nurse, but had a few years before invested in a rather disappointing matrimonial venture. She was one of the best nurses and one of the "crankiest" women I ever knew. I believe she was actually glad to see Miles come home hurt, just to show how she could pull him through.

The doctor found that Miles had an ankle out of joint; the little toe was badly crushed; there was a bad cut in the leg, that had bled profusely; there was a black bruise over the short ribs on the right side, and there was a button-hole in the scalp that needed about four stitches. The little toe was cut off

without ceremony, the ankle replaced and hot bandages applied, and other repairs were made, which took up most of the afternoon.

When the doctor got through, he called Mrs. Bailey and myself out into the parlor, and said that we must not let people crowd in to see the patient; that his wounds were not dangerous, but very painful; that Miles

was weak from loss of blood, and that his constitution was not in particularly good condition. The doctor, in fact, thought that Miles would be in great luck if he got out of the scrape without a run of fever. Thereafter Mrs. Bailey referred all visitors to me. I talked with the doctor and the nurse, and we all agreed that it would stop most inquisitive people to simply say that the patient had suffered an amputation.

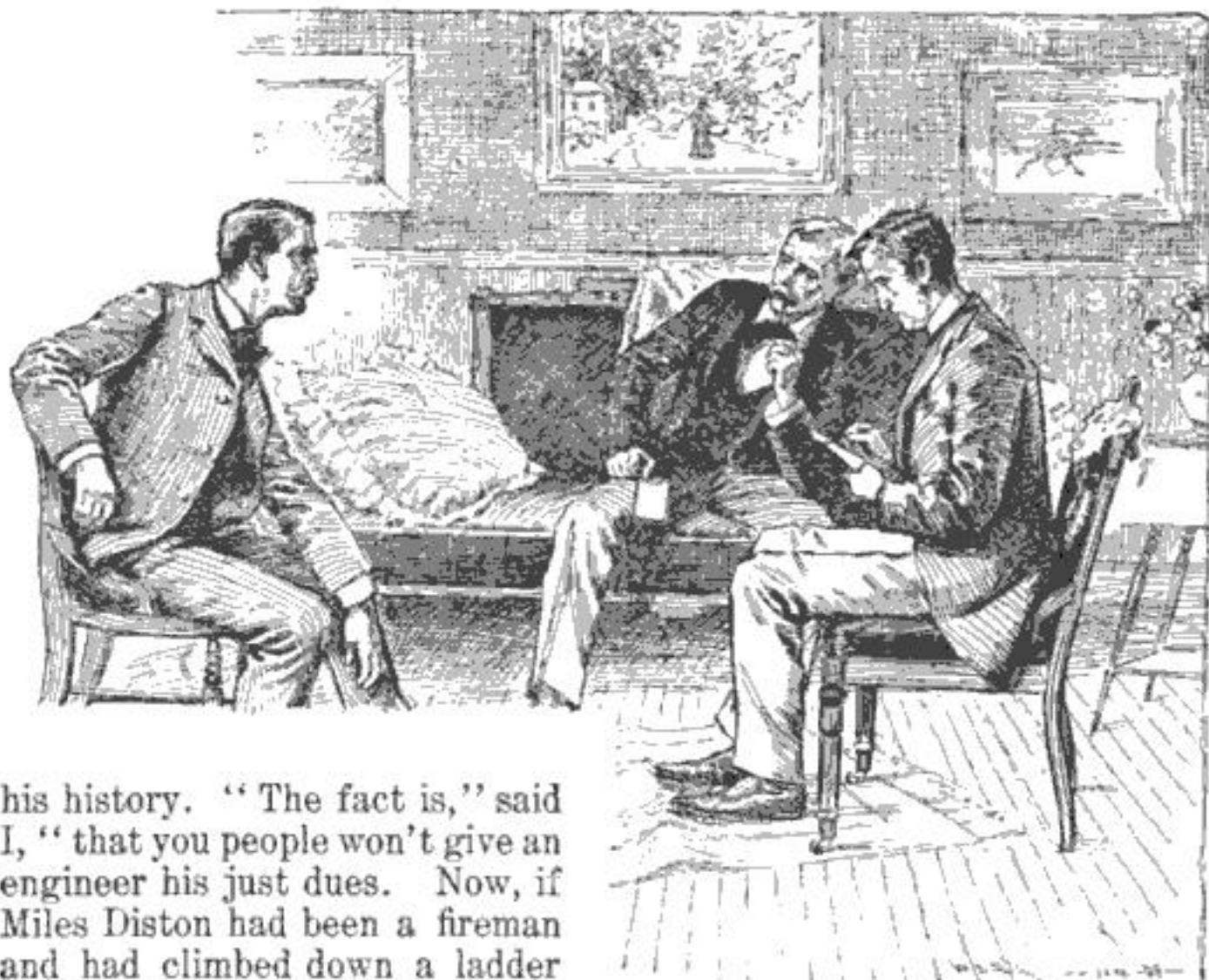
That evening, when I went home, there were two anxious women to receive me, and the younger of them looked suspiciously as if

she had been crying. I told them something of the accident, how it all happened, and about Miles's injuries. Both of them wanted to go right down and help "do something," but I told them of the doctor's order and of his fears.

By this time the reporters came; and I called them into the parlor, and then let them pump me. I detailed the accident in full, but declined to tell anything about Miles or



"I talked with the doctor and the nurse."



"The reporters came, and I called them into the parlor, and then let them pump me."

his history. "The fact is," said I, "that you people won't give an engineer his just dues. Now, if Miles Diston had been a fireman and had climbed down a ladder with a child, you would have his picture in the paper and call him a hero and all that sort of thing;

but here is a man crushed, bleeding, with broken bones, and a crippled engine, who stands on one foot, lashed to his reverse lever, for eighty miles, and making the fastest time ever made over the road, because he knew that others were suffering for the relief he brought."

"That's nerve," said one of the young men.

"Nerve!" said I, "nerve! Why, that man knows no more about fear than a lion; and think of the sand of the man! This afternoon he sat up and watched the doctor perform that amputation without a quiver; he wouldn't take chloroform; he wouldn't even lie down."

"Was the amputation above or below the knee?" asked the reporter.

"Below" (I didn't state how far).

"Which foot?"

"Left."

"He is in no great danger?"

"Yes, the doctor says he will be a very sick man for some time—if he recovers at all. Boys," I added, "there's one thing you might mention—and I think you ought to—and that is that it is such heroes as this that give a road its reputation; people feel as though they were safe behind such men."

If Miles Diston had read the papers the next morning he would have died of flattery; the reporters did themselves proud, and they

made a whole column of the "iron will and nerves of steel" shown in that "amputation without ether."

Marie Venot was full of sympathy for Miles; she wanted to see him, but Mrs. Bailey referred her to me, and she finally went home, still inquiring every day about him. I don't think she had much other feeling for him than pity. She was down again a week later, and I talked freely of going to pick out a wooden

foot for Miles, who was improving right along.

Meanwhile, the papers far and near copied the articles about the "Hero of the Throttle," and the item about the road's interest in heroes attracted the attention of our general passenger agent—he liked the free advertising and wanted more of it—so he called me in one day, and asked if I knew of a choice run they could give Miles as a reward of merit.

I told him, if he wanted to make a show of gratitude from the road, and get a big free advertisement in the papers, to have Miles appointed superintendent of the Spring Creek branch, where a practical man was needed, and then give it out "cold" that Miles had been rewarded by being made superintendent of the road. This was afterwards done, with a great hurrah (in the papers).

The second Sunday after Miles was hurt, Marie was down, and I thought I'd have a little fun with her, and see how she regarded Miles.

"There's quite a romance connected with Diston's affair," said I at the dinner table, rather carelessly. "There is a young lady visiting here in town—I hear she is very wealthy—who saw Miles when we took him off his engine. She sends flowers every day, calls him her hero, and is just crazy for him to get well so she can see him."

"Who is she, did you say?" asked my wife.

"I forget her name," said I, "but I am here to tell you that she will get Miles if there is any chance in the world. Her father is an army officer, but she says that Miles Diston is a greater hero than the army ever produced."

"She's a hussy," said Marie.

I don't know whether you would call that a bull or a bear movement on the Diston stock, but it went up—I could see that.

A week later Miles was able to come down to our house for dinner, and my wife asked Marie to come also. I met her at the depot, and after she was safe in the buggy, I told her that Miles was up at the house. She nearly jumped out; but I quieted her, and told her she mustn't notice or say a word about Miles's game leg, as he was extremely sensitive about it.

My wife was in the kitchen, and I went to the barn to put out the horse. Marie went to the sitting-room to avoid the parlor and Miles, but he was there, I guess, and Marie found her hero, for when they came out to dinner he had his arm around her. They were married a month later, and went to Washington, stopping to see us on the way back.

As I came home that night with my patent dinner pail, and with two rows of wrinkles and a load of responsibility on my brow, Marie shook her fist in my face and called me "an old story-teller."

"Story-teller," said I; "what story?"

"Oh, what story? That *leg* story, of course, you old cheat."

"What leg story?"

"Old innocence; that amputation below the knee—you know."

"Wa'n't it below the knee?"

"Yes, but it was the little toe."

"John," said Miles, "she cried when



"But he was there, . . . and Marie found her hero."

she looked for that wooden foot and only found a slightly flat wheel."

"That's just like 'em," said I. "Here Marie only expected a part of a hero, and we give her a whole man, and she kicks—that's gratitude for you."

"I got my hero all right, though," said Marie; "you told me a big fib just the same, but I could kiss you for it."

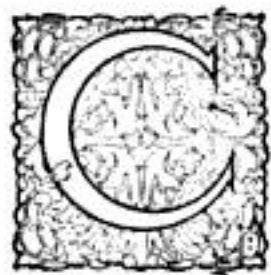
"Don't you do that," said I; "but if the Lord should send you many blessings, and any of 'em are boys, you might name one after me."

She said she'd do it—and she did.

MARY TODD LINCOLN.

REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS OF THE WIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY EMILY TODD HELM.



COMPARATIVELY little is known concerning the family history of Mary Todd Lincoln, although the press of the country has recorded much that has not been agreeable for her friends and relatives to read, often giving totally erroneous ideas of her; and thus the public has insensibly been prejudiced against her. Her ancestry can be traced to a long line of men distinguished in the early history of Pennsylvania and other States. She was related to the families of Parker, Bodley, Owens, McFarland, Findlay, Major, and Porter, of Pennsylvania. Her great grandfather, General Andrew Porter, was the close friend of Washington. The Porters furnished Pennsylvania with a governor, and two of them filled cabinet positions.

What is known of the Todd family is honorable. Of the covenanters captured at Bothwell Bridge, two hundred and fifty were sentenced to be transported to America. Two hundred of these were drowned in a shipwreck off the Orkneys; fifty escaped, and afterward took part in the defense of Londonderry. Among those drowned were Robert Todd of Fenwick and James Todd of Dunbar. In 1679, the same year in which these two were drowned, John Todd, their brother, fled from the persecutions of Claverhouse in Scotland, and sought refuge in Downs County, Ireland. In 1720 his son Robert Todd (born in 1697) came with his family from Ireland to Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, where he died in 1775. His first wife died before he left Ireland, but he married Isabella Hamilton in America. The mother of Robert Todd was Isabella Parker. Many families of note in Pennsylvania were related to her.

John Todd, son of the above Robert Todd, graduated at Princeton in 1749, located in Louisa County, Virginia, and became so distinguished as a Presbyterian minister, scholar, and educator, that it has been said, that no history of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia could be written without honorable mention of him. The brother of this

John Todd, David Todd (the great grandfather of Mrs. Lincoln), was born April 8, 1723. He was a farmer, and in 1760 bought lands of the proprietors of Pennsylvania on the south side of the Phoenixville and Peckowen Bridge road, near a corner where his brother Robert Todd kept a store. In 1783 he sold his farm, receiving \$12,000 for it, and the next year removed to Kentucky, to join his sons Robert and Levi Todd. An older son, Colonel John, had been killed in a fight with the Indians at the Blue Licks, Kentucky, two years before; and it is said that it was because the mother grieved so at his loss and was so anxious to be with the sons who were left, that the removal from Pennsylvania was made. David Todd died in 1785, the year after he went to Kentucky.

His wife was Hannah Owens of Pennsylvania, daughter of Owen Owens. They had four sons, of whom one, Owen, settled in Ohio; and he, as well as the others, bore a brave part in the early Indian wars. The other three, John, Robert, and Levi Todd, were educated in Virginia, in a classical school taught by their uncle, the Rev. John Todd. The eldest, Colonel John Todd, studied law, and was the first civil governor and lieutenant-commander of what is now the great State of Illinois. His record or minute book is in the possession of the Chicago Historical Society, and forms an interesting chapter in the history of our country. England was forced to cede this rich country to the United States, as a fruit of the Revolutionary War, won by the valor of General George Rogers Clarke in 1778, and his valiant soldiers, who numbered among them the three Todd brothers. Upon Patrick Henry, the first Governor of Virginia, devolved the duty of appointing a lieutenant-commander of Illinois, and the man chosen for this responsible position (on the 12th of December, 1778) was Colonel John Todd. He had removed from Virginia to the County of Kentucky in 1775, and had become prominent in its house of delegates or representatives. In 1777 he was chosen to represent Kentucky in the General As-

sembly of Virginia, and in 1778 he and his brothers formed a part of the expedition to Illinois County.

For three years Colonel John Todd held his position as lieutenant-commander, devoting most of the time to its interest. In 1780 he was again chosen a delegate to the Virginia legislature. In this year Kentucky (county) was divided into three counties—Lincoln, Jefferson, and Fayette; and Thomas Jefferson, then Governor of Virginia, appointed Colonel John Todd Colonel of Fayette County; Daniel Boone, Lieutenant-Colonel; and Thomas Marshall, Surveyor. During the summer of 1782, an Indian invasion aroused the county, and the militia was summoned to repel it. Colonel Todd, as senior colonel, took command of the little army sent in pursuit of the retreating savages. This force included Daniel Boone and many illustrious Kentuckians. On the 18th August, 1782, they came up with the Indians at the Blue Licks, and one of the most disastrous battles to the whites ever fought on Kentucky soil followed. Colonel John Todd fell at the head of his men, shot through the body. Nearly one-half of the little army was killed or wounded. Among the wounded were his brothers, General Levi and General Robert Todd. General Robert Todd was wounded also in the defense of McClellan's Fort (now Georgetown, Kentucky), in 1776. He continued an active soldier all through the troubles with the Indians.

General Levi Todd, the third brother, was the grandfather of Mrs. Lincoln. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1756, studied law and surveying, and was one of the defenders of Harrod's Fort in Kentucky, and also assisted General Ben Logan to hold St. Asaph's at Stanford, Kentucky. He was lieutenant in George Rogers Clarke's campaign for the conquest of Illinois; was appointed Major, Colonel, Brigadier, and Major-General of the Kentucky forces. He died in 1807 at Lexington, Kentucky. His wife was Jean Briggs, a daughter of Captain Samuel Briggs, who was a brother-in-law of General Ben Logan and one of his fifty picked men.

A son of General Levi Todd, Robert Smith Todd, was the father of Mary Todd Lincoln. He was a merchant of considerable wealth, and was for many years president of a bank at Lexington, Kentucky. He served in both branches of the Kentucky legislature, and was a man of generous and refined nature, belonging to the old Virginia school and known throughout the State for his hospital-

ity. He served as captain in the War of 1812. His first wife was a daughter of Major Robert Parker of Lexington, Kentucky. His second wife was a daughter of Dr. Alexander Humphreys of Staunton, Virginia. Mary Todd Lincoln was but a child when this second marriage was made. Four of the brothers of Mrs. Lincoln entered the service of the Confederate States. One, Samuel Todd, was killed at the battle of Corinth; another, Alexander Todd, aged twenty-three years, was killed at the battle of Baton Rouge; and a third, David Todd, received a bullet wound that, after a long illness, caused his death in 1866. The fourth brother was a surgeon, and is still living, at Barnwell, South Carolina. Three of Mrs. Lincoln's sisters are living: Mrs. Frances Wallace of Springfield, Illinois; Mrs. Margaret Kellogg of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Mrs. Ben Hardin Helm (widow of General Ben Hardin Helm, who was killed at Chickamauga, September 20, 1863) of Elizabethtown, Kentucky.

An interesting account of Mrs. Lincoln in her girlhood is given in the following passage from a letter written to me by Mrs. Elizabeth L. Norris, of Garden City, Kansas, September 28, 1895:

My first recollection of your sister Mary runs back to the time when your father lived on Short Street (Lexington, Ky.), before your sister Elizabeth married Ninian W. Edwards,* of Springfield, Ill. Mary Todd was then ten years old. I was in age between her and Frances (now Mrs. Dr. Wallace, of Springfield, Ill.), and while Frances and I were in harmony, I entered more into Mary's life. Mary was bright and talkative and warm-hearted. She was far advanced over girls of her age in education. She was a pupil of the celebrated Mr. Ward. He was a splendid educator; his requirements and rules were very strict, and woe to her who did not conform to the letter. Mary accepted the condition of things, and never came under his censure. We occupied the same room, and I can see her now as she sat on one side of a table, poring over her books, and I on the other, with a candle between. She was very studious, with a retentive memory and a mind that enabled her to grasp and thoroughly understand the lessons she was required to learn. Mr. Ward required his pupils to recite some of their lessons before breakfast. On a pleasant summer morning nature would hardly rebel; but what an ordeal to rise in winter by candle light and make the needful preparations to encounter the furious blasts! I have nothing but the most pleasant memories of her at that time. I never saw any display of temper or heard her reprimanded during the months I was an inmate of your father's home. Sixty-six years

* Ninian W. Edwards was the son of Governor Ninian Edwards, of Illinois. He was born April 15, 1809, near Frankfort, Kentucky. His father was at that time Chief Justice of Kentucky, but removed to Illinois the same year the son was born. Ninian Edwards was educated at Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, where he met Elizabeth Todd, the eldest sister of Mrs. Lincoln, and she became his wife. His home was one of great hospitality. He served his State in a number of positions of honor. Mrs. Edwards was an exceedingly attractive woman. Her winning sweetness and gentleness of character have never been excelled, and have left an impression which is not likely to be forgotten.

ago children had few privileges. We had no amusements, no parties, nor books with charming little stories to stimulate us to acts of courtesy and kindness. Our standard library was the Bible and the Shorter Catechism, which we always carried to Sunday-school.

On one occasion Mary was with some young friends on a visit at Walnut Hills, near Lexington, Kentucky. They were startled by the report that Indians were approaching the house, and attempted to hide, each according to her impulse, under beds, in closets, anywhere, and Mary sought a refuge behind an old-fashioned screen that stood before an open fire-place. But feeling no safety there, she looked for a place of greater security, and not finding any to suit her, she stood in the center of the room and cried in a frantic tone: "Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide." It turned out that the Indians were only a friendly party and that there was no danger whatever.

Mrs. Norris writes further:

Mary and I each had a white dress, but Mary was not satisfied—they were too long and narrow. She liked pretty things, and wanted to be in the fashion. Hoops were worn at this time by women: not the steel ones—they came in later; but home-made affairs with small reeds, basted on the inside of the skirt, such as milliners used in drawn-silk bonnets. Properly worn, the effect of them was quite pretty. Mary admired them above all things, and was frantic for one; but it would have been an unheard of request to ask for it. After much worry and thought, she at last said, "Lizzie, I am going over to Mrs. Hostetter's and ask her for some of her weeping willows. We can make hoop-skirts and wear them to Sunday-school to-morrow." I agreed to it, and she put on her sun-bonnet, and with a basket started on her errand. It was a long time before she returned, but she was abundantly supplied with the material, and deposited her basket with its precious burden in a closet in our room.

After tea we began our preparations. We seated ourselves upon the floor, and lost no time, but worked diligently. We were startled to find how late it was when my aunt (Mrs. Todd), on her way to her room, tapped on the door, telling us it was time to be in our beds. We did put out the light, and waited until we thought everybody was asleep; then we relighted our candle and worked until late in the night, when we hung up the finished garments with a thrill of delight. Our sleep was too short to be satisfactory, but we managed to get to breakfast in time. As soon as it was over, we rushed to our room. Mary was always quick in her movements, but now she made uncommon haste, and was dressed and out upon the street as I reached the front hall door. One moment and we would have been safe. But as fate would have it, Aunt caught a glimpse of me. One glance was enough to show her what we had been striving for. She reached the door in a second, and called Mary back. There we stood, a burlesque on vanity, as grotesque figures as eye need ever fall upon—in hoops that bulged in front and at the back, while they fell in at the sides, and with our narrow white dresses stretched over them to their utmost extent. We had basted the willows in just as they came off the tree, one end being very large and the other very small. Aunt looked us over from head to foot, and said, "What frights you

are! Take those things off, and then go to Sunday-school."

We went to our room chagrined and angry. Mary burst into tears, and gave the first exhibition of temper I had ever known her to make. She thought we were badly treated. I was angry, but did not express myself quite so freely. It is well our display was confined to our own premises. If we had gone to the McCord Church, as we were so anxious to do, the congregation would have been convulsed with laughter and aunt too much mortified to lift up her head.

From Mr. Ward's school Mary went to a select French school kept by Mrs. Montell. Here she remained for four years, going to the school each Monday morning and not returning to her father's house until Friday evening. Nothing but French was spoken in this school, and Mary acquired a thorough knowledge of the language. She never gave it up, and always read the best French authors in the original. It was here also that she learned to dance.

While in Lexington as a young lady, Mary Todd never seemed interested in or manifested any desire for attention, although she mingled freely with the best society. Her special friends were Miss Margaret Wickliffe, afterwards Mrs. General William Preston, and Miss Bodley, afterwards Mrs. E. B. Owsley of Louisville, Kentucky. In a home pervaded by every refinement, her life flowed on quietly, free from sorrow or bereavement. She had a plump, round figure, and was rather short in stature. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but she was certainly very pretty, with her lovely complexion, soft brown hair, and clear blue eyes, and intelligent bright face that, having once seen, you would not easily forget. She was singularly sensitive. She was also impulsive, and made no attempt to conceal her feelings; indeed it would have been an impossibility had she desired to do so, for her face was an index to every passing emotion. Without desiring to wound, she occasionally indulged in sarcastic, witty remarks, that cut like a Damascus blade; but there was no malice behind them. She was full of humor, but never unrefined. Perfectly frank and extremely spirited, her candor of speech and independence of thought often gave offense where none was meant, for a more affectionate heart never beat.

In 1837 Mary paid a visit to her sister Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards at Springfield, Illinois. She remained there three months before returning to her father's home at Lexington. She was then just nineteen years of age. In 1839 she again visited Springfield. Her wit and affability, not less than

her varied accomplishments, impressed both old and young. In 1842 she was married to Abraham Lincoln.

There has been so much written and printed upon the subject of Mrs. Lincoln's marriage, that I will only say that Mrs. Lincoln's family had no knowledge of any want of faith or honor on Mr. Lincoln's part. Mrs. Dr. Wallace, Mrs. Lincoln's sister, who is still living in Springfield, positively asserts that there was never but one wedding arranged between Mary Todd and Mr. Lincoln, and that was the one that occurred. Mr. Herndon says that it was a large wedding, and that Mrs. Lincoln was married in a white silk dress. This is an error, and he must have confused Mrs. Lincoln's wedding with that of her sister, Mrs. Wallace, who was married a little before. Mrs. Lincoln, by preference, had a quiet marriage. Mrs. Wallace says that on a Sunday morning Mr. Lincoln and Mary Todd called Mrs. Edwards to where they were sitting, and told her they had decided to be married that evening. Mrs. Wallace was sent for, and she says that she never worked harder in her life than on that day. Only a few people were present—Mr. Dresser, the minister, held a short service in his church, and afterward went up to Mr. Edwards's house, where the marriage took place. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Edwards, Major and Mrs. John Todd Stuart, Dr. John Todd and family, Dr. and Mrs. Wallace, and Mr. and Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards. And the bride was clad in a simple white muslin dress.

As to the love affairs that Mr. Lincoln may have had or the offers he made of himself to others, Mrs. Wallace says that she does not know in regard to them. He may have had a misunderstanding with Mary Todd, but as the latter went to Springfield in 1839 and was married in 1842, there certainly could not have been so many love affairs as Mr. Lincoln's biographers enjoy giving him. Abraham Lincoln was a visitor at the house of Mr. Edwards before Mary Todd arrived at Springfield, and his well-known intimacy with her cousin, the accomplished John Todd Stuart,* and Mr. Joshua Speed at that time, speaks volumes in his favor as a promising man. Unless Mary Todd and Mr. Lincoln

mutually desired it, there would have been no reason for the marriage.

It has also been said that Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln were not happy. Mrs. Wallace denies this emphatically, and the present writer's knowledge bears out Mrs. Wallace's assertion. They understood each other thoroughly, and Mr. Lincoln looked beyond the impulsive words and manner, and knew that his wife was devoted to him and to his interests. They lived in a quiet, unostentatious manner. She was very fond of reading, and interested herself greatly in her husband's political views and aspirations. She was fond of home, and made nearly all her own and her children's clothes. She was a cheerful woman, a delightful conversationalist, and well-informed on all the subjects of the day. The present writer saw Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln together some part of every day for six months at one time, but saw nothing of the unhappiness which is so often referred to. Many of Mr. Lincoln's ways, such as going to answer his own doorbell, annoyed her, and upon one occasion a member of her family said, "Mary, if I had a husband with a mind such as yours has, I wouldn't care what he did." This pleased her very much, and she replied, "It is very foolish—it is a small thing to complain of."

Here are extracts from some letters written by Mrs. Lincoln to the writer of the present sketch:

PASSAGES FROM LETTERS OF MRS. LINCOLN.

Springfield, February 3, 1856.—"Mr. Lincoln has just entered and announced that a Speaker has at last been elected at Washington; that Mr. Banks is the happy man. They have had great trouble in their political world."

Springfield, November 23, 1856.—"Your husband, like some of the rest of ours, has a great taste for politics and has taken much interest in the late contest, which has resulted very much as I expected, not hoped. Although Mr. Lincoln is, or was, a Frémont man, you must not include him with so many of those who belong to that party, an abolitionist. In principle he is far from it. All he desires is that slavery shall not be extended, let it remain where it is. My weak woman's heart was too Southern in feeling to sympathize with any but Fillmore. I have always been a great admirer of his—he made so good a President, and is so good a man, and feels the necessity of keeping foreigners within bounds. If some of you Kentuckians

* John Todd Stuart, one of the leading lawyers of Illinois, was a native of Kentucky. He graduated at Center College, Danville, studied law, and in 1828 located at Springfield. He was afterward a law partner of Abraham Lincoln and was major of a battalion in the Black Hawk War, where Abraham Lincoln commanded a company in the same battalion. He served in the Illinois legislature from 1832 to 1838, when he defeated Stephen A. Douglas for Congress. He served in Congress two terms, and then declined a reelection; but he was reelected in 1862 and served one term. He died November 30, 1885, aged 78 years.

had to deal with the *Wild Irish* as we house-keepers are sometimes called upon to do, the South would certainly elect Fillmore next time. The Democrats have been defeated in our State in their governor; so there is a crumb of comfort for each and all. What day is so dark that there is no ray of sunshine to penetrate the gloom? . . . Now sit down, and write one of your agreeable missives, and do not wait for a return of each from a staid matron, and, moreover, the mother of three noisy boys."

Springfield, September 20, 1857.—"The summer has strangely and rapidly passed away. Some portion of it was spent most pleasantly in traveling East. We visited Niagara, Canada, New York, and other points of interest. When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for their European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich."

Springfield, February 16, 1857.—"Within the last three weeks there has been a party almost every night, and some two or three grand fêtes are coming off this week. I may surprise you when I mention that I am recovering from the slight fatigue of a very large and, I really believe, a very handsome and agreeable entertainment, at least our friends flatter us by saying so. About 500 were invited; yet owing to an unlucky rain, three hundred only favored us by their presence. And the same evening, in Jacksonville, Colonel Warren gave a bridal party to his son, which occasion robbed us of some of our friends. You will think we have enlarged our borders since you were here."

Mrs. Lincoln was devoted to her children, and their loss was a distracting grief to her. Willie's death at Washington was a sorrow too deep for the President or Mrs. Lincoln to refer to. Mrs. Lincoln regularly attended the Presbyterian Church, and it was her request to be buried from the church where she had professed her faith. Her wedding-ring had engraved within it, "Love is eternal." The last words President Lincoln ever said to his wife were, "There is no city I desire so much to see as Jerusalem." With these words half-spoken, the fatal bullet entered his brain and struck him down by her side.

What wonder that such a shock was fol-

lowed by great nervous prostration! Mrs. Lincoln went abroad to divert her mind. Mr. Paul Shipman, of Edgewater Park, New Jersey, who saw much of her during her sojourn in London and on the Continent, says: "Her residence was in sight of Bedford Square, and her life subservient to the welfare of Tad (her son), who was pursuing his studies under a tutor. She shunned, rather than courted attention, and desired peace and retirement above all things. I found her sympathetic, cordial, sensible, with that bonhomie so fascinating, with no trace of eccentricity in conduct or manner. She was simply a bright, wholesome, attractive woman, and I could not for the life of me recognize the Mrs. Lincoln of the newspapers in the Mrs. Lincoln I saw." A letter written by Mrs. Lincoln to Mrs. Shipman says: "I hope we will meet whilst we are abroad—you with your life so filled with love and happiness, whilst I, alas, am a weary exile. Without my beloved husband's presence the world is filled with gloom and dreariness for me."

In 1871 Mrs. Lincoln's son Tad died in Chicago, at the age of eighteen. "Ah, my dear friend," she said to one who knew her well, "you will rejoice when you know that I have gone to my husband and children." She was done with life. After years of failing health, in quiet seclusion from the world, shrinking from any publicity, and sensitive to every misrepresentation, sustaining the dignity of widowhood by perfectly appropriate behavior, she awaited the release from her sufferings. She died at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian W. Edwards, July 16, 1882. Three days later she was laid to rest by the side of her illustrious husband. The Rev. John A. Reid of Springfield expressed the feeling of many when he said, "The taller and the stronger one died, and the weaker is now dead. Growing and struggling together, one could not live without the other. Years ago Abraham Lincoln placed upon the finger of Mary Todd a ring bearing the inscription 'Love is eternal.' Side by side they walked until the demon of tragedy separated them. When the nation was shocked at the sad and dire event, how much more must she have been shocked who had years before become a part of his life. It cannot be any disrespect to her memory to say, that the bullet that sped its way and took her husband from earth took her too."

THE COMMERCIAL PROMISE OF CUBA, PORTO RICO, AND THE PHILIPPINES.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.



THE two Connecticut brothers who swapped possessions with each other until both became rich, are fairly entitled to stand for Yankee thrift and shrewdness. These qualities in a century have enabled the United States to grow in wealth four times as rapidly as in population; so that to-day this nation of 75,000,000 people possesses \$90,000,000,000 of wealth. Yet so intent have Americans been on conquering the problems at home, that they have hardly turned their attention to the world fields.

Now, however, a new era has dawned, and the United States are to take their place among the first nations of the world, not alone in bigness and in wealth, but in the competitive sale of the products of their hands and brains. Whatever else this war with Spain may do for us, it is bound to open new avenues of trade in her colonies of the East and West Indies. The islands of Cuba and Porto Rico on our eastern coast, and the Philippines, with the Carolines, the Ladrones, and other Spanish islands, on the west, together with our newly acquired Hawaiian possessions, furnish fields of unique trade opportunities. All these islands lie in the tropics, whither heretofore not an acre of our country has extended.

The natural avenues of trade are not with the sun, along parallels of longitude, but north and south, between zones of differing climate. Hence these island groups are most favorably located. They can send us the fruits of the tropics which our temperate climate produces too sparingly or not at all, and receive in return our grain and manufactures—an exchange mutually desirable and useful. Given these sources of trade, and there is scarcely a product in the world that could not be raised within our enlarged borders.

A NEW TERRITORY EQUAL TO NINE GOOD STATES.

These islands have peculiar advantages of location for us. Just off our South Atlantic

coast lies Cuba. Nearly 800 miles long and from thirty to 125 miles wide, the island has an area of 42,000 square miles, or about that of the State of Ohio. Easily reached from the great harbors of the Atlantic is Porto Rico, equal to Long Island in length, but twice as broad. In the Pacific, in line with our rapidly expanding trade with Japan, China, and Australia, are the Philippines and other Spanish islands. Extending over a sea area of some 1,200 miles north and south, and double the distance along the equator, these islands number about 2,000. Many are too barren and insignificant, perhaps, ever to be of practical value. But the Philippine group itself is peculiarly fertile and surprisingly extensive. Luzon alone, upon which stands the city of Manila, has 47,000 square miles—equal in size to the State of New York. With Mindanao, scarcely inferior in size, the other islands would equal the six New England States, and bring the total up to 114,000 square miles.

Here, then, are Cuba and Porto Rico in the Atlantic, and the Hawaiian and Philippine groups in the Pacific, whose destiny has become intertwined with our own. Their combined area is 168,000 square miles, equaling New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey. Their population is about 10,000,000, or perhaps one-half that of these nine home States. The Philippines, with three-quarters of the entire population, and Porto Rico, with 800,000 people, alone approach our own Eastern States in density. Cuba, prior to the war, was about as well populated as Virginia, and the Hawaiian group is as well peopled as Kansas. What, then, can these islands do for us?

SUGAR AND COFFEE FOR NEARLY ALL THE WORLD.

Americans use more sugar in proportion to population than any other nation of the world. The total consumption last year was not less than 2,500,000 tons. This is enough to make a pyramid that would overtop the tallest pyramid of Egyptian fame. Of this total, 2,200,000 tons came from foreign countries, the Spanish possessions and Hawaii

sending about twenty-five per cent. Five years earlier, when our imports were less by half a million tons, these islands supplied double this quantity, or nearly two-thirds of the nation's entire sugar import. But that was before Cuba had been devastated by war and when she was exporting 1,100,000 tons of sugar to other countries. Restore Cuba to her former fertility, and the total sugar crop of these islands will reach 1,500,000 tons, or two-thirds our present foreign demand.

But no one supposes that these islands have reached the limit of their production. Hawaii has doubled her sugar export within the past few years. Cuba, in the height of her former prosperity, had but a fraction of her sugar land under cultivation. Were all the land in use on that island that is suited to raising sugar, it is estimated that Cuba alone could supply the demand of the entire Western Hemisphere. Add to this the possibilities in the other islands, now only at the beginning of their development, and no American need fear a lack of material to supply his sweet tooth.

With sugar, Americans rank their coffee. The annual consumption of this berry reaches 700,000,000 pounds. Yet, until Hawaii became ours, not a pound could be grown for commerce within our borders. Of the coffee imported, scarcely a half million pounds comes from these islands east and west. Still the coffee product of Porto Rico reaches 50,000,000 pounds a year. Once Cuba far outstripped her sister island in this crop, raising in a single year 90,000,000 pounds. But that was early in the century, before the island had been devastated by frequent wars. To-day almost her last coffee plantation is destroyed. But what Cuba has done she can do again, and in richer abundance, under the stimulus of American energy and skill.

The Philippines produce a coffee not equal to the best Mocha to be sure, but with a flavor peculiarly its own, and so well appreciated by the Spaniards that most of the 600,000 pounds annually raised go to that country. The Hawaiian Islands are but at the beginning of their coffee raising. Within five years their exports have increased nearly forty fold. It may be many years before these island groups will be able to produce coffee enough for the entire nation, but in five years they will be sending us a quarter of our imports of this favorite berry, and in a decade that total can easily be doubled.

TOBACCO—HAVANAS CHEAP ENOUGH FOR ANY SMOKER.

An important product of these islands which finds its way to the United States is tobacco. Our own tobacco crop averages 500,000,000 pounds, and of this, from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 pounds goes to other countries. But the tobacco lover has a fondness for certain flavors that our own soil will not produce. The result is that no less than 25,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco is imported, of which until recently Cuba supplied three-fourths. That island, in addition, sends out 200,000,000 cigars and 50,000,000 packages of cigarettes a year, of which forty per cent. enter the United States.

The Philippines also come in for a large place in tobacco cultivation. About 250,000,000 pounds of leaf tobacco and 150,000,000 cigars are exported. Little of this is sent directly to the United States. The Spaniard, however, is credited with a shrewdness truly Yankee in quality, since much of the "pure Havana" is said to be supplied to the Cuban factories from these East Indian islands. Under the fostering care of American enterprise and capital, this industry should develop into many fold its present value, and the time easily come when the laboring man, as well as the millionaire, enjoys his after-dinner "Havana" or "Philippine."

MANILA HEMP—TROPICAL FRUITS.

Famous the world over is the manila hemp of the Philippines. The United States import about 100,000,000 pounds a year, and of this, ninety per cent. comes directly from those islands. About twice this quantity is produced there, and hemp forms one of the chief sources of wealth to the islanders. With the demand for hemp ever increasing, and the opportunities for its culture meagerly used, there is no reason why this product may not be largely multiplied to the profit of all alike.

With the cocoa tree, the banana, the pineapple, the mango, and other tropical fruits, the islands offer an appetizing variety. But, rich as are the present Philippines, the country is scarcely at the beginning of its possibilities. Only one acre in fifteen of the soil is cultivated, and that in the wasteful and slovenly way characteristic of the native and Spanish races. Under American skill and thrift the products may be easily multi-

plied ten fold their present volume, and be vastly improved in quality.

Very similar opportunities await the Americans in Cuba. Of the 26,000,000 acres, only 2,000,000 have ever been under the plow. Yet the fertile land is easily four fold the present cultivated area. There are besides some 15,000,000 acres of virgin forest, containing such valuable timber as mahogany, cedar, logwood, redwood, ebony, and lignum vitæ. So rich is the soil that fertilizers are seldom used except for tobacco, though the same crops have been grown for a hundred years.

UNTOLD RICHES IN IRON AND GOLD.

Cuba is rich in iron also—how rich no one can tell. About 140 mines have been located. Near Santiago are two mines worked by American capital, and producing from 30,000 to 50,000 tons of ore a month. This iron grades in quality with the richest in the world. Taken to our Bethlehem mills, some of it has been forged into Harveyized steel armor for the protection of American battle-ships in aid of "Cuba libre." On the south coast are numerous deposits of manganese, and an American company has facilities for supplying 200 tons a day. Nearly all the manganese used in this country comes from the Black Sea regions and from the northern part of South America. With the copper, coal, asphalt, and other minerals known to be in that country, Cuba has resources which are bound to be of inestimable value when her industries are dominated by men of American brains and push.

Minerals are known to be in the other islands, notably the Philippine group. Copper is abundant in Luzon particularly. Lead is found in Cebu, while iron ore underlies wide sections of Luzon and Mindanao. Undoubtedly there are extensive coal measures also, but these are little explored. Most interesting of all to the American are the gold deposits. These extend over a wide area, though their value as yet is little known. Should they prove rich, the Philippines may become another California or Klondike for rapidity of settlement and increase in wealth.

THE NEED OF THE ISLANDS FOR AMERICAN BREADSTUFFS.

Not less important are the opportunities these islands of the Atlantic and Pacific offer

to our own export trade. If they can give us an abundance of the things we cannot raise at home at all, or only with difficulty, they can also take from us products that we can most easily supply. None of these islands are natural grain countries. Some of them raise a little corn, but that only with difficulty. For bread they must look to other countries, and particularly to the broad prairies of our own United States.

This is peculiarly true of Cuba. Yet so cunningly has the tariff been regulated at Madrid that it was cheaper to send our flour to Spain and thence transship it to Cuba than to send it to that island directly from our own ports. Of course the Cubans paid the freight both ways, as well as the tolls and the pilferings to which the grain was subjected by Spanish officers on the way. This abuse was no small factor in bringing about the revolt against the mother country. Up to the opening of the war, American exports to Cuba ran from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000 a year, or only about one-third as much as the imports from Cuba to this country.

The Philippines as a field for American exports are practically a new country. These islands have been taking about \$20,000,000 from foreign countries, but of this scarcely \$100,000 was from the United States. It is a question of only a few months when England, Germany, and Spain will be forced to share this rich field with us.

Our annual demand upon tropical products reaches \$225,000,000, which is a third of our entire imports. Of this, these island groups five years ago were supplying \$100,000,000. To-day, because of Spanish wars, the aggregate has dropped below \$40,000,000. When peace again prevails they can easily return to their former standard, and under American protection perhaps more than double this trade. Put in the best years they have taken from us barely \$30,000,000, and now their imports from us are but half that value. They took \$5,000,000 in breadstuffs, \$3,000,000 of our meat, and \$7,000,000 of iron and steel manufactures. Not less than 65,000,000 pounds of pork and beef have found their way to these islands in a single year. No wonder that the Spanish can understand the significance of American pigs.

Thus much does our foreign trade mean with thinly populated islands under a government that uses every effort to discourage intercourse with Americans. When the population is multiplied two fold in number and ten fold in ability to produce and to consume,

what then will be our mutual trade? Fewer than 5,000,000 British colonists in Australasia exchange goods with the world to the value of \$650,000,000 annually, and of this more than a third is with the mother country.

When our own new colonies of the Atlantic and the Pacific reach the measure of their American development, not less than this should be their standard of trade with their mother, America, and with the world.

THE PASSING OF McIVOR.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.



MANY of my readers will remember McIvor, who as he oiled the notorious 107 said to the paymaster, whose train he was to take out, "It's all poppycock—there's no such thing as an unlucky engine. This Friday talk is child's talk." And then, glancing up at the new moon, he made a wish. Later, when he hung the reprobate's boiler on a big rock in the black cañon, he came from the cab more than ever of the opinion that he was never to be killed on an engine. When he took desperate chances, it was not to save himself, but other people and his engine.

McIvor was a Virginian. Before the beard broke through his boyish face, he entered the army. He went in at one end of the war and came out at the other end, with whiskers and scars, but still proud of Virginia.

After the war, young McIvor became a locomotive engineer on one of the Southern railways. One day a lot of negroes, feeling their freedom, said they would ride on the engine, and McIvor was unable to put them off. Finally one of them, being especially frisky, said he would run the engine, and McIvor said he would not. After that there was confusion in the cab, and when it was all over, the engineer stood looking at a smoking six-shooter, letting the engine jog along to the end of the run. Along the track three negroes lay dead or dying, and a half dozen other negroes, some limping and all scared, were humping it across a meadow toward the wood. The engineer's left hand had been cooked while he was struggling to keep out of the fire-box, for the negroes had playfully attempted to poke him through the furnace door. I have heard it hinted that McIvor succeeded in locating four more of his

torturers, making seven altogether; and then he went North.

I have always respected McIvor.

Taking account of the war, the negroes, and his after experience on a new railroad in the then new West, McIvor had many narrow escapes. Like most men who have lived long at the front of an express train, he was quick to act in the face of danger. One night, when the road was new and unfenced, he was falling along the Tomeche, forty minutes late, with No. 7 full of hungry people anxious to reach La Veta Hotel at Gunnison, famous as an eating-station in the days when the main line lay over Marshall Pass. The first snow was falling in the hills, and a band of half wild horses were hurrying down in the autumn twilight to a lonely ranch at the mouth of a cañon. McIvor saw them coming towards him in a deep cut. He was on a down grade, and he knew it would be impossible to stop. As he reached for the whistle he pulled the throttle wide open, for to slow down at such a time was to increase the danger. Instinctively he shouted to the fireman, who was down by the furnace door, to "look out;" and taking alarm from the cry of the engine and McIvor's voice, the fireman went up against the sloping side of the dirt cut, and rolled unconscious, but almost unhurt, along with the wind of the train. The little rockaway engine, with her wheels on sand, tumbled into the herd at a frightful rate. McIvor said he could feel the horses slamming up against his front end. They crashed over the pilot, tearing away the signal lamp, the headlight, and the stack. As soon as it was over, McIvor stopped, backed up, and found his fireman.

"You told me to jump," the fireman stammered.

"I did nothin' of the sort," said McIvor; "I merely said 'look out.'"

When the company settled with the ranchman for that night's work, they paid him for thirteen horses. McIvor had made a record that has never yet been broken; but a man with less "sand" might have made it thirteen human beings.

A few years ago a young man employed as a watchman at one of the division stations on that same railway, in a fit of anger, struck a conductor with a piece of plank, and killed him. The conductor was very popular in the town. His friends, assembling quickly, called it murder, and went at once to the jail where the young man had been locked up and murdered the murderer.

When it was all over and the men saw what had been done, they were alarmed. The good people of the town were shocked, and the whole community was sorely grieved over the tragic death of two respected citizens. Naturally, the grand jury inquired into the matter, and McIvor was one of the first men arrested. Two or three witnesses swore positively that they had heard McIvor's Virginia voice shouting at the head of the mob. Other men, equally reputable, offered to swear that McIvor was elsewhere at the moment of the hanging; but McIvor refused to let them testify in his behalf.

When, some time later, McIvor was brought from the jail to be tried, he said he was not guilty. He had a friend high in the Masonic order, as he was himself, and this man came and testified that McIvor was not in the mob, and proved it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and McIvor went free. Then some people accused him of "playing horse" with the State; but that was not true. McIvor had gone to jail to give another man, who had the same Southern accent, time to get out of the country, and he "got."

McIvor was an interesting combination of strength and weakness. As shown here, he was loyal to a friend and would suffer for him; but I don't think he ever wholly forgave an enemy. On his engine he would face death with a smile. On the ground he was as weak and erring as a village belle who has inherited her mother's beauty and a deep longing for the stage. He railroaded at all times and in all places, and used his engine or the time-card to illustrate what he had to say. Once his fireman fell in love with an interesting widow who kept a boarding-house, and he asked McIvor's consent.

"Well," said the engineer, thoughtfully, "she's sho' onto heh job; but it seems to

me, Johnny, that it wud be bettah to get one just out o' the shop, an' break heh in to suit you. In that case, ye'd know all heh weak points."

Sitting the other day with Mr. John A. Hill, in his luxurious office on the fifteenth level of a big Broadway building, facing the little park just opposite the small-paned window at which Mr. Dana used to sit, we fell to talking of McIvor and his quaint sayings. Before he became known as the author of "John Alexander's Philosophy" and as the chief owner of the "American Machinist," Hill used to double-head with McIvor over the hills of Colorado.

"I sent him a story the other day," I said, "that he will recall when he reads it."

Swinging his swivel chair until he faced me squarely, Hill asked, with some surprise: "Why, don't you know that McIvor's dead?"

And now, coming back to my work after a few day's dissipation in the second city in the world, I find a letter from the little town where, for the past fifteen years, McIvor had stabled his iron horse. It was written by one of the foremen in the shops, I fancy, and was meant only to carry the news of the engineer's death and to say that his brother, who had come up from the South to settle the dead man's affairs, had expressed the wish that some acknowledgment might be made of the receipt of my story. The brother, as he read the story, had smiled through his tears, the letter said, for he had often heard McIvor himself tell the story. The two men had parted many years ago, and now the brother, coming to the little town where McIvor had lived, found four or five thousand dollars, some real estate, a few shares of mining stock—and a grave. The steady hand that had held in it hundreds of lives almost every day for the past twelve years is resting there. Perhaps of the men and women who read this recital not a few have at some time slept down the steep mountain and through the dark cañon while McIvor kept watch in the engine cab. McIvor is dead; and, as he always said it would be, he died in bed, "with his boots off."

I have no right to print the foreman's letter, but I can give the story in my own way, which, however, can never impress you as this letter has impressed me:

McIvor had been ill for three or four years—some trouble with the spine, a thing common enough among enginemen. He would lay off for a while, go up and down the coun-

try, experimenting with the many hot springs of the West and fooling with widely advertised Chinese doctors—who are usually brought in from the nearest laundry, hung about with baggage checks, and propped up on a sort of throne under a big umbrella. Finally, a few months ago, his engine went into the “back shops” to be rebuilt, and McIvor’s friends persuaded him to go to the hospital, get well, and be ready for her when she should come out. This hospital is maintained by the employees and the company, and McIvor, who had been one of the directors, knew that it was not a bad place—much better, in fact, than the average hotel; and so, after fighting down a natural dread of such institutions, he finally went to live at the hospital. For a while he was reasonably well contented, but his health did not improve; indeed he seemed to grow worse from week to week.

At first he kept quiet—racing, as it were, with his engine, to see which would get out first. Then when the newly turned wheels had been replaced beneath the boiler, the old engineer used to cross the teetering foot-bridge that hung over the Arkansas and sit for hours watching the workmen putting the engine in shape for the road. “Towards the last,” writes his friend, the foreman, “the doctor used to try to keep him away, for he would not go back to the hospital at noon to eat. All day, from the first to the last whistle, he would sit by, getting up now and then to help adjust the different parts of the machine.”

Every new device in the store McIvor would have. The old-fashioned oil-cups had to be removed and glass ones put on instead. The latest patent lubricators and a spring seat in the cab he asked for, and the master mechanic, knowing that these things were not for McIvor, said, “All right—give it to him,” and then went into his office to think. Day by day, as the engine assumed her normal shape, growing bright and beautiful under the painter’s touch, the engineer wasted away.

In the course of time he began to realize this fact, for now he urged them to get her out as soon as possible, so that he might break her in for the road. By the time the last touches were being put on the new engine, it was necessary for some one to walk over the swinging bridge with the engineer when the six o’clock whistle blew. Finally she was finished and fixed up, but that night they had to carry McIvor over the river to the hospital, and the next day he was unable to leave his bed.

Nobody spoke now of the engine to him, and he never spoke of it himself. One day, a week or two after his last trip over the bridge, the master mechanic went in to see him. McIvor was lying apparently asleep, with his face to the wall. Presently a whistle sounded, and, turning quickly on his back, he looked steadily into the face of the master mechanic. The master mechanic knew what was in his mind, and, pitying him, waited for him to speak.

“That’s the Hund’ed-an’-sixty-eight,” said McIvor.

“It’s Blodget,” said the master mechanic, evasively, “coming in with Mr. Jeffrey’s special.”

“It makes no difference who’s handlin’ heh, or what she’s haulin’, that’s th’ Hund’ed-an’-sixty-eight,” said McIvor, and he turned his face once more to the wall.

That evening some friends came in to see him, and McIvor said abruptly: “Look a-heah! When I leave the rail, I want you-all to plant me whuh I go down, an’ don’t let my people go haulin’ me about; I’m tia’d, an’ I want a rest.”

“Say,” he called as his friends were leaving, “ast Mistah Jones’s padon for th’ way I spoke to him to-day. Come to think, I guess I don’t own the engine anyway, only it seems they might a kep’ heh whistle closed till I was out o’ hea’in.”

But that was the last time the whistle came to trouble him, for before the Hundred-and-sixty-eight came in on her next trip McIvor was dead.



STORIES OF NASR-ED-DIN

Collected

by Cleveland Moffett



It is impossible to be in Turkey very long without hearing of Nasr-

ed-din, the famous hoja, or teacher, of whose remarkable sayings and doings the people are always talking. Who he was nobody knows; when he lived no one can say: perhaps he never lived; but he is to-day the most interesting character in the Sultan's wide empire.

He is at once the clown and philosopher, the hero and buffoon, of a nation. He is loved and laughed at; and the wisdom embodied in his homely experiences has perhaps settled more quarrels than the Koran, for there is no argument that will convince a Turk so quickly as an aptly quoted story.

Here are a few Nasr-ed-din tales that I have put down in English as they have come to my notice:

One day a neighbor came to Nasr-ed-din and said: "Hoja Efendi, will you lend me your donkey to ride on to-day?"

The hoja replied that the donkey was not there, but the words had scarcely left his lips when the donkey brayed in the stable. Then the neighbor chided him for his deceit; but Nasr-ed-din, unabashed, said: "What kind of a man are you, to take a donkey's word rather than mine?"

It happened once that Nasr-ed-din was awakened in the middle of the night by his wife, who whispered to him in fright that there were robbers in the house. "Get up," she urged, "and drive them away."

"Hush, woman," said the hoja, knowing that the house was bare. "Let them search well, and if they find anything we will go shares."

One day Nasr-ed-din went to a feast in poor clothes, and saw that no man paid him respect. So he went home and put on his fine fur coat, and came to the feast once more. Then all the guests crowded about him, and bade him dine with them. Whereupon the hoja took off his fur coat, and laying it by the table, said: "Eat, Mr. Coat, the invitation is for you."

A man came to Nasr-ed-din one day to borrow a piece of string. The hoja went into the



* One day a neighbor came to Nasr-ed-din. . . .

house for a few minutes, and coming out, said that all his string was being used to spread flour on.

"How is it possible to spread flour on string?" asked the man, wondering.

"That is nothing," said Nasr-ed-din; "if I was bound not to lend my string, I would even spread water on it."

One of the kinsmen of Nasr-ed-din was very ill, and neighbors called to ask after his health. "He died yesterday," said the hoja, "but to-day he is a little better."

"A man came to the hoja . . . and asked what he would charge to teach his son to read."

A man came to the hoja on one occasion and asked what he would charge to teach his son to read.

"Three hundred piasters," said Nasr-ed-din.

"That is a high price," said the man; "for that I could buy six donkeys."

"Buy them," said Nasr-ed-din, "and your son will make the seventh."

Nasr-ed-din had a dream one night, and he dreamed that a man offered him nine piasters in a bargain.

"It is not enough," said the hoja, "you must give me ten." Just then he woke up, and finding no money in his hand, closed his eyes in haste and cried, "Give them quick; I'll take nine."

One day Nasr-ed-din be-



"Nasr-ed-din was awakened . . . by his wife."

ing tempted to take some melons from a field, brought a ladder and put it against the wall to help him over. Just then the owner of the melons drew near; so he lifted the ladder upon his shoulders and pretended that he was trying to sell it.

"What are you doing?" asked the man.

"Are you blind?" said Nasr-ed-din. "Don't you see that I am selling this ladder?"

"It is impossible to sell a ladder here where there are none to buy."

"Foolish fellow," said the hoja. "Know that fear will make men do stranger things than that."

One night there were sounds of quarreling before the hoja's house; so he said to his wife: "Rise up, woman, light a candle, that I may understand the cause of this trouble."

"Lie still," said his wife. "This quarrel is no business of yours."

But Nasr-ed-din would not heed her, and covering himself with a blanket from the bed, went out into the street. Thereupon the men seized his blanket and made off with it, leaving the hoja shivering. When



"The hoja took off his fur coat, and laying it by the table, said: 'Eat, Mr. Coat, . . .'"

he went back into the house, his wife asked him what the trouble was.

"It's all right," he said; "they were quarreling about our blanket. As soon as they got it the quarrel ended."

One day Nasr-ed-din went up the mountain to cut wood, and being in a happy state of mind, he sat on the limb which he was cutting. Just then a shepherd warned him of his danger, but even as he spoke the limb broke, and the hoja got a fall. Nasr-ed-din lay there for some time reflecting on this happening, and the shepherd went his way. But presently the hoja sprang up and ran after the



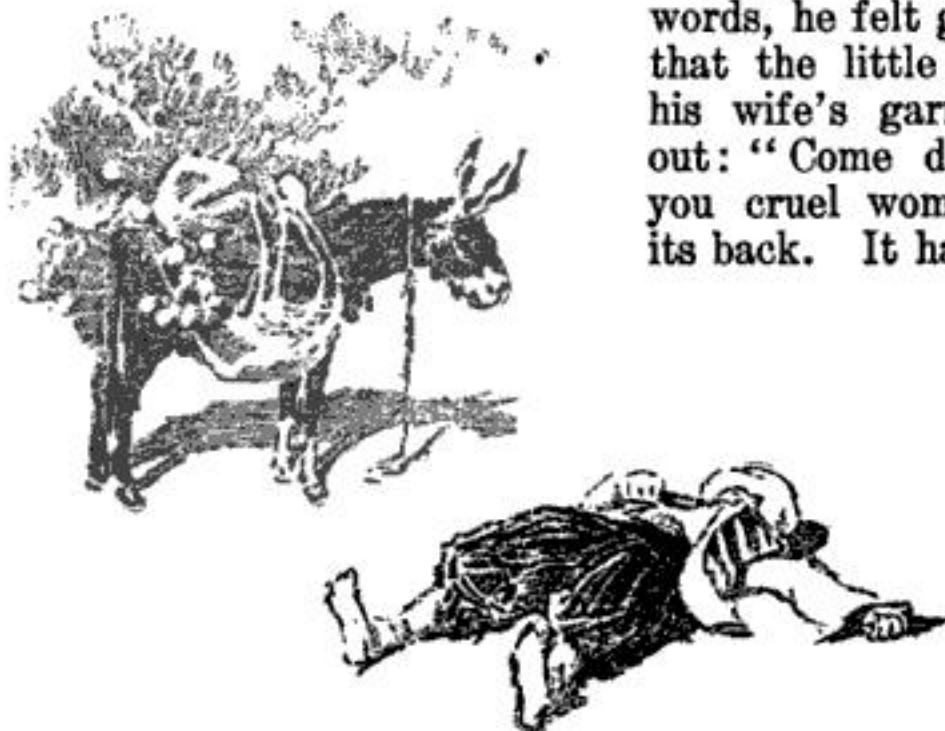
"He lifted the ladder upon his shoulders. . . ."

shepherd, calling, "Stop, man, I have things to say to you." And when he had come up to the shepherd, he said: "My friend, you are wiser than I: you knew when the limb was going to break; therefore tell me now the day when I shall die."

To pacify Nasr-ed-din, the shepherd said: "When it happens that your donkey brays once carrying a load up-hill, then you may know that you are half dead. And if the donkey brays again, then you will be entirely dead."

Some time after this, as Nasr-ed-din was driving his donkey up-hill with a load of wood, it happened that the donkey brayed. Then the hoja remembered the shepherd's words, and waited in terror for another bray to come. After several minutes the donkey brayed again, whereupon the hoja exclaimed, "Now I am dead," and laid himself down on the road.

Soon the people gathered about him, and some brought a bier and began to bear him to his house.



"The hoja exclaimed, 'Now I am dead,' and laid himself down on the road."

And as they went they came to a bad place full of mud and water, and paused a moment, hesitating which way to take. Then the hoja lifted himself and said: "When I was alive, I used to go on that side."

At one time Nasr-ed-din went to Diarbekir in search of work, and there he saw very large water-melons, and asked a man what they were. The man, taking Nasr-ed-din for a foolish fellow, told him they were the eggs of donkeys.

Nasr-ed-din believed this, and when he had finished his work in Diarbekir, he bought one of the melons and started home with it. When he reached the top of the

hill near his house, he took the melon out of his bag to look at it. But the melon slipped from his hands and rolled down the hill, landing in a rabbit's hutch. At this the rabbit, being frightened, darted from the hutch. "Behold," cried the hoja, "the colt has come out from the egg," and ran after it. The rabbit took refuge in a vineyard which, by chance, belonged to Nasr-ed-din. And when the hoja came up breathless from the chase, he asked his wife, whom he met, if she had seen the new colt. His wife, thinking that he had really bought a colt, replied, "Blessings on you, man; I am going to ride the colt to the bath-house."

When Nasr-ed-din heard these words, he felt great alarm, thinking that the little colt was hidden by his wife's garments; so he called out: "Come down from the colt, you cruel woman; you will break its back. It has only just come out of the egg."

While walking in the fields one day, Nasr-ed-din saw horsemen in the distance, and taking them to be robbers, undressed himself hastily and hid his



" . . . Nasr-ed-din would . . . whisper in his ear: 'Take care, my brother, . . .'"

garments in a hollow rock. Then he sat down beside a tomb. When the robbers came up (for they really were robbers), they said to him: "Poor old man, why do you sit on a cold stone this cold day?" The hoja was at a loss to reply, but beginning to speak, he said: "Yesterday I died, and they buried me here; but when I entered the cave, I found a great multitude there, and we were choked by the heat, so I came out to breathe the cool air." At this the robbers decided that Nasr-ed-din was crazy and left him unharmed.

A countryman brought a hare to the hoja for him to eat, and Nasr-ed-din paid him much honor for the present. A week later the countryman came back, and Nasr-ed-din offered him an excellent soup. After a time some other countrymen came, and said they were neighbors of the man who brought the hare. Nasr-

ed-din gave them soup also. Finally still others came, and said they were friends of the neighbors of the man who brought the hare.

"Welcome, then," said the hoja, and brought them hot water in glasses.

"What is this?" asked the guests.

"This," said Nasr-ed-din, "is water, boiled in the pot where the hare was cooked."

One day a beggar knocked at Nasr-ed-din's door. "What is it?" asked the hoja from the roof.

"Come down, sir, I beg of you. I have something to say."

When Nasr-ed-din had come down the stairs, the beggar said, "Kind master, please give me some money."

"Come with me," said Nasr-ed-din; and when the beggar had climbed to the top of the house, Nasr-ed-din settled himself in his chair and said: "May God give to you."

"You might have told me that while I was down below," grumbled the beggar.

"Yes," said Nasr-ed-din, "and you might have told me your business while I was up here."

One night for supper the wife of Nasr-ed-din boiled the soup a long time, so that it would burn the hoja's throat; but when they sat down, she forgot the trick and took some of the soup herself. Seeing the tears come out of her eyes, Nasr-ed-din inquired what was the matter.

Not wishing him to know what brought the tears, the wife replied: "My blessed mother liked soup very much, and I weep because she is dead."

At this the simple-minded hoja began to eat his soup, but at the first spoonful he burst into tears.

"Why do you weep?" asked his wife.

"I weep," said Nasr-ed-din, "that you and your blessed mother did not die together."



"A countryman brought a hare to the hoja . . ."

One day, when the Hoja was putting on his turban, he lost the end of it, and after trying in vain to catch it, he flew into a great rage, and determined to sell the turban. So he took it to the market and sought for a purchaser. But whenever a man came forward to inquire the price, Nasr-ed-din would bend over and whisper in his ear: "Take care, my brother; don't buy this turban, for it is impossible to find the end of it."

HOW THE NEWS OF THE WAR IS REPORTED.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.



WAR with Spain began, so far as the newspapers were concerned, when the "Maine" was blown up in Havana harbor. The explosion occurred at 9.40 o'clock on the evening of February 15, 1898. At half-past two on the following morning the first reports, filed by the correspondents in Havana, reached New York, and at daylight newsboys in every city in America were crying the extras which gave the details of the disaster. Before noon on the 16th, a tug steamed out of the harbor at Key West with three divers on board. In the few hurried hours after the news reached New York "The World" had telegraphed its representative in Key West, and divers had been roused out of bed, had collected their paraphernalia, and had embarked on the newly chartered tug for Havana.

Early in the afternoon, "The World" correspondent in Havana received the following cabled instructions:

"Have sent divers to you from Key West to get actual truth, whether favorable or unfavorable. First investigation by divers, with authentic results, worth \$1,000 extra expense to-morrow alone."

But when the divers arrived, they were not allowed to make a descent, and all that the newspaper sponsors of the enterprise derived from the expedition was a bill of expense amounting to nearly \$1,000.

This was the beginning. During the next few days scores of correspondents were rushed into Havana, and half a hundred great newspapers began to fill with news and pictures of the wreck. From the very first, the hand of the Spanish censor worked havoc with the reports. A correspondent never was certain that what he wrote would reach his paper. In a week's time the transmission of messages had become so uncertain that the newspapers of New York began

telegraphing to different cities along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts to secure suitable despatch-boats for carrying their messages from Havana to Key West, in order to avoid the censor. One paper chartered a boat in New York, another secured one in Charleston, several were hired in Florida ports, and there was a wild rush for Havana.

For a few weeks, messages flew back and forth across the troublous Florida Straits, and each newspaper found itself very well served by a single steamer. But with the approach of actual war and the attendant blockade, a more extended service became necessary, and several newspapers acquired a veritable fleet of vessels—three, four, and five—to patrol the waters of the West Indies.

All of these vessels were swift, ocean-going steamers, capable of making from twelve to fourteen knots an hour, and carrying crews of a dozen men or more, with several correspondents. At least two despatch-boats chartered by New York newspapers were formerly private yachts, fitted with dynamos, powerful searchlights, and a hundred and one other conveniences.

Previous to the declaration of war, the sole service of these despatch-boats was a daily trip between Havana and Key West, and the sole cargo was a little package of copy which a man might carry in the breast pocket of his coat. But it was a most expensive mission. Owing to the threatened hazards of war, ship owners exacted from \$5,000 to \$9,000 a month for the use of each of these boats, and the newspapers were required to bear the additional expense of fire, marine, accident, and war insurance, which the alarmed underwriters of New York had fixed at the enormous rate of eight per cent. a month—equal in a year to nearly the total value of the boat. One New York newspaper pays \$2,200 a month insurance on a single tug—and it has five boats in service in different parts of the world.

In addition to these initial expenses, the

newspapers must buy their own coal and supplies, at war-time prices, and pay the salaries of the correspondents who direct the boats. One managing editor showed me his salary list for a single week, including only war correspondents. It amounted to \$1,463.51. A single correspondent, representing another New York paper, is said to receive \$10,000 a year.

Nor is this all. Every time a despatch-boat made port in Havana harbor, a rapacious Spanish officer swooped down upon it and collected all manner of fees—health-office fees, custom-house fees, and fees for clear water to use in the boilers, to say nothing of pilotage charges—a total of from \$70 to \$125 a day for this purpose alone. At the Key West end of the voyage, there were still further charges, rendered necessary by the inevitable medical certificate and the pilot hire. Expenses are paid in cash, and the correspondents find it necessary to go loaded down with all the gold they can carry. Gold will lubricate a way out of almost any difficulty.

These figures will give some idea of the cost of maintaining the war-news service in Cuban waters, and yet they are only the initial expenses. During the height of the "Maine" excitement, and many times afterwards, the correspondents of single New York papers filed as high as 5,000 words a day at the cable office in Key West, often with supplementary censored despatches direct from Havana. The cable rates from Key West to New York are five cents a word for press despatches, making a charge of \$250 a day for this item alone; and after a despatch is received, it is often crowded by more important news into a mere paragraph, the greater part of the high-priced message going to the newspaper limbo—"on the floor."

After the correspondents were driven out of Havana and the blockade was begun, the difficulties and hazards of getting the news were immeasurably increased. The correspondents were subjected to a constant and exhausting strain on body and mind, and they knew not at what moment they might find themselves in the thick of a great battle. The blockade off Havana was 120 miles long, and, to "cover" it properly, a newspaper had to speak every ship in the line every day. No one despatch-boat could do this successfully and get back to Key West with the news. Accordingly, several papers employed two boats on the blockade, one at each end. They patrolled the fleet and met near the mid-

dle, where they spoke across the tossing water of the straits through a megaphone; and then the steamer which was to act as messenger let down a boat and sent it across to the other. Here a package of despatches, recounting the doings of the last half day, an illustration or two drawn by a special artist, and a number of photographs and films, were taken aboard and transferred to the messenger steamer. With its cargo complete the swift little vessel then sped northward toward Key West, the correspondents who still remained aboard of her working steadily at a long desk in the cabin. If it was at night, the crew of the messenger boat never knew at what moment there might come the shrill challenge of a blockader:

"Ahoy, there! Who are you?"

In such a case, the captain came to instantly, knowing well enough that any indecision might bring a twenty-pound shot crashing through his bows. Not infrequently there were several challenges in a single trip, showing the effectiveness of the blockade.

If the news was very important the messenger boat blew a whistle signal as it entered Key West, and the correspondent on shore hurried out with a launch to bring in the precious budget of reports. A cab was ready at the wharf, and a few minutes later the news was singing over the wires to New York.

The big, rolling men-of-war were always most friendly to the sociable little despatch-boats, even if they did sometimes rouse a weary correspondent out of his bunk at night with a fierce challenge. If anything of importance had happened during the day, an officer was ready to shout the news. In return for the favor, the despatch-boats brought the precious gossip of the line, letters to the men, newspapers, and sometimes light supplies. The Associated Press and the Laffan News Bureau ("The Sun") each had a man on the flagship "New York," as well as on the "Brooklyn" of the flying squadron. They were also represented on several other ships by officers who acted as correspondents. When the despatch-boats of these organizations appeared, the men aboard had their reports all written. If it happened to be rough weather, so that the messenger boat dared not venture near the precipice of steel, the news copy was bottled up and tossed overboard, being afterwards picked up by the men of the despatch vessel—unless some prowling shark had seen fit to swallow it.

When the outworks at Matanzas were bombarded by the "New York" and her con-

sorts, the New York "Herald" boat lay up to the wind, and its correspondent stood calmly in the prow with his watch out, counting the shots that shrieked overhead. There happened to be no other newspaper boat in sight, and the "Herald" ran to cover with a "beat." Since then neither the "New York" nor the "Brooklyn" moves anywhere without a clustering fleet of jealous despatch-boats puffing and snorting in her wake.

After all the excitement and hardship attending the gathering of this war news, the correspondent might arrive in Key West only to make the heart-breaking discovery that he could not get his message through to his paper. Only two cables run between Key West and Punta Rossa, on the mainland of Florida, and government despatches, which take precedence over all others, utilize one of them almost exclusively. Correspondents for half a hundred papers were crowding to secure the early use of the other line, and, if there was some important piece of news to be reported, the wire was soon overloaded, and the poor fellow who came late, sweating and excited, had little chance of getting his message through. To escape the possibility of such a failure, one New York paper made arrangements to have a despatch-boat run with its messages to Miami, on the mainland, but the scheme did not work successfully, owing to the time involved.

Even after the war began, newspaper readers were astonished to see almost daily despatches from Havana, often containing matter which no censor would have passed. How did they get through?

When American correspondents left Havana, many newspapers made arrangements with some friendly Spaniard or Englishman, or in one case with an American who had lived nearly all his life on Cuban soil, to stand watch and send news messages at every possible opportunity. There was little use of employing the cable, owing to the patriotic activity of the censor, although a little veiled news came through in this way. For instance, one despatch read, "General Gomez has retreated from A. to B. with a large force of men." This just suited the censor, and he let it go through. The telegraph editor in New York read between the lines. By consulting a map he found that B. was nearer Havana than A., and that this retreat was in reality an advance upon the Spanish capital. But such subterfuges were uncertain and unsatisfactory, and a far more serviceable plan was formed for entirely eluding the Spanish authorities. The corre-

spondent in Havana quietly wrote out his despatches and sent them down by special messenger to the coast near Mariel, which is only a short distance west of Havana. One paper arranged with a country tradesman who made daily trips to Havana to act as its courier. At five o'clock on Monday, seven on Tuesday, ten on Wednesday, and so on through the week, a different hour for each day, the despatch-boat was to approach the coast, and, upon signal that the enemy was not in sight, send a swift boat ashore for the messages. It was a highly difficult and dangerous mission, but a good many Havana despatches have come by this roundabout route.

In addition to these secret resident correspondents in Havana itself, several newspaper men have ventured into the interior to join the insurgents, although they were well aware that they took their lives in their hands when they did it. All of these men made arrangements to return, at a specified hour, on one of two or three days, to a certain point on the coast, where a warship or a despatch-boat had appointed to meet them.

With the earliest intimations of a declaration of war public interest, which had been centering around the "Maine" disaster, shifted to Washington and Madrid.

The newspapers of New York made elaborate preparations for spreading the first news of the war resolution. A correspondent was on watch in Congress; a score of feet away a telegraph operator sat ready with his finger on the key; the wire was wide open, and in the composing-rooms of at least two New York papers a lineotype operator, who was also a telegraph operator, sat at his machine ready to tick the words into type the moment they sprung from the wire. Three minutes after the declaration of war was passed, the newsboys were struggling up out of the "Journal" delivery-room crying an extra announcing the news. In three minutes the correspondent had gathered and written the news—just a line or two of it—the despatch had been sent from Washington to New York, had been set up in type, printed, and delivered on the street, ready for sale at a penny. This remarkable time record was rendered possible by a process known as "fudging." The type lines set by the lineotype-telegraph operator are wider at the top than at the base, so that when placed together they form the section of a small cylinder. They are firmly clamped in an ingenious little supplemental machine consisting of a cylinder and an inking roll

for red ink. This is attached to a revolving shaft at the top of one of the huge printing presses, and so arranged that when the paper comes rushing through from the regular type cylinders below, the "fudge" prints a big red "WAR" and a few lines of extra news in spaces left for that purpose in the right hand columns of the edition. This is the genesis of the "Red Extra," and it is a typical development of modern journalism.

While the correspondents in Washington were busy with the liveliest kind of news, the activities of a great nation stripping for war, the newspapers were experiencing untold trouble in getting news from Spanish points. Distinctly American correspondents found little comfort in Madrid after the departure of General Woodford, but there yet remained Englishmen, Frenchmen, and friendly Spaniards who could send despatches. However, it was impossible for them to cable any news of importance, even to London and Paris papers, owing to the strict Spanish censorship. The correspondents repeatedly filed despatches addressed to English papers with the necessary peseta's worth of stamps attached, only to find that their work had been unceremoniously thrown into the censor's waste-basket.

"If you don't send our messages," they expostulated, "you should return the cable tolls."

But the piratical Spanish authorities, one bureau after another, shrugged their shoulders in the expressive Spanish way and returned nothing. More than one New York paper lost thousands of dollars in this manner.

Finally, Madrid correspondents devised a scheme for sending their despatches by special couriers, a six hours' run by rail, across the Spanish border to Bayonne or Biarritz, in France, where they can cable without molestation. In every case the couriers are required to pay the cable tolls in advance, and, in the present feverish condition of the Spanish people, they must be most circumspect in their demeanor if they expect to escape with their lives, to say nothing of the money which they carry. The total expense for the Spanish news service, including couriers, tolls, and correspondence, sometimes reaches \$2,000 a week for a single New York paper.

In addition to its regular correspondence from Madrid, one newspaper engaged, by cable, British residents of Cadiz, Barcelona, and Carthagen to report the movements of Spanish war-vessels. They were instructed

to send their messages in French to an alleged commercial house in Paris, in reality the Paris representative of the paper, there to be translated and forwarded to New York. By this means the Spanish censors were thrown off their guard, and for a time the doings of Spanish ships were known in New York almost as promptly as the movements of vessels in the Narrows.

Anticipating trouble at Porto Rico, with the probability of a great naval battle not far distant, several American newspapers, together with the Associated Press, made an attempt to locate correspondents at the Spanish port of San Juan. The "World" sent Mr. George Bronson Rea, who speaks Spanish fluently and who hoped to pass as an Englishman that had long been a resident of Spain. He had made arrangements to send messages by code to a fictitious business office in London. But he met with trouble from the start. He found not only an obdurate censor, but highly suspicious officials. Upon the receipt of a cablegram containing the word "fortifications," he was immediately placed under police surveillance and threatened with instant imprisonment if he attempted to escape. A few days later, Mr. Rea, with an eye to cable tolls, sent from St. Thomas this laconic, but graphic, narrative of his adventures:

"Arrived Porto Rico. Hot. Impossible cable truth. Since your fortification message, police surveillance. Eluded vigilance. Midnight. Bicycle. Coach. Horse. Schooner. Smuggler's boat. Here. Hope satisfactory."

Since Mr. Rea's adventures, St. Thomas, in the Danish West Indies, has been made the news base for American correspondence. Here despatches may be sent to New York by way of the Haiti cable, at the rate of seventy-three cents a word, or they may go from Kingston, Jamaica, to the Bermuda Islands and around by Halifax, Nova Scotia, to New York, at the same rate.

At all points where correspondents are sending despatches a newspaper must establish a credit in gold, identify its representative, and prepay the charges on cablegrams. Although this may seem a mere detail of the work, it often involves much exasperating delay and expense.

Wherever there is a censor, no despatches in cipher are allowed. Messages may be "briefed" by the omission of unimportant words, but they must always be in "plain language," whether English, French, or Spanish. These restrictions have given rise to a

number of exceedingly clever codes, whereby messages may seem to say one thing when they mean quite another. The American newspaper has learned that a Spanish censor will allow a demand for money to go through when he will blue-pencil everything else. Accordingly the codes are made to center around the transmission of money. For instance, a correspondent cables the editor of his paper:

"Send \$500 quickly. Wire instructions."

To the Spanish censor this looks like the most innocent of requests, and he is deeply interested in having money come into the country. So he lets it go. At New York it reads in quite a different way—"Battle. 'Vizcaya' sunk. American fleet now off Porto Rico." If the despatch had read, "Send \$600" or "send \$700," it would have meant "'Almerante Oquendo' sunk," or "'Cristobal Colon' sunk;" and if it had been "Cable directions," instead of "Wire instructions," it would have meant "American fleet disabled and retreating." And so on through infinite variations.

One New York paper arranged to protect itself still further by having its code despatches sent by a commercial man in the Spanish port to a supposed banking house in London.

Not to be deterred from the hope of sending the first news of the anticipated naval conflict off Porto Rico, one correspondent used his Yankee wit and chartered the Danish steamer "Tyr," at Baltimore, and went with her at once to St. Thomas. She sailed under the Danish flag, and her captain had his Danish papers. Consequently, if she crossed the track of the Spanish fleet she could not be molested. If she was hailed she could report that she was a Danish steamer bound down from Copenhagen, by way of Baltimore, to St. Thomas, with a cargo of cheese, and the correspondent could lie quietly below and take snap-shots of the Spaniards through a port-hole. If the "Tyr" blundered into a naval conflict, as she could be depended upon to do, she would be as safe from molestation as an English vessel. And yet, even with the protection of a foreign flag, the correspondent takes many desperate chances—but it is a business of chances, and its success is measured in chances.

While these things were happening at the seat of war in Cuban waters, Admiral Dewey was advancing upon Manila, more than 10,000 miles away, and a great naval battle was impending. It was impossible even for a New York newspaper to place a

staff correspondent either in Hong Kong or in the Philippine Islands before the action was over, and yet three of the inevitable American reporters were actually being carried with the fleet into the battle in Manila Bay. These were Mr. John T. McCutcheon, an artist and correspondent for the "Chicago Record," and Mr. E. W. Harden of the "Chicago Post," who were fortunate enough to be on board the "McCulloch;" and Mr. Joseph L. Stickney of the New York "Herald," who accompanied Admiral Dewey on the "Olympia." Several unrepresented papers succeeded in securing the services of correspondents of London papers at Manila and Hong Kong. Others cabled the United States Consul at Hong Kong, requesting him to engage a suitable person to cable early news of the movements of Dewey's fleet. After the cable was cut, a New York paper, in its eagerness to be the first to tell the tale of victory, chartered a despatch-boat at Hong Kong and ordered it to sail at once for Manila. Some idea of the expense involved in all of these inquiries and instructions, with the resultant despatches, may be formed when it is known that for every message received by cable from Hong Kong the newspapers pay \$1.60 a word.

At the Cape Verde Islands, the Canary Islands, Martinique, in the West Indies, Rio Janeiro, and other points from which war despatches have been received, the newspapers of America may have had no regular correspondents, but so well organized is the news service of the world that there is always some man, be his nationality what it may, who is the authorized correspondent of some paper or news association. If he reports to any city in the world, his news finds its way within a few hours to the newspapers of the United States. This was strikingly illustrated by the prompt and definite news which American papers received from the far away Cape Verde Islands the moment the Spanish fleet touched port, the messages coming by way of the Madeira Islands, Lisbon; and Penzance, England, and so to New York, at a cable toll of eighty-six cents a word.

The organization of the news service for reporting the great events at Santiago, and the ingenuity and bravery of the correspondents who attended the land and naval forces through their historic achievements there, call for separate treatment, and cannot be gone into here. It must suffice to say that they form one of the most interesting chapters in all newspaper history.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

McCLURE'S AND THE WAR.

THE war with Spain raised new and difficult problems for the editors of all periodicals. It was obviously an opportunity to suffer a large loss or secure a large gain in circulation, and the hard question was how to deal with it so as to have the gain rather than the loss. We have good reason to believe that the course followed by the editors of McCLURE'S was not an unwise one. In the last four months—May, June, July, and August—the circulation of the Magazine has increased 428,357 copies over that for the corresponding months of last year, an average increase per month of 107,089 copies.

It is not our design, in dealing with the war, either to compete with the newspapers in gathering and publishing the current news of the war, or to anticipate the labors of the historian by presenting a history of it. Our design is, however, as shown in this and previous numbers of the magazine, to publish carefully written articles by actual participants in the most notable and important events. Thus, in the present number, we give accounts of the destruction of Admiral Cervera's fleet from two exceptionally well-qualified observers who were on the flagships of Admiral Sampson and Commodore Schley throughout the engagement. In the August number, we published Colonel Rowan's account of his own hazardous journey across Cuba on a secret mission from the government. In the October number, we shall have a participant's dramatic account of the life and movements of the army in the investment and capture of Santiago.

A COMBINATION WITH THE "LADIES' HOME JOURNAL."

A combination has been formed by the Doubleday and McClure Company and the "Ladies' Home Journal" for the publication of a series of dainty novelettes and also of a number of books of special practical value. The combined circulation of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE and the "Ladies' Home Journal" is more than 1,250,000 copies a month, which means some 6,000,000 readers, certainly the largest list of book-buyers ever

reached directly. The editions of these books will be about ten times as large as the usual first printing of new books, and the readers of both periodicals will be supplied at proportionately low prices.

MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN.

In the November number will begin the second part of Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln." The period covered in this work is that of Lincoln's Presidential career, beginning with the campaign of 1860, when he was first elected, and ending with his assassination in 1865. The point of view of the work is entirely different from that of other lives of the great Civil War President. It will not be a history of the times. It will not attempt to trace the campaigns and describe the battles of the war. It will be, rather, a study of the man Lincoln, depicting his personal relations to all the leading men in public life and in the army and navy, as well as his relations to the common soldier and to the plain people. It will show him in his daily life at the White House and in his summer cottage at the Soldier's Home, and describe his visits to battlefields, hospitals, camps, and forts.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S NEW STORIES.

We are sure that our readers are interested in Rudyard Kipling's works, and we are glad to announce that our Book Department will soon publish a new volume by Mr. Kipling, entitled "The Day's Work." It will contain nearly all the short stories he has written during the last five years, revealing him in his most mature and strongest work. Other early publications by the Book Department will be "The Lady of Castell March," by Owen Rhoscomyl, which is the first of an interesting series of Dollar Novels; General Nelson A. Miles's "Military Europe;" and several important books on nature study, with colored plates, including one by the author of "Bird Neighbors," entitled "Birds that Hunt and are Hunted," with nearly fifty colored plates; a "Butterfly Book," by Dr. W. J. Holland, superbly illustrated in colors; and "Flashlights on Nature," by Grant Allen.

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MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

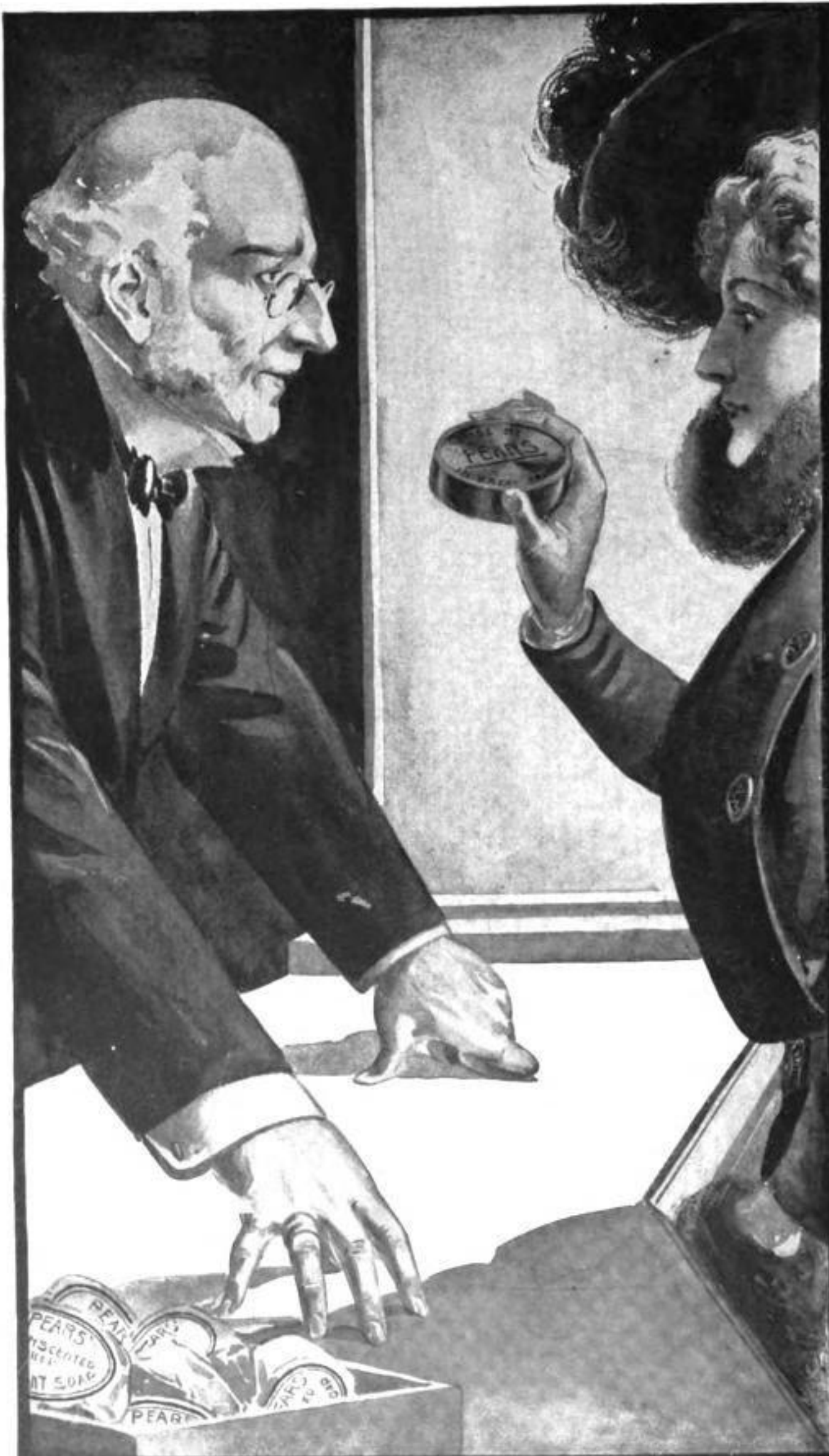
FOR OCTOBER



KENYON COX



1898



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PEAR'S SOAP



PRINCE OTTO EDUARD LEOPOLD VON BISMARCK-SCHÖNHAUSEN, 1815-1898.

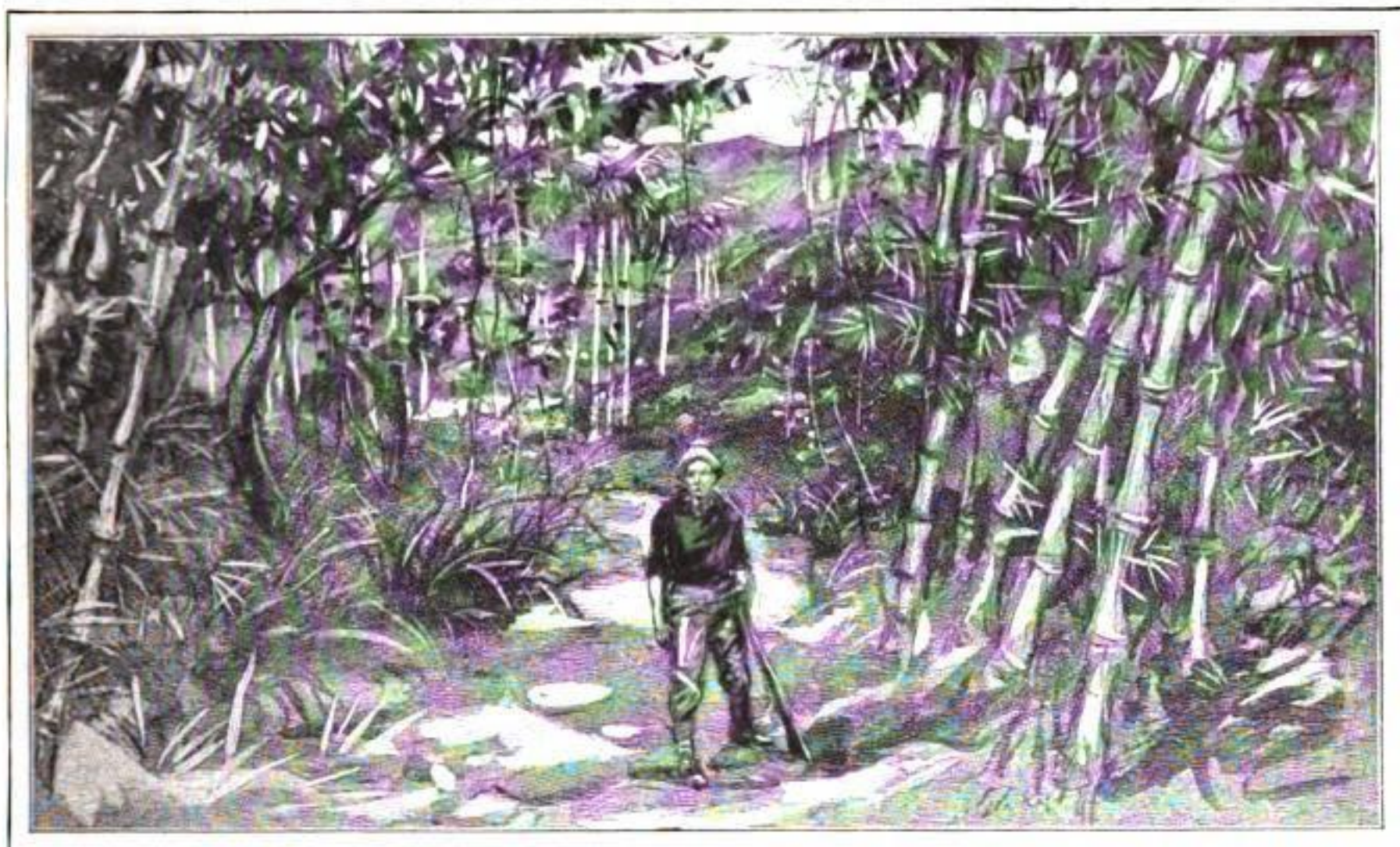
From a drawing by C. W. Allers, made at Friedrichsruh April 1, 1893, on Prince Bismarck's seventy-eighth birthday, showing him in the uniform of a General of Cuirassiers. It was in the cuirassier uniform that the great Chancellor was buried. The drawing is reproduced by the courtesy of the Union Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft, Stuttgart.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1898.

No. 6.



THE FIGHT FOR SANTIAGO. THE ACCOUNT OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

BY STEPHEN BONSAI.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY W. J. GLACKENS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE WITH THE ARMY OF INVASION; WITH PORTRAITS OF COMMANDERS, SCENES IN THE FIELD FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN EXPRESSLY FOR McCLURE'S MAGAZINE BY ITS SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS, AND WITH MAPS.

OUR advance led through a country of singular beauty and through scenes of tropical exuberance such as the dwellers in more temperate zones never behold. Out of the jungle and chaparral with which the valley was covered, there rose upon our astonished view the graceful royal palm, the spreading banyan, and the majestic ceiba tree. And between and over and all around them grew in wild luxuriance thousands of vines and trailing plants, through which even the Cuban scouts with their ready machetes could not cut a path. And at times, turning from this soft picture to a sterner scene and pulling aside some corner of the dark green veil of vine with which the earth was thickly covered, we would start back to see under so much loveliness deep yawning fissures, and great masses of granite boulders lying here and there, as they had fallen from some Cyclopean hand. Little glimpses such as these, of the lay of the land stripped of its foliage, revealed the volcanic agencies with which the sculptor of the world had worked.

The valley through which we marched

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gradually widened as we left the sea and approached Santiago. It was marked by three steep ascents, terraces or steps of the kind they call in Cuba *altares*. The guns of the navy, concentrated upon the first ascent or *altar*, rising directly behind our places of disembarkation, had made the surmounting of this natural obstacle an easy achievement, merely a question of physical endurance. The dash and spirit which characterized the advance of Young's brigade at La Guasima had quickly dislodged the Spaniards from the strong position they held there commanding the defile through which the army would have to climb to reach the second terrace upon the march to Santiago. The army spent five days in climbing this second ridge that lay across our path, and in deploying out upon the mesa, or table-land, which here marks the center of the valley, now growing broader and more undulating with every advancing step. It was upon this table-land, known as the Jurisdiction of Sevilla, that the first division of the army camped during the days that were occupied by the second division and the dismounted cavalry in coming to the front.

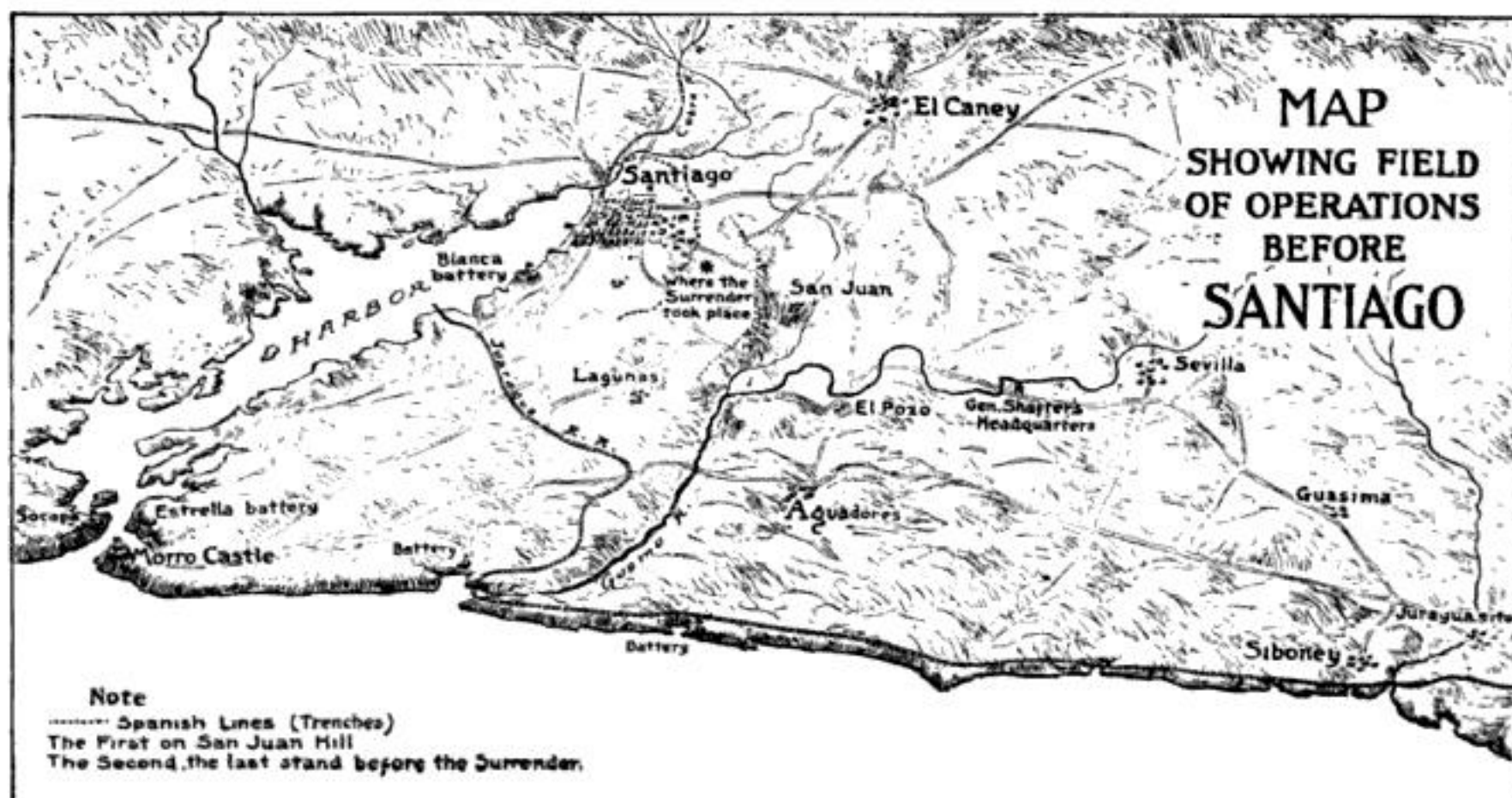
During these days of waiting we were confronted in the distance by the heights of San Juan, the third *altar* or step in the climb to Santiago. It is a scene we should look upon with more than a passing glance; the generations that are unborn will linger over the picture in its most trivial detail. It is a scene that will live as long as the hearts of the children shall love to revert to the field in a far distant land where their fathers

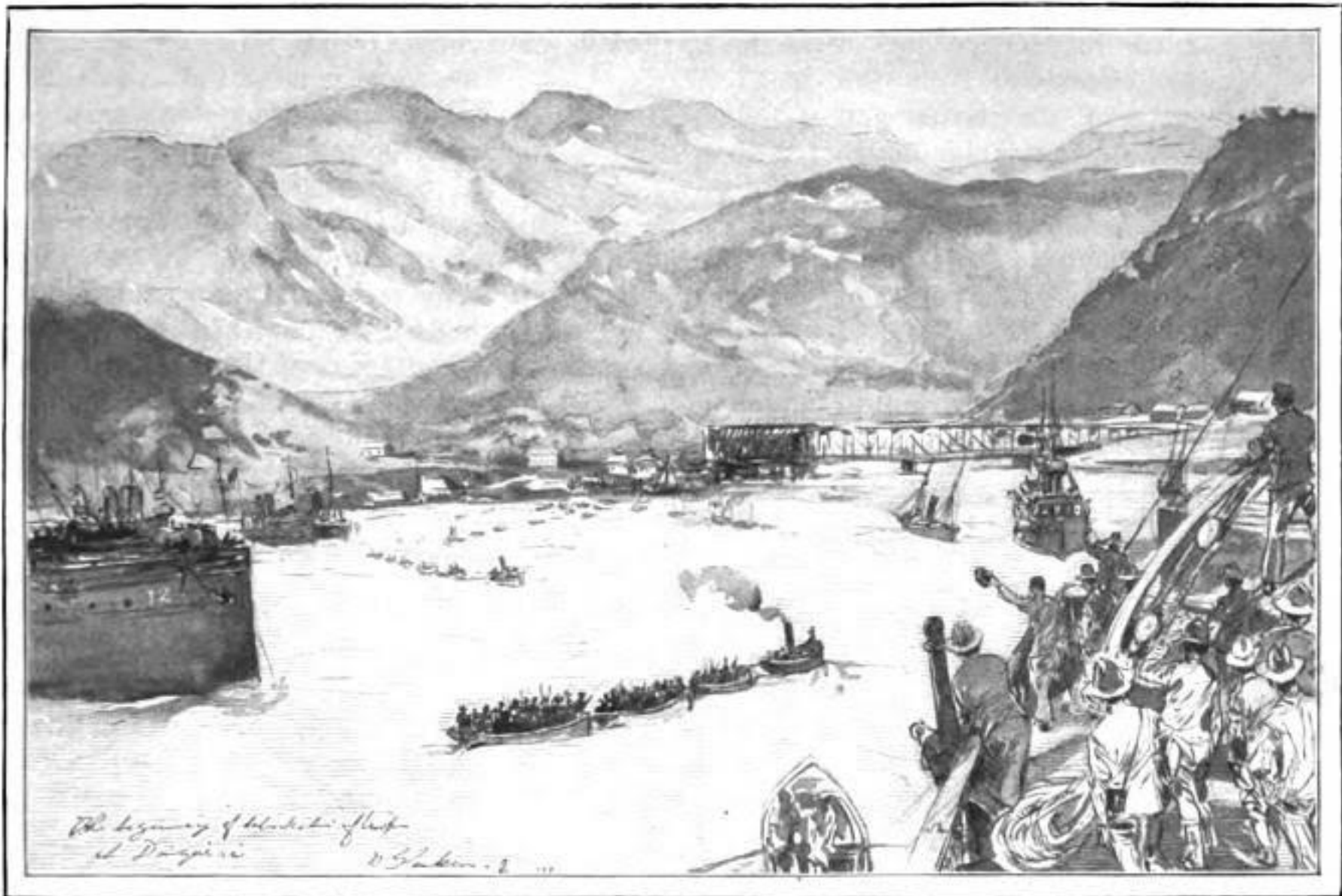
added another garland to the military laurels of our race.

When we started inland from the sea, the foot-hills of the Uraguacita Mountains rose abruptly to the north and on the right of our trail, and as we advanced the foot-hills multiplied and the great mountains receded. And now that we have come to a halt in plain, if distant, view of the third ridge or *altar* that crosses the valley, we find that, measured from the top of the sea cliffs above Aguadores to the mountains looming up darkly to the north of El Caney, the valley is about seven miles across. Along the crest of this ridge, which is but rarely intersected by ravines and depressions, the Spaniards were posted, and this was their first serious line of defense. It also proved to be their last.

The table-land about Sevilla, where the army rested and collected its strength for the struggle that lay before it, was high and sandy and comparatively dry. But for at least two miles before the heights of San Juan were reached the trails descended into low-lying, alluvial lands, the wash and overflow of the San Juan and Guama creeks and their innumerable tributaries. These two miles through which we scouted and at which we looked so anxiously and so often while the army grew were, with the exception of here and there an open meadow, filled with guinea-grass or coffee bushes run to seed, an impenetrable jungle of tropical luxuriance hedged about with cactus and Spanish bayonet.

A week passed, and the struggle for life





THE BEGINNING OF THE LANDING OF TROOPS AT BAIQUIRI.

From a drawing made on June 22d by W. J. Glackens, special artist for McClure's Magazine, with the Fifth Army Corps.

had become so acute that no one had a moment's thought to devote to the Spaniards. War had become simply a rustle for rations. The idyllic beauty of the valley had disappeared. The noisome trail of war had hurried over a natural paradise, and all its beauty was gone.

SHUT UP IN A JUNGLE.

We had entered upon a new phase of the campaign. The old, mildewed signs over some of the dog-tents, "No war talk here," were quite unnecessary. Nobody thought, much less talked, about war. The soldiers engaged in a struggle for existence had thought and time only for "rustling grub," and the outlook, even for the most hopeful and practical rustler, was poor. We seemed lost in a jungle, as far out of the world of rapid transit and quick transportation as though we had been dropped down somewhere in the wild recesses of Ethiopia. Three mule trains passing backward and forward, up and down the valley, were the admirable but insufficient link which connected us with the outside world.



MAJOR-GENERAL W. R. SHAFTER,
commanding the Fifth Army Corps.

There was very little enterprise shown by men creeping out to the picket line and peering through the brush toward the Spanish position on the heights of San Juan. Indeed, so very human is the soldier, especially if he be of the heroic stamp, that I think all eyes were now more frequently turned toward the rear; and while all ears were ever on the alert, it was rather for the tread of the mule train with the long-promised canned tomatoes than for the booming of the big guns that announce the pageantry of war. When a soldier is living upon three hard-tacks a day, a very little coffee without any sugar, and a bit of bacon rind better suited to clean his rifle with than to satisfy his stomach, he thinks very little about Spaniards and becomes wholly absorbed in his determination to live and fight his country's battles despite the evident purpose of the commissary and subsistence departments to starve him to death. His imagination grows more vivid just in proportion as his perceptions are dulled. He talks about eating canned peaches in his sleep, and swoops down like a brigand upon a mule

train, hungry for grub, when, if only he had listened to the evidence of his own ears, he would have understood from the metallic rattle of the boxes and packs that these particular mules are carrying ball cartridges up to the firing line, where men are expected to fight and not to eat.

I had ridden out the Santiago road, late on the afternoon of June 30th, to where our picket line was drawn. Here, on a hill to the left of the road, near where the Eighth Infantry camped, we enjoyed a splendid view of Santiago.

As I looked at the red-tiled roofs and the yellow walls of the old city, I thought I heard the crashing sound of artillery moving along the road. But for a moment I could not believe it. We had

fallen into such a stupor that this sudden awakening was too rude. I galloped down the hill, tearing through the bushes and the briars, following through the dusk of the evening the glint of the dying sunlight upon the bright steel jackets of the guns.

"Cannoneers forward!" I heard the familiar command, and the great crashing noise with which the iron-bound wheels jolted over the rough roads and through the granite bed of the stream.

There was no mistake now. Behind the artillery as far back as the eye could see the road was thronged with soldiers in heavy marching order. The army was moving at last, and before night fell Grimes's Battery was in position on the hill above the El Pozo sugar-house, only about four thousand yards from the en-

emy's works. Our advance was undertaken, had been in fact precipitated, because of the news that a column of 5,000 Spaniards was pushing across the country from Manzanillo to relieve the beleaguered city. The northern side of Santiago was not invested, either by our troops or by the Cubans, and unless some change was made in our position, the entrance of the reinforcements to the city would have to go uncontested. So the demands of the commissary, subsistence, and medical departments had to be, or at least were, sacrificed to the mili-

tary exigencies of the situation, and the army was moved fully a week before it could hope to have been prepared for an advance. Doubtless in the next



MAJOR-GENERAL J. P. KENT,
commanding First Division.



MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. BATES,
who commanded Independent Brigade, First Division.



MAJOR-GENERAL H. S. HAWKINS,
who commanded First Brigade, First Division.



COLONEL CHARLES A. WIKOFF,
commanding Third Brigade, First Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. M. DUFFIELD,
commanding the volunteer brigade which operated at Aguadores, on the left.

generation the cadets at West Point will spend much time studying the campaign of Santiago, and they will be instructed to believe that the strategy exhibited was Napoleonic and that our tactics would have given pleasure and gratification to Jomini, had he been there to see. But to-day, with nothing but the bald facts to guide and with no other purpose than that of making a simple statement of facts, the following is a description of the movement as it was planned and as it was carried out:

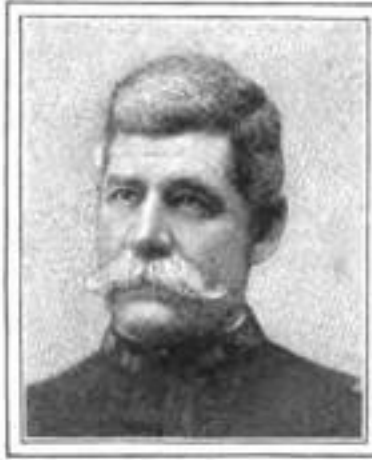
THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

By noon on the 30th, General Shafter had decided to swing the army around by our right flank and invest the city on the north side. The ground there was higher and healthier, and, once occupied, the entrance of reinforcements into the city would be impossible. Also the retreat of the garrison itself to the only places to which retreat was possible, San Luis and Holguin, would be cut off. The only obstacle to this flank movement on our right was the village of

NOTE.—The portraits of General Lawton, Colonel Wikoff, Colonel Worth, and Colonel Liscum are from photographs kindly loaned by the New York "Herald"; the portrait of General Sumner is reproduced by the permission of "Collier's Weekly"; and the portrait of General Hawkins is from a photograph by Pach Brothers.

El Caney, held as an advanced post by a strong force. On the 30th, reconnoissances were made in force by Batson in the direction of El Caney, and some attempt made to develop the Spanish position. The Second Infantry advanced along the railway from Siboney in the direction of Aguadores, upon our extreme left, with the same object in view; and when the information they obtained was received at headquarters, the final details of the movement for the next day were decided upon and the necessary orders were given, principally by means of verbal conversations with the division commanders, who were summoned to headquarters. A rough map of the country, reproduced on page 500, was also given to the brigade adjutants, so that they might fully understand and intelligently follow the movement towards El Caney and the fight it was contemplated to open in the morning.

It was decided that at daybreak General Lawton, with the Second Division, having gotten into position under cover of darkness, should attack El Caney. At the same time, upon our extreme left, General Duffield, in command of a brigade of volunteers, consisting of the Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Michigan and Ninth Massachusetts, and supported by several vessels of Admiral Sampson's fleet, was to make an attack upon the little port of Aguadores. It was hoped that the fire of our vessels would of itself silence the Spanish batteries and render Aguadores untenable. Should our naval fire not be as successful as expected, General Duffield was ordered to take Aguadores; but



MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. LAWTON,
commanding Second Division.



MAJOR-GENERAL A. R. CHAFFEE,
who commanded the First Brigade, Second Division.



GENERAL WILLIAM LUDLOW,
commanding Second Brigade, Second Division.



COLONEL EVAN MILES,
commanding Third Brigade, Second Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER,
commanding Cavalry Division.



GENERAL S. S. SUMNER,
commanding First Brigade, Cavalry Division, and during General Wheeler's illness, the whole Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL S. B. M. YOUNG,
commanding Second Brigade, Cavalry Division.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD,
of the "Rough Riders," commanding Second Brigade, Cavalry Division, during General Young's illness.

only if he was satisfied it could be done. In case the Spaniards made a stout resistance, he was to retire. Of course the principal object of this demonstration was to confuse the enemy as to which was our real advance, that upon the extreme left or that upon the extreme right; to leave him in doubt as to whether we proposed, by taking Aguadores, to invest the Morro and the eastern batteries, or whether, after capturing El Caney, we proposed to invest the city from the north. I have mentioned the efforts which were made to explore the country on our right and upon our left. The center, the Spanish front, where the heavy fighting subsequently occurred, remained

unexplored, and was completely unknown to us until after the battle of San Juan.

Lawton's three brigades, including the Eighth and Twenty-second United States Infantry and the Second Massachusetts, under General Ludlow; the Fourth and Twenty-fifth United States In-



From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

ON THE WAY TO THE FRONT, JUST BEFORE THE OPENING OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF JULY 1ST.

The caissons are hurrying up the hill near El Pozo, on the top of which was Grimes's battery.

fantry, under Colonel Miles; and the Twelfth, Seventh, and Seventeenth United States Infantry, under General Chaffee, spent the night of the 30th upon the El Caney road under arms or lying in the mud by the roadside. They had left their camp without provisions and without an adequate supply of ammunition, and both were hurried up to them by mule trains during the night. The moment the tired soldiers fell asleep upon their arms, they were awakened with orders to get their cartridges or their rations. When daylight came the division was tired, but otherwise ready for the work that lay before it. Lawton, using the Ducrot house as a pivot, was to swing around to the right, drive the Spaniards from their outposts and block-houses into El Caney, then surround and capture that place, and move out toward San Miguel, and so cut off and keep in our possession the Cobre, Bayamo, and the other roads, including the San Luis Railroad, running out of the city on the north, which were the only means the Spaniards then had of communicating with the outside world. When this movement had been completed—and so little thought was given to the possibility of

a stout resistance on the part of the Spaniards that it was confidently expected to receive from Lawton by noon the next day the information that it was completed—he was to notify the corps commander and await orders.

At about the same time that Lawton's division was despatched toward El Caney, on the evening of June 30th, the dismounted cavalry division, composed of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth United States, under General Sumner; and the First and Tenth United States and Roosevelt's Rough Riders, under General Wood, broke camp and marched along the Santiago road to the sugar-house where Grimes's battery had taken up its position. Here they bivouacked for the night. The infantry division under General Kent, including the Tenth, Twenty-first, and Second United States, under Colonel Pearson; and the Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth, under Colonel Wikoff, with the exception of the First Brigade, was also moved up the Santiago road, and camped on either side of it, behind the cavalry division. These two divisions were expected to keep in touch with Lawton, and, when he had taken El Caney and San Miguel, they were

to swing in behind him and complete the investment of the city from the north. It was not contemplated that they should attack the Spanish position upon San Juan Heights, the strength and character of which had not been ascertained, and it was not believed that in carrying out these orders either of the divisions would necessarily become engaged.

Capron's battery—Light Battery "E," First Artillery—of light field guns opened the fight at El Caney a little before seven in the morning, and the three brigades of Lawton's division—Chaffee's, Miles's, and Ludlow's—began to close in upon the town. El Caney is situated upon a little plateau rising abruptly out of the valley into which the trails and depressions followed by our advancing troops all converged. Very soon it became apparent that at twenty-three

hundred yards our artillery, so light in metal, so few in guns, could do very little damage to the great stone fort and earthworks just to the north of the village, which had been immediately recognized as the key to its possession. So for the first three hours of the morning the advance of our men was slow, and we paid dearly for every step forward. Every line of our approach was commanded by Spanish earthworks, and the damage we were able to inflict upon them was very small and insignificant indeed in comparison with the losses we had to deplore.

Then, about noon, and just as Lawton had decided to send the artillery in closer and push the fighting, a succession of aids and staff officers came galloping from headquarters with messages which plainly showed that confusion, if not disaster, had befallen



From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE FORD OF THE SAN JUAN—"THE BLOODY BEND."

At this point, not a mile from San Juan, the creek turns to the right. A great many men were hit here during the first advance, on July 1st; and even after the Spanish had been driven over the San Juan hill, the spent balls from their volleys continued dropping in while the place was being used as a dressing-hospital, killing and wounding a great many.

A CRITICAL SITUATION AT THE CENTER.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
V. S. WORTH,

who commanded the Third
Regiment, First Division, af-
ter Colonel Wikoff's death.

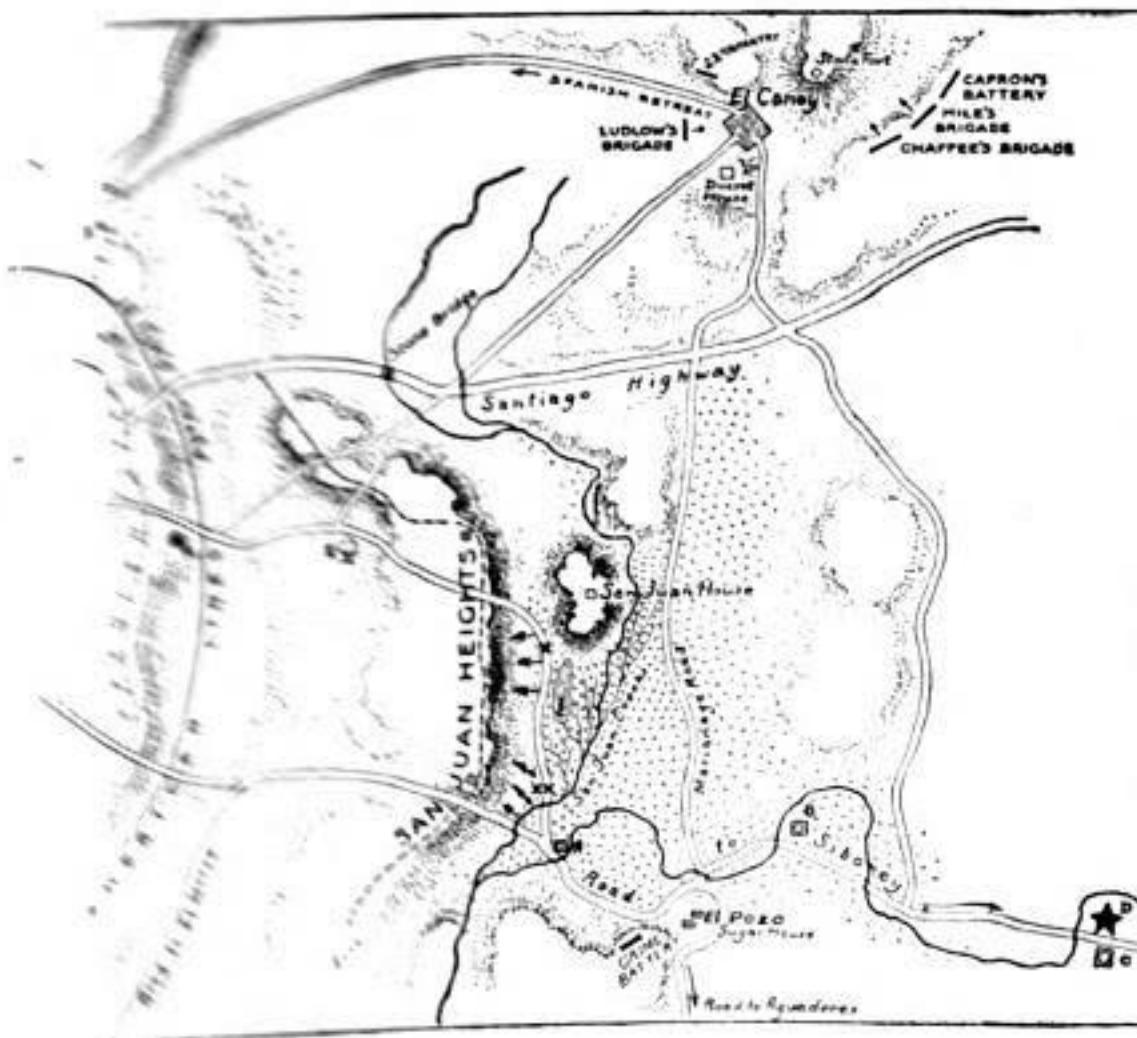


LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
E. H. LISCUM,

who commanded the Third
Brigade, First Division,
after Lieutenant-Colonel
Worth was wounded.

We will now return to the center, where the firing about mid-day had become general all along the line. The orders under which the battle of San Juan was fought were given by Adjutant-General McClernand to General Kent, commanding the infantry division—consisting, in addition to the force with which he first moved to assist General Lawton, of the First Brigade, including the Sixth and Sixteenth United States and Seventy-first New York, under General Hawkins—and General Sumner, commanding the First Brigade, cavalry division—consisting of the Third, Sixth, and Ninth United States—at about nine o'clock in the morning. There is no question, fortunately, as to the exact wording of the orders. A little green knoll to the left of the Santiago road and half a mile short of the San Juan Heights was

pointed out as the spot which was to be the extreme limit of the forward movement of the two divisions. Once there, further orders would be given. Had it been proposed to carry out the plan, as discussed and agreed upon at General Shafter's headquarters the night before, to advance along the right flank of the Spanish position, keeping in touch with Lawton, obviously these two divisions should have been directed to take the direct road which ran north from El Pozo to Marianaje and thence to El Caney. But the di-



MAP OF ACTION FROM THE 1ST OF JULY TO THE SURRENDER.

R. Dressing-Hospital of the Seventy-first New York. C. Division's headquarters during the San Juan engagement. E. Tree under which surrender took place. H. Where surrender took place. ARROWS indicate the direction of movement on San Juan Heights, July 1st. X. The First and Tenth Cavalry. XX. The Seventy-first New York. XXV. The Sixth, Ninth, Thirteenth, and Twenty-fourth Infantry. The surrender was made up as follows: on going from San Juan Heights, General Kent's, General Wheeler's, and General Lawton's



From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE "ROUGH RIDERS" CHARGING UP THE SAN JUAN HILL, JULY 1ST, AND DRIVING THE SPANISH FROM THEIR INTRENCHMENTS.

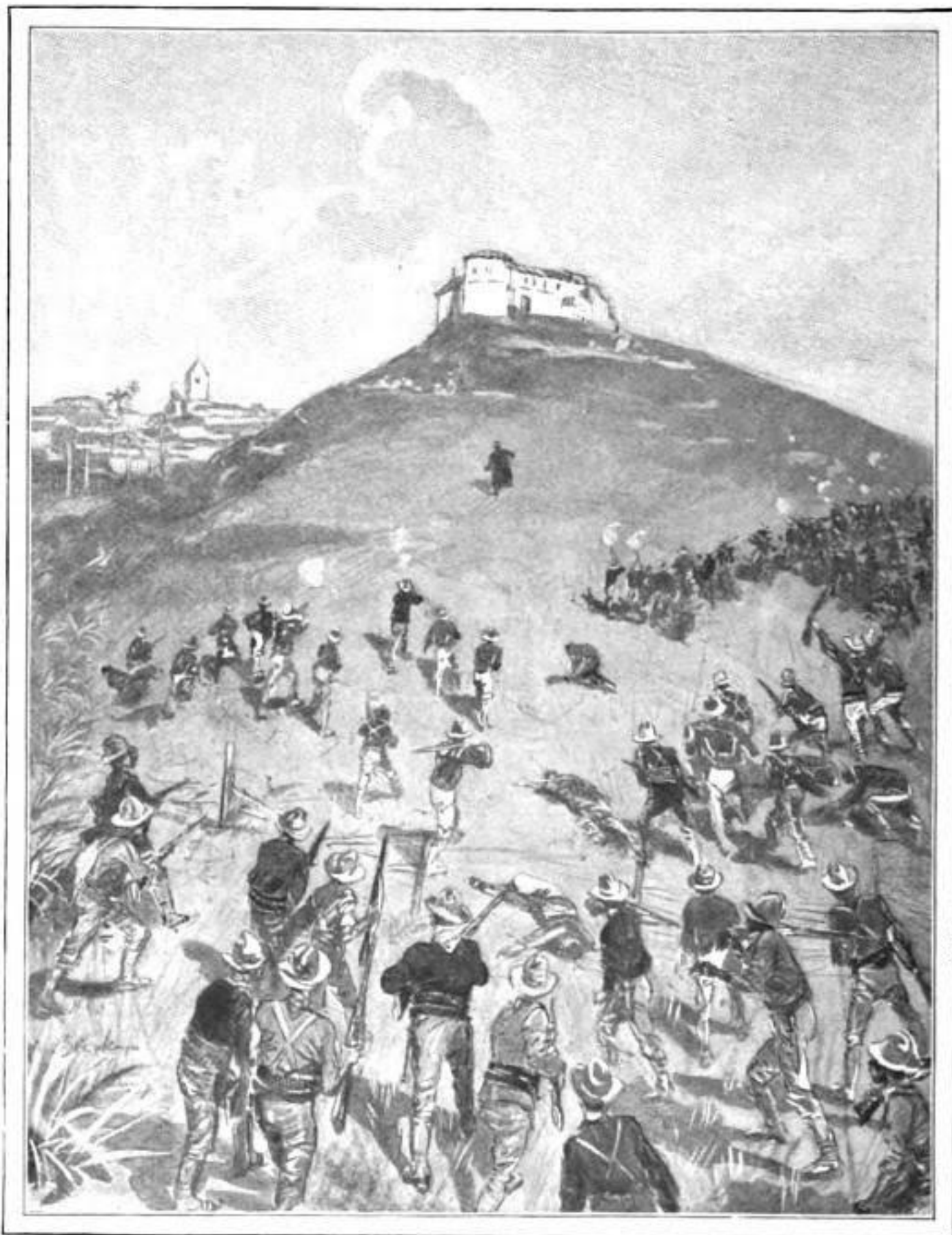
visions were ordered to proceed along the Santiago road, and in a very few minutes came under fire. The original plans may have been changed at the last moment, of course; but as every movement that was subsequently made was in the line of carrying this plan out, until finally, on the 11th, General Lawton succeeded in completely investing the town on the north and west, this does not seem likely. The more probable explanation of the movement and of what followed, and the one accepted by general officers, is as follows: That it was still in-

tended to follow Lawton's advance on the right, but that owing to our failure to develop the Spanish position in our front, and owing to our complete ignorance of the lay of the land, the flank movement was not begun until too late—when the troops had been led into a position from which they could be extricated only by wresting from the Spaniards the blockhouses and the trenches from which, unexposed and unseen, they were delivering such a galling fire upon our men, engaged in wandering aimlessly about in an almost trackless tropical jungle.

At this moment of great confusion and uncertainty, when the road was choked with the regiments of both the cavalry and infantry divisions, mutually hindering one another in their struggles to advance, and having to sustain a heavy and destructive fire which could not be answered, an ordeal even for the veteran soldier; at this moment, when something might still have been done

the Third, Sixth, and Ninth Cavalry, under General Sumner, and the First and Tenth United States Cavalry and the Rough Riders, under General Wood—now moved out of the Santiago road, and extended in skirmish order through the country to the right, where they found partial shelter from the galling fire of the enemy behind the low foot-hills and in a sunken road. From out

of this leafy labyrinth some of the more energetic climbed the slippery trees, to try to get a glimpse of the Spanish position and learn in a general way from what direction the fire came that could not be answered, for the land in their front was as little known to them as the land of Canaan. It was impossible to withdraw under such a fire from the front of the enemy. The actual losses of such a retrograde movement would have been as great as those which the subsequent advance entailed, and the moral effect upon the troops had to be taken into consideration. After a short delay, during which Colonel Hamilton of the Ninth and many other gallant officers were killed, General Sumner was seen



From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

THE TWELFTH AND TWENTY-FIFTH INFANTRY
taking the blockhouse of El Caney, July 1st.

to mislead the enemy and cover our advance, the war balloon was sent up directly behind our columns. This mistake gave away the exact location of our advance, and the Spanish fire became heavier and better directed, and our losses more severe. The six regiments of the cavalry division—consisting of

to point toward the San Juan house hill, the most advanced position of the Spaniards we could discover. And well before the order came down the line, the cavalry were advancing swiftly through the chaparral and the jungle, like the old Indian fighters most of them were.

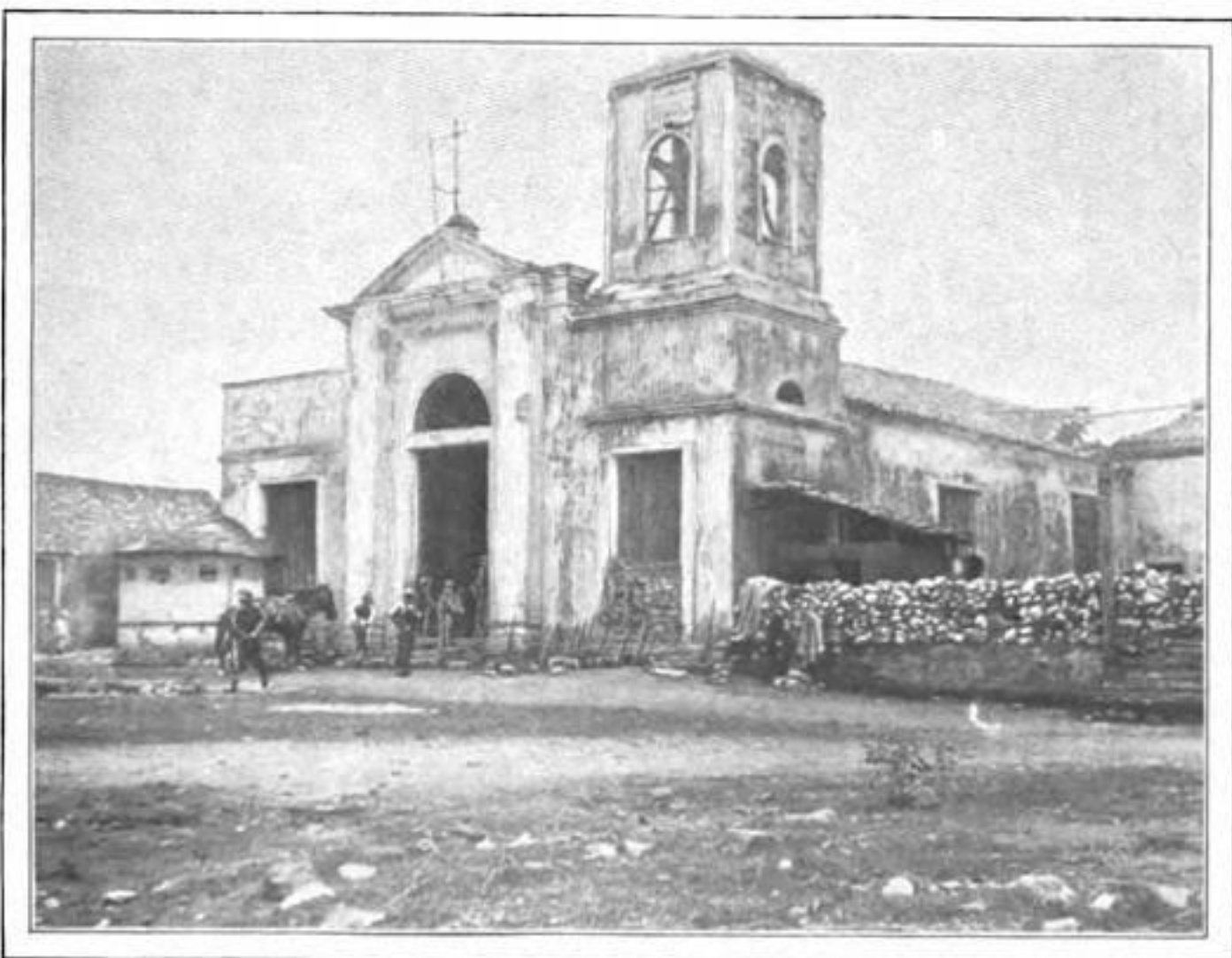
The infantry division continued its march up the main road and by the trail running parallel to it on the left. At certain points the firing was terrific, and in the more open spaces, of which, in anticipation of an advance, the Spaniards had taken the exact range, our losses were heavy. When the last creek had been crossed, the advancing columns seemed to fall into some confusion, but it was apparent and

not real disorder, and was due probably to the efforts of the regimental officers to shield their men and keep them under cover as much as possible. Still the situation here, as indeed all along the line of the center, was most critical, and you can well understand the anxiety of Lieutenant Miley of the headquarters staff, a shining mark indeed as he galloped along the column, talking with the brigade commanders, giving orders, and receiving their impressions of the situation. It was about this time that information came to the effect that General Duffield had withdrawn from before Aguadores and was retiring upon Siboney. It was then apparent that this advance had utterly failed either to take the port, which was such a thorn in our side and such an



The "fortine" where the Spanish made their last stand at El Caney, July 1st. From a photograph by the author.

obstacle to the perfect coöperation of the navy, or to throw confusion and an element of uncertainty into the defensive preparations of the Spaniards. General Duffield reported that the navy had dismounted all the guns of the Aguadores battery, with the exception of one gun commanding the railway track along which his



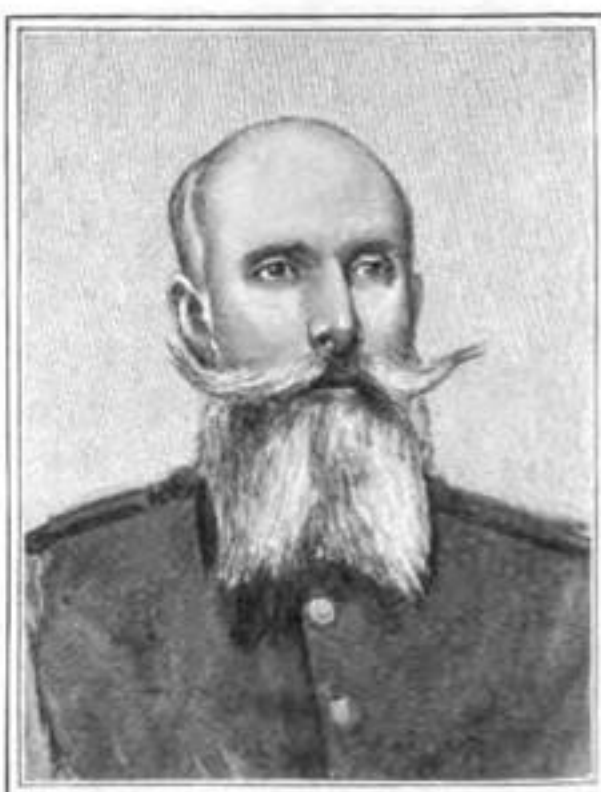
The church at El Caney where the Spanish wounded were kept, showing the guard at the door. From a photograph by the author.



GENERAL LINARES,
*commanding the Spanish forces at
Santiago.*



GENERAL JOSÉ TORAL,
*who commanded at Santiago after General
Linares' retirement, due to his wound.*



GENERAL VARA DEL REY,
*commanding the Spanish forces at
El Caney, where he was killed.*

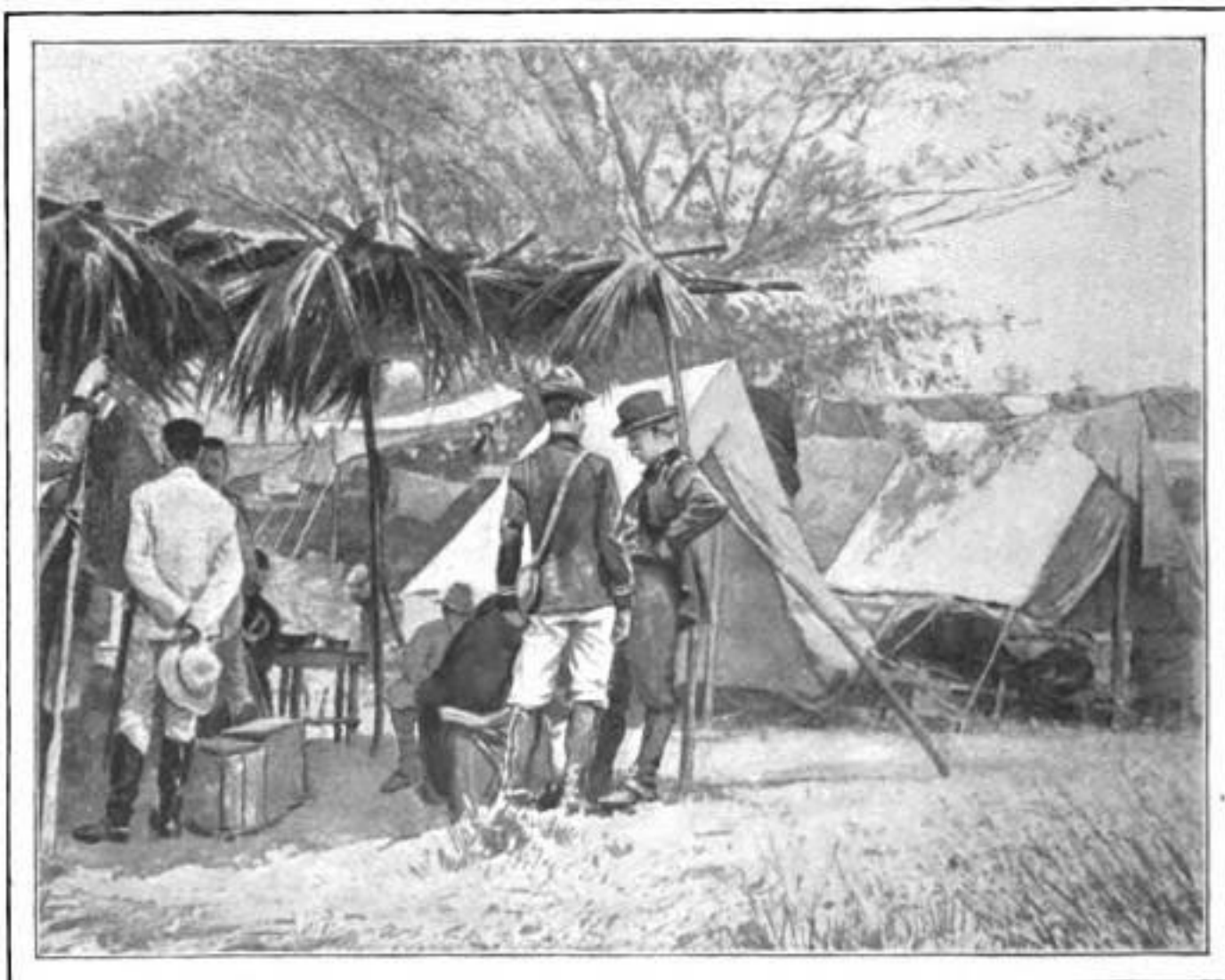
brigade had to advance. An attempt to find the ford by means of which the Spanish position could have been flanked proved unsuccessful; so the brigade retired, leaving the Spaniards on the left entirely free to act. Had the Spanish troops been as spirited in attack as they were stubborn on the defensive, had they been as numerous as at this time we believed them to be, it is not difficult to perceive how advantageously they might have availed themselves of the opportunity that was thus presented or how dis-

astrously to our arms a flank movement upon our center from their right might have resulted.

THE CHARGE UP THE SAN JUAN HEIGHTS.

Then, as if by magic, as you rubbed your eyes and wondered, order came out of chaos, discipline sprang from confusion, and the incredible and never-to-be-forgotten charge occurred, the charge of the two brigades up the steep slopes of San Juan Heights. Haw-

kins's brigade came first out of the jungle into the open savannah. For a moment they crouched behind the scattered saplings and burrowed in the tall grass, but only long enough to straighten out and take a long breath before they were called upon for the supreme effort. It was long enough, however, for General Kent to see the hopelessness of such a charge, and before General Hawkins led his men out, another, the Third Brigade, un-



General Miles talking with Lieutenant Hobson at General Wheeler's headquarters. From a photograph by the author.

der Colonel Wikoff,* was sent in to support him on the right.

The Spanish blockhouses rose straight before them, wreathed in the gorgeous red clusters of the flamboyant-tree. Now and again a gleam of the sunlight upon a rifle and the high-crowned guano hat of a Spanish soldier fascinate your gaze. You listen as in a dream to the quick, insistent tone of the orders, for the Spaniards are firing in volleys and not at will, and again you rub your eyes and smile incredulously, for the sun is shining peacefully on the heights, and there is not a speck of smoke anywhere to be seen to tell you from whence the firing comes. And yet, as the little clumps of blue coats that dot the fields and the roadside

* Colonel Wikoff was killed at the head of his command. Lieutenant-Colonels Worth and Liscum, who in turn succeeded him in command, were both desperately wounded within the space of five minutes, and upon Lieutenant-Colonel Ewers devolved the duty of leading the brigade to victory.

reveal to you only too truly, this is the stern reality of war. From every trench and block-house—you can only guess where they all are in a general way—the volleys are delivered as though by some quick-firing automaton. You hear the mechanical click of the rifle and often the very words of command. As the First Brigade starts up the hill to the left of the fort, you see that the Spaniards, who have been holding San Juan house on the advanced hill to the right with such stubborn resistance, are wavering. Then they hurry out of the trenches and run swiftly away down the hill to the right of the little lagoon, and the yellow flag of the cavalry division rises over the hill and bursts upon your gaze like a harvest moon, and then appear, like satellites in its wake, the innumerable troop guidons of red and white and yellow. The Spaniards have lost their advanced position, and we have gained one. The cavalry



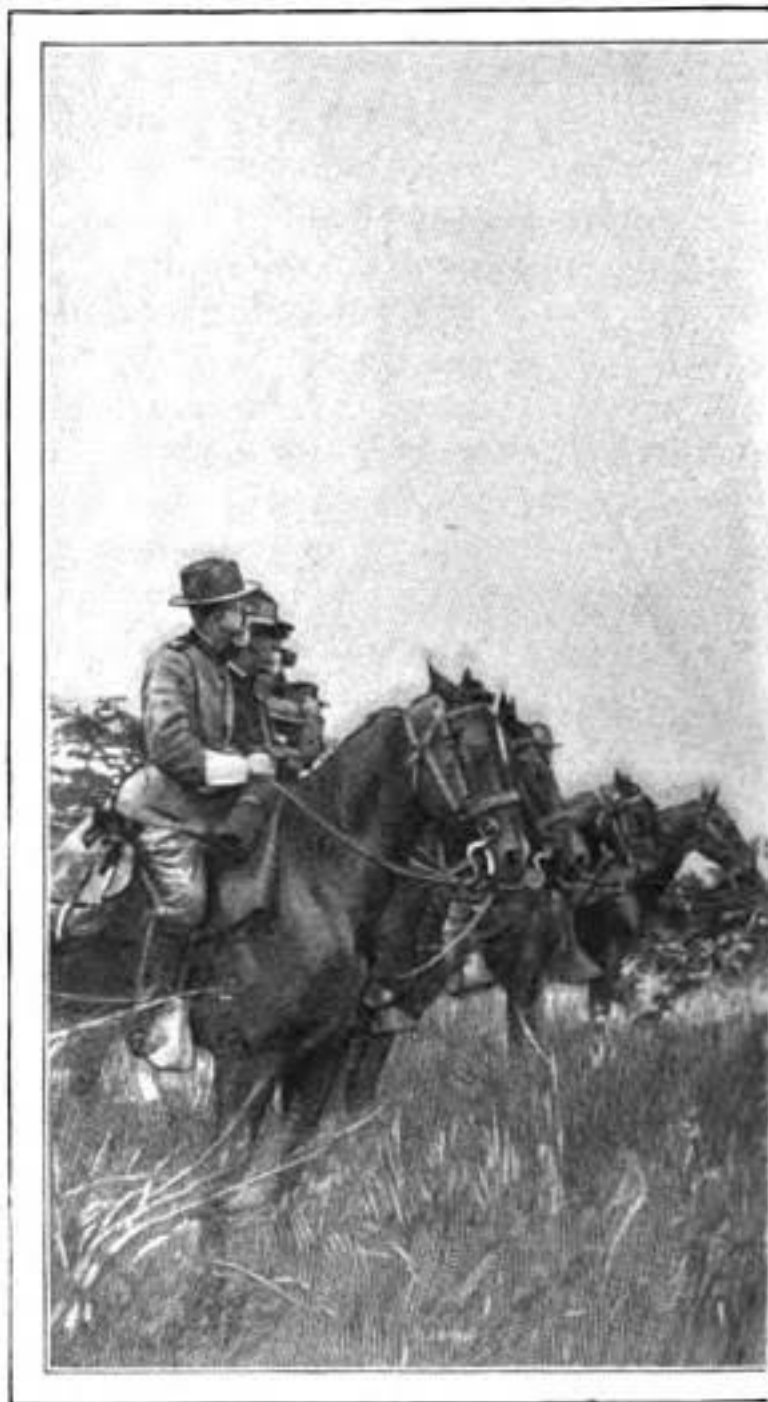
GENERAL SHAFTER AND STAFF.

At the time of the taking of the photograph (which is by J. C. Hemment; copyrighted, 1898, by W. R. Hearst) General Shafter was riding from headquarters—between Siboney and San Juan—to the front.

do not rest long, and some forward spirits rush down the hill and are pretty well mixed up with the infantry brigade before that final charge is delivered which leaves the bullet-swept heights in our possession. Far from relaxing, the fire from the Spanish trenches, which our artillery has utterly failed to keep down, redoubles in vigor. The Spaniards fully recognize that the critical moment is come, and from their vantage they pour a leaden stream down into the valley where our columns are crouching preparatory to the spring. Perhaps, over and above the rattle of the musketry, they too hear and understand the bugle call of the white-haired brigadier, as he passes with the bugler along the line, feeling the heart-beat of his men, as it were, and collecting them for the charge he is soon to lead. It is certainly magnificent, it is certainly not war, and had it failed, it would have been called Quixotic. These two thin, depleted brigades, the First and Third, are absolutely unsupported by artillery, save two Gatling guns, while from the Spanish right they are swept by the schrapnel fire of the heavy batteries. This fire in itself is destructive, and upon men of less sturdy fiber could not have failed to exert a depressing effect.

And now, right in front, as if the small-arms fire, with all its automatic regularity, were not enough, you see the bushes shattered and whole lines of the guinea-grass lose their tassels as though falling under the mighty sweep of a scythe in the grasp of some strong, invisible hand. You do not need to hear the turning of the cog-wheel crank faster and ever faster to recognize that the Spaniards are pouring upon our men a steady stream of missiles from their machine-guns. Then, over the roar of musketry and the booming of the great guns and the quick, sharp moans of those who fall, you hear a sharp note of the bugle, and every man steps out, putting into word and into action the trumpet note, which means "Charge by rushes."

Each company falls into two platoons, and then the rush begins. From right to left, one little band rushes fifty yards, crouches, and fires; the platoon on the left passes them, crouches, and fires. And so they go, platoon after platoon. You have no eyes for the writhing masses of blue which mark their progress, particularly by the wire fences where the advance is slow; you only follow that line which rises and falls with the mechanical regularity of a piston-rod. In a



moment they are under the hill, and, with a short, breathless cheer, commence to swarm up the slope. The fire of the Spaniards almost ceases, and then begins again, wild, irregular, and dies away in a desultory pitter-patter. The red and yellow flag disappears, and soon the blue flag of the infantrymen and the stars and stripes of us all float over the blockhouse. On the right, the six regiments of the cavalry division sweep around the right of the line, all except some of the Third Cavalry, who come around the left, and have fought shoulder to shoulder with the "dough-boys." They climb the heights before them in open skirmish order, the Spaniards give way, and we hold the heights of San Juan. But you cannot please everybody; the fire-eating major of the Second, Major Rafferty, the first regiment of the reserve brigade, crouching behind a little foot-hill five hundred yards away, heaves a mighty sigh as he swings his men out into the open and around to the left. "We were to go in, boys, the moment they wavered; but they didn't waver worth a cent. And so you've all missed being in the greatest charge that our army has ever made."



GENERAL TORAL SURRENDERING TO GENERAL SHAFTER.

From a photograph taken by a correspondent of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. At the left of the picture on this page, with his back turned, is General Shafter; and next to him, bare-headed, is the interpreter, Señor Mendoza. Fronting them is General Toral. On the right are the Spanish general's staff and guard. The picture on the opposite page represents General Shafter's escort.

THE FIGHTING BEFORE EL CANEY.

We will now return to the fighting before El Caney, where Lawton had concluded, with his quick, soldierly grasp of the situation, that the best way to relieve the strain on the center was by a complete victory on the right, and acted accordingly. Ludlow's brigade, on the left of the division, was thrust in between El Caney and Santiago, and a battalion of the Twenty-second Infantry crossed the Santiago road and took a hill which commanded, at point blank range, the only two possible avenues of retreat from El Caney to the city. Spurred on to redouble his efforts by the news of how the battle was going in the center, news which fortunately was never confirmed in all its alarming details, Chaffee took blockhouse after blockhouse, but not a one did he take until each and every one of its defenders was dead or disabled. And it was nearly five o'clock when his most advanced regiment, the gallant Twelfth Infantry, deployed into the valley

and charged up the steep hillside, which was lined with Spanish trenches rising in irregular tiers and crowned with a great stone fort. The fort, however, under the concentrated fire of his four guns, at a point blank range of a thousand yards, Captain Capron had now converted into a shapeless ruin. Almost at the same moment the Twenty-fifth Colored Infantry, the leading regiment of Miles's brigade, which had been advancing in the center, started up the hill also.

The Spaniards resisted stoutly for a moment, and many of our men fell before they reached the military crest. Then the Spaniards fled precipitately down the ravine and up the other side, and into the town, where barricades had been erected and the church and the municipal building loopholed. Our men followed quickly upon their retreating footsteps, and, though they fought with dogged resistance, dislodged them one after another from every position they took in their stubborn, stern retreat. At last the Spaniards are driven out of the town, and into a line of trenches and blockhouses lying



In the trenches during a truce, July 11th. The group of soldiers on the left are reading aloud the news from home out of a paper one month old. From a photograph taken by the author.

between the two roads to Santiago and extending to a point about a quarter of a mile from El Caney. One by one these little *fortines* are made untenable by our fire.

Then the last little fort, where the last stand has been made, catches fire, and the only alternative presented to the Spaniards is to make a run for it or surrender. Men who have fought as they have fought are not the men to surrender while there is still a loophole of escape, and they dash out, about two hundred strong, all that survived of fifteen hundred, from their last position, surrounding their general, Vara del Rey, in hope to fight their way through. They take the little road to the north, which brings them under the guns of the battalion of the Twenty-second, which has awaited this moment under a galling fire all day. Lockwood's men were sharpshooters; the execution they did was something terrific. In a moment, and within a distance of fifty yards, one hundred and sixty Spaniards lay on the ground, killed or with disabling wounds. An officer hoisted his handkerchief upon his sword, and the firing ceased. When our men went down into the road to take away the arms of their prisoners, they found the Spaniards wiping the dust and the blood from the face of the brave general who had inspired and directed the stubborn defense of the El Caney position. He lay there dead where they had carried him apart from the heaps of the slain and the wounded.

When the night closed in, nearly 2,000 American soldiers, doing our bidding in a humane cause, lay dead or wounded upon the fir-

ing line. The richest government in the world had only three ambulances there to carry her wounded sons to the dressing-stations. Had it been a rabble, and not an army subjected to an iron discipline, that saw this thing, some one would have been hung to the nearest guasima tree after the somewhat summary method of Cuban military procedure. But as the chief offenders

were probably not within reach, it was well that our men suffered in silence, giving such little aid and comfort to those who had been stricken in the cause of suffering humanity as was within the very narrow limits of their power. But those who saw those scenes of suffering which might have been obviated—the heaps of wounded men huddled together in the army wagons, moaning with every step and every jolt of the interminable journey down to the hospital, and wounded men creeping about in the jungle for days with their wounds undressed—will never forget the sight, nor ever cease to hope that the fullest investigation may yet be made and that, when the responsibility for these barbarous scenes is placed beyond the peradventure of a doubt, the punishment will be meted out with an unsparing hand.*

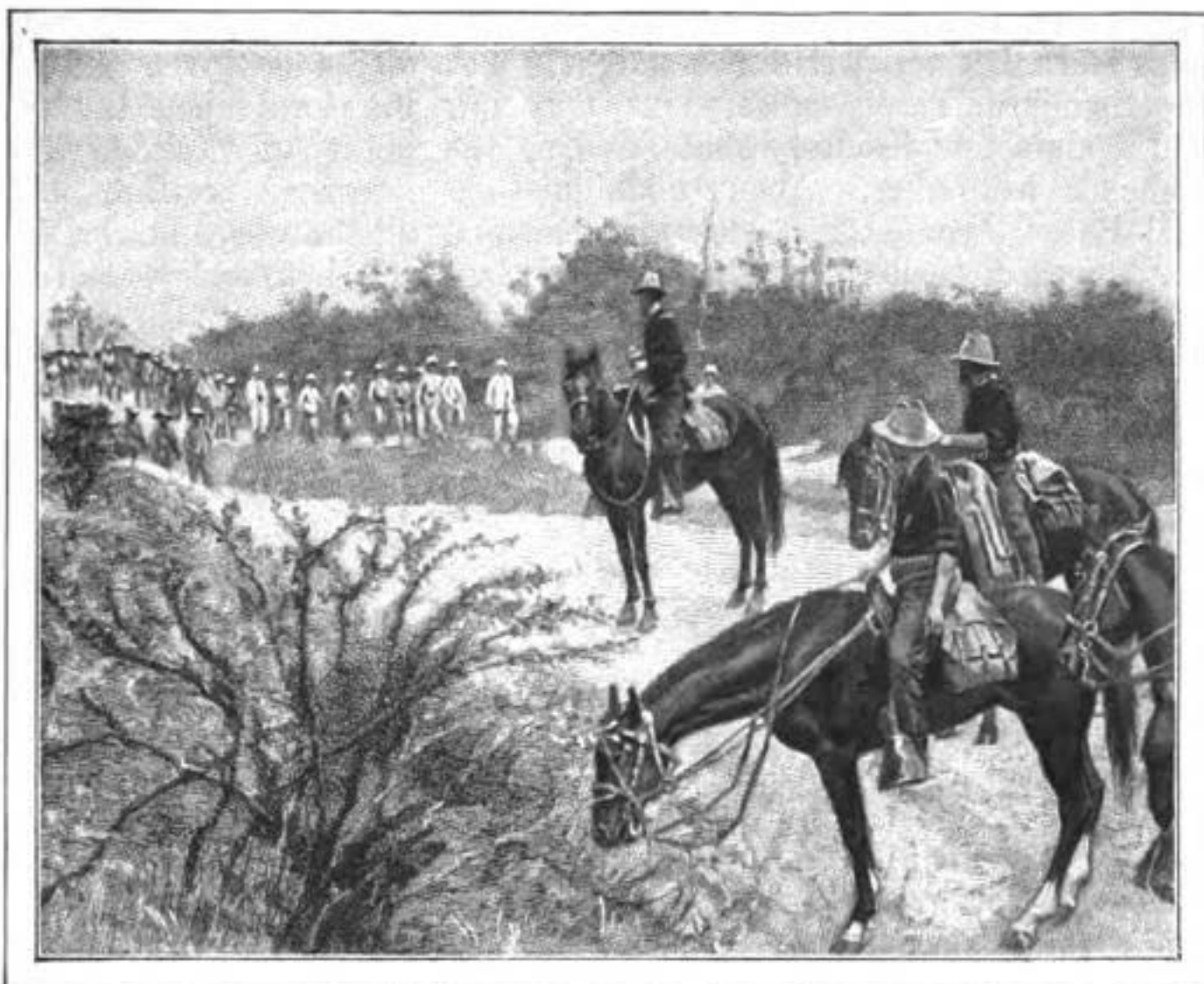
A PROPOSAL TO WITHDRAW FROM SAN JUAN HEIGHTS.

The army was now confronted with a proposition to withdraw from the position which had been obtained at the sacrifice of so many lives. How the feeling—for it was a feeling rather than a conviction—arose in the minds of so many of our general officers that a withdrawal would be both expedient and wise, it is not difficult to determine. Doubtless the confusion that followed the

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—According to the report sent by General Shafter to Adjutant-General Corbin, the casualties in the fighting before Santiago during the days of June 30th and July 1st, 2d, and 3d, were as follows:—Officers killed, 23; men killed, 208; officers wounded, 80; men wounded, 1,203; missing, 81—total, 1,595.

fight for the possession of San Juan Heights, from which we did not immediately recover after the Spanish retreat, had much to do with it. The natural depression following upon such heavy and unexpected losses was another factor; and probably the fact that the position, which had been captured by our men at such heavy cost, was one that it had never been proposed to capture predisposed many to underestimate the advantages of

the position and the uses that could be made of it. Again, the steadiness with which the Spaniards contested every inch of ground, the knowledge that 5,000 troops to reinforce them were not thirty miles away, the lack of suitable artillery, and the failure of the pop-gun artillery we had with us either to keep down the Spanish fire materially or to destroy their works, the distance we were from our base, and the great difficulty experienced in bringing up ammunition and supplies, all contributed to a frame of mind in which the proposed plan of retreat presented itself favorably to many as the only way to extricate the army from an unfortunate position. These misgivings as to our ability to hold our position began to reach corps headquarters in various forms early upon the evening of the 1st. A still more gloomy view of the situation was taken when the news was received that General Duffield's demonstration upon Aguadores had been unsuccessful and that the town remained in the possession of the Spanish. Our left flank was greatly exposed to an attack, and upon the center our men were lying on the ground upon the crest of San Juan Hill in some places not more than three hundred yards from the Spanish outposts and blockhouses. The ground was stony and most difficult to dig intrenchments in, even if the proper tools had been forthcoming. But there



The first disarmed Spanish troops coming into the American lines after the surrender. From a photograph taken by a correspondent of McClure's Magazine.

were not twenty picks and shovels with the two divisions, and the intrenching had to be done with the bayonet as a pick and the meat cans used as shovels.

It was indeed a critical moment in the fortunes of the Fifth Army Corps. Men who possessed the confidence and the admiration of the troops, who had gained new laurels upon this very day, strongly advised a withdrawal back to the Sevilla line. No one thought that our men could be dislodged from the position they had won for themselves by their gallantry, but it was believed that the losses and the fire to which we should be exposed on the following day would prove terrific, and that the advantages accruing from holding the position would be as nothing in comparison with the dangers and the disadvantages of such a course. It was also noted that the Spanish right, the strong position in which they could flank our left, was unknown and almost entirely undeveloped. It was thought that an attack from this quarter would throw our men into confusion. Those in favor of a withdrawal were strengthened, I believe, by the opinions which engineer officers expressed, some to the effect that our advanced position was not strong, others indeed going so far as to say that it was untenable.

With these gloomy thoughts and far from rosy prospects the men spent the night in digging trenches. The moon was at its full,

and you could see quite as plainly, and perhaps more distinctly, than by sunlight. But the Spaniards rarely molested us, only now and again a few desultory shots, and so the trenches were dug. About midnight General Bates strengthened with his command our exposed position on the left, and General Lawton, coming from El Caney, was in position on the right at an early hour the next day. Before dawn the Spaniards began a heavy fire upon our position, which lasted for fourteen hours without ceasing or even relaxing in its fury. There had been no time during this hot day to discuss the proposition to retreat. In the face of such a fire as this such a movement would have meant general demoralization, if not the complete annihilation of our army. Throughout these interminable hours, a day when the sun seemed to stand still in its zenith, our men simply clung upon the crest of that hill by sheer force of grit. Toward six o'clock in the evening the Spanish fire relaxed, and the general officers were seen to turn over their commands, and, in obedience to summons received through staff officers, proceed toward the rear.

Strange and wonderful indeed are the ways which the soldier has of finding out what is going on around him. At this hour in the day there were few men in the trenches who did not know that a conference was in progress upon which depended the fate of the army. The excitement and anxiety, though kept well in hand by the mask of discipline, were intense. Every eye followed the generals as they rode down the valley to El Pozo house, which had been selected by General Shafter as the place of meeting. And there was not a single soldier of those who stood out in those shallow trenches exposed to the never-ceasing fire, there was not a single man in the crooked blue line zig-zagging around the crest of the hill, who was not unalterably opposed to the withdrawal, or, as the soldiers called it, to the retreat.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE.

It is not my purpose to go at any length into the details of what took place at this important meeting. Fortunately, what occurred here has been set down in black and white and forms a part of the military history of our country. Fortunately, I say and repeat, because nothing was said at this conference which does not reflect the highest honor upon those who spoke. The general officers when summoned were informed that

each, commencing with the junior officer, would be given full opportunity to express his views upon the question of the advisability of retaining or withdrawing from the advanced position held by our troops. As all the world knows, it was decided to hold the heights we had gained with so much bloodshed; it would seem of little importance to set forth the particular views of particular general officers. It would also be unfair and unwise to point out to our blind hero-worshippers those who spoke for retreat and those who were for holding the position, because both were inspired by the same conscientious sense of duty, and the man who was strongest in favor of withdrawing was the man who, without wishing to make invidious comparisons, had perhaps been most instrumental in capturing the position.

It is only fair to General Shafter, however, to state exactly what his attitude at this critical moment was. The news that our men had captured the San Juan Heights on the afternoon of the 1st filled him with anything but unalloyed satisfaction: first, because of the heavy loss incurred, and, secondly, because it did not appear that we were now one step nearer completing the investment of the town and cutting off the garrison from reinforcements. But upon the morning of the 2d and later as the day wore on, whatever inclination General Shafter may have had the evening before to withdraw had vanished. And to the various statements from responsible officers that were made, setting forth and proving that our position was most uncomfortable and precarious, General Shafter answered that he did not doubt for a moment that this was true, but that he was of the opinion that the enemy's position was even more uncomfortable and unsafe, and that he believed we had better hang on. The conference came to an end by General Shafter announcing that he had decided to demand, in the morning, the surrender of the city, and his letter to this effect was then and there drafted, before the slightest intimation of the sailing of Cervera's fleet had been received.

On this evening, the night of the 2d, about half-past nine, occurred the so-called sortie or sally of the Spaniards, a much disputed question which I will not enter upon except to say that it caused another night of wakefulness and watchfulness, of picket alarm and panic volley. On the morning of the third day, a little before ten, while the men were watching eagerly for the envoy to go in who was to demand the surrender, there

came into the trenches, how and whence no one knows, a rumor that the Spanish fleet had sailed out of Santiago and escaped. The soldiers said nothing, and it was only an hour later when the true news came which General Wheeler had sent along the trenches, that you could understand what a depressing blow the false report had been and how manfully they had stood up under it. When it became known that every vessel flying the Spanish flag had been destroyed, the men grew hysterical, and their exuberant joy could not be restrained within the confines of the trenches. Then the white flag went up over the Spanish line and the armistice began which, though greatly prolonged and once interrupted, finally terminated

with the capitulation, not only of the city, but of all the troops in the military division over which the Spanish general held command, about 23,000 men, and so gloriously ended the campaign of the Fifth Army Corps.

THE FIRST HOURS OF THE ARMISTICE.

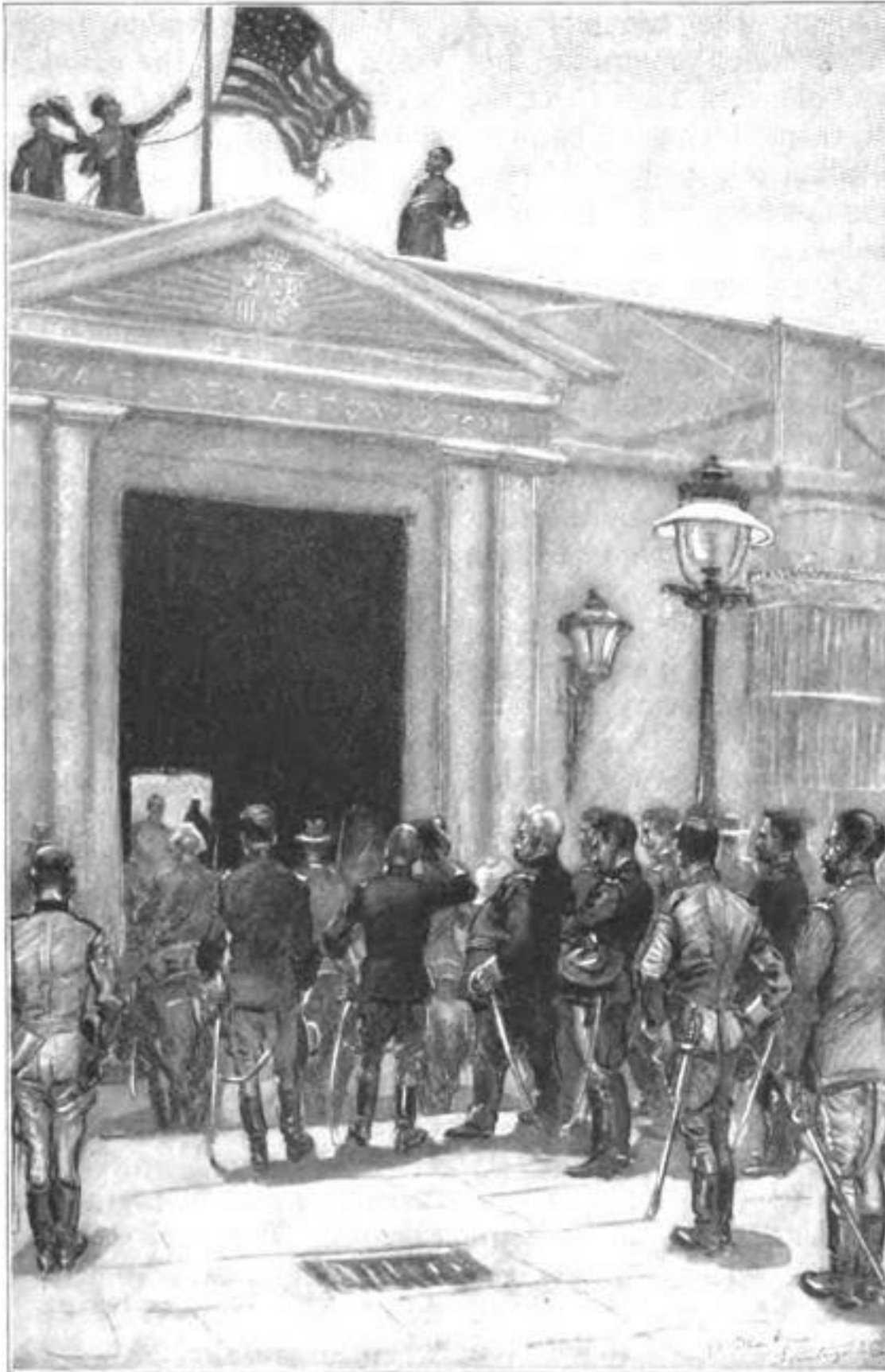
During the first hours of the armistice our men could not wholly appreciate the changed conditions under which they lived. They found it strange not to be compelled to crawl back on all fours to the creek where

the tepid water ran, not to have to crouch and hide from the sharpshooters' fire behind the graves of those who had been killed when engaged upon a water detail, perhaps

with your canteen as well as those of others slung around his waist. It was strange to see them lying there under the little mounds that dotted the valley, strange to remember that for the present, be you as careless as you would, there was no chance of you, too, falling asleep there, to listen through the ages to the whisper of the warm winds through the waving grasses, to the ceaseless whir of a million creeping things, and to the mournful cadences of the song of the si-hoo bird. The men found it strange to light a fire and cook their coffee at their ease, for only

an hour before a score of sharpshooters' bullets would have fallen into the thicket from whence stole up the first thin blue line of smoke. And it was only now, now that the strain was somewhat relieved, that we began to recognize that the men who had worked such heroic wonders, who had shown such whipcord endurance, were but human after all.

And it was only too true. Men were found now in advanced stages of paludic, malarial, and even yellow fever who, while the fight was on and their good rifles were so needed



THE RAISING OF THE FLAG OVER THE ROYAL PALACE AT SANTIAGO AT NOON, JULY 17, 1898.

Lieutenant Miley is raising the flag. General Shafter and his staff are standing uncovered in the foreground. From a drawing by W. J. Glackens.

on the firing line, had not had the time or the heart to find out what ailed them. Those who were stronger wandered about the hillside easing the suffering of the sick and running little helpful errands, or gathering in mournful groups about the mounds and trenches where their fallen comrades lay, spinning yarns, or "chewing rags," as the soldiers say, about them, trying to remember just what the fallen soldier had said before his voice was hushed, what he wore when last they had seen him, and how he looked. Many a strong man wept like a child, as, wandering about the hillside, he came upon an unexpected grave and read upon the marker the name of a comrade with whom the battle was over.

I saw a lank cavalryman limping down the hillside, coming from the trenches. His face was yellow and wrinkled like a maple leaf in the chill autumn air. His clothing was caked with red clay from head to foot. He staggered along as though his legs were not under the best control, and every now and then he would sit down wearily and rest, looking about him with the slightly abashed smile of a strong man who has grown weak as a child and does not exactly understand it. Under his arm he carried a little, unvarnished shingle, upon one side of which was stenciled the inspector's stamp, "One thousand ball cartridges," and on the other side was cut by an unpracticed hand the inscription, "— — Trooper of the Sixth Cavalry, killed in action July 1, 1898."

He sat down by my fire, burning the letters deeper into the hard wood with the hot ashes, and then, pointing with a shy, awkward movement of the hand to the name upon the shingle, he said, "He was my bunkie, and he's buried a piece down the road. He joined at Tampa, coming from middle Georgia, where he had a hearthstone of his own and a six-horse farm, they say. But he never had no luck. He never even got a blue blouse to wear from the quartermaster, though no one was as crazy for Uncle Sam's coat as he was, and the brass button he polished up and sent back to his girl the night before the battle, he borrowed it from me. And in the fight he was knocked over by the first bullet before we threw off our packs and got ready for the fun. There was a little blue spot in his temple, and his face twitched for a moment, as if he was trying to smile as I gave him his canteen, patted him on the shoulder, and went on ahead with the rest of the boys. Late that night I found him again. Well, we buried

him; that was all we could do for him. And now I've been whittling away at this marker to put at his head, so that if his folks send for him or if Uncle Sam takes him home, there will be no mistake in the man."

We looked around for some minutes, but could not find the grave. The cavalryman seemed puzzled, and finally admitted that the place looked changed. Then I remembered a scene that I had thought I could never forget, and yet which in a few hours had passed completely out of my mind. The grave we were looking for had stood by the roadside, and the starving refugees from Santiago, as they trudged wearily by, had covered it with delicate ferns, with great plantain leaves, and the red blossoms that grew everywhere about the place. Weak and broken with the journey as they were, it had shocked them to see the brown, ill-shapen mound under which lay a man who died to deliver them from their bondage. So they had covered it with the sweet, clean flowers of the field, before continuing their almost hopeless quest for bread. Later a more than usually heavy rain had fallen, and, as I camped near by, we were awakened in the night by a great noise and uproar in the road, where we found a mule train and a crowd of Arizona packers all mixed up in picturesque confusion. When we brought up lanterns the dead soldier was discovered, there right across the trail, where he had been washed out of his shallow grave. We buried him again, a little farther from the road, and a little deeper in the swampy soil. Then there came another rain, a perfect deluge, as though the heavens had opened. The road became a river, and the army wagons, laden with wounded coming down from the front, were mired. And when the first light of day came, I saw that the new road had passed over the soldier's grave, the little mound had been beaten down so that no one could find the exact spot where we had placed him the evening before.

Something of this I told the cavalryman as we talked there in the dusk of the evening, and the vultures passed overhead and circled about with heavy, droning flight. "I wonder whether the folks at home," he said, as we turned and walked toward the commissary tent, where, it was rumored, the lime juice that the sick were thirsting for had at last arrived, "I wonder whether they'll remember boys like him who went through this campaign just a-hitting licks and not saying nothing, and whether they'll try to put a little marker over their graves—I wonder!"

THE ASCENT OF ACONCAGUA.

THE FIRST CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN AMERICA.

BY EDWARD A. FITZGERALD,

Author of "Climbs in the New Zealand Alps."



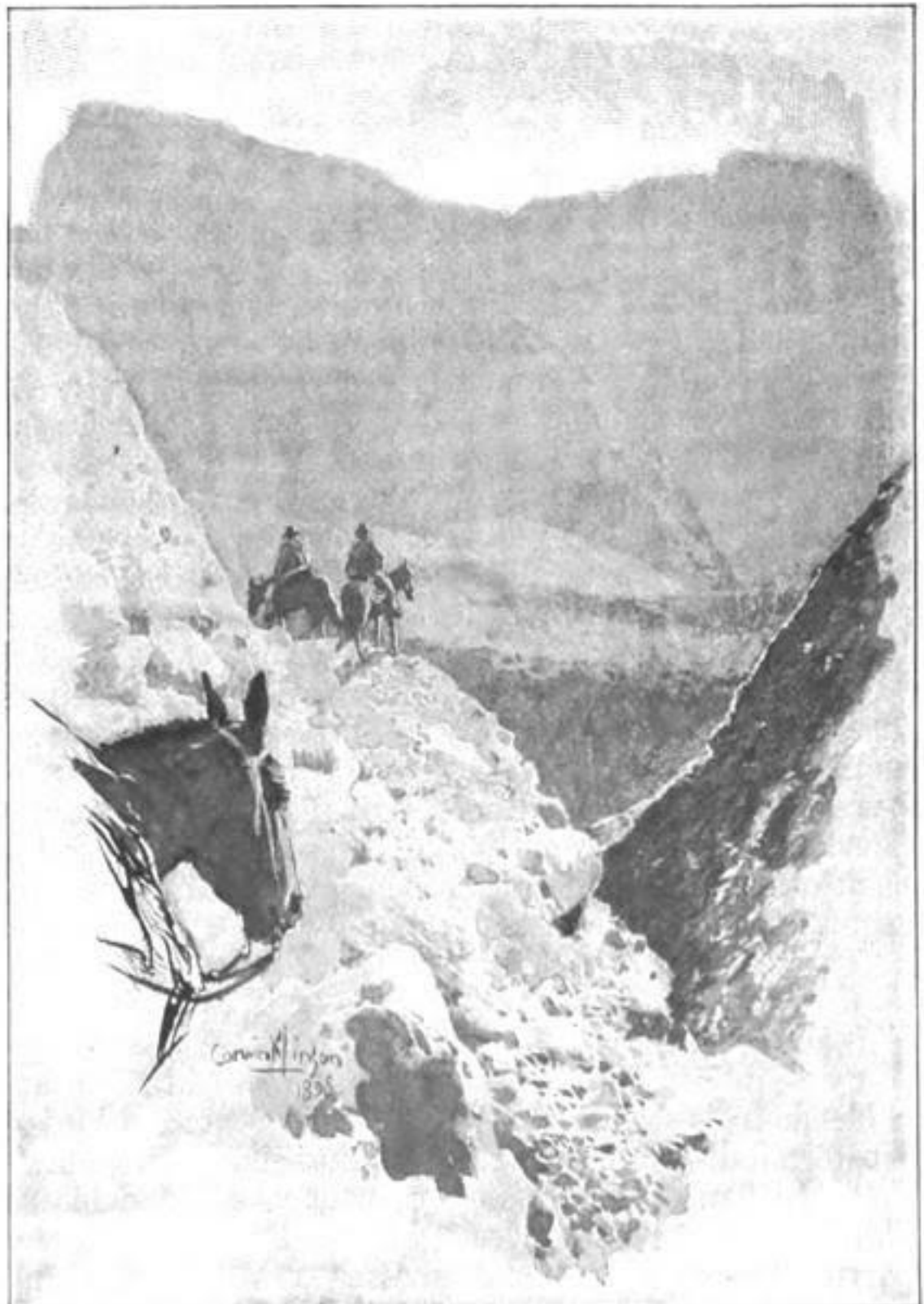
WHEN I was traveling through the "Alps from end to end" with Sir Martin Conway some years ago, we met an Austrian climber at a remote Alpine inn in the Tyrol. During a conversation we had with him, he told us many interesting tales about the Alps. He then went on to tell us of

some adventures that had befallen him while in South America: how he had set out to climb and explore in the regions surrounding Aconcagua, America's highest mountain; how he had been stopped by the Chilian insurgents, and had been compelled by them to join their ranks and fight against Balmaceda.

These tales made a vivid impression upon my mind, so much so that I made a resolution to try my luck on Aconcagua upon the next favorable opportunity that should present itself. To climb this giant of the Andes, that had so long defied the attempts of those who had tried to conquer its virgin snows, was henceforth the ambition of my life. I was, however, planning an expedition to New Zealand, and as I started for that country a few months later, my thoughts were fully occupied by my explorations there. On my return to England, a year later, I found myself in the midst of the work of publishing my book on the New Zealand Alps, so that it was not until the spring of 1896 that I found time to

turn my thoughts towards the high Andes of Argentina.

The great peak of Aconcagua naturally presents a most attractive field for the climber and explorer, partly because it is the highest mountain in the world, outside of the great ranges of Asia, and partly because it is a prominent feature seen from the coast, its lofty peak being clearly visible some twenty leagues inland from the harbor



ASCENDING THE HORCONES VALLEY.



CROSSING A SWOLLEN MOUNTAIN STREAM.

of Valparaiso. Accordingly, during the spring and summer of 1896 I spent my time organizing an expedition to these regions, and early in October sailed for Buenos Ayres, accompanied by my three colleagues—Mr. Stuart Vines, Mr. de Trafford, and Mr. Philip Gosse, the latter of whom was to act for us as naturalist. Mr. Lightbody joined us later on. We had with us Matthias Zurbriggen, my old guide, who had accompanied me in my expedition in New Zealand; and also five porters from Switzerland and Italy. We did not remain long at Buenos Ayres, but pushed on as soon as possible to Mendoza, first, however, visiting the government observatory at Cordova, to adjust and regulate our various instruments.

THE RAILWAY INTO THE ANDES—AN OUTFIT OF MULES.

Mendoza is the terminus of the Great Western Railway of Argentina, and it is here that the Transandine Railway commences. This little line, which styles itself “*Il Ferro Carril Trasandino de Buenos Aires a Valparaiso*,” has during the last few years stopped construction, owing to the bank-

ruptcy of Clark and Co., its contractors. It was, and is still, I believe, the intention of its promoters to run it through the Andes from Mendoza to Santa Rosa de Los Andes in Chile, where it would meet the wide-gauge government railway to Valparaiso, thus completing the first transcontinental route for South America. The line at present ends on the Argentina side, at a point called Las Vacas, seventy-five miles from Mendoza, while on the Chilean side only twenty miles have so far been constructed, and there remains a considerable link still to be built before the communication is complete, including a great tunnel that is to be pierced under the Cumbre Pass. It is a narrow-gauge line, with rack and pinion for the steep grades, similar to the railway from Visp to Zermatt in Switzerland.

We spent some days at Mendoza, in order to procure mules, and men to take charge of them, *arrieros*, as they are called in the country. The mules in the Cordilleras are small, but very strong. I have seen them carry as much as three hundredweight across the passes from Argentina to Chile. The average cost of them is from fifteen to thirty dollars. The mule drivers are extremely picturesque in their native costumes. They ride, as a rule, on a Mexican saddle, with a number of sheepskins strapped to it, their stirrups being quaintly carved out of solid blocks of wood in the form of a slipper. They are very fond of silver trappings and accoutrements. The bit they use is an extremely cruel one, but as they never use their reins much, it is more barbarous in appearance than in practice. The men themselves always wear a “poncho,” as they style it, which consists of a blanket of variegated color with a hole cut through the center, through which they thrust their heads, the cloth falling in folds on all sides of them. This is generally made out of guanaco wool, while, occasionally, one sees more valuable ones made from the skin of the vicuna. These men never walk, and would, I believe, ride their horses over the edge of a sheer precipice rather than take the trouble to climb down it on foot. They wear slippers made of soft raw-hide, while their head-dress is usually a brilliant handkerchief surmounted by a broad-brimmed felt hat. We engaged two men, a father and his son, Tomas Soso by name, together with a troop of about twenty mules, making arrangements that they should meet us a few days later at Las Vacas—the last station on the Transandine line.

PICKING OUT A WAY AND PREPARING A PLAN OF ATTACK.

We traveled up to Las Vacas in a few days, and pitched our camp near the railway station. Our first work was to make a reconnaissance of the side valleys which lead toward Aconcagua, and as information concerning it was difficult to obtain, our general impression of the country was naturally rather vague. Curiously enough, though we were not more than twenty miles from our mountain, it was some time before we were able to discover its exact whereabouts. All the natives stoutly deny that any of the peaks in the surrounding valleys is really Aconcagua. They confine themselves to stating that what one sees is probably a rib, ending perhaps in a peak, which might *possibly* be a spur of the mountain—nothing more! They also give you different names for the peak, as viewed from different sides, which is confusing. These names differ with each man, but all agree that the true summit of the mountain is not to be seen.

After a couple of weeks spent in examining the different available approaches to the mountain, I decided to make my first attack by way of the Horcones Valley. We had now formed a base camp, near Puente del Inca, about eleven miles from Las Vacas and close to the mouth of the Horcones Valley, and here we deposited all our luggage. There are some interesting warm springs by the riverside, close to a natural bridge which spans the Rio Mendoza, where the water bubbles up from the rocks at a temperature of about ninety degrees Fahrenheit. We had fair pasturage for our mules, and also fresh and wholesome water—a most important point in these regions, as we discovered later on to our cost, for many of the Andine streams are so charged with chemicals that they produce acute dysentery.

Zurbriggen and I, with four porters, twelve mules, and a native arriero, started, on the morning of December 23d, with the intention of fixing a camp as high up on the slopes of Aconcagua as possible, to serve as a base from which to ascend the mountain. I had sent Zurbriggen up this valley some days before, and he had reported to me favorably on the possibilities of getting mules up to about 14,000 feet. He thought it would be possible to reach the northwest face of the mountain, from which side we knew that it could be ascended, as it was from here that Dr. Gussfeldt had attempted the climb, and

had taken some excellent photographs. The valley we found extremely rough, and the animals suffered much from the rolling stones on the moraine heaps we were repeatedly obliged to traverse. Frequently we were compelled to make great detours, to avoid the steep narrow cañons made by the river, where the banks seem to rise up almost perpendicularly from the stream. In such places we were obliged to seek the slopes above. Later on we constructed a fairly direct track, though even then we had some unpleasant accidents and lost much of our luggage from the mules slipping and rolling down the precipices into the water below.

There is some sort of legendary belief in which the English tourist is carefully inoculated, to the effect that mules are absolutely sure-footed and pass along the crumbling verges of precipices as though suspended by an invisible string from paradise. To the man who has traveled in the Andes and lost his best camera or even his breakfast through the reckless shuffling of a mule among loose boulders, this faith is no longer tenable. As a matter of fact, my experience is that horses are the more trustworthy animals.



IN A ROCKY CLEFT.

Now for the first time we got an experience of what, later on, proved one of the most dangerous parts of our work. This was crossing the swollen mountain torrents. Our animals were mostly small, and what with the rush of water and the insecure footing the river-bed afforded, it being mostly composed of loose, round, rolling stones, we ended in many cases with disastrous accidents. The animals were frequently swept down many yards by the torrent, totally unable to get footing or to stem the stream, so that when they at last crawled out upon the opposite bank, they were terribly cut about the knees and hocks.

UP TO AN ALTITUDE OF 16,000 FEET.

In the afternoon we reached the head of the valley, fortunately without accident or loss of luggage. As it was not yet four o'clock, I determined to continue forward on foot and to pitch my camp as high as possible that night. We were at an altitude of about 14,000 feet, and were obliged to abandon the mules, as our path lay over the steep snout of a glacier. I accordingly picked out what part of the luggage I thought we should require for our immediate wants, leaving the rest to be brought up on the next favorable opportunity that should present itself. We climbed up to the glacier, and turned our steps towards the saddle that lay to the northwest side of the mountain, where I hoped to form a permanent camp for future operations. As it was already late in the day, I called a halt when we had reached an altitude of about 16,000 feet, and decided to camp for the night. The sun was just setting over the hills towards the Pacific, and night was coming rapidly on us. The cold was intense as soon as the sun left us, and as we were much fatigued we de-

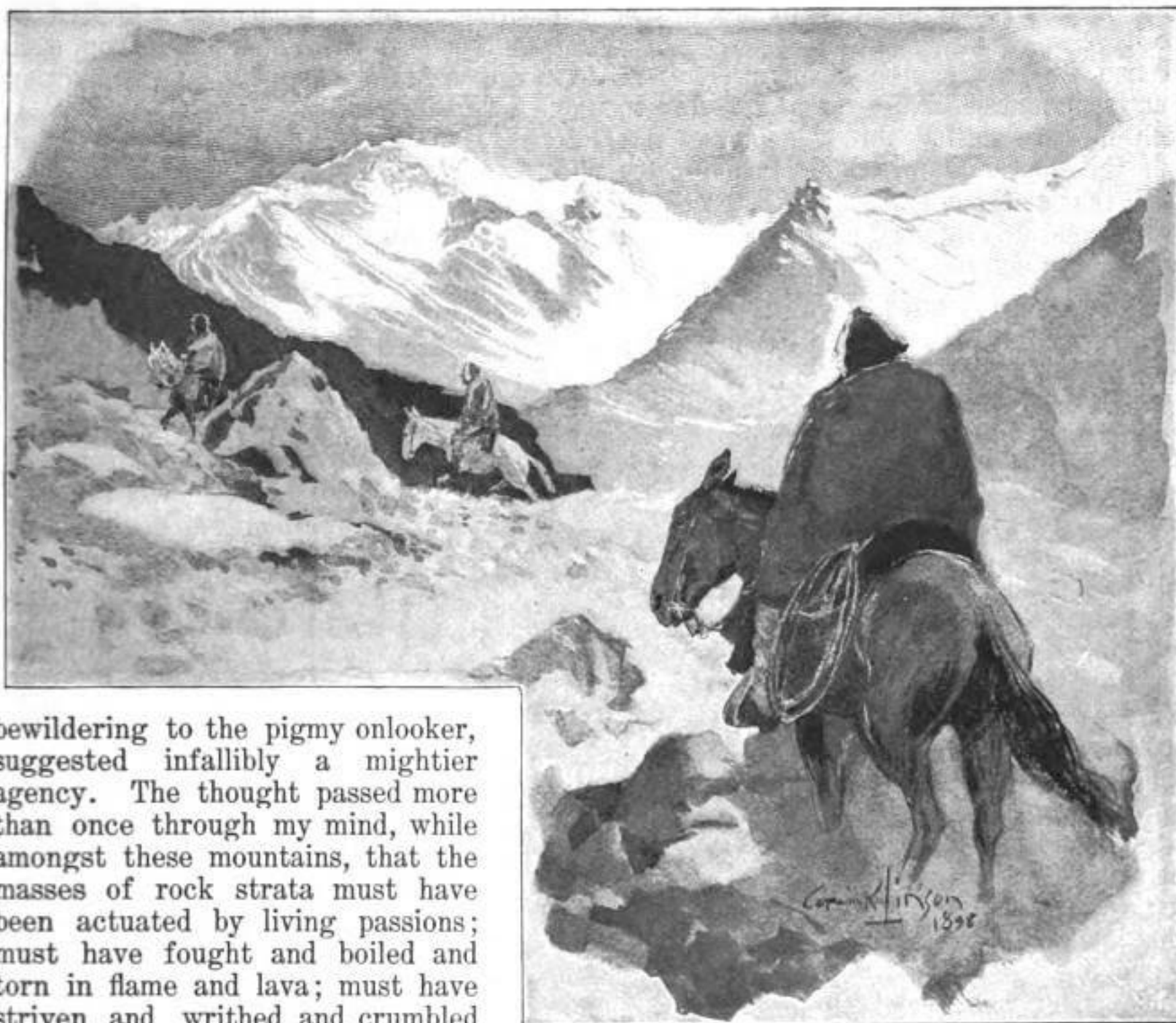
cided not to pitch the tent, but to simply crawl into our sleeping-bags for the night. No one had the energy to make for himself a smooth place on which to lie. We sought shelter under a friendly overhanging rock, huddled as close to one another as possible for the sake of warmth, and tried to get what sleep we could. During the night one of my Swiss porters, a great, powerfully-built man, Lochmatter by name, fell ill. He suffered terribly through the night from violent nausea and faintness, which I was powerless to check. Towards morning he seemed better.

As soon as the sun tinged the peaks of the opposite mountains, we crept from our bags, miserable and cold, our attempts at sleep having been in most cases a failure. We tried to prepare some coffee, but our cooking apparatus, which was worked with spirits of wine, on the principle of the Russian furnace, struck work, and it was with great difficulty that we were able to melt some soft snow. We made some tepid coffee, but it was poor stuff at best.

It was some time before the sun caught the slope we were on. The giant cliffs and crags of Aconcagua towered above us to the east, a great mass of rock rising like the battlement of some stupendous castle. The varicolored stratifications, running in straight regular lines along its face, gave it the appearance of some structure piled up by the hand of man, but that its vast proportions,



PITCHING THE TENT AT AN ALTITUDE OF 16,000 FEET.



REACHING THE HEAD OF THE HORCONES VALLEY, 14,000 FEET HIGH.

bewildering to the pigmy onlooker, suggested infallibly a mightier agency. The thought passed more than once through my mind, while amongst these mountains, that the masses of rock strata must have been actuated by living passions; must have fought and boiled and torn in flame and lava; must have striven and writhed and crumbled along in frozen glacial majesty; that here, in such places as the amphitheater of peaks and valleys round Aconcagua, was one of the arenas of that early world-drama, æons and æons ago; here was the scene of the tragedies and high moments of the greater actors.

AN EXHAUSTING DAY AND AN UNCOMFORTABLE NIGHT

I sent one of the men down to the lower camp by the snout of the glacier, to bring up a further supply of provisions, while the rest of us collected our luggage and pushed on. We were all feeling very ill and weak that morning, and I soon came to the conclusion that it would be impossible to reach the saddle we had in view. We had reached one of those great slopes composed of small loose stones of which we saw so much afterwards, and were by no means pleased with our first experience of it. Every step we took we slipped back, sometimes half the distance, sometimes more than the whole distance, we had originally risen. We straggled up this slope, each man taking a line

for himself; but I noticed that we were all steering straight towards a small patch of snow that lay in a gully above us. We were repeatedly obliged to make long halts, sometimes for as much as half an hour. Towards mid-day we reached the head of this gully filled with snow, and I saw, both from my own condition and that of the men with me, that it would be unwise, if not impossible, to think of climbing higher that night. Lochmatter was getting very pale and ill again, so I was obliged to send him down with another man to our lower camp by the glacier, telling him to remain there till he was perfectly recovered. We were very eager to have our tent comfortably pitched, as the recollection of the last night spent in the open was far from pleasant, so we set to work at once to make an encampment on a flat bit of ground, fairly sheltered by a large boulder. Pitching the tent was something of an undertaking, as it had fourteen guy-ropes, all of which had to be fixed to large loose stones, the ground being too hard

to admit of anything like a peg being driven into it.

I had suffered acutely during the afternoon from nausea, and from an inability to catch my breath, my throat being so dry from the continual breathing through my mouth that at times I was obliged to cough. This momentarily stopped my breathing, and would end in an unpleasant fit of choking. There were four of us sleeping in the tent—Zurbriggen, myself, and the two porters. I was unable to sleep, partly because of the difficulty I had in breathing, and partly on account of the dreadful noise the men made snoring. They would begin breathing heavily, and continue on in an ascending scale till they eventually ended in a severe fit of choking. This would usually wake them up, and they were quiet generally for ten minutes or so, when gradually I would hear the whole thing recommence with the regularity of clock-work.

Our tent was a small one, about six feet square, ending in a peaked roof three feet six inches from the ground.

The floor of it was securely sewn to the sides, so as to prevent the wind from getting under it. The drawback of this was that towards morning it got extremely stuffy inside, but the cold outside was so intense that we dared not open the flap of the tent. We crawled out of our tent after the sun was up. The day was not a promising one. Great clouds were banked up to the north-west, and the wind was blowing heavily. I saw the hopelessness of any serious attempt being made till a suitable provision of wood

was brought up. What one requires at these altitudes is light, nourishing food, such as is given to invalids, or people recovering from severe fevers.

UP 19,000 FEET.

I was determined to fix our camp on the ridge before turning back, and, accordingly, I sent a couple of porters down to bring up fresh provisions. In the afternoon, as we were beginning to feel slightly better, Zurbriggen and I started out to reconnoitre, and, if possible, to find a suitable camping ground on the shoulder of the ridge above us. The weather had greatly improved since morning, the clouds dispersing as the wind subsided. We were feeling distinctly weak about the knees, and were obliged to pause every dozen steps to catch our breath. After about two hours and a half we reached the shoulder, and climbed to the top of a small mound at about 19,000 feet, whence we got a magnificent view of what was practically



THE HEAP OF STONES IN WHICH DR. GUSSFELDT LEFT HIS CARD.

the peak of Aconcagua, though it was a point, as we afterwards discovered, about 150 feet lower than the actual summit. It was, therefore, some 4,000 feet above us, but at the moment it looked so close that Zurbriggen said he would walk up to it in the morning, while the men were moving the camp up to the ridge, and see what lay behind. We then thought that the peak itself must lie some distance beyond and much higher. It was not till afterwards that we discovered, by bitter experience, the fact

that it was a good eight to ten hours' climb. Our idea at the time was that it could be reached in two or three hours. The view out towards the Pacific was obscured by clouds, and the wind had sprung up again, and was blowing heavily from the northwest.

I was attacked with several severe fits of nausea here, and as it was late and the weather threatening, we thought it advisable to return at once. Returning, we noted a suitable spot to make a camp at about 18,700 feet. It was in the cleft of a great rock, more or less sheltered from the north and west wind, while the mass of the mountain itself more or less sheltered us from the south.

I was completely done up that evening.

was so small, and we were wedged so tightly in that it was impossible to turn round without waking everybody.

PUSHING THE BASE CAMP FARTHER UP.

On the morning of the 26th, I decided to push our encampment up to the saddle, northwest of the peak of Aconcagua. We accordingly spent the day in moving our tent and provisions up to the spot Zurbriggen and I had selected the previous day. The men made two journeys, and were extremely exhausted by the evening.

Zurbriggen went out to find a route towards the peak we had seen the day before. He started from our camp at nine o'clock in the

morning, and returned to our new camp late in the evening, completely exhausted. He reported that he had gone about 2,000 feet above our high camp, and that from here the peak still looked as far off as ever. On returning he was attracted by a small heap of stones that had the appearance of having

been built by some one. Upon closer investigation he found a small tin box, and on opening it he discovered Dr. Gussfeldt's card. It was here, then, that the great German explorer, accompanied only by a young lad, found it necessary to turn back, owing to the intense cold and the fact that night was nearly on him. He turned literally to save his life, and left this signal on the highest point that had ever been reached by any previous party upon Aconcagua. On the card was written, "A la Segunda Entirda del cerro Aconcagua Maerz 1883."

At night we tried to heat some coffee with our Russian furnace. The whole concern blew up with a loud report, sprinkling us with boiling spirits of wine and nearly blinding us. We were obliged to content ourselves with cold fare that night. We all felt extremely ill, owing to the impossibility of procuring warm food. I determined, therefore, to beat a retreat next morning and return to our camp in the Horcones Valley at 12,000 feet, where there was plenty of wood.



ONE OF THE SLOPES COMPOSED OF SMALL LOOSE STONES THAT GAVE THE PARTY SO MUCH TROUBLE IN THE ASCENT.

The men arrived after dark, bringing with them a fresh supply of provisions and a quantity of spirits of wine, after which, with a great deal of trouble, we succeeded in preparing for ourselves some hot coffee. We crept into our tent early, as the cold at this altitude seems absolutely unendurable after sunset. I have seen our men sit down and cry like children, so discouraged were they by the intensity of the cold, while their circulation was so low that they really seemed unable to resist it. The nights that one spends at these altitudes are really the most terrible part of the work. It was very difficult to sleep for more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at a time without being awakened by a fit of choking. Another discomfort lay in the fact that our tent

I sent young Pollinger down early with instructions to get to Inca as soon as possible and return with a further supply of provisions, wood, a cooking-stove for wood, and if possible some fresh vegetables. Above all, he had orders to bring the best fresh meat procurable. We followed soon afterwards, and, as we reached our camp at the foot of the glacier, we felt completely restored and were able to walk down to our camp at 12,000 feet. As there was plenty of wood, we were able to build a large fire and prepare a suitable meal, of which we were in great need.

THE ATTACK RENEWED.

We spent a couple of days recruiting our strength, and it was not till December 30th that we started out to renew our attack. We had sent for our horses and mules, and were thus able to ride up to our camp at the end of the glacier, which we reached at about 11 A.M., and started almost immediately for our high level camp, taking with us an abundant supply of fresh meat.

The rest had evidently done us much good, for we reached our camp at 18,700 feet towards sundown, and though we were much fatigued, we had on the whole done the journey with much less effort than on the previous occasion. We were able to light a fire and cook ourselves a good meal, which went a long way towards cheering us, and we crawled into the sleeping-bags that night with the impression that we were going to sleep soundly and awake ready for an attempt on the mountain next day. In this, however, we were doomed to disappointment, for we suffered more than ever that night. We had the greatest trouble in breathing, and suffered much from the cold, the thermometer registering six degrees as a minimum for the night.

We rose early on the morning of the following day, before the sun had risen, and prepared some hot coffee. We left our camp at 5.45, and the day being fine, we had great hopes of success. We walked gradually up over the loose crumbling rocks in a direct line for our peak, and zigzagged up the slopes where they were steep, so as not to exert ourselves more than was absolutely necessary, as we wished to husband our strength for the last part.

ZURBRIGGEN OVERCOME BY COLD.

I noticed that Zurbriggen was going very fast, and I was obliged to call to him several

times to wait for me, as I did not wish to be hurried for the first few hours. It is unusual for him to hurry at the commencement of a climb. His maxim is always to begin the day very slowly, and gradually to increase the speed. This unusual action on his part surprised me very much, and set me to thinking, and I soon discovered the reason for it. He was apparently suffering from the cold, which was intense, the sun not having yet risen high enough to reach us over the brow of Aconcagua. I promptly asked him if his feet were cold, and he answered that he had no sensation left in them at all. He tried for a few minutes, by kicking about and dancing, to warm them, but this proved useless. The two porters we had with us had been lagging behind, unable to keep up as Zurbriggen had increased his pace. They soon, however, overtook us as we stood talking, and I directed them to take off his boots and rub his feet. This they did at once, and I then realized for the first time what immediate danger he was in, for though they rubbed as hard as they could, he apparently had no sensation in them. I then got seriously alarmed, and we started working on him all together with increased force, to see if we could not bring back the lagging circulation. Fortunately, in another five minutes of sharp work he began to feel the effects of the rubbing and complained of sharp pains. This encouraged us to redouble our efforts, and as the blood slowly came back to the frozen parts the agony he suffered was intense. He rolled over and over, screaming, cursing, and writhing in his agony, but we, knowing that his only chance of salvation lay in this continued treatment, went on without taking any heed. Finally, we were compelled to absolutely hold him down, as he got so violent that he tried to stop us forcibly.

The sun rose over the top of Aconcagua, and with it came a marked change in the temperature. We stopped rubbing, and gave him a strong dose of brandy, but he still suffered intense pain. We wrapped his feet up in bandages, and succeeded in getting him in an erect position between the two porters. Thus, half walking, half carried, they succeeded in dragging him back to the camp. I followed behind with the rucksacs and ice axes.

As soon as we reached the tent, he wanted to lie down and be left alone, but here we commenced rubbing his feet again, as during his descent they seemed to have got cold, and we did not leave him until we had

completely restored the circulation. As the sun had now risen, the atmosphere was fairly warm in the tent, and he gradually went off to sleep; when he woke later on he affirmed that he felt perfectly well again, and, in fact, was able to get up and put on his boots and take a stroll about outside the camp.

He was very much depressed during the day, and kept on muttering that it was the first time he had ever turned back from a climb owing to illness. He got so well towards night that we decided to make another attempt next day.

Next morning the men rose early, about five o'clock, and prepared some hot coffee. I, however, delayed the departure till eight o'clock, as I had no desire for a repetition of yesterday's disasters. The day was intensely cold, and there was a furious wind blowing, but as the sun was shining brightly we were better able to resist it. We took the same route as on the previous day, and walked up the great slope of loose stones that led towards a great rock buttress some thousand feet below the peak. On reaching an altitude of about 21,000 feet, we found the altitude and the intensely cold wind were telling on us heavily. We accordingly turned off to the left, with the intention of reaching some rocks where possibly we could shelter ourselves from the icy blasts of the wind. We succeeded in reaching a hollow surrounded by high rocks about 11.30, and made an attempt to heat some soup, but only partly succeeded. Food did not seem to agree with us, and we were already beginning to feel the effects of severe nausea. One of the porters was feeling very ill, his face having turned a greenish, livid hue. In less than an hour we were obliged to push on, as the cold was too intense to permit of our remaining tranquil any longer. We scrambled up some rocks, and progressed fairly rapidly for a while, but towards 1.30



CROSSING A GREAT SNOW-MOUND.

the wind rose to such an extent that it seemed almost to strangle us, and we were unable to catch our breath. This, taken in conjunction with the fact that the feeling of nausea was returning, compelled me to turn back. We, accordingly, with great reluctance, commenced the descent at an altitude of about 21,500 feet. It was not till four o'clock that we reached our camp, thoroughly worn out by our exertions of the day. We were all suffering from severe headache and from acute mental depression. I, therefore, decided that our best course of action would be to return to our base camp, and remain there some days till we should have thoroughly recovered from the effects of all the cold and exposure to which we had been subjected during the last week. The next day we accordingly descended to a lower altitude.

The weather turned out bad during the

ensuing week, and it was not till the 9th of January that I started out again with Zurbriggen and the men. On the following day we reached our high level camp. The weather was extremely bad during the night, and we suffered intensely from breathlessness in consequence. The minimum temperature during the night was one degree above zero. As we had not succeeded in getting any rest, we did not attempt anything that day, but spent our time in resting—sheltering ourselves under the rocks from the cold winds and occasionally getting some sleep in the sun. On the next morning I made another attempt on the mountain. I was not able to go far this day, and had to turn back about 2,000 feet above the camp, completely doubled up with pains and nausea. Zurbriggen, who seemed in good health, went on to see if it were not possible to select some easier route. He came back late, extremely exhausted, and reported that by bearing somewhat to the left of the ridge of rocks leading to the summit, it was possible to shelter oneself from the wind, and at the same time the route was not so steep. On the following day, January 12th, we struck directly up towards the north ridge, at the spot where Dr. Gussfeldt turned back. The day promised well, and there was little wind, while the sun rose in a cloudless sky. We had not gone more than two hours when I again fell ill, and was obliged to stop. I rested for over an hour, but it was no use, and at a little over 21,000 feet we were obliged to turn back. We turned in to rest at seven that evening, determined to make a desperate attempt to reach the summit next day.

On the morning of the 13th we commenced at about 5.30 making preparations for the day. This time we tried the plan of taking a hot breakfast, including some grilled meat, and then resting for about an hour or so, to give time for digestion. As soon as the sun struck the tent we started; it was then 7.30.

The party consisted of Zurbriggen, the younger Pollinger, Lanti, and myself. Getting under the shelter of the north ridge, we continued on, keeping to the east of it, till about mid-day, when we reached an altitude of about 21,000 feet. Here it was that I first began to feel acutely the effects of the altitude, and had great trouble in breathing.

We rested for a while, and as we had brought a small supply of wood with us,

lighted a fire and prepared some tea. This did not have the desired effect of restoring me, and as it was already late I sent on Zurbriggen, instructing him to reach the summit if he could. About three-quarters of an hour after he left me, I again struggled on, and managed to reach the base of the great cliff which rises to the summit of Aconcagua. It is necessary to skirt along the base of this till the small couloir is reached by which the final ascent is made.

Here, at an altitude of 22,000 feet, I was completely disabled and was obliged to lie flat down on my back and gasp for breath. I saw that it would be impossible for me to reach the summit that day, so I was obliged again to turn back, this time about 1,000 feet from the summit. I was so weak in the knees that I was unable to hold myself up for more than a few paces at a time, and I continually fell forward, cutting myself upon the sharp stones that covered the mountain side. I crawled along in this miserable plight towards a long patch of snow that extended down the slope, and, overcome by sheer exhaustion, I was obliged to measure my length on the ground and roll down the mountain side.

Zurbriggen returned just after sunset in a terribly exhausted condition. So weary was he that I was unable to get any information out of him beyond the bare fact that he had reached the summit. On the following day he said that, after leaving me, he had continued up to the base of the mountain, reaching it about three in the afternoon. From here, in about two hours, he had reached the summit by way of the smaller couloir that leads up to the saddle between the eastern, or highest, and the western peak. He was unable to see anything from the top, as he was enveloped in clouds, and snow fell heavily for part of the time. He reported the wind to be something terrible. He was immensely fatigued coming down, and was indeed scarcely able to stand up part of the time. The next day we returned to our camp at Inca, whence we telegraphed home the news of the ascent of Aconcagua.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Six days after the success of Zurbriggen in reaching the summit of Aconcagua, it was reached a second time by members of Mr. FitzGerald's party; and on this occasion, the weather being favorable, it was possible to make interesting and important observations. A second paper by Mr. FitzGerald will relate the story of this last ascent and also how the party reached the top of Tupungato, another of the great South American peaks.

JIM WAINRIGHT'S KID.

A RAILROAD STORY.

BY JOHN A. HILL.



AS I put down my name and the number of the crack engine of America—as well as the imprint of a greasy thumb—on the register of our roundhouse last Saturday night, the foreman borrowed a chew of my fireman's fine-cut, and said to me:

"John, that old feller that's putting on the new injectors wants to see you."

"What does he want, Jack?" said I. "I don't remember to have seen him, and I'll tell you right now that the old squirts on the 411 are good enough for me—I ain't got time to monkey with new-fangled injectors on *that* run."

"Why, he says he knowed you out West fifteen years ago."

"So! What kind o' looking chap is he?"

"Youngish face, John; but hair and whiskers as white as snow. Sorry-looking rooster—seems like he's lost all his friends on earth,

and wa'n't jest sure where to find 'em in the next world."

"I can't imagine who it would be. Let's see—'Lige Clark, he's dead; Dick Bellinger, Hank Baldwin, Jim Karr, Dave Keller, Bill Parr—can't be none of them. What's his name?"

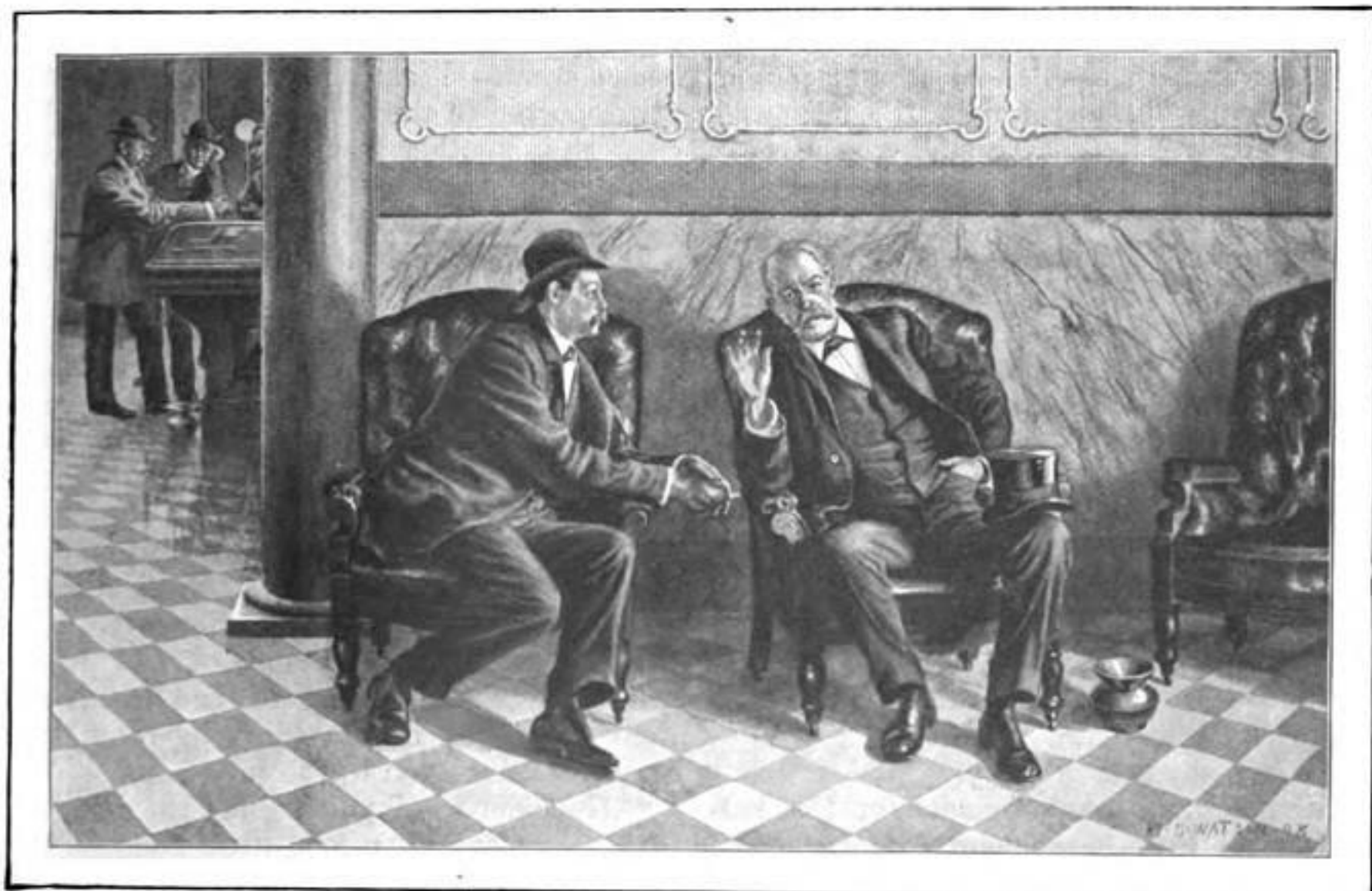
"Winthrop—no, Wetherson—no, lemme see—why, no—no, Wainright; that's it, Wainright; J. E. Wainright."

"Jim Wainright!" says I, "Jim Wainright! I haven't heard a word of him for years—thought he was dead; but he's a young fellow compared to me."

"Well, he don't look it," said Jack.

After supper I went up to the hotel and asked for J. E. Wainright.

Maybe you think Jim and I didn't go over the history of the "front." "Out at the front" is the pioneer's ideal of railroad life. To a man who has put in a few years there the memory of it is like the memory of



"Maybe you think Jim and I didn't go over the history of the 'front.'"

marches, skirmishes, and battles in the mind of the volunteer soldier. I guess we started at the lowest numbered engine on the road, and gossiped about each and every crew. We had finished the list of engineers and had fairly started on the firemen when a thought struck me, and I said:

"Oh, I forgot him, Jim—the 'Kid,' your cheery little cricket of a firesy, who thought Jim Wainright the only man on the road that could run an engine right. I remember he wouldn't take a job running switcher—said a man that didn't know that firing for Jim Wainright was a better job than running was crazy. What's become of him? Running, I suppose?"

Jim Wainright put his hand up to his eyes for a minute, and his voice was a little husky as he said:

"No, John, the Kid went away——"

"Went away?"

"Yes, across the Great Divide—dead."

"That's tough," said I, for I saw Jim felt bad. "The Kid and you were like two brothers."

"John, I loved the——"

Then Jim broke down. He got his hat and coat, and said:

"John, let's get out into the air—I feel all choked up here; and I'll tell you a strange, true story—the Kid's story."

As we got out of the crowd and into Boston Common, Jim told his story, and here it is, just as I remember it—and I'm not bad at remembering.

"I'll commence at the beginning, John, so that you will understand. It's a strange story, but when I get through you'll recall enough yourself to prove its truth.

"Before I went beyond the Mississippi and under the shadows of the Rocky Mountains, I fired, and was promoted, on a prairie road in the Great Basin well known in the railway world. I was much like the rest of the boys until I commenced to try to get up a substitute for the link motion. I read an article in a scientific paper from the pen of a jackass who showed a Corliss engine card, and then blackguarded the railroad mechanics of America for being satisfied with the link because it was handy. I started in to design a motion to make a card, but—well, you know how good-for-nothing those things are to pull loads with.

"After my first attempt, I put in many nights making a wooden model for the Patent Office. I was subsequently informed that the child of my brain interfered with about ten other motions. Then I commenced to

think—which I ought to have done before. I went to studying *what had been done*, and soon came to the conclusion that I just knew a little—about enough to get along running. I gave up hope of being an inventor and a benefactor of mankind, but study had awakened in me the desire for improvement; and after considerable thought I came to the conclusion that the best thing I could do was to try to be the best runner on the road, just as a starter. In reality, in my inmost soul, my highest ideal was the master mechanic's position.

"I was about twenty-five years old, and had been running between two and three years, with pretty good success, when one day the general master mechanic sent for me. In the office I was introduced to a gentleman, and the G. M. M. said to him in my presence:

"This is the engineer I spoke to you of. We have none better. I think he would suit you exactly, and, when you are through with him, send him back; we are only lending him, mind," and he went out into the shop.

"The meaning of it all was that the stranger represented a firm that had put up the money to build a locomotive with a patent boiler for burning a patent fuel—she had an improved valve motion, too—and they had asked our G. M. M. for a good engineer, to send East and break in and run the new machine and go with her around the country on ten-day trials on the different roads. He offered good pay, it was work I liked, and I went. I came right here to Boston and reported to the firm. They were a big concern in another line, and the head of the house was a relative of our G. M. M.—that's why he had a chance to send me.

"After the usual introductions, the president said to me:

"Now, Mr. Wainright, this new engine of ours is hardly started yet. The drawings are done, and the builders' contract is ready to sign; but we want you to look over the drawings, to see if there are any practical suggestions you can make. Then stay in the shops, and see that the work is done right. The inventor is not a practical man; help him if you can, for experience tells us that ten things fail because of bad *design* where one does because of bad manipulation. Come up into the drawing-room, and I will introduce you to the inventor."

"Up under the skylight I met the designer of the new engine, a mild little fellow—but he don't figure in this story. In five minutes I was deep in the study of the drawings.

Everything seemed to be worked out all right, except that they had the fire-door opening the wrong way and the brake-valve couldn't be reached—but many a good builder did that twenty years ago. I was impressed with the beauty of the drawings—they were like lithographs, and one, a perspective, was shaded and colored handsomely. I complimented him on them.

"'They are beautiful, sir,' he said; 'they were made by a lady. I'll introduce you to her.'"

"A bright, plain-faced little woman with a shingled head looked up from her drawing-board as we approached, shook hands cordially when introduced, and at once entered into an intelligent discussion of the plans of the new record-beater.

"Well, it was some months before the engine was ready for the road, and in that time I got pretty well acquainted with Miss Reynolds. She was mighty plain, but sharp as a buzz-saw. I don't think she was really homely, but she'd never have been arrested for her beauty. There was something 'fetching' about her appearance—you couldn't help liking her. She was intelligent, and it was such a novelty to find a woman who knew the smoke-stack from the steam-chest. I didn't fall in love with her at all, but I liked to talk to her over the work. She told me her story; not all at once, but here and there a piece, until I knew her history pretty well.

"It seems that her father had been chief draughtsman of those works for years, but had lately died. She had a strong taste for mechanics, and her father, who believed in women learning trades, had taught her mechanical drawing, first at home and then in the shop. She had helped in busy times as an

extra, but never went to work for regular wages until the death of her father made it necessary.

"She seemed to like to hear stories of the road, and often asked me to tell her some thrilling experience the second time. Her eyes sparkled and her face kindled when I touched on the snow-bucking experience. She often said that if she was a man she'd go on the railroad, and after such a remark she would usually sigh and smile at the same time. One day, when the engine was pretty nearly ready, she said to me:

"'Mr. Wainright, who is going to fire the Experiment?'

"'I don't know. I had forgot about that; I'll have to see about it.'

"'It wouldn't be of much use to get an experienced man, would it—the engine will burn a new fuel in a new way?'

"'No,' said I, 'not much.'



... I liked to talk to her over the work."

" 'Now,' said she, coloring a little, 'let me ask a favor of you. I have a brother who is just crazy to go out firing. I don't want him to go unless it's with a man I can trust; he is young and inexperienced, you know. Won't you take him? Please do.'"

" 'Why, I'll be glad to,' said I. 'I'll speak to the old man about it.'"

" 'Don't tell him it's my brother.'"

" 'Well, all right.'"

"The old man told me to hire whoever I liked, and I told Miss Reynolds to bring the boy in the morning."

" 'Won't you wait until Monday? It will be an accommodation to me.'"

"Of course I waited."

"The next day Miss Reynolds did not come to the office, and I was busy at the shop. Monday came, but no Miss Reynolds. About nine o'clock, however, the foreman came down to the Experiment with a boy, apparently about eighteen years old, and said there was a lad with a note for me."

"Before reading the note I shook hands with the boy, and told him I knew who he was, for he looked like his sister. He was small, but wiry, and had evidently come prepared for business, as he had some overclothes under his arm and a pair of buckskin gloves. He was bashful and quiet, as boys usually are during their first experience away from home. The note read:

"Dear Mr. Wainright.—This will be handed you by brother George. I hope you will be satisfied with him. I know he will try to please you and do his duty; don't forget how green he is. I am obliged to go into the country to settle up some of my father's affairs and may not see you again before you go. I sincerely hope the 'Experiment,' George, and his engineer will be successful. I shall watch you all."

"G. E. REYNOLDS."

"I felt kind of cut up, somehow, about going away without bidding Old Business—as the other draughtsman called Miss Reynolds—good-by; but I was busy with the engine."

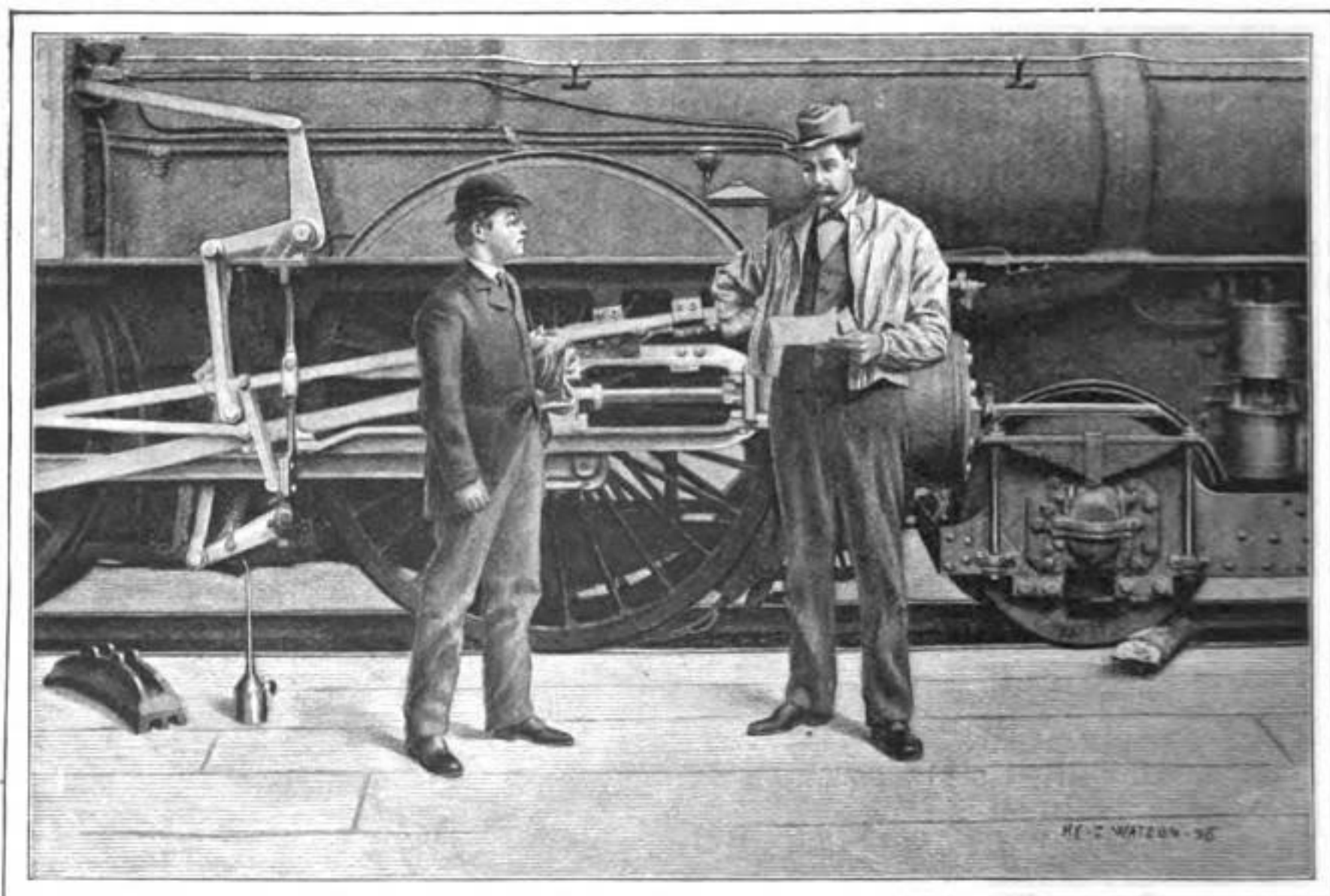
"The foreman came along half an hour after the arrival of young Reynolds, and seeing him at work cleaning the window glass, asked who he was."

" 'The fireman,' said I."

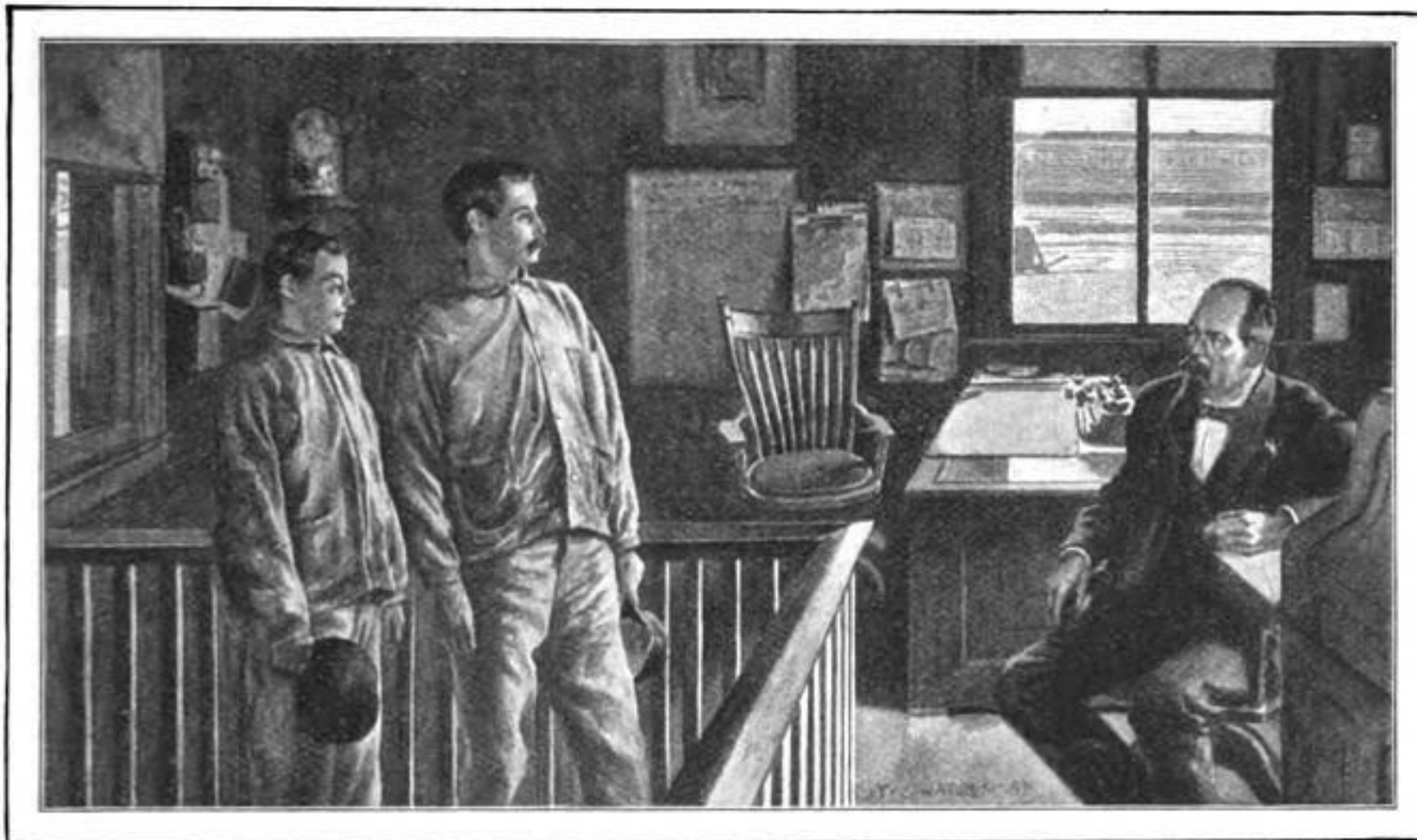
" 'What! that kid?'"

"And from that day I don't think I ever called young Reynolds by any other name half a dozen times. That was the 'Kid' you knew. When it came quitting time that night, I asked the Kid where they lived, and he said, Charlestown. I remarked that his voice was like his sister's; but he laughed, and said I'd see difference enough if they were together; and bidding me good-night, caught a passing car."

"We broke the Experiment in for a few days, and then tackled half a train for Providence. She would keep her water just about



"He was small, but looked wiry, and evidently came prepared for business."

*"You are discharged, then."*

hot enough to wash in with the pump on. It was a tough day; I was in the front end half the time at every stop. The Kid did exactly what I told him, and was in good spirits all the time. I was cross. Nothing will make a man crosser than a poor steamer.

"We got to Providence in the evening, tired; but after supper the Kid said he had an aunt and her family living there, and if I didn't mind, he'd try to find them. I left the door unlocked, and slept on one side of the bed, but the Kid didn't come back; he was at the engine when I got there the next morning.

"The Kid was such a nice little fellow I liked to have him with me, and, somehow or other (I hardly noticed it at the time), he had a good influence on me. In them days I took a drink if I felt like it; but the Kid got me into the habit of taking lemonade, and wouldn't go into drinking places, and I soon quit it. He gave me many examples of controlling my temper, and soon got me into the habit of thinking before I spoke.

"We played horse with that engine for four or five weeks, mostly around town, but I could see it was no go. The patent fuel was no good, and the patent fire-box little better, and I advised the firm to put a standard boiler on her and a pair of links, and sell her while the paint was fresh. They took my advice.

"The Kid and I took the engine to Hinkley's, and left her there; we packed up our

overclothes, and as we walked away, the Kid asked: 'What will you do now, Jim?'

"'Oh, I've had a nice play, and I'll go back to the road. I wish you'd go along.'

"'I wouldn't like anything better; will you take me?'

"'Yes, but I ain't sure that I can get you a job right away.'

"'Well, I could fire for you, couldn't I?'

"'I like to have you, Kid; but you know I have a regular engine and a regular fireman. I'll ask for you, though.'

"'I won't fire for anybody else!'

"'You won't! What would you do if I should die?'

"'Quit.'

"'Get out!'

"'Honest; if I can't fire for you, I won't fire at all.'

"I put in a few days around the 'Hub,' and as I had nothing to do, my mind kept turning to Miss Reynolds. I met the Kid daily, and on one of our rambles I asked him where his sister was.

"'Out in the country.'

"'Send word to her that I am going away and want to see her, will you, Kid?'

"'Well, yes; but Sis is funny; she's too odd for any use. I don't think she'll come.'

"'Well, I'll go and see her.'

"'No, Sis would think you were crazy.'

"'Why? Now look here, Kid, I like that sister of yours, and I want to see her.'

"But the Kid just stopped, leaned against the nearest building, and laughed—laughed

until the tears ran down his cheeks. The next day he brought me word that his sister had gone to Chicago to make some sketches for the firm and hoped to come to see us after she was through. I started for Chicago the day following, the Kid with me.

"I had little trouble in getting the Kid on with me, as my old fireman had been promoted. I had a nice room with another plug-puller, and in a few days I was in the old jog—except for the Kid. He refused to room with my partner's fireman; and when I talked to him about saving money that way, he said he wouldn't room with any one—not even me. Then he laughed, and said he kicked so that no one could room with him. The Kid was the butt of all the firemen on account of his size, but he kept the cleanest engine, and was never left nor late, and seemed more and more attached to me—and I to him.

"Things were going along slick enough when Daddy Daniels had a row with his fireman, and our general master mechanic took the matter up. Daniels' fireman claimed the run with me, as he was the oldest man, and, as they had an 'oldest man' agreement, the master mechanic ordered Smutty Kelly and the Kid changed.

"I was not in the roundhouse when the Kid was ordered to change, but he went direct to the office and kicked, but to no purpose. Then he came to me.

"'Jim,' said he, with tears in his eyes, 'are you satisfied with me on the 12?'

"'Why, yes, Kid. Who says I'm not?'

"'They've ordered me to change to the 17 with that horrible old ruffian Daniels, and Smutty Kelly to go with you.'

"'They have!' says I. 'That slouch can't go out with me the first time; I'll see the old man.'

"But the old man was mad by the time I got to him.

"'That baby-faced boy says he won't fire for anybody but you; what have you been putting into his head?'

"'Nothing; I've treated him kindly, and he likes me and the 12—that's the cleanest engine on the—'

"'Tut, tut, I don't care about that; I've ordered the firemen on the 12 and 17 changed—and they are going to be changed.'

"The Kid had followed me into the office, and at this point said, very respectfully:

"'Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Wainright and I get along so nicely together. Daniels is a bad man; so is Kelly; and neither will get along with decent men. Why can't you—'

"'There! stop right there, young man. Now, will you go on the 17 as ordered?'

"'Yes, if Jim Wainright runs her.'

"'No ifs about it; will you go?'

"'No, sir, I won't!'

"'You are discharged, then.'

"'That fires me, too,' said I.

"'Not at all, not at all; this is a fireman row, Jim.'

"I don't know what struck me then, but I said:

"'No one but this boy shall put a scoop of coal in the 12 or any other engine for me; I'll take the poorest run you have, but the Kid goes with me.'

"Talk was useless, and in the end the Kid and I quit and got our time.

"That evening the Kid came to my room and begged me to take my job back and he would go home; but I wouldn't do it, and asked him if he was sick of me.

"'No, Jim,' said he. 'I live in fear that something will happen to separate us, but I don't want to be a drag on you—I think more of you than anybody.'

"They were buying engines by the hundred on the Rio Grande and Santa Fé and the A. & P. in those days, and the Kid and I struck out for the West, and inside of thirty days we were at work again.

"We had been there three months, I guess, when I got orders to take a new engine out to the front and leave her, bringing back an old one. The last station on the road was in a box-car, thrown out beside the track on a couple of rails. There was one large, rough-board house, where they served rough-and-ready grub and let rooms. The latter were stalls, the partitions being only about seven feet high. It was cold and bleak, but right glad we were to get there and get a warm supper. Everything was rough, but the Kid seemed to enjoy the novelty. After supper I asked the landlord if he could fix us for the night.

"'I can jest fix ye, and no more,' said he; 'I have just one room left. Ye's'll have to double up; but this is the kind o' weather for that; it'll be warmer.'

"The Kid objected, but the landlord bluffed him—didn't have any other room—and he added: 'If I was your pardner there, I'd kick ye down to the foot, such a cold strip of bacon as ye must be.'

"About nine o'clock the Kid slipped out, and not coming in for an hour, I went to look for him. As I went toward the engine, I met the watchman:

"'Phy don't that fireman o' yourn sleep

in the house or on the caboose floor such a night as this? He'll freeze up there in that cab wid no blankets at all; but when I tould him that, he politely informed meself that he'd knowed men to git rich minein' their own biz. He's a sassy slip of a Yankee.'

"I climbed up on the big consolidation, and, lighting my torch, looked over the boiler-head at the Kid. He was lying on a board on the seat, with his overcoat for a covering and an arm-rest for a pillow.

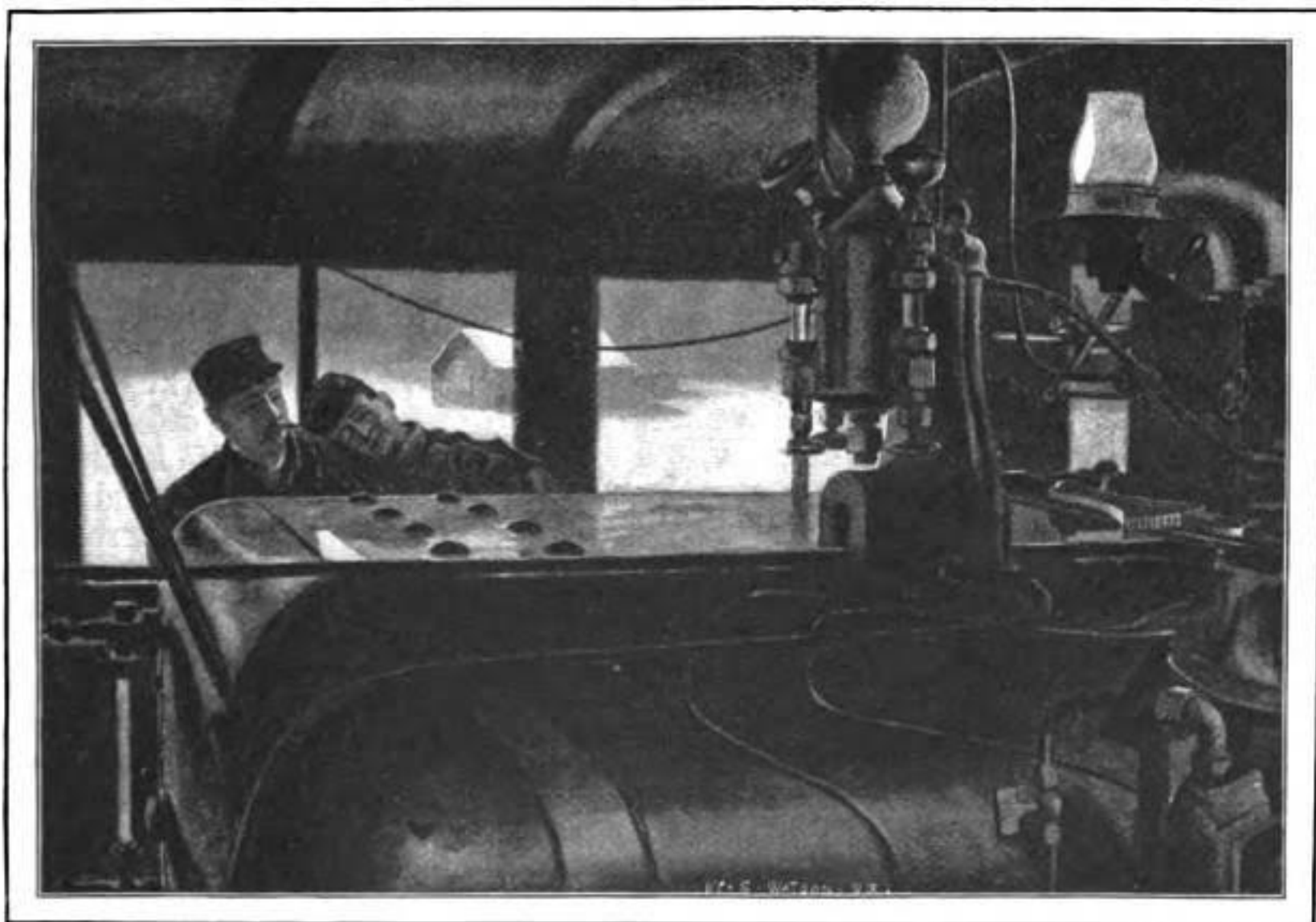
"'What's the matter with you, Kid?' I asked. 'What are you doing freezing here when we can both be comfortable and warm

"'Don't feel bad, Kid,' said I. 'I'm sure there's some reason keeps you at such tricks as this; but tell me all your trouble—it's imaginary, I know.'

"There was a tremor in the Kid's voice as he took my hand and said, 'We are friends, Jim; ain't we?'

"'Why, of course,' said I.

"'I have depended on your friendship and kindness and manhood, Jim. It has never failed me yet, and it won't now, I know. I have a secret, Jim, and it gnaws to be out one day, and hides itself the next. Many and many a time I have been on the point of



"It was a strange courting . . . there on that engine."

in the house? Are you ashamed or afraid to sleep with me? I don't like this for a cent.'

"'Hope you won't be mad with me, Jim, but I won't sleep with any one; there now!'

"'You're either a fool or crazy,' said I. 'Why, you will half freeze here. I want some explanation of such a trick as this.'

"The Kid sat up, looked at me soberly for a few seconds, reached up and unhooked his door, and said:

"'Come over and sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you something.'

"I blew out the torch and went over, half mad. As I hooked the door to keep out the sharp wind I thought I heard a sob, and I took the Kid's head in my hands and turned his face to the moonlight. There were big tears in the corner of each tightly closed eye.

confessing to you, but something held me back. I was afraid you would not let me stay with you, if you knew——'

"'Why, you ain't killed any one, Kid?' I asked, for I thought he was exaggerating his trouble.

"'No—yes, I did, too—I killed my sister.'

"I recoiled, hurt, shocked. 'You——'

"'Yes, Jim, there is no such person to be found as my sister, Georgiana—for I am she!'

"'You! Why, Kid, you're crazy!'

"'No, I'm not. Listen, Jim, and I will explain.

"'My father was always sorry I was not a boy. Taught me boyish tricks, and made me learn drawing. I longed for the life on a locomotive—I loved it, read about it, thought of it, and prayed to be transformed

[illegible]

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out of the car was the smell of the sea.
It was a salty, sweet scent that filled my lungs
and made me feel like I had been reborn.
The sun was shining brightly, and the waves
were crashing against the shore. I took a deep
breath and felt a sense of peace wash over me.
I had found what I needed - a place where
I could finally relax and enjoy life.

"It was a strange courting, John, there on that engine at the front, the boundless plains on one side, the mountains on the other, the winds of the desert whirling sand and snow against our little house, and the moon looking coldly down at the spectacle of an engineer making love to his fireman.

-- That night the Kid slept in the bed in the house, and I stayed on the engine.

— When we got back to headquarters the fire had got off to go home, and I made a trip or two with another fireman, and then I had to go to Illinois to fix up some family business— and I arranged that.

"We met in St. Louis, the Kid hired a hall dress, and we were married as quiet as possible. I had promised the Kid that, for the present at least, she could stay on the road with me, and you know that the year you were there I done most of the heavy firing while the Kid did the running. We remained in the service for something like two years—a strange couple, but happy in each other's company and our work.



“ I often talked to my wife about leaving the road and starting in new, where we were not known, as man and wife, she to remain at home ; but she wouldn't hear of it, asking if I wanted an Irishman for a side-partner. This came to be a joke with us—‘ When I get my Irishman I will do so-and-so.’

“ One day, as our ‘ hog ’ was drifting down the long hill, the Kid said to me, ‘ Jim, you can get your Irishman ; I'm going to quit this trip.’

“ ‘Kind o’ sudden, hey, Kid?’

“ ‘No, been hating to give up, but—’ and then the Kid came over and whispered something to me.

“John, we both quit and went South. I got a job in Texas, and the Kid was lost sight of, and Mrs. J. E. Wainright appeared



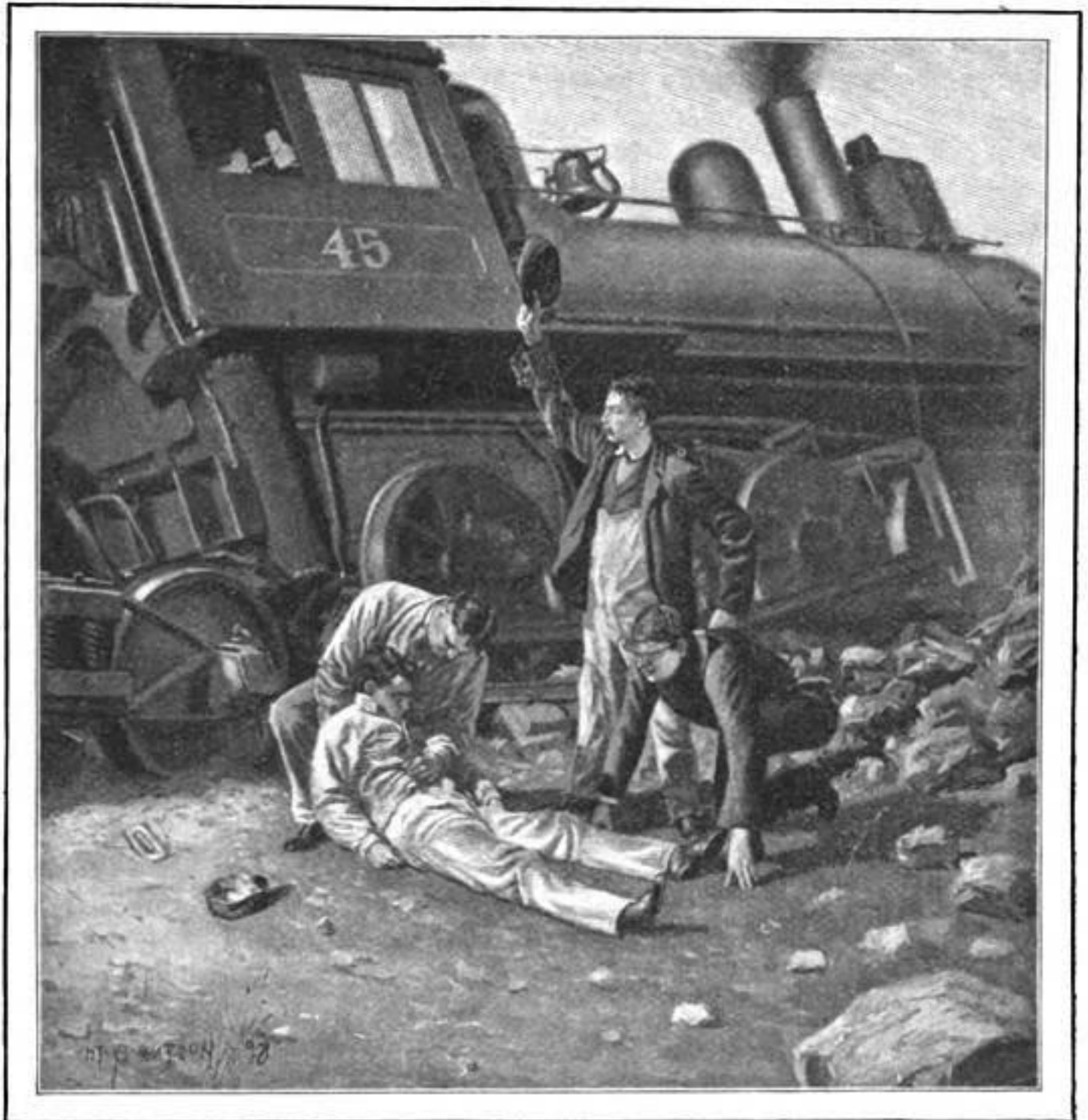
on the scene in tea-gown, train, and flounces. We furnished a neat little den, and I was happy. I missed my kid fireman, and did indeed have an Irishman. Kid had a struggle to wear petticoats again, and did not take kindly to dish-washing, but we were happy just the same.

"Our little fellow arrived one spring day, and then our skies were all sunshiny for three long, happy years, until one day Kid and I followed a little white hearse out beyond the cypress grove and saw the earth covered over our darling, over our hopes, over our sunshine, and over our hearts.

"After that the house was like a tomb, so still, so solemn, and at every turn were reminders of the little one who had faded away like the morning mist, gone from everything but our memories—there her sweet little image was graven by the hand of love and seared by the branding-iron of sorrow.

"Men and women of intelligence do not parade their sorrows in the market-place; they bear them as best they can, and try to appear as others, but once the specter of the grim destroyer has crossed the threshold, his shadow forever remains, a dark reminder, like a prison-bar across the daylight of a cell. This shadow is seen and recognized in the heart of a father, but it is larger and darker and more dreadful in the mother heart.

"At every turn poor Kid was mutely reminded of her loss, and her heart was at the breaking point day by day, and she begged for her old life, to seek forgetfulness in toil and get away from herself. So we went back to the old road, as we went away—Jim



" . . . the crew . . . found me with . . . my poor, loved Kid in my arms."

Wainright and Kid Reynolds—and glad enough they were to get us again for the winter work.

"Three years of indoor life had softened the wiry muscles of the Kid, and our engine was a hard steamer, so I did most of the work on the road. But the work, excitement, and outdoor life brought back the color to pale cheeks, and now and then a smile to sad lips—and I was glad.

"One day the Kid was running while I broke up some big lumps of coal, and while busy in the tank I felt the air go on full and the reverse lever come back, while the wheels ground sand. I stepped quickly toward the cab to see what was the matter, when the Kid sprang into the gangway and cried 'Jump!'

"I was in the left gangway in a second, but quick as a flash the Kid had my arm.

"'The other side! Quick! The river!'

"We were almost side and side as she swung me toward the other side of the engine, and jumped as we crashed into a landslide. I felt Kid's hand on my shoulder as I left the deck—just in time to save my life, but not the Kid's.

"She was crushed between the tank and boiler in the very act of keeping me from jumping to certain death on the rocks in the river below.

"When the crew came over they found me with the crushed clay of my poor, loved Kid in my arms, kissing her. They never knew who she was. I took her back to our Texas home and laid her beside the little one that had gone before. The Firemen's Brotherhood paid Kid's insurance to me and passed resolutions saying: 'It has pleased

Almighty God to remove from our midst our beloved brother, George Reynolds,' etc., etc.

"George Reynolds's grave cannot be found; but over a mound of forget-me-nots away in a Southern land, there stands a stone on which is cut: 'Georgiana, wife of J. E. Wainright, aged thirty-two years.'

"But in my heart there is a golden pyramid of love to the memory of a fireman and a sweetheart known to you and all the world but me, as 'Jim Wainright's Kid.'"

WHAT A YOUNG GIRL SAW AT SIBONEY.

BY ELSIE REASONER.

AS the "State of Texas" steamed into port, we sighted on our starboard bow four gray, sinister battleships, while to port, a white, hopeful messenger of courage, rocked the great relief boat "Solace." Massive cruisers and blunt-nosed torpedo boats were about us, and here and there, like swallows, skimmed tiny yachts and launches.

I talked with Miss Barton of her experience. She told me how, the night after our first great battle, when hungry men needed food, weak men needed stimulant, and wounded men needed care, word came from General Shafter to seize all means of transportation and to hurry supplies to the front. It was at this juncture that the Red Cross people arrived. When they went ashore, they found no suitable habitation for the nurses. Yet, undaunted, the nurses packed their satchels, and went forward to their work. Under the efficient direction of Miss Barton, supplies from the Red Cross boat were sent to the front long before any other. After superintending the loading of two carts of provisions, she took her seat beside the driver, and rode to the firing line, ten miles away. Her story of her experience is most thrilling.

"We arrived," she said, "at night, in a drizzling rain. All along the line the wounded were lying in trenches. A few were nursing a sickly fire of soaked brushwood. No food nor comforts of any kind were visible. We immediately kindled an opposition fire and unloaded one cart of provisions. Out of the extracts and cordials we had brought with us, I succeeded in making a great kettle of excellent gruel. Little did I think, twenty-

five years ago, when doing the same thing for our boys in blue and gray, that at this time and place I should be following the same old recipe. Our next trouble was in clothing the wounded. Their terrible condition cannot be described. When they were carried in from the battlefield, their clothes were soaked with blood and rain, and caked with mud. Heroic measures were necessary. With a few quick slashes they were cut loose, stripped off, and thrown away. A few surgeons were there to attend to the care of their wounds; but with no shelter, no clothes, no provisions of any kind, the poor fellows were reduced to the primitive condition of the savage, and could only be laid in rows, weak, wounded, unconscious, and stark naked, upon the bare, wet ground. I hope that never again may I see such a pitiful sight. From some rolls of muslin we had luckily brought with us we tore strips the length of a man and covered them. All night we tended the fitful brush fire, and made kettle after kettle of the strengthening broth. Next day we journeyed back, and the following night I slept on a dry-goods box in the old abandoned post-office."

In a near-by house were the fever patients, tossing restlessly, impatience of the enemy in their veins, eager to be once more in the thick of the battle smoke. Moving noiselessly among them, bathing here a fevered brow, administering there a helpful medicine, were the sisters of the Red Cross. Deftly, quietly, and skilfully they performed their work, equal to any emergency. One sat in a corner, with the head of a negro in her lap, carefully bathing his black face, and fanning away the troublesome insects. He

had fought gallantly; had proved that in his dusky veins flowed the true soldier's blood. For two hours the nurse sat, her cramped position bespeaking complete fatigue. In an outer room, over a hot fire, others were making kettles of strengthening gruel, and still others were assisting the surgeons in dressing wounds.

At midday the heat was intolerable. The blinding sunlight beat down in great waves, and the white sand gathered it up and threw it back with dazzling brilliance that blinded the eyes and made strong brains reel. Not a breath was stirring. Up the narrow street the silence was broken by strange moans and cries. It was the hospital of the wounded Spanish prisoners. Small, uninviting tents were scattered here and there, and in them lay weak, despairing men. Some babbled in delirium, others cried like children with the pain of their wounds, while all of them shot out sullen looks of revenge. Among them, with steady hands and unmoved faces, were the Red Cross doctors. A number of gaunt, half-clad reconcentrados looked on idly.

The quiet courage of the American soldiers, who accepted all that came without complaint, was in sharp contrast to the con-

stant moaning of the Spaniards, many of whom were not badly hurt.

A lieutenant of one of the regular regiments was brought in*horribly wounded. A Mauser ball had pierced his shoulder, and half of his hip was shot away. The surgeons looked at him and shook their heads. Then he smiled, and called a newspaper correspondent who was standing in the doorway of the tent.

"Will you send a cable message for me?" he asked.

Taking a pencil, he wrote an address and two words: "Am well," and asked that it be sent to his wife at a frontier fort in Montana.

As we stood in an open tent, a poor fellow was brought in on a litter. He had a nasty wound which threatened life-long enfeeblement. As he entered the tent he spied a friend. "Hello, Fred," he shouted, "where did they get you?" "In the shoulder," replied his comrade. "And you?" "They did me in both legs. Good shot for the Dons, wasn't it?" was the laughing retort. In all the place there was not a groan, not a word of complaint, save now and then an ejaculation of impatience lest the fighting should be over before they should have another chance.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAIN DESPATCHER.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS DESPATCHER ON
VARIOUS RAILROADS.

BY CAPTAIN JASPER EWING BRADY, JR., UNITED STATES ARMY.



CAPTAIN J. E. BRADY, JR.,
U. S. A.

THE whole length of a railroad from starting point to terminus is literally under the eyes of the train despatcher. By means of reports sent in by a hundred different operators, he knows the exact location of all trains at all times, the number of "loads" and "empties" in each train, the number of cars on each

siding, the number of passing tracks and their capacity, the capabilities of different engines,

the gradients of the road, the condition of the road-bed, and, above all, he knows the personal characteristics of every engineer and conductor on the road. In fact, if there is one man more important than another on a railroad it is the despatcher. During his eight hours "trick" he is the autocrat of the road, and his will in running trains is absolute. Therefore despatchers are chosen with very special regard to fitness for the position. They must be expert telegraphers, quick at figures, and, above all, they must be as cool as ice and have nerves of steel. An old despatcher once said, "Sooner or later a despatcher, if he sticks to the business, will have his smash-up, and then down goes his reputation as a despatcher, and his name is inscribed on the roll of has-beens."

Before the despatcher comes the operator. The Biblical saying, "Many are called, but few are chosen," is well illustrated by the small number of good despatchers there are; it is easy enough to find good operators, but an excellent despatcher is a rarity among them.

MY FIRST OFFICE.

I learned telegraphy some fifteen or sixteen years ago at a school way out in western Kansas. After I had been there three or four months, I was the star of the class, and I imagined that the spirit of Professor Morse had been reincarnated in me. No wire was too swift for me to work, no office too great for me to manage. In fact, visions of a superintendency of telegraph flitted before my eyes.

During my stay at the school, I formed the acquaintance of the night operator at the depot, and it was my wont to spend most of my nights there, picking up odds and ends of information. I used to copy anything that came along for my own benefit; but the young man in charge never left me entirely alone. Night operators at small stations have to take care of their own lamps and fires, sweep out, and, in short, be porter as well as operator; and for the privilege of being allowed to stay about, I used to do this work for the night man of the office in question. His name was Harry Burgess. After a few weeks he was transferred up the road to a day office, and by his help I was made night operator in his stead. Need I say how proud I felt when I received a message from the Chief Despatcher telling me to report for duty that night? I think I was the proudest man, or boy rather, on earth. Just think of it! Night operator, porter, and baggage-man, working from seven o'clock in the evening until seven o'clock in the morning, and receiving the magnificent sum of forty dollars a month!

I had heretofore had Burgess to fall back upon in copying messages or orders, but now I was alone. I got through the first night very well, because all I had to do was to take a few commercial messages, "O. S." trains, and load some ten big sample trunks on No. 2. The trains were all on time, so there were no orders. I was proud of my success, and went off duty at seven o'clock with the feeling that my services were well nigh indispensable to the road.

The second night everything went smoothly until toward eleven o'clock, when the despatcher began to call "Mn," and gave the

signal "9." Now, the signal "9" means "train orders." The situation was anything but pleasant for me, because I had never yet, on my own responsibility, taken a train order. I did not answer the despatcher at once, as I should have done, for I hoped he would get tired of calling me, and would call "Og" and give him the order. But he didn't. He just kept on calling, increasing his speed all the time. In desperation I went out on the platform and stamped around for five minutes to keep warm, thinking he would stop when he found I did not answer. But when I returned, instead of calling me on one wire, he had his operator calling me on the commercial line, while he was pounding away on the railroad wire. At the rate at which those two sounders were going they sounded to me like the crack of doom. I finally mustered up courage and answered.

The first thing the despatcher said was, "Where in h—l have you been?"

I didn't think that was a very nice thing for him to say, so I simply replied, "Out fixing my batteries."

"Well," he said, "I'll fix you when I get through with you. Now copy 3."

"Copy 3" means to take three copies of the order that follows. I grabbed my manifold order-book and stylus, and prepared to copy. There is a rule printed in large bold type in all time cards which says, "Despatchers, in sending train orders to operators, will accommodate their speed to the abilities of the operators. In all cases they will send plainly and distinctly." If the despatcher had sent according to my ability just then, he would have sent that order by mail. But instead, from the first word, he fired it at me so fast, that before I had started to take it he was way down in the body of it. I had written down only the order number and date when I broke and said, "G. A. To." That made him madder than ever, and he went at me again with increased violence. I think I broke him about ten times, and finally he said, "For heaven's sake, go wake up the day man." Strangely enough I got all of his nasty remarks without any trouble, while having so much difficulty with the order. However, I finally got it all down, repeated it back to him, and got his O. K.

When the train arrived, the conductor and the engineer came in the office, and I gave them the order. The conductor glanced at it for a moment, and then said, "Say, kid, which foot did you use in copying this?" My copy



wasn't very clear, but he finally deciphered it, and they both signed it; the despatcher gave me the "complete," and they left. As soon as the train, which was No. 22, a live-

stock express, had departed, I made my O. S. report, and heaved a big sigh of relief.

Scarcely had the tail-lights disappeared around the bend when the despatcher called again, and said, "For God's sake, stop that train."

I said, "I can't. She's gone."

"Well," he said, "there's a good chance for a fine smash-up to-night."

That scared me, and I looked at my retained copy of the order. It read all right, but all the same I felt creepy. About thirty minutes afterward the hind brakeman came tramping back, and cheerfully saluted me with, "Well, I reckon you've raised h—l to-night. No. 21 and No. 22 are up against each other hard about a mile and a half east of here. They met on a curve, and engines, box-cars, and live-stock are piled up in a fine heap. No one is killed, but one engineer and a fireman are pretty badly scalded, and Shorty Jones, the head man, has a broken leg, caused by jumping. You better tell the despatcher."

Visions of the penitentiary for criminal neglect on my part danced before my disordered brain; all my knowledge of telegraphy fled; I was weak in the knees, sick

at heart, and as near a wreck as a man could be. I finally told the despatcher that Nos. 21 and 22 were in the ditch, and he snapped back, "D—n it, I've been expecting it. I've ordered out the wrecking outfit. You turn your red light, and hold everything that comes along. Meanwhile go and call the day man. I want an operator there."

When the day man came in, half-dressed, he said, "Well, what's the matter?"

I was speechless. I simply pointed to the order, and the brakeman told him the rest. I never spent such a night in my life. The day man regaled me with charming little incidents about men he knew who, for having been criminally negligent, had been shot by infuriated engineers, or sent up for ten years. He seemed to take a fiendish delight in telling me these things. I would have run away if I hadn't been too weak. About seven o'clock he patronizingly told me that it wasn't my fault at all; that the despatcher had given a "lap order," and that the blame was on

him. The reaction was almost as bad as the first feeling of horror. I went home and, after a light breakfast, to bed; but not to sleep, for every time I closed my eyes, visions of wrecks, penitentiaries, dead men, and ruined homes crowded upon my disordered brain.

About half-past ten they sent for me from the office. I went over, and Webster, the agent, said that the superintendent wanted to see me. I had never seen the superintendent, and he seemed to me to be about as far off as the President of the United States, but I mustered up courage and went in. I saw a kindly looking gentleman seated before Webster's desk, but I was too much frightened to speak and stood there like a clam. Presently Mr. Brink, the superintendent, turned to Webster, and said, "I wonder why that night man doesn't come?"

I tremblingly replied, "I am the night man, sir."

He looked at me for a moment, and smilingly said, "Why, my lad, I thought you were a messenger boy." He then asked me for my story of the wreck. When I had told it, he seemed satisfied, and gave me

"I broke him about ten times."

much good advice; but in the end he said that I was too young to have the position, and I was discharged. But he added that in a few years he would be glad to have me

that I was an expert operator and desired a position. Mr. Bunnell must have been under a hypnotic spell, for by return mail he wrote, enclosing me a pass to Alfreda, Kansas, and

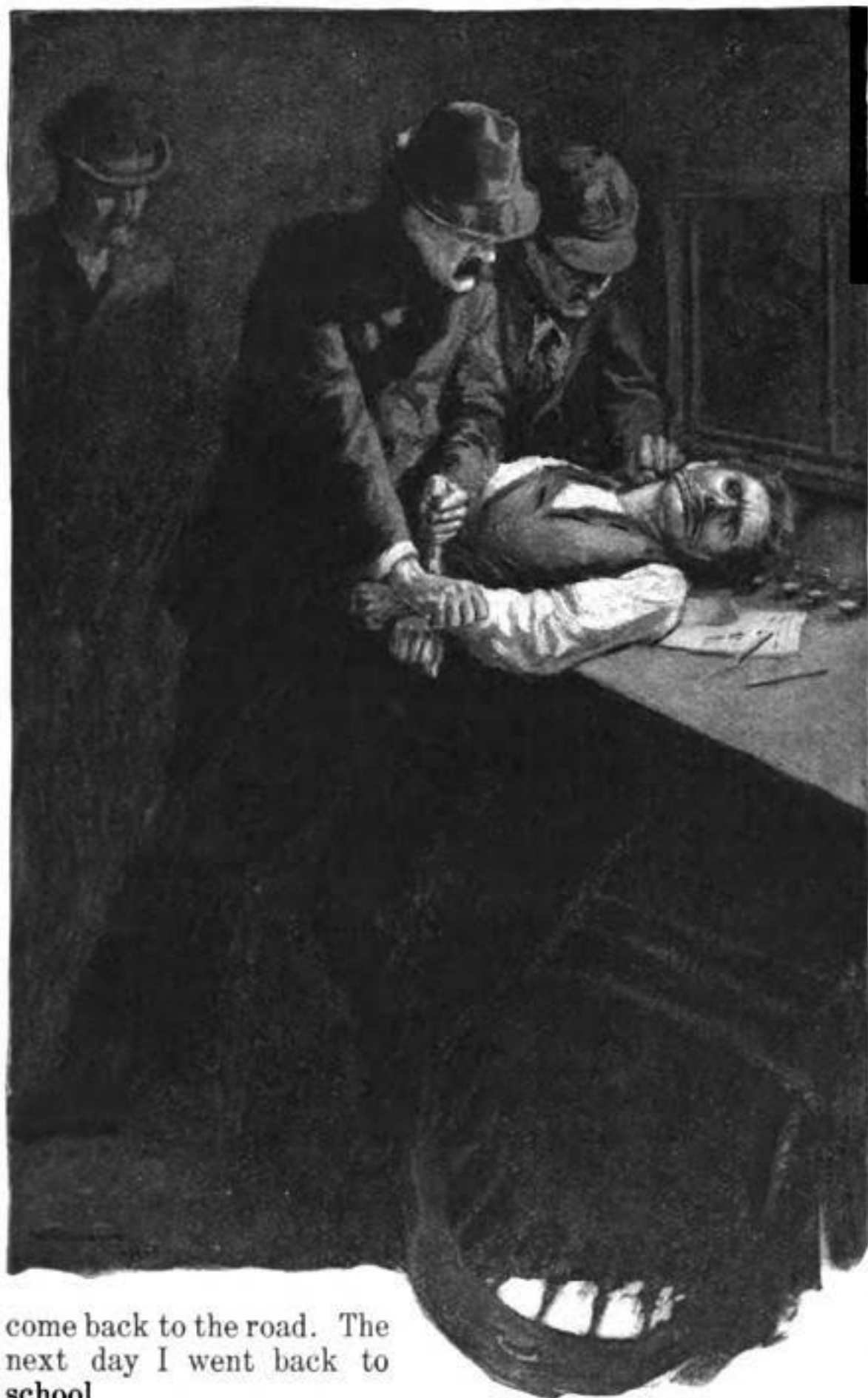
directing me to assume charge of the night office there, at \$37.50 a month. This was a slight decrease from my former salary, but I didn't care. I wanted a chance to redeem myself, and I felt confident that I could be more successful in my second attempt. So I packed my few belongings, bade good-bye to the school, and away I went.

When I left "Mn," I said nothing about my destination to anyone. I did not know a thing about Alfreda, except that it was near the border line between Kansas and Colorado. The brakeman on the train, in talking to me, told me it was a very pleasant place; but when he said so, I fancied I detected a sarcastic ring in his voice, and I was in no doubt about it when I arrived and saw what a desolate, dreary place Alfreda was. The only things in sight were a water-tank, a pump-house, and the telegraph office; and I wish you might have seen that office. It was simply the bed of a box-car, taken off the trucks, and set down with one end toward the track. A small platform, two windows, a door, and the signal board perched high on a pole completed the outfit.

I arrived at 6.30 in the morning; there wasn't a

living soul in sight. An hour later a man who proved to be the pumper came along. He looked at me, and after I had made myself known, he grinned and said, "Well, I hopes as how yez'll loike the place. Burke, the man who was here afore ye, got scared off by thramps."

I found that there was no day operator, and the only house around was the section house, two miles up the track. The operator and pumper boarded there with the sec-



come back to the road. The next day I went back to school.

"Two of them tied my hands in front of me."

AN ENCOUNTER WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.

My first attempt at holding an office had proved such a failure that I thought I should never have the heart to apply for another. I worked faithfully in school about a month, and then the fever to try again took hold of me. I knew it would be no use to apply to Mr. Brink, so I wrote to Mr. R. B. Bunnell, Superintendent of Telegraph of the P. Q. & X. Railroad, at Kansas City, Mo., saying

tion boss; but the company was magnanimous enough to furnish a railroad velocipede for their use. How I felt the first night, stuck away out there in that box-car, two

month, I went to work at seven o'clock as usual. It was a black night, threatening a big storm. The pumper had not gone home yet, and he remarked that it was "going to be a woild night," but that he hoped "the whistlin' of the wind" would "kape me company." Then he jumped on the velocipede, and off he went.

I didn't much relish the idea of the storm, for I knew the reputation of Kansas as a cyclone State, and my box-car office was not well adapted to stand a hurricane. However, I went inside, and after lighting my lamps, sat down and wrote letters, when I was not taking train orders. This office was kept up because it was a convenient place to deliver orders to freight trains at night when they stopped for water. About 12.30 in the morning my door opened suddenly, and a man stepped quickly in. I was startled, because this was almost the only man besides the pumper and the train-crews who had been there since I came. Once in a while a stray tramp had gone through, but this man was not a tramp. He wore a long overcoat buttoned up to his chin, with the collar turned up. A slouch hat pulled well down over his eyes so far concealed his face that his features were hardly visible. He came over to my desk and asked, "What time is there a passenger train east to-night?"

I answered that one went through at half-past one, the Overland Flyer, but it did not stop. Quick as a flash he pulled a revolver, and, poking it in my face, said: "Young man, you turn your red light and stop that train or I will make a vacancy in this office mighty quick."

The longer I gazed down the barrel of that revolver the bigger it grew, and it looked as if it were loaded to the muzzle with buckshot. When it had grown to about the size of a Gatling gun I concluded that "discre-

tion was the better part of valor" and turned my red light. Meanwhile the door opened again, and three more men came in. These were masked, and as soon as I saw them I knew that they were going to try to hold up the Overland Flyer. Often this train carried large amounts of bullion and currency East, and I supposed they had heard that there was a shipment to go through that night.



"After many efforts I finally reached the bottom cross-arm."

miles from the nearest house and twelve miles from the nearest town, I must leave it to be imagined. My heart sank and I had many misgivings, but I set my teeth hard and determined to do my best, with a hope that I might be promoted to a better office. I did win promotion, but I wouldn't go through my experiences there again for the whole road.

One night after I had been there about a

I was standing with my back to the table, and just then I heard the despatcher say that the *Flyer* was thirty minutes late from the West. I put my hands quietly behind me and let them rest on the key. I then carefully opened the key, and had just begun to speak to the despatcher when one of the men suspected me and said to the leader, "Bill, watch that little cuss. He's monkeying with that instrument, and may give them warning."

I stopped, and was trying to look unconcerned, when "Bill" said that "to stop all further trouble" he would bind and gag me. Thereupon two of the men tied my hands in front of me, bound my legs securely, and then thrust a villainously dirty gag into my mouth. When this was done, "Bill" said, "Throw him across those instruments, so they will keep quiet." They flung me upon the table face downwards, so that the relay was just under my stomach, and of course my weight against the armature of the relay stopped the clicking of the sounder. As luck would have it, my left hand just touched the key, and I found I could move the hand slightly. So I opened the key, and then pretended to be choking and struggled quite a little. The leader came over, and, giving me a good stiff punch in the ribs, said with an oath, "Keep quiet, or we will make you." I became quiet again, and then, when the men were engaged in earnest conversation, I began to telegraph softly to the despatcher. The relay being shut off by my weight, there was no noise from the sounder, and I sent so slowly that the key was noiseless. Of course I did not know on whom I was breaking in, but I kept on. I told the exact state of affairs, and asked him either to tell the *Flyer* not to heed my red light and go on through, or, better, to send an armed posse from Kingsbury, twelve miles up the road. I repeated the message twice, so that he would be sure to hear it, and then trusted to luck.

The cords and gag were beginning to hurt, and my anxiety was very great. The minutes dragged slowly by, and I thought that hour never would end; but it did end at last, and all of a sudden I heard the long calliope whistle of the *Flyer* coming down the grade. This was followed by two short blasts, that showed she had seen my red light and was going to stop. My one thought was, "Has she been warned?" The men went out, leaving me helpless on the table. I heard the whistle of the air-brakes and knew that the train must be slowing up.

My anxiety was intense. Presently I heard her stop at the tank, and then, in about a second, I heard the liveliest fusillade that I had ever heard in my life. It was sweet music to my ears, I can tell you, for it indicated to me, what proved to be the fact, that a posse was on board and that the robbers were foiled. One of them was shot and two were captured, but "Bill," the leader, escaped. They had horses hitched to telegraph poles, and as "Bill" went by the office I heard him say, "I'll fix that operator, anyhow." Then bang, crash went the glass in the window, and a bullet buried itself in the table not two inches from my head. I was not exactly killed, but I was frightened so badly, and the strain was so great, that when the trainmen came in and released me I at once lost consciousness. When I came to, I was surrounded by a sympathetic crowd of passengers and trainmen, and a doctor who had happened to be on the train was pouring something down my throat that soon made me feel better. As soon as I had recovered myself a little, I telegraphed to the despatcher what had happened, and the Chief, who had been sent for in the meantime, told me to close up the office, come East on the *Flyer*, and report for duty in his office as a copy operator.

That is how I won my promotion.

My change from Alfreda to the chief despatcher's office in Nicholson was indeed pleasant. The despatchers seemed somewhat dubious as to my ability to do the work, but I was rapidly improving in telegraphy, and, in spite of my extreme youth, I was allowed to remain. But railroad life is very uncertain, and one day we were very much surprised to hear that the road had gone into the hands of receivers. There were charges of mismanagement made against a number of the higher officials of the road, and one of the first things the receivers did was to have a "house-cleaning." The general manager, general superintendent, and a number of division superintendents resigned, and my friend the chief despatcher went with them. He was succeeded by the man who had been working the first "trick." This man did not like me, and, rather than give him the opportunity to dismiss me, I quit.

I was at home idle for a few weeks, and then, hearing that there might be an opening for operators on the C. Q. & R., a new road up in Nebraska, I once more started out. It was an all-night ride from my home to the division headquarters, and I thought I would be luxurious for once, and took a

sleeper. My berth was in the front end of the last car on the train. I retired about half-past ten and soon dropped off to sleep. I had been asleep perhaps two hours, when I was awakened by the car giving a violent lurch and then stopping suddenly. I was stunned and dazed for a moment, but I soon heard the cracking and breaking of timbers and the hissing of steam painfully near. I tried to rise up, but found that my narrow quarters would not permit of it. I then realized that we were wrecked. I felt that I had no bones broken, and my only fear was that the wreck would take fire. My fears were not groundless, for I soon smelled smoke. Then I felt that my time had come, and I had about given up hope when I heard the train-crew and passengers working above me, and in a few minutes I was taken out. It was an awful night—raining torrents and blowing almost a hurricane.

I now found that our train had stopped on account of a hot driving-box on the engine; the hind brakeman had been sent back to put out a flag, but, imagining there was nothing coming, he had neglected his duty, and before he knew it, a fast freight had come tearing around the bend, and a tail-end collision was the result. Seeing the awful effect of his neglect, the brakeman took out across the country and was never seen again. Two people in the sleeper were killed, and three were injured, while the engineer and the fireman of the freight were badly hurt by jumping.

As I stood watching the wrecked cars burn I heard the conductor say that he wished he had an operator with him. I told him I was an operator, and he said that there was a pocket instrument in the baggage-car, and asked me if I would cut in on the wire and tell the despatcher of the wreck. I assented, and we went forward to the baggage-car, where he gave me a pair of pliers, a pocket instrument, and about eight feet of office wire. I asked for a pair of climbers and more office wire, but neither was to be had. Here, therefore, was a pretty problem. The telegraph poles were thirty feet high; how was I to make a connection with only eight feet of wire and no climbers? I put the instrument in my pocket, and undertook to "shin up" the pole as I used to do when I was a schoolboy. After many efforts I finally reached the bottom cross-arm, and seated myself on it with my

legs wrapped around the pole. There was only one wire on this arm, so I had, comparatively speaking, plenty of room. On each of the other two cross-arms there were four wires, and there was also one strung along the tops of the poles. This made ten wires in all, and I had not the least idea which was the despatcher's wire. The pole was wet from the rain, which made the wires hot to handle. I had the fireman hand me up a piece of old wire he happened to have on the engine, and with it I made a flying cut in the third wire of the second cross-arm. Then with my eight feet of office wire I attached the little pocket instrument, and upon adjusting I found I was on a commercial wire. There I was, straddling a cross-arm between heaven and earth, with the instrument held on my knee, and totally ignorant of any of the calls or of the wire I was on. I yelled down to the conductor and asked him if he knew any of the calls. No; of course he didn't; and he was so excited that he didn't have sense enough to look on his time card, where the calls are always printed. Finally I opened my key, broke in on somebody, and said: "Wreck." The answer came, "Sine." I said, "I haven't any sine. No. 2, on the C. K. & Q., has been wrecked out here, and I want the despatcher's office. Can you tell me if he is on this wire?"

Now there is a vast difference between sending with a Bunnell key on a polished table, and sending with a pocket instrument on your knee, especially when you are perched on a thirty-foot telegraph pole, with the rain pouring down in torrents and the wind blowing almost a gale. Consequently, my sending was pretty "rocky," and some one came back at me with, "Oh, get out, you big ham." But I hung to it and made them understand who I was and what I wanted. The main office in Ouray cut me in on the despatcher's wire and I told him of the wreck. He said that he suspected No. 2 was in trouble, but he had no idea that it was so serious. He ordered out the wrecking train, and had the doctors come with it; so in about an hour our anxiety was relieved, the wounded were taken care of, and a decent wrecking office was put in. The division superintendent came out with the wrecking outfit, and for my services he offered me the day office at X—, and I accepted.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is the first of a series of real life stories, narratives of the personal experiences of a railroad telegrapher, which possess the same quality of stirring human interest that marked Herbert E. Hamblen's railroad articles.

EVICTION

AT DUNSHAUGHLIN BOG.

BY M. G. SAMPSON.

ALL the world knows Dunshaughlin Bog near the river Finn. Keep the road-way till you come to the Ballinasloe Lodge of Ballina Castle, then strike up into a bridle path at the left to Raphoe Mountain. From this, Ballina Castle can be seen—one of the most perfect castles in Donegal. The late Lord Ballina had passed here a life of festivity, but the present peer had left Ireland and established himself in India, and the domain was Dunmoyle's on a lease, the tenants paying Dunmoyle double what their fathers had paid Lord Ballina, and being consequently often in arrears.

Shannon and his wife had been all the way to Castlereagh, a good ten miles. Peggie had taken off her shoes, her temper proof against the wagon ruts, and was trying to pacify Shannon, a strong, off-hand looking young Irishman, for not having had a sixpence in his pocket to buy a half pound of tobacco.

"Lord bless me, Michael," Peggie said, stepping up close beside him, "isn't this for all the world like the evening the hailstorm come on and the car ran away with my father, and he coming home from McCoy's wedding, and a crowd of people in the road from Raphoe fair, and it all broke up with the stones going to be pounded, and the red shawl he had bought my mother in the gripe of the ditch, and she screaming, and the two wheels off and tattered, and a power of boys in the cabin drinking to Lord Ballina for letting the rent run on, and I dancing the ten toes off myself till the fiddle tumbled on the floor? Where in the world would you see an evening like that?"

Shannon threw Peggie a look.

"I mind well your father was bent that night, Peggie, you should settle on Rathdonnel. His tongue was wore to a shred trying to keep me away. My heart used be all as one as in my mouth when I'd see him teaching you toss up for fog-berries."

"God look down on us all," said Peggie, laughing a little. "Sure, Michael, it was hard for any of us to know what me poor father said that night. There wasn't a wiser

spoken man in the wide world, turn out who they could against him. Sure, my grandfather thought to make him a priest, but he was as good as dead that night with the whisky went down his throat, but he didn't care a brass button for Rathdonnel. He used to swear at him behind his back, only Rathdonnel hadn't the luck to hear him."

"Well, Peggie, you split Rathdonnel's heart into two halves," said Shannon.

A clear moon lit up the heavens when they reached Dunshaughlin Bog, on the edge of which stood their cabin. The door was open, and before it a pig lay sleeping in some fresh-turned earth. The beast raised himself on his hind legs, and looked at them.

Peggie was still almost a child in years, but the chubby round face of a boy peered above her shoulder. Shannon stooped slightly forward to enter the cabin door, threw off his cap, kicked his brogues from him, and seated himself on a three-legged stool close by the peat fire, a dreary look coming over his face. Peggie cleared her blue hooded cloak from a bramble, and perched herself on one corner of a deal table, heaped with potatoes upon which the earth was still moist, and began preparing them for a small pot beside the hod. She was a handsome, brave, warm-hearted young woman, with Irish blue eyes in which love seemed always stirring—one who could walk almost as lightly over the thorns of life as over its flowers.

"Michael," she said, pushing back the pig from the potatoes, "what's become of Rooney, the chap with one eye who was working at the public?"

"Rooney is going to leave before this time next week for America," said Shannon.

"Thank God," said Peggie, "for he would only starve with the hunger if he staid here."

"I haven't a doubt, Peggie, he would," said Shannon, directing his eye to a gap in the window where a hen was roosting, half through the glass. "God knows if we all live a twelvemonth. It's little I thought more than the man never was born to be having my cow go round to the pound and

Dunmoyle, fractious old trader, buying her up, and you, Peggie, getting Poor Law relief. I see the day, and Lord Ballina living, when geese come as fast as we could eat them, and as good bacon as ever was made, let alone herrings, fresh and salt."

"Well, faith, Shannon, I wish some one would put a morsel of herring in my mouth," said Rathdonnel, who now came. An old Irish setter, which had walked sulkily step by step behind him, at the door of the cabin pushed through before him, casting his eye at a little snug place underneath the bed. "But if my stomach is empty, I have something down here in my pocket has cost me trouble enough. There it is, and it's from Dunmoyle"—holding up a summons. "Sure, the sheriff's been chasing after me this three days, and I running round and back and everywhere through Dunshaughlin Bog to keep out of his way. He is ferreting me out of my life calling for money. Rent must be paid with all of us," Rathdonnel said, with an oath that made Peggie cross herself, "or we'll be turned out. Sure, I never slept a wink all night, thinking of it, and my turf stack ready for the winter."

Peggie, who was hospitable in her own way, bestirred herself about the potatoes. Rathdonnel took them from her hand, and peeled off the skins with his fingers.

"God bless you both," she said, "don't be thinking of Dunmoyle now. Time enough and we put to our shifts with the agent in the cabin. I wish to the Lord I could drag Lord Ballina out of his grave; he'd rid you of summonses. But if I live till Monday, Michael, I go down to Raphoe and get the plait and bring it home and sew it into bonnets and hats. That will pay for the meal, and with the blessing of God, this weather will soon fill out the potatoes."

"Och, Peggie, they won't buy hats of you in Raphoe," said Rathdonnel, in a tone of annoyance, "for those cursed sewing machines of Dunmoyle leave no work. He's never easy unless turning two guineas into three."

"If it wasn't Peggie would cry fit for ten burying, I'd be along with Rooney to America," said Shannon.

"I would drop dead myself," said Peggie, wiping her blue eyes, first with one corner of her apron, then with another; "but they wouldn't let you land, Michael, and you not a penny in your pocket. Sure you'd be sent back without even a blessing."

"Michael," said Rathdonnel, "did Rooney give you a hint so you see the ricks burning

last night? It was a fine sight, the whole face of the earth lit up with one of Dunmoyle's barns. He may grind the face of us and bring a lawsuit every day in the week, but if it pleases Heaven spare us, it may cost him a plump bit in the end. I tell you, Peggie, a man that will dig up a fairy-mount, as Dunmoyle did, will have no luck. Sure, Lord Ballina's bailiff himself sent five women see could he stop it; but no, Dunmoyle took every grain of sand in it, and there isn't a Christian of us now knows where it is. Little wonder all to be upside down with us. The heathen, not know a fairy-mount when he sees it!"

The pig was trying all this time to get a potato from the baby. Peggie brought things to a crisis by firing one of Shannon's brogues over his head, whereupon the hungry pair began munching the potato together.

"Well, it would take a man twice as good as Dunmoyle to bring me before the justice," said Shannon, "and I'll not pay him a shilling either. Look at the bit of a rental he pays Lord Ballina and throw all the distress on us."

"Don't fret, Michael," said Peggie. "Sure, I dreamed in my bed last night you had ditching brought you in a pound."

"What in the devil's name, Peggie, makes you never know you are wet till you're drowned?" said Rathdonnel, springing impatiently to his feet. "Better have a shilling in your pocket than a pound in a dream. You mustn't want spirit."

"There is a differ between wanting spirit and wanting sense," said Peggie, walking up to Shannon's side.

"I could give Dunmoyle my heart's blood if he'd do by me as he should," said Shannon: "treat me as if I was a man."

"Every station has that right," put in Rathdonnel. "I lay a shilling, with all his pretensions, Dunmoyle's lived in a small cage sometime. It isn't all his life he sat with a pipe in his mouth watching a dog-fox go by to the turnip field."

"He don't dare sit a horse hasn't plenty of bone beneath the knee," laughed Shannon. "Isn't so? Lord save us, Lord Ballina was a gentleman, and heart and soul a sportsman. He didn't care for money; he spent every week what Dunmoyle would spend in a year; he'd as soon pay twice over the worth of a thing; he lived like the men about him, and wasn't afraid if his checks once in a while did come back to him."

"You were only a small slip then," said Rathdonnel, turning an admiring glance

towards Peggie, "but Shannon and me mind the castle full every winter, hunting and shooting. You couldn't see the turnips for the partridges then, and the sky black with the woodcock. A Donegal linen draper's no hand at anything like that; he knows a five note and the ways of Dame Street, that's all. He sent Cusick off—I saw it myself—to bring out some trash for the dairy, and he only paid him ninepence, made him carry three stone of earthenware and a slab of marble thirteen miles."

Shannon went presently to the baby, and laid one hand on his amber-tinted head. "Peggie," he said, "I'll wrack every stick in the place in smithereens before Dunmoyle shall touch the cabin, and I'll send him a civil message to say so."

"He'll be after giving you a skinful of broken bones to bring to Peggie," said Rathdonnel, rising from a rickety little stool on which he had maintained his balance with difficulty.

"I don't care a traneeen if he does," said Shannon, querulously. Just then a black-bird gave his tally-ho of a whistle. "Talk of shooting," continued Shannon, "I am fond of shooting myself, but I never get a shot now without the risk of a jail. It would be cheaper for me to kill a cow than a woodcock; but I'll fly a salmon whensoever I get a spot that nobody sees me, and draw the river, too, with a line at night. Dunmoyle may call it poaching if he likes, but the Lord put the salmon in the Finn, and I see nothing amiss in me filling my basket; call it poaching if he likes. What would Dunmoyle care if I never snapped a cap or threw a line?"

Rathdonnel passed out from the cabin to the garden, where he came upon Peggie standing beside the pig. The moon was shining brightly, illuminating the old frieze clothes that were broken and full of patches. "I'm as bare of clothes," he said, when just abreast of her, "as the day I was born."

"God go with you, Rathdonnel," said Peggie, her blue eyes fixed gravely upon him. "I wish your soul was as bare of sin."

Rathdonnel made no attempt to revolve this caustic characterization, but flicked off the ash of his pipe and laughed.

Troubles were soon flying all around Raphoe. A fresh constabulary had been brought, the sergeant had made some unwarranted arrests, and there were rumors of more to follow.

Peggie sat in the door of the cabin; the bog was silent; the only sound about the

place was the crowing of the baby. Suddenly she heard a step, and Shannon, who had come back from Raphoe, was in the garden.

"I've had a quarter of a mile to walk through a mob of men," he said. "I can tell you, Peggie, as we have supper. The constabulary drove to the station; some of them was leaving by the train. Half an hour after they left, Lackey was near hamstringing Dunmoyle in the glen between him and Colonel Byrne."

Peggie had seated herself at the table with the baby upon her knee, one arm passed around his trim strong waist. Shannon glanced across at her. "I'm not sure, Peggie," he said, "but I'd be willing myself have the vagabonds beating the bog for me if I could know there was a bullet ready to be took out of Dunmoyle's ugly body."

"God help us, Michael," said Peggie, "don't you be swore to murder, or we'll all have bad luck and a curse. Look how the lot fell on McMann. Poor as we are, we can walk the high road now in the face of day; better that than trembling in a copse."

Shannon desisted from argument, but the ligaments of his neck were elongated as he thrust his head forward, conscious that Peggie was watching him. He was a man of excitable and affectionate nature, strong and brave, but he loathed his life as it was at present, and longed to strive after another.

Meetings were arranged for every night. The society met in Raphoe; the old room on the second floor of the public was always crowded, and hosts of little papers upon Dunmoyle's cruelty and Dunmoyle's injustice poured from the Raphoe press. Shiel, a cousin of Rathdonnel's, was shot in attempting to resist the service of a warrant for his arrest.

"Shiel was a fine, brave fellow," said Shannon. They were all just back from the churchyard. "God help us. To think of the children and only Bridget's two hands to work for them now!"

"I wonder will Dunmoyle look to her now?" said Mullins. "It's a pity Lord Ballina is not in it. He saw to every one. The blessings of the poor he had, carried his soul to heaven."

"Well, the widow of Shiel shall never make a poor mouth to Dunmoyle," said Rathdonnel. "There was always full and plenty in Shiel's father's house, and Dunmoyle's taken all except Shiel's heart's blood, and that he took at last like a cow or a horse, and no time to make his soul. I

didn't know his face when I looked on it. Think of that, Shannon, his own cousin didn't know his face."

"Dunmoyle'll never look near Bridget," said Mullins. "He'll only think it's a nuisance that she's there at all." As he spoke, Dunmoyle came in view, mounted on a somewhat fidgety mare.

"Look at him," laughed Shannon, "the measly chestnut is the pick of his stables. I'd like to see Dunmoyle with the hounds running. The only thing he cares is not to get wet on his leathers."

At the funeral Rathdonnel had indulged in five or six glasses of raw spirits, and, thrusting his hat over his face, made his exit across the little Raphoe street and took a bridle path which led around Ballinasloe Mountain. The solitude, broken only by pheasants chasing one another and the corncrake poking across the stubble, influenced him as it never had done before, and the thought of living in a world like this homeless, or languishing in a country beautiful as Donegal without food, exasperated him.

As he lay, his face to the earth, the sound of stones torn by a horse's feet caught his ear, and looking ahead, he saw Dunmoyle's mare, the mists folding her in drapery, stepping gingerly over the boles of fallen trees, rounding a point sheltered by a rock. Rathdonnel crawled through the brambles, and rolled a boulder down the incline of the mountain directly in front of Dunmoyle.

Rathdonnel was a man of great strength; a blow from his shillalah, which had been tempered in a dung-heap, would fell Dunmoyle. Still, if he took his chances with him, it was not impossible that, braced with anger, the fight would go wrong and he might find himself lodged in Raphoe jail. Dunmoyle stopped before reaching the boulder, and, letting the reins fall on the mare's neck, dismounted to tighten the girth, giving the stone a whack which knocked the riding whip out of his hand.

Something seemed to break loose in Rathdonnel's brain. He raised his hand and thrust at Dunmoyle, and springing forward got the whip from his hand, and with a gesture of his arm sent him headlong down the steep descent. Then, pushing his way back through the stubble where the mare stood restless, the rims of her nostrils expanding, he took hold of the bridle that hung down, and switching her on the belly, watched her scramble down the mountain. Her return to Ballina Castle would be the token of a fatal

fall from the saddle, without a trace of foul play.

Early the next morning he came under Shannon's window. In a corner of the cabin Peggie and Shannon lay sleeping, the baby between them. Leaning through the broken pane, radiating an aroma of tobacco, he said: "Michael, do you hear the word they're making about Dunmoyle? Sure, since yesterday they haven't a trace of him only that he went the road over Raphoe Mountain; but the mare's come back to the stable, and they're going to search the gulch. No one only a cat could reach it. McCrum says he'll let himself down with a rope, but if it's there Dunmoyle is, we'll leave him till he rots. He'll never be in Raphoe again, for it's the nearest place to hell in Ireland."

"How did he get there?" said Shannon, embracing Peggie with one arm.

"No one only God can tell that," said Rathdonnel; "but he was strange to the mountain, and if he has tried his luck at a tumble, maybe he got a lodging he didn't dream of."

"Och, Rathdonnel, but you take the sight out of my eyes," said Peggie, turning away her face and holding fast the baby. "Give me the cloak, Michael, behind you, quick, and let me out of the cabin; I'm smothering."

Wrapped up in her blue cloak, Peggie stepped over the threshold and sat down in one corner of the garden, and began braiding her long, thick, black hair. "Please God, nothing has happened Dunmoyle," she said, slowly turning her blue shaded eyes on Rathdonnel, who had followed. "It would be a bad thing to see a man go before the Lord and no soul in him."

"Where were you, Michael, at the heel of the evening?"

"Where was I?" said Shannon. "Sure, it was last night, and the shindy was at Mullin's to finish Shiel's wake. We had the pipes and tobacco, and Mullin let me have the whisky on credit, so I was sittin' down in Dunshaughlin Bog, singing to myself, when I come home to keep myself from sleeping."

The baby, his sleeves rolled up, was crowding himself behind Peggie to have a spree over some curdled milk.

"For heaven sakes, Michael, what's the matter?" she said, pointing towards the bog, where a sergeant of police and three soldiers in red coats were hurrying toward the cabin. "What brings them here?"

"They're everywhere, and will be till they nab some one," said Rathdonnel.

"I have a warrant here," said the sergeant, as though addressing them all; and then turning to Shannon, "Mullin's whisky made you talk last night," he said. "You swore to destroy all belonging to Dunmoyle. No one can find him. The town is fuller than it can hold, and they say you must be put before the justice."

Peggie, without knowing what she was doing, had left the corner and was in the doorway, listening to the conversation, looking at Shannon and he at her, as they went from one word to another. As the sergeant watched her, the baby with its fat little hand seized hold of the warrant. "God be with us, Michael, do you know anything about Dunmoyle?" she asked, unlocking the blue cloak and pulling it down below her shoulders as though to breathe the better.

"Shannon saw Dunmoyle go off on the mare," said the sergeant; "I know that for sure."

"Dunmoyle went by the public, and the whole of Shiel's funeral watching him," said Shannon.

"Well, we can't find him," said the sergeant, drawing tighter the strap of his belt, "and I must take you."

Peggy turned pale as Shannon gave a bound to his feet to say good-by, but on the edge of the bog he heard a cry, and after going a few steps more, saw Peggie in the arms of Rathdonnel, and tearing himself away from the soldiers and swearing an Irish oath, he went back to her.

"It's a pity of her," said the sergeant; "she's near dead with the fright, and small blame to her. She came of honest, decent, God-fearing people. Bad cess to you, Shannon; this is your cursed work. Feel of her heart. Sure it's moving every way."

Shannon dropped on his knee by Peggie's side and threw the long blue cloak on the turf. "Peggie," he whispered, "I am holding you in my own arms. Don't you feel me? Lord have mercy on us, Peggie, I'm telling you only the truth. I never raised a finger to hurt Dunmoyle."

"Don't let her die without the priest who

christened her," said the sergeant; "I'll go every inch of the way, have him myself."

"Och, I'm easy as to the life of Peggie's soul," said Shannon. "What I want is to see her put her blue eyes on me."

"Of course you do, Shannon," said the sergeant, "but I'm a bit of a doctor, and I tell you she has panted the breath of her body out. Her heart hasn't beat this fifty seconds. The blood in her veins is still."

The soldiers stood about in a variety of positions, the baby among them. Suddenly Shannon felt Peggie's heart beating against his arm. He gave a rather contemptuous glance at the sergeant.

"Rathdonnel," he said, "come you here and look at her. See, Peggie, darling, there's the bed in the corner for you."

Rathdonnel looked at Peggie, Shannon's thick fingers in her handsome black hair.

"See here," he said to the sergeant, "no one's hands shall be heavy on her. It wasn't Shannon give Dunmoyle the length of himself last night in Ballina Gulch. I did it myself, and there's no sin on my soul, for many's the day and night Dunmoyle gave me an empty stomach. Glory be to God left me strength to do it. Sure, Dunmoyle will not be missed out of Raphoe by so much as a dog; and why should he, starving facing us? Not a cabin to put me head in, nor land to give a rabbit a run. The thing for me to do is better myself or die. I'm like to do that lying in the road."

"Och, saints in heaven, Rathdonnel," said Peggie, crossing her forehead, her lovely blue eyes opening and responding to Shannon's glances, "don't be talking ill of the dead."

The sergeant wondered to see Rathdonnel taking the blame on himself. "If you stand to this, Rathdonnel," he said, "do you know what will become of you?"

"Damn what becomes of me," said Rathdonnel, coolly picking up his shillalah. "You may have the law of me. Sure, I haven't a wife like that at the back of me. I'd sooner part with my neck than let anything harm her."



A COUPLE O' CAPTAINS.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," "The Story of the Railroad," etc.

"JIMINY Christmas," groaned Tom, "how my arm aches!"

"Don't think o' your arm," said Gene, twisting in his blankets. "I'd take your wound for the prospect of promotion that hangs over your head."

"Be quiet," said Tom, and he sighed heavily.

The stars were burning like coals of fire in the blue above them, and all about the winds were breathing in the sage-brush. The two boys had been in battle that day—a hot fight with the Sioux—and Tom had labored and larruped a wily warrior single-handed and alone under the very nose of the Colonel, and for that reason and not because he had received a slight, though painful, wound in his arm, his comrade Gene argued that promotion would come to Tom. It did come, and still another, and in less than a month's time he was a captain.

Gene was a big, brave, strong youth, and it was not long until he, too, began to take on markers at the tops of his shoulders. Without any of that invisible something commonly called "pull," both boys fought themselves up so that at the end of the five years' strife with the Sioux they were captains of cavalry. It was all very exciting: even thrilling at times. But the war ended one fine day, as wars will, and the two captains found themselves without employment, and, one of them at least, without tangible means of support. The disbanding of the army had thrown some thousands of men suddenly upon a country in which all the good jobs seemed to be filled.

"We must do something," said Tom.

"Yes," assented his friend; "we'll have to get married or go to work sooner or later, I suppose."

"I wish we could get into something together."

"Like enough if we did get in together, they'd put us in separate cells," said Gene. He had money—not much, perhaps, but money—and parents well-to-do, and could afford to joke. But it was a serious matter with Tom. He was as poor as a Greek and

as proud as a Spaniard. One day he hailed Gene with a happy shout, and announced that he had a job for both, where they could work together by day and bunk together at night.

"So it's work, is it?" asked Gene, looking his friend over.

"Well, yes. You were not expecting a job stopping balls in a tennis court, were you?"

"Not exactly; but I thought we were going into some sort of business together."

"This is business—good business, and you wind it up with a brake-chain every time the whistle blows."

"What is it?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

"W-h-a-t?"

"Braking on the Burlington."

Gene smiled.

The Burlington had just been opened as far as Omaha, and Ottumwa was only a small settlement. Iowa was right out on the raw edge of the wide, wild West. The Indians were wrecking stations and robbing freight cars, and a flagman three cars from the caboose couldn't call his scalp his own.

"Passenger train, I presume?" said Gene, breaking the hush.

"Freight."

"What?"

"Freight."

"Say, Tom, you're crazy. What you want to throw yourself away on a box-car for? It won't do—not for me—it's preposterous!"

"It beats walking."

"Perhaps, but we haven't had to walk yet. Think of it! Society column of the Chicago 'Tribune,' 'Captain Smith and Captain Jones are braking on freight out of Ottumwa.' Come, Tom, I'm not broke yet; besides, you are too young and handsome to be killed."

"Then you won't go?"

"No," said Gene, and he began to sing:

"Don't you go, Tommy, don't go;
Stay away, Tommy, don't go."

"Well, I've always feared it would come

to this sooner or later," said Tom. He held out his hand, and Gene took it.

"I love you, Tommy," said he, "but I can't join you in a blue jumper and go skating with you over the icy tops of rolling box-cars."

"Good-by," said Tom.

"Good-by! God be good to you, captain—my captain!"

"The same to you," called Tom, and his friend watched him wander away down among the cars in the newly railed freight yards.

"Ticket," called the conductor.

The man was reading.

"Ticket," and he touched the man's shoulder, and the man looked up.

"Why—hel-lo, Tom. What you doing?"

"I'm trying to run this train," said Tom, passing the punch to his left hand in order to shake the hand the passenger held out.

When the conductor had worked the train, he came back to the passenger with the book.

"Say, Gene," said the ticket-taker, "I was so elated over this unexpected pleasure that I forgot to get your ticket. You ought to be ashamed to make me ask the third time for it."

"Well, you can keep right on, for I've got no ticket. I had barely time to throw myself aboard as the train pulled out."

"Well, you've got money, haven't you? 'Cause if you haven't, I know where you can borrow."

Gene smiled and gave up, and then the two ex-captains of cavalry sat and talked of the old days, when there were no railroads there.

"Well, Tom, you've made a great success of this railroad business, and I'm proud of you," said Gene, glancing at the bright blue uniform the Captain wore.

Tom smiled. "What are you driving at, Gene?"

"Readin' law."

"Well," said Tom, "I guess that'll beat brakin' on freight."

And so the two men talked on to the end of the run, the conductor dropped off, and the law student went on to Chicago.

In the jam and crowd about the gates of the Burlington station at Chicago men often bump up against old comrades unexpectedly, and so it fell out that as Gene was sweeping through a narrow gate he ran bang into a man.

"Hello, Gene," said the man, "wait a moment."

Gene waited impatiently for five minutes, it seemed to him. He was glad enough to meet an old friend, but the diagram had gone to the sleeping-car conductor, and Gene wanted to secure a place. Finally, as the train was about to pull out—in fact, the time was up by the big clock on the wall—the waiting traveler was gladdened by the reappearance of the busy man.

"What's the matter with you, Tom? Do you want me to get left?"

Tom smiled. "My dear Gene, don't you know this train would not pull out without you?"

"That's all very funny," Gene replied; "but I've got no place to sleep."

"Well, you won't sleep much to-night, for you are going to sit up and visit with me."

By this time Tom had been met by a smart black porter, who, at a faint signal from his master, took the hand baggage from the over-anxious traveler and ran up the rear steps of the rear-most car.

"Is this my car?" asked Gene, stopping and glancing along the platform.

"No, it's mine; but you can ride. Come, hand yourself aboard; I shan't make you put up this trip."

The train conductor, ever alert, saw the two men enter the car, lifted his white light, and the big engine breathed softly, and moved out of the station shed.

Gene, following the trail of the black boy, stood upon the platform of a car that seemed to be all plate glass, and stepped hesitatingly into a luxurious drawing-room.

"Now what's all this folderol, Tom?" asked Gene, for he had been abroad and had lost track of his old "pal" of the plains.

Tom was a modest man, and so told his friend in a modest way that he was the General Manager and that this was the private car that the company had given over for his comfort and convenience. We may suppose it was a pleasant evening that the two captains passed as the train carried them away to the West.

A few years later Tom left the Burlington and went over to take charge of the Union Pacific. He had an agreement that gave him a fabulous salary, and the written promise of the owners of the property that the road should be run by him from Omaha and not by anyone else, and, above all, that he should not be compelled to take signals from

the seaboard, given by men who were in the habit of putting a day coach in the shops to have the stove changed to "the front end," instead of turning the car on the table or running it round a "Y."

This good and useful man had been at his new post but one short year when he was called in by the Great Manager of the Universe, and when the news of his death went over the wire it made heavy the hearts of thousands of railway employees all over this Continent, for he was, without question, one of the most humane managers that has ever lived.

All night long, from North to South, from East to West, as the conductor swung down from a coach or a way car the operator would meet him and say in a low tone, "Tom Potter's dead." In most cases the conductor would make no reply, but when he handed the order up to the engineer he

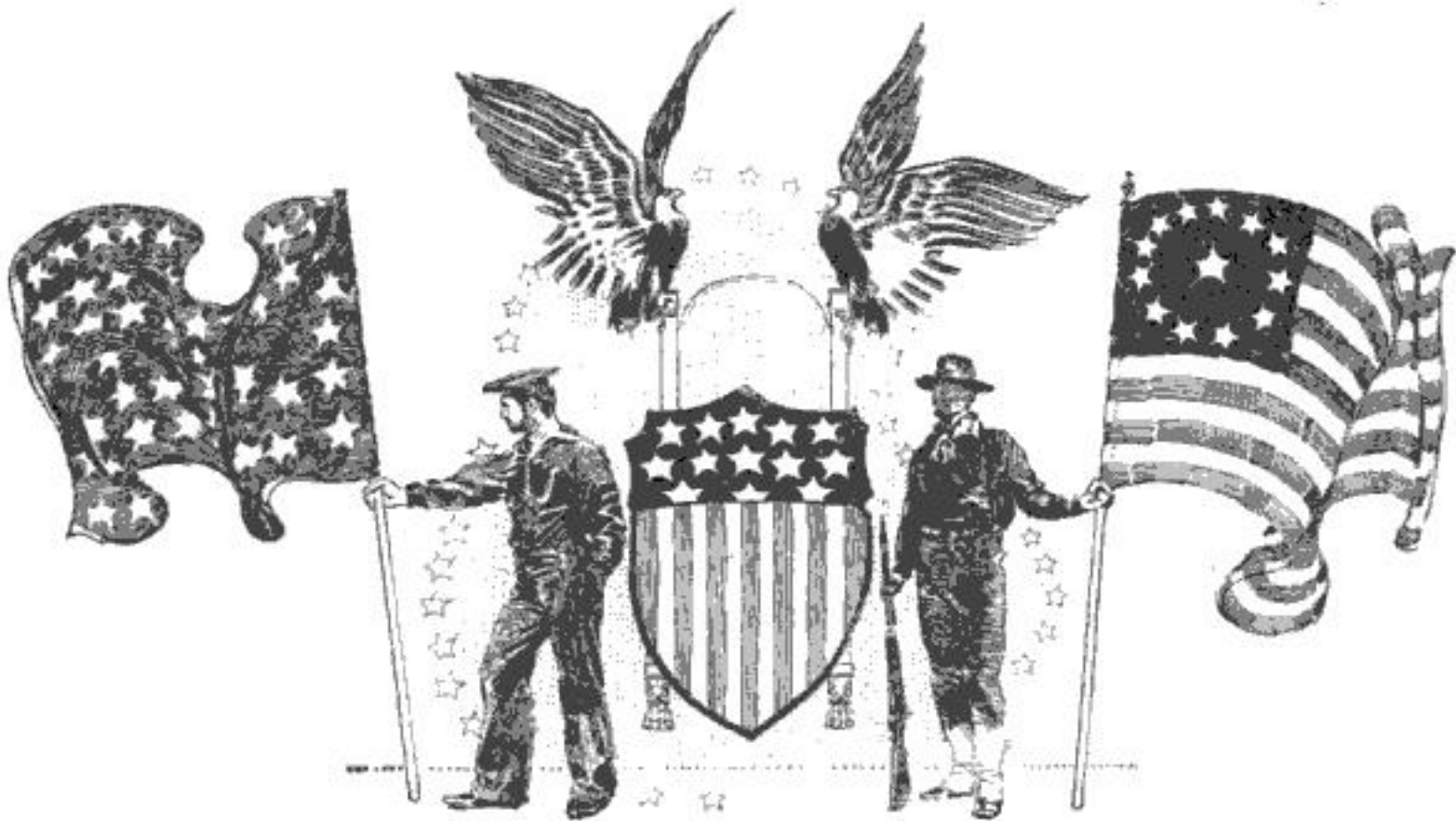
would say, as the operator had said to him, "Tom Potter's dead."

"No!" the engineman would say, turning to watch the conductor, who was already taking his way sadly back to the caboose to break the news to the brakemen.

"What's that?" asks the fireman.

"Tom Potter's dead." And then the engineer would open the throttle slowly, and if she slipped, he gave her sand and humored her, and he didn't swear.

The other captain, who has also made a name and a place for himself, is still with us. He is the "split-trick" in the prosperous law firm of Gleed, Ware, and Gleed, of Topeka. He is the wholesome, happy, two-hundred-pound poet of the Kansas capital whose *nom-de-plume* is "Ironquill"; and if you doubt this story, it is probably because you have been reading romances and have lost confidence in the simple true tales that from time to time appear in print.



THE COST OF THE WAR.

BY FRANK A. VANDERLIP,

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

SUCCESS in modern warfare is largely a matter of money. Without a well-supplied war chest neither armies nor navies can be made effective. It cannot be denied that intelligence and valor are prime requisites, and that dauntless courage bears a leading part in the victory. Without the persevering bravery of General Shafter's troops, and the skill and intrepidity of our naval heroes, the strongholds of Santiago might still be in possession of the Spanish soldiery. Their achievements are now a part of the world's imperishable history. Back of these men, however, were energiz-

ing influences—the wealth and resources of the richest nation in the world. Millions were required in order that the instruments of warfare might be placed in their hands, and untold millions still in reserve gave them assurance that if they fell others would be pushed forward until their mission was accomplished. The war power of a people, as represented by their wealth, must therefore be held to share in the glories of their successes.

THE COST OF WARS IN GENERAL.

The cost of war is not merely to be reckoned by the loss of men and the expenditure of money. We must consider also the less apparent but greater loss which is represented by the destruction of capital. It is comparatively easy, when the strife is over and the accounts are rendered, to determine with some degree of accuracy the loss of life and the outlay of treasure. The English statistician Mulhall tells us that the wars of ninety years, down to 1880, involved an expenditure of \$14,778,000,000, besides the loss of 4,470,000 lives. The cost of our Civil War is given at \$3,589,000,000. This evidently does not include expenditures since the close of that war for property destroyed, nor the pension roll of thirty-three years—all the direct result of the war. The Treasury accounts for these items even so long ago as June 30, 1879, amounted to \$2,500,000,000. No separate accounts of such expenditures have been kept since that date, except for pension payments, which alone aggregate, for that period, \$1,800,000,000, making a grand known total of nearly \$8,000,000,000 to the present year, while pension payments will not cease for many years to come.

The Franco-German War, which began July 15, 1870, and ended February 26, 1871, and is destined to bear some analogy to the Spanish-American War, at least in the matter of duration, cost both nations, in round numbers, \$1,537,814,000.

In any war conducted for the purpose of mere conquest or revenge there is a cost which is beyond estimate. Influences are propagated which affect the state and individual and which must be reckoned as a part of the gain or expenditure. As an illustration, it is said that after the Hundred Years' War in France and the Thirty Years' War in Germany there was a very perceptible decline in the civilization of each of these countries, and that it required decades (some say several centuries in the case of the Hundred Years' War) for them to be restored to their former

condition. It may easily be seen that here was a loss which simply passes all understanding.

THE FIRST APPROPRIATION FOR THE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Concerning the inquiry as to the cost in dollars of our war with Spain, we may properly begin with the first appropriation looking to the national defense. It will be recalled that while active preparations were being made, both by the army and by the navy, so far as regular appropriations would permit, prior to March 9th nothing in the way of money especially intended for war purposes had been provided. The suggestion, however, of the Spanish government looking to the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana was so menacing that President McKinley consulted with the leaders in both the Senate and the House, and Congress unanimously and without debate appropriated \$50,000,000 at once for the national defense. All the world knows how prompt was the action of Congress and how well prepared was the Treasury, which, on that day, held as an available cash balance the sum of \$224,541,637, of which \$168,863,179 was in gold. Fifty millions more could have been as easily spared, and there was a question whether for the moral effect it would not have been better to have appropriated that amount. However, fifty millions set apart at one time for war preparation was sufficient to draw attention abroad to the fact that the United States was, so far as money resources were concerned, ready to enter into conflict. The money thus appropriated by Congress was to be expended under the direction of the President, and he was hampered by not a single restriction. The President proceeded to distribute to the several Executive Departments such portions of the appropriation as he deemed were required by the necessities of their services. The allotments thus made were as follows: Navy Department, \$29,973,274.22; War Department, \$19,811,647.95; Treasury Department, \$55,000; and State Department, \$53,860.89; a total of \$49,893,783.06, leaving \$106,216.94 unallotted.

THE COST OF GETTING THE NAVY READY.

All are familiar with the extraordinary energies which were set on foot by the money thus devoted to preparation for the national defense. Harbors long defense-

less were mined; work on coast defenses was rushed; supplies and equipments for the army were hastily ordered; the markets of the world were drawn upon for these to the full extent, and for ammunition and guns; and the work of strengthening the navy was pushed with remarkable vigor. The number of vessels in the navy was more than doubled, the list of new vessels including 27 converted yachts, 26 tugs, 8 colliers, 8 cruisers, and 9 torpedo boats, ferry boats, lighters, and supply ships.

This fleet was purchased at a total cost of \$17,748,385. Many vessels were also leased for use as transports, ice boats, lighters, and water barges. The auxiliary cruiser "Harvard," formerly the steamship "New York," and the "Yale," formerly the "Paris," each cost the Government \$2,000 a day. They were appraised at \$1,900,000 each, and in case either had been lost the Government would have been responsible for that amount. The "St. Louis" and the "St. Paul" were hired to the Government at \$2,500 a day each, and their appraised value was \$3,175,000 each.

The guns of the navy are expensive arms. The cost of a 13-inch gun is \$63,000, and its mount, \$18,500. An 8-inch gun costs \$12,000, and its mount, \$5,500. To fire one of the 13-inch armor-piercing shells costs \$560, and the 8-inch shells, which have proved so effective in this war, are fired at a cost of \$134 (sums materially less than imaginative war correspondents have put them). These expensive charges have been fired many times since the war began, and no doubt the ammunition supplies have been heavily drawn upon, to be immediately replenished. Some idea of the cost of ammunition may be had from a statement of the Secretary of the Navy.

THE COST OF SUPPLYING AND MOVING A BATTLESHIP.

"The cost of materials for a complete supply of ammunition," says Secretary Long, "to once refill all the vessels of the navy, including the five unfinished battleships, would be \$6,521,985; not including them, \$1,836,482 less." The cost of ammunition for one battleship of the "Kearsarge" class is \$383,197. Admiral Dewey probably carried into Manila Harbor powder, shot, and shell to the value of \$1,000,000. Each of the five times his squadron passed the firing arc before the doomed Spanish fleet, it expended a round \$100,000 for overthrowing the cruelties of Spanish rule. An equal

sum—another \$500,000—expended in destroying Cervera's fleet, cost Spain more than thirty times that sum, since the Spanish vessels were valued at \$16,500,000. The collier "Merrimac," sunk by Lieutenant Hobson in the attempt to blockade Santiago Harbor, cost \$342,000, a comfortable fortune even in the United States, and yet of small significance placed alongside the important motive and splendid daring of its crew.

Each battleship and armored cruiser of the navy represents a very large outlay of money. The "Oregon" cost \$3,791,777; and the average cost of such vessels in recent years has been three and a quarter million. Besides this, the vessels of our new navy have earned premiums for exceeding speed limits ranging from \$414,600, by the "Minneapolis," to \$36,857, by the "Newark," and aggregating almost \$3,250,000 for the whole twenty-four speed earners.

An illustration of what it costs to move war vessels may be found in the expense of the trial trips. The average cost to the Government for each such trip is about \$25,000. Therefore, to move a whole fleet hundreds of miles, repeating the experience at frequent intervals, soon runs into large figures. To illustrate: Admiral Dewey's coal bill alone for the month of April last was \$81,872.91. It was, however, with this coal that he steamed from Hong Kong to Manila, and there won his memorable victory.

HOW THE MONEY WAS RAISED.

The expense of carrying on a war necessitates either the raising of funds by borrowing or by increased taxation. The excuse for a loan, instead of at once raising the whole amount required by taxation, is found in the fact that it is inconvenient and often impossible to raise by taxation the amount needed within the time required. The experience of the United States at the present moment demonstrates such a condition. Congress has taken the middle ground on this question by giving authority for raising a portion of the amount required by a loan, and at the same time by levying additional taxes. The act to provide ways and means to meet war expenditures, approved June 13th, in addition to the increased taxation provided, carries with it the authority for an issue of bonds, and in pursuance of that authority, \$200,000,000 of twenty-year three-per-cent. bonds have been issued. At the

present time the money raised by this loan is in the national Treasury, and available, as declared by the act, only for the expenses of the war. If it should be the pleasure of the Government to redeem these bonds, in accordance with their terms, at the expiration of ten years, the interest to be paid thereon will have amounted to \$60,000,000; or, if it should be more convenient to permit them to run for the full period, the interest paid will have amounted to \$120,000,000. Either of these amounts, as the case may be, must be taken as a part of the cost of the war. To this must be added the expense of floating the loan, which amounted to something less than \$200,000, or one-tenth of one per cent. In passing, it may not be amiss to say that the bonds of the war loan of 1898 have been placed in the hands of the people without any intermediate expense for commission. It is the most successful loan the Government ever has floated. Expenses, including commissions paid during the refunding of the Civil War loans, when \$1,395,000,000 of bonds were issued, amounted to one-half of one per cent., or \$6,976,729.

There is still another source of war revenue. Many patriotic gifts have been made to the Government by individuals in aid of the present war. These have come from rich and poor alike, and are entered in a separate new Treasury account opened for this purpose. An old soldier of Indiana, who did not give his name, sent a twenty-dollar national bank note, to which was pinned a slip of paper reading: "An old soldier divides his pension with the Government to assist in the prosecution of the war." Miss Helen Gould of New York gave \$100,000 in cash, and another wealthy resident of New York presented a vessel to the navy. A Polish Jew of Nebraska sent his check for \$200, and in transmitting it he said that he was beyond military age, but that he was now a naturalized citizen of the United States, and he knew of no other way to show his appreciation of the boon of liberty than by asking the Government to accept his donation. President McKinley himself acknowledged this gift. Greater still than the money value of these unsolicited gifts is the spirit they reveal of a love of country and of humanity which makes us all one people.

COMPARISON OF PEACE AND WAR APPROPRIATIONS.

Perhaps a better idea may be obtained as to the cost of the war by contrasting the

appropriations made in ordinary times with those which Congress has provided for the present emergency. Since 1890 the annual expenditure for the army and navy has averaged not quite \$250,000 a day, while the present expenditure is five times that sum. A few examples will give a clearer appreciation of this increased expenditure. For the whole of the last fiscal year Congress appropriated for army subsistence \$1,650,000; for only six months up to December 31, 1898, Congress has already appropriated more than \$23,000,000 to cover the extraordinary expenses of the war. The corresponding items for transportation are: \$2,400,000 and \$89,000,000; for clothing, \$1,050,000 and \$36,000,000; for horses, \$130,000 and \$5,000,000.

The most significant item relative to the cost of the war is the total of appropriations made by the Fifty-fifth Congress between March 9 and July 1, 1898, amounting in all to \$361,788,095. This vast sum may be taken as the entire direct treasury cost of the war, since it is the opinion among high officials of the Government that no other appropriations will be necessary during the current year.

\$98,000,000 PAID OUT FOR ARMY AND NAVY.

As a matter of fact, only \$98,000,000 was paid out by the Treasury Department on account of the army and navy during the actual continuance of the war, from March until August 12th, when the protocol was signed. The following statement will show these expenditures in detail, and will give a graphic idea of the immensely greater expenditure for the army than for the navy, although in the present war the navy accomplished the greater results:

1898.	WAR.	NAVY.	TOTAL.
March.....	\$600,000	\$2,400,000	\$3,000,000
April.....	1,200,000	9,800,000	11,000,000
May.....	12,000,000	7,000,000	19,000,000
June.....	16,500,000	6,500,000	23,000,000
July.....	29,500,000	5,500,000	35,000,000
August 12.....	5,500,000	1,500,000	7,000,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	\$65,300,000	\$32,700,000	\$98,000,000

This total of \$98,000,000, however, does not by any means represent the expenses incurred for this period, for in the rush and hurry of warfare men have not had the time to present their accounts for settlement with the promptness required by the Department in times of peace. The accounting officers

of the Treasury are of the opinion that not more than fifty per cent. of expenses actually incurred up to the end of the war have been brought to the attention of the Department.

WAR EXPENSES INCURRED BY THE STATES.

It is presumed, then, that the actual Treasury outlay will not exceed \$361,000,000. But this is only one of many expenses which may properly be charged to the war. For instance, an expense of more than \$10,000,000 has been incurred by the States for the equipment and subsistence of their quotas, as presented to the Auditor of the Treasury for the War Department. These two sums—represented by the national appropriations and by the State accounts—are the only expenditures accurately known at the present time, and it may be seen that they are materially less than the fanciful figures of the cost of the war given in many newspapers, which have ranged as high as \$1,000,000,000, a sum obviously exaggerated. To these actual known expenses there must later be added amounts which now can only be estimated. There will be a pension roll; there will be claims for property taken and used by the army and the navy; there will be interest on the war loan; and who knows but that the administration of our new possessions may not add an item which may be considered as a war expense? Aside from the Government's expenditures, assistance has been rendered by individuals and associations, such as the Red Cross, but there is no means now of accounting for the amounts expended in the work of mercy.

The Government actually paid out an average of \$860,000 for each day of the Spanish-American War. To this must be added, however, an estimate of fifty per cent. of accounts not yet presented for settlement, which will bring the total up to approximately a million and a quarter a day. And this maximum of expense continued for several weeks after the close of the war, the subsistence of troops and their transportation remaining very much the same as if an actual state of hostility still existed. With these figures some very interesting comparisons can be made with other wars.

COST IN COMPARISON WITH OTHER WARS.

Accepting the statistics of Mulhall as to the National Treasury cost of our own Civil War, each day of that war cost the Federal

Government an average of \$2,476,760. It will thus be seen that, unless when all accounts are rendered a much different result from that anticipated appears, the daily cost of the Spanish-American War was only about fifty per cent. of that of the Civil War. It must be remembered, however, that there were millions of men in the field during the latter struggle, where only a quarter of a million were engaged in the Spanish-American War, and if actual figures could be given of the cost of the late war based upon the number of men engaged, it would probably be found that the cost of fighting has not been reduced with the introduction of improved arms and ships. The Franco-Prussian War, of course, must be looked upon as one of the most expensive in the history of the world. Mulhall gives the total cost to both sides as £316,000,000, or \$1,537,814,000. Lasting a period of 222 days, the average daily cost to both sides was, therefore, \$6,927,090. The total number of men engaged was 1,713,000, of whom 1,300,000 were Germans, and an estimate as to the cost of maintaining the German and French armies would indicate that the average daily cost to the successful Germans was about \$4,000,000, or very much larger in proportion than the cost of either our Civil War or the recent war.

Fortunately, the character of the present war is such that we shall escape the more serious cost which in most instances follows war. We have been the invaders, and have ourselves been safe from any invasion by the enemy. This fact alone saves the United States from loss which cannot be measured by money. Neither will our stock of raw materials be drawn upon to any great extent, nor will our fixed capital, tools, and instruments be destroyed. More than this, there has been no noticeable interruption in the expansion of industry up to this time, and the return of peace finds the country in as good condition as it was when the war began.

Another picture will serve to show the difference between our fortunate condition and one in which the devastation of war has wrought almost complete ruin. The island of Cuba is acknowledged to be one of the most fertile in the world. In many portions it is possible to raise four crops a year, and the strength of the soil is such that it seems practically inexhaustible. From the evidence furnished by the reports of United States consuls which were submitted to Congress by the President in his recent mes-

sage on the relations of the United States and Spain, it is apparent that little else than the soil remains; that the supplies of the ordinary articles of consumption were long since exhausted; that one element of production has been almost completely annihilated—labor; that thousands of the inhabitants have starved; and that large proportions of the dwellings, plantation buildings, and machinery have been burned, and the live stock driven away or killed. It is doubtful if Spain had succeeded in subduing the insurgents, whether Cuba could have been restored to even its anterior prosperity within a generation, perhaps not in a century; for the only source of rejuvenation would have been from the outside, and it is safe to say that capital, being proverbially timid, would have sought places of greater security. Altogether, the restoration of peace on the island, without some assurance of a well-organized government, capable of safeguarding capital, would not have restored the destroyed industries within the lifetime of any who may read this article. On the advent of good government, however, the restoration would be speedy. The tendency in the United States at the present time to seek safe fields for the investment of capital would immediately cause the restoration of those forms of capital which are essential to productivity. From the surplus stocks of the United States would be sent provisions, materials, machinery, and, in fact, all those things which capital needs for its rehabilitation.

REIMBURSEMENTS AND COMPENSATIONS.

As against whatever may be our losses and expenditures, in the end there will be certain items of reimbursement which must be considered. It is now likely that Spain will not be called upon to pay a direct indemnity, though to have exacted this would have been in accordance with custom and precedent. At the close of the Franco-German War the French were required to pay an indemnity of 50,000,000,000, and to cede provinces and territory. The Chinese-Japanese War resulted in the payment of an indemnity by China to Japan of \$168,000,000, and the cession of the island of Formosa. The victors in the case of the recent war with Mexico were called upon to pay an indemnity of 10,000,000, and the Turkish frontier has been secured. But possibly, if a Republic were to be established, it may be called upon to pay a part of the debt incurred by the United States to secure its independence;

and, in any event, there is a prospect that the United States will be reimbursed indirectly, if not directly, for whatever expenses it has incurred in the present war.

“What will be the gain?” may be asked. Certainly the United States has gained in prestige as a naval and military power. The whole world has had a demonstration of what our squadrons and armies are capable of doing. We, therefore, make a gain in importance as a member of the family of nations. If it should be decided to hold the Philippines and Porto Rico as permanent acquisitions, there will be a gain important both from a strategical and commercial point of view. The Hawaiian Islands have been annexed as an indirect result of the war, and those should be counted as a gain. Who can doubt that our financial prestige has been increased by the floating of a war loan at home at three per cent., the lowest rate at which any national loan in time of war has ever been negotiated? This loan was subscribed for seven times over, and here is an exhibition of financial strength which cannot fail to have its influence for good, along with the prestige gained by the navy and the army. A gain greater than all others combined is the prestige won by battling for a high moral aim—for humanity and civilization.

There are two other entries on the credit side of our nation's ledger, either one of which, it is not extravagant to say, will counterbalance the money cost of this war. We have been drawn closer to our English brothers than we have been at any time since the existence of the nation. We have had a revelation of what an Anglo-American alliance may some day mean in the world's history, and the value of that picture before the minds of the people of these two nations can hardly be measured by us in such figures as we use in speaking of the cost of the war.

And more even than this new fellowship are the stronger bonds of union at home. When South and North marched forth to battle side by side; when Confederate leaders took command of enthusiastic Northern troops; when new pages of history were written, filled with deeds of valor performed by sons of the North and of the South standing shoulder to shoulder battling under the same flag, the Union was cemented stronger than it had ever been since the Declaration of Independence was first read; and who shall say the cost of the war has not been small, when measured against such gains?



THE LAMENT OF THE EMPTY NEST.

BY MARGARET FRANCES MAURO.

SOMETIMES I come to rest upon the tree
Where I my nestlings cradled long ago,
To while away the winter hours, and see
The empty nest that swingeth to and fro,
The leafless bough that once was green with May,
And the brown barren mead, and skies so cold and gray.

It was too short—that sunny season when
I hung my pendent nest upon this bough;
The golden summer has pass'd by since then,
And the ripe purple autumn-time, and now
Across the meadow sere the chill winds moan;
My nest is empty—and my nestlings all are flown!

Ah, careless nestlings, all too swift to roam!
Think how I toiled the early springtime through,
Schemed, and devised, and built the little home
Where, many a day, I warmly sheltered you,
While yet your untried wing refused to bear
Ye from your safe abode and from my watchful care.

O I have sought ye often, wand'ring through
The haunts of summer—all deserted now!
Marking the dry stalk where the flower once grew,
The dead leaf clinging to the sapless bough,
The bristling frost where mosses used to rest,
And where I reared ye all naught but the empty nest!

And I have called ye where the rushes freeze
By the cold border of the lake glassed o'er,
'Mid shiv'ring reed and leafless spray—all these
But the pale ghosts of verdure gone before;
Yet comes no answer to my plaintive cry,
Save the wind's restless moan and echo's faint reply.

They tell me that not always will the rime
To barren moor and frozen furrow cling;
The naked tree still whispers of the time
When it shall bud again to greet the spring;
But O, to me the mem'ries sad still rest
Of my dear nestlings lost and of my empty nest!

THE TWO ADMIRALS.

BASED ON MEMORANDA FURNISHED BY MR. RICHARD B. PORTER
OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SON OF ADMIRAL PORTER.

IN these stirring days of naval deeds and naval heroes, it may not be generally known that only two officers in the United States Navy ever wore the four silver stars of an admiral. Previous to the Civil War, the highest known rank was that of commodore. At the battle of Lake Erie Perry was not yet a captain; Paul Jones reached the rank of acting commodore; Tattnall, he of the historic "blood is thicker than water," fought side by side with the British in the *Peiho* as a captain, although he flew the blue flag of a rear-admiral. In 1862 the rank of rear-admiral was first bestowed. Two years later three men had grown too great for even this new honor: David Glascoe Farragut, David D. Porter, and Stephen C. Rowan were elevated to the rank of vice-admiral. At the close of the war, when a grateful people could not do enough for its heroes, Congress created the rank of admiral, and bestowed it upon Farragut and Porter. When they died the title died with them, and it has not since been revived.

Singularly enough, the two admirals were foster-brothers, and both learned the art of war under the grim tutelage of old Commodore David Porter, he who swept the English from the Pacific and destroyed so many sturdy whalers that "the lights of London were dimmed for many days."

Farragut's father, a brave, generous soldier of the Revolutionary War, lived in a fisherman's cabin on the banks of Lake Pontchartrain. Commodore Porter was stationed in New Orleans as a recruiting officer. One day in 1805, while the Commodore's aged father, Sailing-Master David Porter, of the Continental Navy, was fishing in a cove not far from Farragut's cabin, he suddenly pitched forward from his boat into the water, overcome with the heat. The elder Farragut rescued him, and watched by his bed until he died. The Commodore, hurrying to his father's side, saw a lusty-looking boy, five years old, running about the house. He was then unmarried, and being fond of children, he adopted the boy, and gave him the name David Glascoe. Three years later, however, he took a wife to him,

and in 1813 a son, David D., the future admiral and companion of Farragut, was born to him.

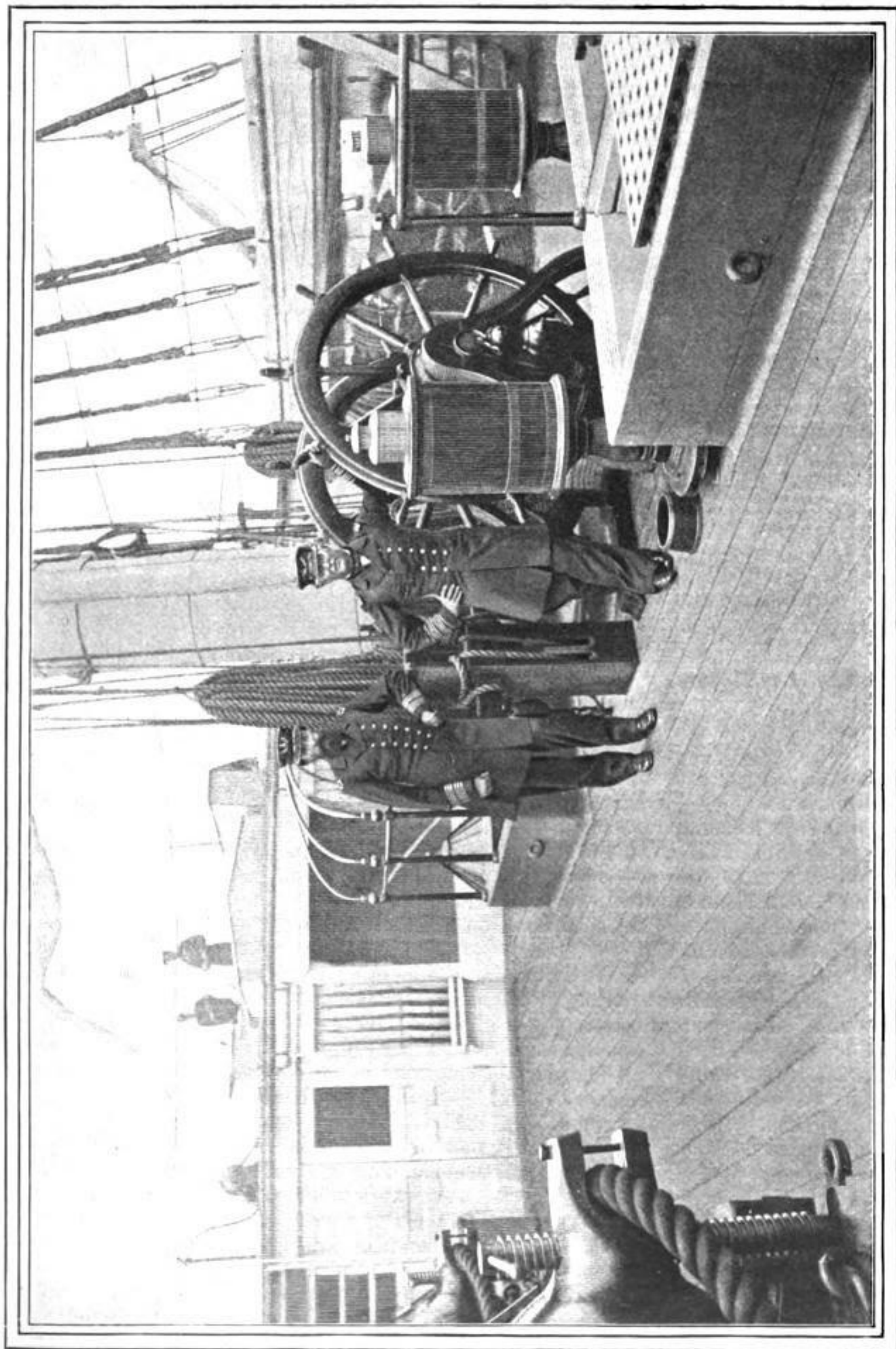
The boy Farragut was placed in school at Washington. He proved apt and dutiful, having a deeply religious vein in his character, and he might have made a distinguished student had not the old Commodore chosen him for other work. At the age of twelve he was appointed midshipman, and assigned to the "*Essex*" for a cruise in the Pacific. While he was yet learning the ropes, Commodore Porter placed him in command of a British prize. It was a vessel of 500 tons burden, with a valuable cargo and an unruly crew of thirty men; but the boy, then scarcely thirteen years old, brought her into port like an old ship-master. After a year's work in the Pacific, Porter put into Valparaiso, where he was blockaded by a superior force of British ships. In an attempt to escape he was disabled and compelled to retreat into the harbor. Here, on March 28, 1814, the British, disregarding the neutrality laws, attacked the "*Essex*." For the number of ships engaged, it was one of the bloodiest naval battles ever fought. During an action lasting two hours the enemy was compelled to withdraw twice for repairs, and it was not until the "*Essex*" was on fire and three-quarters of her crew were killed or wounded that Porter surrendered. Farragut had performed the duties of captain's aide, quarter-gunner, and powder-boy, never once flinching, although it was his first battle. In such grim ways did the old Commodore give his lessons.

Up to the age of nineteen Farragut was small and delicate, but on the "*Essex*" he was the life of the midshipmen's mess, full of fun and as agile as a cat. He liked nothing better than to climb to the top of the mainmast and sit curl-legged, gazing out to sea.

"Where's Glascoe?" the Commodore would ask, missing him.

"Up on the mainmast top, sir," the quartermaster would say, "looking for fresh air."

Fifty years later, Farragut, then an ad-



FLEET CAPTAIN PERCIVAL DAYTON AND REAR-ADMIRAL D. G. FARRAGUT ON THE DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "HARTFORD" AFTER THE VICTORY AT MOBILE BAY, AUGUST, 1864. ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IS ON THE RIGHT, LEANING ON THE WHEEL. HIS AGE AT THIS TIME WAS 64 YEARS.

The photograph is the property of R. B. Porter ; it was copyrighted in 1864 by McPherson & Oliver.

miral, was able to hold his hands locked together and jump over them backward and forward without an effort. And he was as active in mind as he was in body. He grasped a situation instantly, and he acted with the vigor of a steel spring. At Mobile, when the leading ship, "Brooklyn," stopped for torpedoes, he ordered instantly: "Damn the torpedoes; go ahead."

In 1824, when Commodore Porter sailed away to punish the West Indian pirates, he took his son David with him. David was very much of a boy, and he loved pirate hunting. The Commodore taught him sea-craft, and when he had been bruised through the midshipmen's mess he was put in command of a captured pirate ship with a crew of twenty men. He was only eleven years old, but large for his age, and possessed of all the relentless determination of the old Commodore. The crew appeared to David to be amused that he should command them. So he flogged a man after breakfast for disobeying orders; after dinner he flogged another for mutinous talk; and the next morning, after he had fully subdued the crew, he was gravely ordered by the Commodore back to the flagship.

In 1826 Commodore Porter sailed for Vera Cruz in the Mexican brig "Guerrero," to take command of the Mexican navy, Mexico being then at war with Spain. The boy David became the navigator of the swift-sailing schooner "Esmeralda," with orders to prey on the enemy's commerce. The crew was made up of the off-scourings of many lands—bold, half-piratical fellows, ready at a moment's notice for bloodshed. The midshipman heard strange mutterings among the men, and he reported the fact to his captain. The captain coolly brought out two cutlasses and a number of pistols, and directed Porter to stand ready with them at the cabin door. Then he went on deck. Barrett, the carpenter, stood forward with an ax in his hand. He was surrounded by the swarthy-faced Mexicans of the crew. He talked excitedly, and pointed toward the quarter-deck.

"Barrett, come here, you mutinous rascal," roared the captain.

"I'm no more a rascal than you are," retorted Barrett. Then he shouted to the Mexicans: "Now's our time; follow me!"

They rushed upon the captain, Barrett in advance with an ax uplifted.

"Ready, sir?" sang out the boy Porter in the gangway. And he passed up the captain's pistols and stood close behind with up-

lifted cutlass. The captain fired both charges, and the midshipman cut the carpenter down the middle. The Mexicans wavered, and then ran back like a flock of sheep. They were ordered aft, and lined up with their toes to a crack. David and the captain, each with a loaded pistol in hand, searched the mutineers and placed them in irons. Then these two, with the quartermaster, sailed the "Esmeralda" into port.

Midshipman Porter was soon transferred to the "Guerrero," then cruising south of Cuba. From the tops, one bright May morning, he discovered a large sail on the horizon. Instantly the decks swarmed with men preparing for action. As the new sail loomed larger the ship was seen to be the Spanish fighter "Libertad," sixty-four guns. The "Guerrero" had only twenty-two guns, but the captain hesitated not a moment. Brave in battle the Spanish might be, but he knew they lacked discipline, were poor gunners, and in the heat of battle often lost their heads. The "Guerrero" came up saucily, and fired a terrific broadside. For over an hour the ships ran side by side, belching fire and shot. Masts were riddled, the sails were torn into rags, and the decks ran with blood. The "Guerrero" was fearfully over-matched, and yet she closed in nearer and nearer until the grimy gunners swore at one another across the water. Every shot told, for the guns of the "Guerrero" were manned by Americans, and gradually the Spanish frigate began to slack away and her guns spoke less often. And then, on the eve of victory, a calm fell suddenly. The "Libertad" edged off and took position just out of reach of the "Guerrero's" short guns, and then pounded her deliberately to pieces. The "Guerrero" became unmanageable; the hull was a wreck, most of the crew were killed, and she finally struck her colors. The "Libertad" swept alongside, and while the flag of surrender was still flying bored her defenceless antagonist through and through with solid shot. The captain was cut in two as Midshipman Porter stood by him, and scores of seamen were killed. It was not war, it was murder. Presently the victors boarded the Mexican brig, killed many more of the men in cold blood, and robbed all of the officers—and yet these were the men of the Royal Spanish Navy. Young Porter objected to this treatment so violently that he was cast into Morro Castle at Havana, where he was kept four months. After untold sufferings and indignities he was released, and to his dying hour it was his dearest wish to com-



ADMIRAL PORTER ON THE DECK OF THE FLAGSHIP "MALVERN" AFTER THE VICTORY AT FORT FISHER, JANUARY 15, 1865. ADMIRAL PORTER'S AGE AT THIS TIME WAS 51 YEARS.

From a photograph by A. Gardner, loaned by R. B. Porter.

mand the fleet which should wipe Morro Castle and Spanish rule from this quarter of the earth.

As Farragut was noted for his agility, Porter was known for his enormous strength. One day when the "Constellation" was sta-

tioned in the Mediterranean Porter heard two sailors speak disrespectfully to the officer of the deck. He stepped up, seized each of them by the middle of the back, held them aloft, and bumped them together into obedience. With the greatest ease he lifted

a 30-pound shot by claspings it on top with one hand. And yet neither Farragut nor Porter was a large man. Farragut was not over five feet, six inches in height, and Porter was only five feet, eight and one-half inches. Both, however, were rugged and muscular.

The two admirals were more than foster-brothers; they were friends. Each was endowed with the same dash, determination, and personal fearlessness. Farragut was lashed in the rigging at Mobile; at Fort Fisher, Porter stood on the paddle-box of the little paper-clad "Malvern" while the fleet ran under the guns. At New Orleans, Farragut, not being satisfied with the man-

ner in which a ship's boat was trying to clear the channel, flashed the order: "Make headway and do your duty." In the midst of a hurricane of shells at Fort Fisher the captain of one of the bombarding vessels shouted through his speaking-trumpet: "My shots don't reach the fort, sir."

"Why in hell don't you go in closer?" thundered Porter.

Republics are not always ungrateful. Besides elevating Farragut and Porter to the highest rank known to the navy, Congress gave Farragut two votes of thanks by name, one for New Orleans and the other for Mobile. Porter received three votes of thanks—for Arkansas Post, Vicksburg, and Fort Fisher.

COLLECTOR OF THE PORTE.

BY ROBERT W. CHAMBERS,

Author of "The Mystery of Choice," "The Red Republic," etc.

"I will grow round him in his place,
Grow, live, die looking on his face,
Die, dying clasp'd in his embrace."

TENNYSON.



In winter the Porte is closed, the population migrates, the Collector of the Porte sails southward. There is nothing left but black rocks sheathed in ice where icy seas clash and splinter and white squalls howl across the headland. When the wind slackens and the inlet freezes, spotted seals swim up and down the ragged edges of the ice, sleek restless heads raised, mild eyes fixed on the turbid shallows.

In January, blizzard-driven snowy owls whirl into the pines and sit all day in the demi-twilight, the white ptarmigan covers the softer snow with winding tracks, and the white hare, huddled in his whiter "form," plays hide and seek with his own shadow.

In February the Porte-of-Waves is still untenanted. A few marauders appear, now and then a steel-gray panther from the north frisking over the snow after the white hares, now and then a stub-tailed lynx, mean-faced, famished, snarling up at the white owls who look down and snap their beaks and hiss.

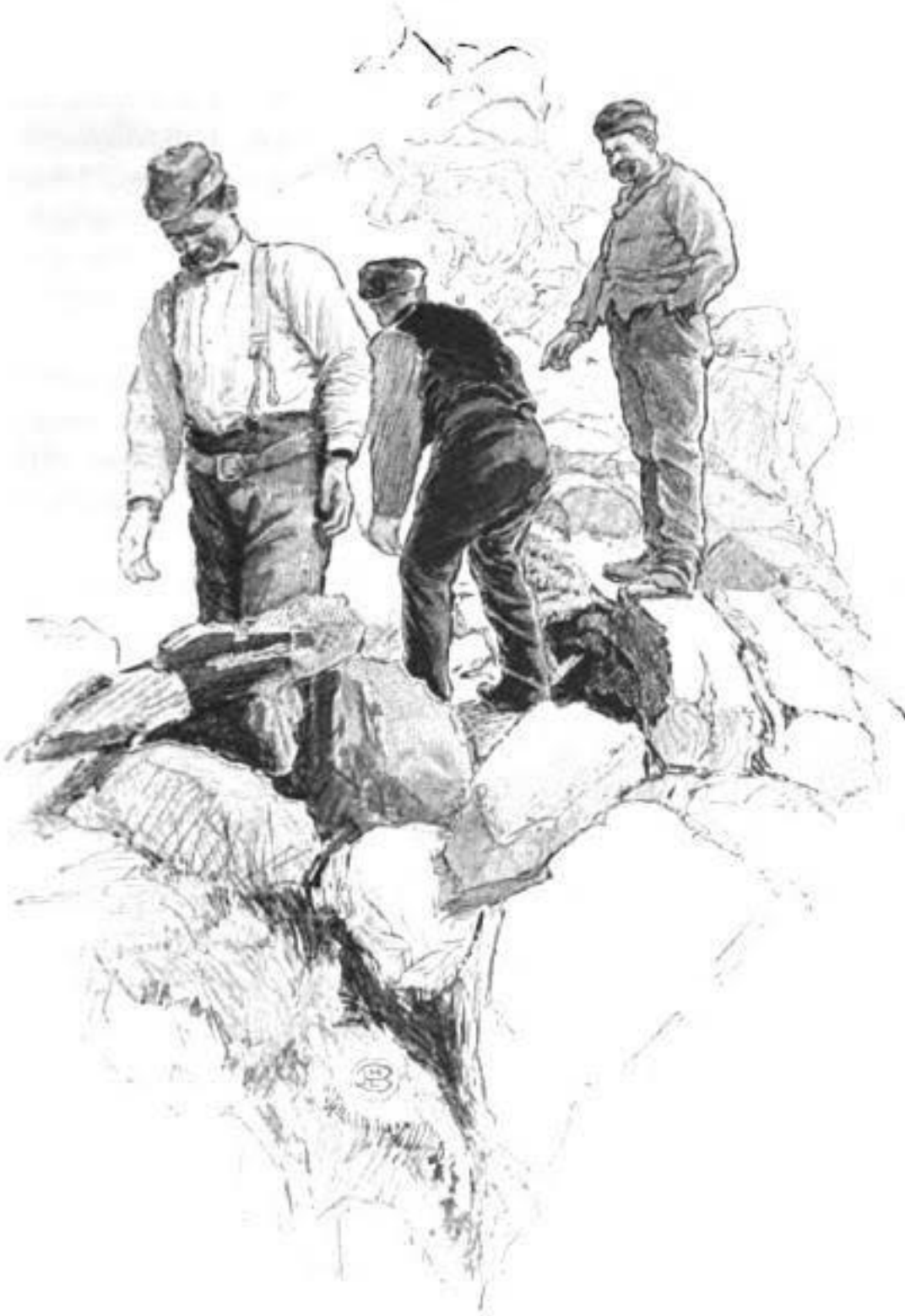
The first bud on the Indian-willow brings the first inhabitant back to the Porte-of-Waves, Francis Lee, Superintendent of the

mica quarry. The quarrymen follow in batches; the willow-tassels see them all there; the wind-flowers witness the defile of the first shift through the pines.

On the last day of May the company's flag was hoisted on the tool-house, the French-Canadians came down to repair the rusty narrow-gauge railroad, and Lee, pipe lighted, sea-jacket buttoned to the throat, tramped up and down the track with the lumber detail, chalking and condemning sleepers, blazing spruce and pine, sounding fish-plate and rail, and shouting at intervals until the wash-outs were shored up, windfalls hacked through, and landslide and boulder no longer blocked the progress of the company's sole locomotive.

The first of June brought sunshine and black flies, but not the Collector of the Porte. The Canadians went back to Sainte Isole across the line, the white-throated sparrow's long, dreary melody broke out in the clearing's edge, but the Collector of the Porte did not return.

That evening, Lee, smoking his pipe on the headland, looked out across the sunset-tinted ocean and saw the white gulls settling on the shoals and the fish-hawks soaring overhead with the broad red sun-glint on their wings. The smoke of a moss smudge



“ . . . the lumber detail, chalking and condemning sleepers

kept the flies away, his own tobacco smoke drove away care. Incidentally both drove Williams away—a mere lad in baggy blue-jeans, smooth-faced, clear-eyed, with seatan on wrist and cheek.

“How did you cut your hand?” asked Lee, turning his head as Williams moved away.

“Mica,” replied Williams, briefly. After a moment Williams started on again.

“Come back,” said Lee; “that wasn’t what I had to tell you.”

He sat down on the headland, opened a jack-knife, and scraped the ashes out of his pipe. Williams came slowly up and stood a few paces behind his shoulder.

“Sit down,” said Lee.

Williams did not stir. Lee waited a moment, head slightly turned, but not far enough for him to see the figure motionless behind his shoulder.

“It’s none of my business,” began Lee, “but perhaps you had better know that you have deceived nobody. Finn came and spoke to me to-day. Dyce knows it, Carrots and Lefty Sawyer know it—I should have known it myself had I looked at you twice.”

The June wind blowing over the grass carried two white butterflies over the cliff. Lee watched them struggle back to land again; Williams watched Lee.

“I don’t know what to do,” said Lee, after a silence; “it is not forbidden for women to work in the quarry as far as I am aware. If you need work and prefer that sort, and if you perform your work properly, I shall not interfere with you. And I’ll see that the men do not.”

Williams stood motionless; the smoke from the smudge shifted west, then south.

“But,” continued Lee, “I must enter you properly on the pay-roll; I cannot approve of this masquerade. Finn will see you in the morning; it is unnecessary for me to repeat that you will not be disturbed.”

There was no answer. After a silence Lee turned, then rose to his feet. Williams was weeping.

Lee had never noticed her face; both sun-tanned hands hid it now; her felt hat was pulled down over the forehead.

“Why do you come to the quarry?” he asked, soberly. She did not reply.

“It is men’s work,” he said; “look at your hands! You cannot do it.”

She tightened her hands over her eyes; tears stole between her fingers and dropped, one by one, on the young grass.

“If you need work—if you can find nothing else—I—I think, perhaps, I may manage something better,” he said. “You must not stand there crying—listen! Here come Finn and Dyce, and I don’t want them to talk all over the camp.” Finn and Dyce came toiling up the headland with news that the west drain was choked. They glanced askance at Williams, who turned her back. The sea-wind dried her eyes; it stung her



"I pay you to follow my directions."

torn hands, too. She unconsciously placed one aching finger in her mouth and looked out to sea.

"The dreen's bust by the second wind-fall," said Dyce, with a jerk of his stunted thumb toward the forest. "If them sluice props caves in, the timber's wasted."

Finn proposed new sluice gates; Lee objected, and swore roundly that if the damage was not repaired by next evening he'd hold Finn responsible. He told them he was there to save the company's money, not to experiment with it; he spoke sharply to Finn of last year's extravagance, and warned him not to trifle with orders.

"I pay you to follow my directions," he said; "do so, and I'll be responsible to the

company; disobey, and I'll hold you to the chalk-mark every time."

Finn sullenly shifted his quid and nodded; Dyce looked rebellious.

"You might as well know," continued Lee, "that I mean what I say. You'll find it out. Do your work, and we'll get on without trouble. You'll find I'm just."

When Dyce and Finn had shuffled away toward the coast, Lee looked at the figure outlined on the cliffs against the sunset sky—a desolate, lonely little figure in truth.

"Come," said Lee; "if you must have work, I will give you enough to keep you busy; not in the quarry, either—do you want to cripple yourself in that pit? It's no place for children, anyway. Can you write properly?" The girl nodded, back turned toward him.

"Then you can keep the rolls, duplicates and all. You'll have a room to yourself in my shanty. I'll pay quarry wages."

He did not add that those wages must come out of his own pocket. The company allowed him no secretary, and he was too sensitive to suggest one.

"I don't ask you where you come from or why you are here," he said, a little roughly. "If there is gossip, I cannot help it." He walked to the smudge and stood in the smoke, for the wind had died out and the black flies were active.

"Perhaps," he hazarded, "you would like to go back to—to where you came from? I'll send you back."

She shook her head.

"There may be gossip in camp."

The slightest movement of her shoulders indicated her indifference. Lee relighted his pipe, poked the smudge and piled damp moss on it.

"All right," he said, "don't be unhappy; I'll do what I can to make you comfortable. You had better come into the smudge, to begin with."

She came, touching her eyes with her hands, awkward, hesitating. He looked gravely at her clumsy boots, at the loose toil-stained overalls.

"What is your name?" he said without embarrassment.

"My name is Helen Pine." She looked

up at him steadily; after a moment she repeated her name, as though expecting him to recognize it. He did not; he had never before heard it, as far as he knew. Neither did he find in her eager, wistful face anything familiar. How should he remember her? Why should he remember? It was nearly six months ago that, snowbound in the little village on the Mohawk, he and the directors of his company left their private Pullman car to amuse themselves at a country dance. How should he recollect the dark-eyed girl who had danced the "fireman's quadrille" with him, who had romped through a reel or two with him, who had amused him through a snowy evening? How should he recall the careless country incident—the corn-popping, the apple race, the flirtation on the dark, windy stairway? Who could expect him to remember the laughing kiss, the meaningless promises to write, the promises to return some day for another dance, and kiss? A week later he had forgotten the village, forgotten the dance, the popcorn, the stairway, and the kiss. She never forgot. Had he told her he loved her? He forgot it before she replied. Had he amused himself? Passably. But he was glad that the snow-plows cleared the track the next morning; for there was trouble in Albany and lobbying to do, and a rival company was moving wheels within wheels to lubricate the machinery of honest legislation.

So it meant nothing to him—this episode of a snow blockade; it meant all the world to her. For months she awaited the letter that never came. An Albany journal mentioned his name and profession. She wrote to the company, and learned where the quarry lay. She was young and foolish and nearly broken-hearted; so she ran away. Her first sentimental idea was to work herself to death, disguised, under his very eyes. When she lay dying she would reveal herself to him and he should know too late the value

of such a love. To this end she purchased some shears to cut her hair with; but the mental picture she conjured was not improved by such a sacrifice. She recoiled her hair tightly, and bought a slouch hat, too big. When, arrived at the quarry, she saw him again, she nearly fainted from fright. He met her twice face to face, and she was astounded that he did not recognize her. Reflection, however, assured her that her disguise must be perfect, and she awaited the dramatic moment when she should reveal herself—not dying from quarry toil, for she did not wish to die now that she had seen him. No—she would live—live to prove to him how a woman can love—live to confound

him with her constancy. She had read many romances. Now, when he bade her follow him to the headland, she knew she had been discovered; she was weak with terror and shame and hope. She thought he knew her; when he spoke so coolly, she stood dumb with amazement; when he spoke of Finn and Sawyer and Dyce, she understood he had not penetrated her disguise, except from hearsay, and a terror of loneliness and desolation rushed over her. Then the impulse came to hide her identity from him—why, she did not know. Again that



"... The picture she conjured was not improved by such a sacrifice."

vanished when he called her to come into the smoke. As she looked up at him, her heart almost stopped; yet he did not recognize her. Then the courage of despair seized her, and she told her name. When at length she comprehended that he had entirely forgotten her, forgotten her very name, fright sealed her lips. All the hopelessness and horror of her position dawned upon her—all she had believed, expected, prayed for, came down with a crash.

As they stood together in the smoke of the smudge, she mechanically laid her hand on his sleeve, for her knees scarcely supported her.

"What is it; does the smoke make you

dizzy?" he asked. She nodded; he aided her to the cliff's edge, and seated her on a boulder. Under the cliff the sunset light reddened the sea. A quarryman, standing on a rock, looked up at Lee and pointed seaward.

"Hello!" answered Lee, "what is it? The Collector of the Porte?" Other quarrymen, grouped on the coast, took up the cry;

the lumbermen, returning from the forest along the inlet, paused, axe on shoulder, to stare at the sea. Presently, out in the calm ocean, a black triangle cut the surface, dipped, glided landward, dipped, glided, disappeared. Again the dark point came into view, now close under the cliff where thirty feet of limpid water bathes its base.

"The Collector of the Porte!" shouted Finn from the rocks. Lee bent over the cliff's brink. Far down into the clear water he followed the outline of the cliff. Under it a shadowy bulk floated, a monstrous shark, rubbing its length softly as if in greeting for old acquaintance' sake. The Collector of the Porte had returned from the south.

II.

The Collector of the Porte and the Company were rivals; both killed their men, the one at sea, the other in the quarry. The Company objected to pelagic slaughter, and sent some men with harpoons, bombs, and shark-hooks to the Porte; but the Collector sheered off to sea, and waited for them to go away.

The Company could not keep the quarrymen from bathing; Lee could not keep the Collector from Porte-of-Waves. Every year two or three quarrymen fell to his share; the Company killed the even half dozen. Years before, the quarrymen had named the shark; the name fascinated everybody with its sinister conventionality. In truth he was Collector of the Porte—an official who took toll of all who ventured from this Porte where nothing entered from the sea save the sea itself, wave on wave and wave after wave.

In the Superintendent's office there were two rolls of victims—victims of the quarry and victims of the Collector of the Porte. Pensions were not allowed to families of the latter



"Other quarrymen, grouped on the coast, took up the cry."

class; so, as Dyce said to Dyce's dying brother, "Thank God you was blowed up an' say no more about it, Hank."

There was, curiously enough, little animosity against the Collector of the Porte among the quarrymen. When June brought the great shark back to the Porte, they welcomed him with sticks of dynamite, but nevertheless a weird sense of proprietorship, of exclusive right in the biggest shark on the coast, aroused in the quarrymen a sentiment almost akin to pride. Between the shark and the men existed an uncanny comradeship, curiously in evidence when the Company's imported shark-destroyers appeared at the Porte.

"G'wan now," observed Farrelly, "an' divil a shark ye'll get in the wather, me bucks! Is it sharks ye'll harpoon? Sure th' Company's full o' thim."

The shark-catchers, harpoons, bombs, and hooks, retired after a month's useless worrying, and the men jeered them as they embarked on the gravel train.

"Dhrop a dynamite shtick on the nob av his nibs!" shouted Farrelly after them—meaning the president of the Company. The next day, little Cæsar l'Homme-dieu, indulging in his semi-annual bath, was appreciated and accepted by the Collector of the Porte, and his name was added to the unpensioned roll in the office of the Company's superintendent, Francis Lee.

Helen Pine, sitting alone in her room, copied the roll, made out the duplicate, erased little Cæsar's name from the pay-roll, computed the total back pay due him, and made out an order on the Company for \$10.39. Then she rose, stepped quietly into Lee's office, which adjoined her own room, and silently handed him the order.

Lee was busy, and motioned her to be seated. Dyce and Finn, hats in hand, looked obliquely at her as she seated herself and leaned on the window-ledge, face turned towards the sea. She heard Lee say: "Go on, Finn;" and Finn began again in his smooth, plausible voice:

"I opened the safe on a flat-car, an' God knows who uncoupled the flat. Then Dyce signalled go ahead, but Henderson he sez Dyce signalled to back her up, an' the first I see was that flat hangin' over the dump-dock. Then she tipped up like a seesaw, an'

slid the safe into the water—fifty-eight feet sheer at low tide."

Lee, pale about the lips, said quietly: "Rig a derrick on the dump-dock, and tell Kinny to get his diving kit ready by three o'clock."

Finn and Dyce exchanged glances.

"Kinny, he went to Bangor last night to see about them new drills," said Finn, defiantly.

"Who sent him?" asked Lee, angrily. "Oh, you did, eh?"

"I thought you wanted them drills," repeated Finn.



glanced at a pair of heavy Colt's revolvers lying there, cocked and loaded.

Lee's eyes turned from Finn to Dyce. There was, in the sullen faces before him, something that he had never before seen, something worse than sinister. He recognized it instantly. The next moment he said pleasantly:

"Well, then, tell Lefty Sawyer to take his diving kit and be ready by three. If you need a new ladder at the dump-dock, send one there by noon. That is all, men."

When Finn and Dyce had gone, Lee sprang to his feet and began to pace the office. Once he stopped to light his pipe; once he jerked open the top drawer of his table and

glanced at a pair of heavy Colt's revolvers lying there, cocked and loaded. He sat down at his desk after a while and spoke, perhaps half unconsciously, to Helen, as though he had been speaking to her since Finn and Dyce left:

"They're a hard crowd, a tough lot, and

ished; he looked at her without seeing the oval face, the dark questioning eyes, the young rounded figure involuntarily bending toward him.

"They tipped that safe off the dock on purpose," he said; "they sent Kinney to Bangor on a fool's errand. Now Sawyer's got to go down and see what can be done. I know what he'll say. He'll report the safe broken and one or two cash-boxes missing, and he'll bring up the rest and wait for a chance to divide with his gang."

He started to his feet and began to pace the floor again, talking all the while:

"It's come to a crisis now and I'm not going under—if anyone should ask you! I'll face them down; I'll break that gang as they break stone! If I only knew how to use a diving kit—and if I dared—with Dyce at the life-line——"

Half an hour later Lee, seated at his desk, raised his pale face from his hands and, for the first time, became conscious that Helen sat watching him beside the window.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked with an effort.

She held the order out to him; he took it, examined it, and, picking up a pen, signed his name.

"Forward it to the Company," he said; "Cæsar's family will collect it quicker than the shark collected Cæsar."

He did not mean to shock the girl with cynicism; indeed it was only such artificial indifference that enabled him to endure the misery of the Porte-of-Waves—misery that came under his eyes from sea and land—interminable, hopeless, human woe.

What could he do for the lacerated creatures at the quarry? He had only his salary. What could he do for families made destitute? The mica crushed and cut and blinded; the Collector of the Porte exacted bloody toll in spite of him. He could not

drive the dust-choked, half-maddened quarrymen from their one solace and balm, the cool, healing ocean; he could not drive the Collector from the Porte-of-Waves.

"I didn't mean to speak unfeelingly," he said; "I feel such things very deeply."

To his surprise and displeasure she replied: "I did not know you felt anything."



"... a hard crowd, a tough lot."

I knew it would come to a crisis sooner or later. Last year they drove the other superintendent to resign, and I was warned to look out for myself. Now they see that they can't use me, and they mean to get rid of me. How dared the messenger unlock the safe before I was notified!"

She turned from the window as he fin-



“ ‘There are ten boxes,’ said Lee, coldly; ‘go down again.’ ”

She grew scarlet after she said it; he stared at her steadily.

“Do you regard me as brutal?” he asked, sarcastically.

“No,” she said, steadying her voice; “you are not brutal; one must be human to be brutal.”

Conscious of the epigram he looked at her half angrily, half inclined to laugh.

“You mean I am devoid of human feeling?”

“I am not here to criticise my employer,” she answered, faintly.

“Oh—but you have.”

She was silent.

“You said you were not aware that I felt anything. Criticism is implied, isn’t it?” he persisted with boyish impatience.

She did not reply.

He thought to himself: “I took her from the quarry and this is what I get.” She divined his thought, and turned a little pale. She could have answered: “And you sent me to the quarry—for the memory of a kiss.” But she did not speak.

Watching her curiously, he noticed the gray woolen gown, the spotless collar and cuffs, the light on her hair like light on watered silk. Her young face was turned toward the window. For the first time it occurred to him that she might be lonely. He wondered where she came from, why she had sought *Porte-of-Waves* among all places

on earth, what tragedy could have driven her from kin and kind to the haunts of men. She seemed so utterly alone, so hopelessly dependent, so young, that his conscience smote him, and he resolved to be a little companionable toward her, as far as his position of Superintendent permitted. True he could not do much; and whatever he might do would perhaps be misinterpreted by her, certainly by the quarrymen.

“A safe fell off the dock to-day,” he said, pleasantly, forgetting she had been present at the announcement of disaster by Finn and Dyce. “Would you like to see the diver go down?”

She turned toward him and smiled.

“It might interest you,” he went on, surprised at the beauty of her eyes; “we’re going to try to hoist the safe out of fifty-odd feet of water—unless it is smashed on the rocks. Come down when I go at three o’clock.”

As he spoke his face grew grave and he glanced at the open drawer by his elbow, where two blue revolver barrels lay shining in the morning light.

At noon she went into her little room, locked the door, and sat down on the bed. She cried steadily till two o’clock; from two until three she spent the time in obliterating all traces of tears; at three he knocked at her door and she opened it, fresh, dainty, smiling, and joined him, tying the

strings of a pink sunbonnet under her oval chin.

III.

The afternoon sun beat down on the dump-dock, where the derrick swung like a stumpy gallows against the sky. A dozen hard-faced, silent quarrymen sat around in groups on the string-piece; Farrelly raked out the fire in the rusty little engine; Finn and Dyce whispered together glowering at Lefty Sawyer, who stood dripping in his diving suit while Lee unscrewed the helmet and disentangled the lines.

Behind Lee, Helen Pine sat on a pile of condemned sleepers, nervously twisting and untwisting the strings of her sunbonnet.

When Sawyer was able to hear and to be heard, Lee listened, tight-lipped and hard-eyed, to a report that brought a malicious sneer to Finn's face and a twinkle of triumph into Dyce's dissipated eyes.

"The safe is smashed an' the door open. Them there eight cash-boxes is all that I can see." He pointed to the pile of steel boxes, still glistening with salt water, and already streaked and blotched with orange-colored rust.

"There are ten boxes," said Lee, coldly; "go down again."

Unwillingly, sullenly, Lefty Sawyer suffered himself to be invested with the heavy helmet; the lines and tubes were adjusted, Dyce superintended the descent, and Finn seized the signal cord. After a minute it twitched; Lee grew white with anger; Dyce turned away to conceal a grin.

When again Sawyer stood on the dock and reported that the two cash-boxes were hopelessly engulfed in the mud, Lee sternly bade

him divest himself of the diving suit with reasonable celerity.

"What you goin' to do?" asked Finn, coming up.

"Is it your place to ask questions?" said Lee, sharply. "Obey orders or you'll regret it!"

"He's goin' down himself," whispered Dyce to Sawyer. The diver cast a savage glance at Lee and hesitated.

"Take off that suit," repeated Lee.

Finn, scowling with anger, attempted to speak, but Lee turned on him and bade him to be silent.

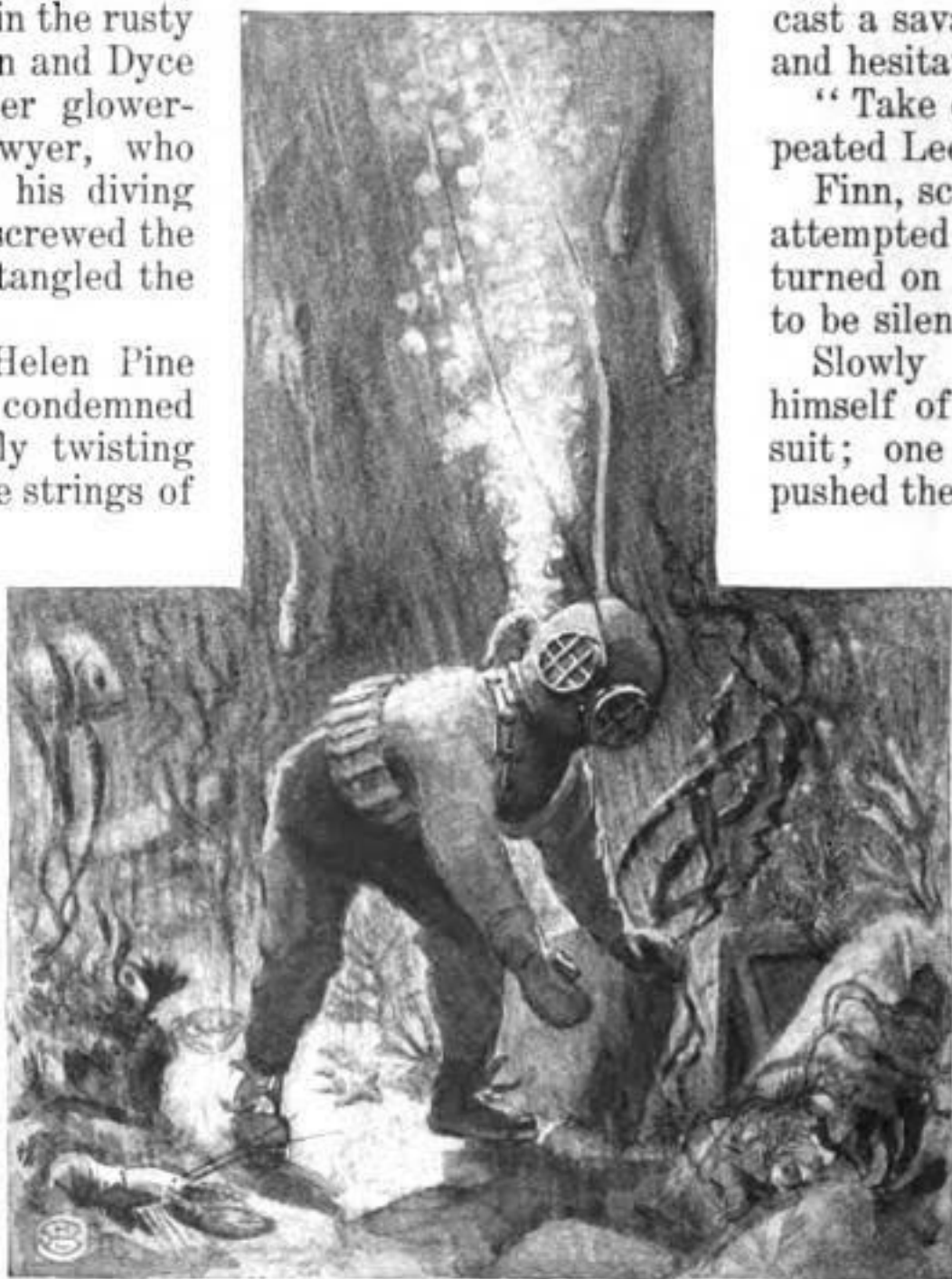
Slowly Sawyer divested himself of the clumsy diving suit; one after the other he pushed the leaden-soled shoes

from him. Lee watched him with mixed emotions. He had gone too far to go back now—he understood that. Flinching at such a moment meant chaos in the quarry, and he knew that the last shred of his authority and control would go if he hesitated. Yet, with all his heart and soul, he shrank from

going down into the sea. What might not such men do? Dyce held the life line. A moment or two of suffocation!—would such men hesitate? Accidents are so easy to prove, and signals may be easily misunderstood. He laid a brace of heavy revolvers on the dock and smiled.

As Dyce lifted the helmet upon his shoulders, he caught a last glimpse of sunlight and blue sky and green leaves—a brief vision of dark, brutal faces—of Helen Pine's colorless frightened face. Then he felt himself on the dock ladder, then a thousand tons seemed to fall from his feet, and the dusky ocean enveloped him.

On the dump-dock silence reigned. After a moment or two Finn whispered to Sawyer;



"... a thousand tons seemed to fall from his feet, and the dusky ocean enveloped him."

Dyce joined the group; Farrelly whitened a bit under his brick-red sunburn and pretended to fuss at his engine.

Helen Pine, heart beating furiously, watched them. She did not know what they were going to do—what they were doing now with the air tubes. She did not understand such things, but she saw a line suddenly twitch in Dyce's fingers, and she saw murder in Finn's eyes.

Before she knew what she was doing she found herself clutching both of Lee's revolvers.

Finn saw her and stood petrified; Dyce gaped at the leveled muzzles. Nobody moved.

After a little while the line in Dyce's hand twitched violently; Finn started and swore; Sawyer said distinctly, "Cut that line!"

The next instant she fired at him point blank, and he dropped to the bleached boards with a howl of dismay. The crack of the revolver echoed and echoed among the rocks; a silence that startled followed. Presently, behind his engine, Farrelly began to laugh; two quarrymen near him got up and shambled hastily away.

"Draw him up!" gasped the girl, with a desperate glance at the water.

Finn, the foreman, cursed and flung down his lines, and walked away cursing.

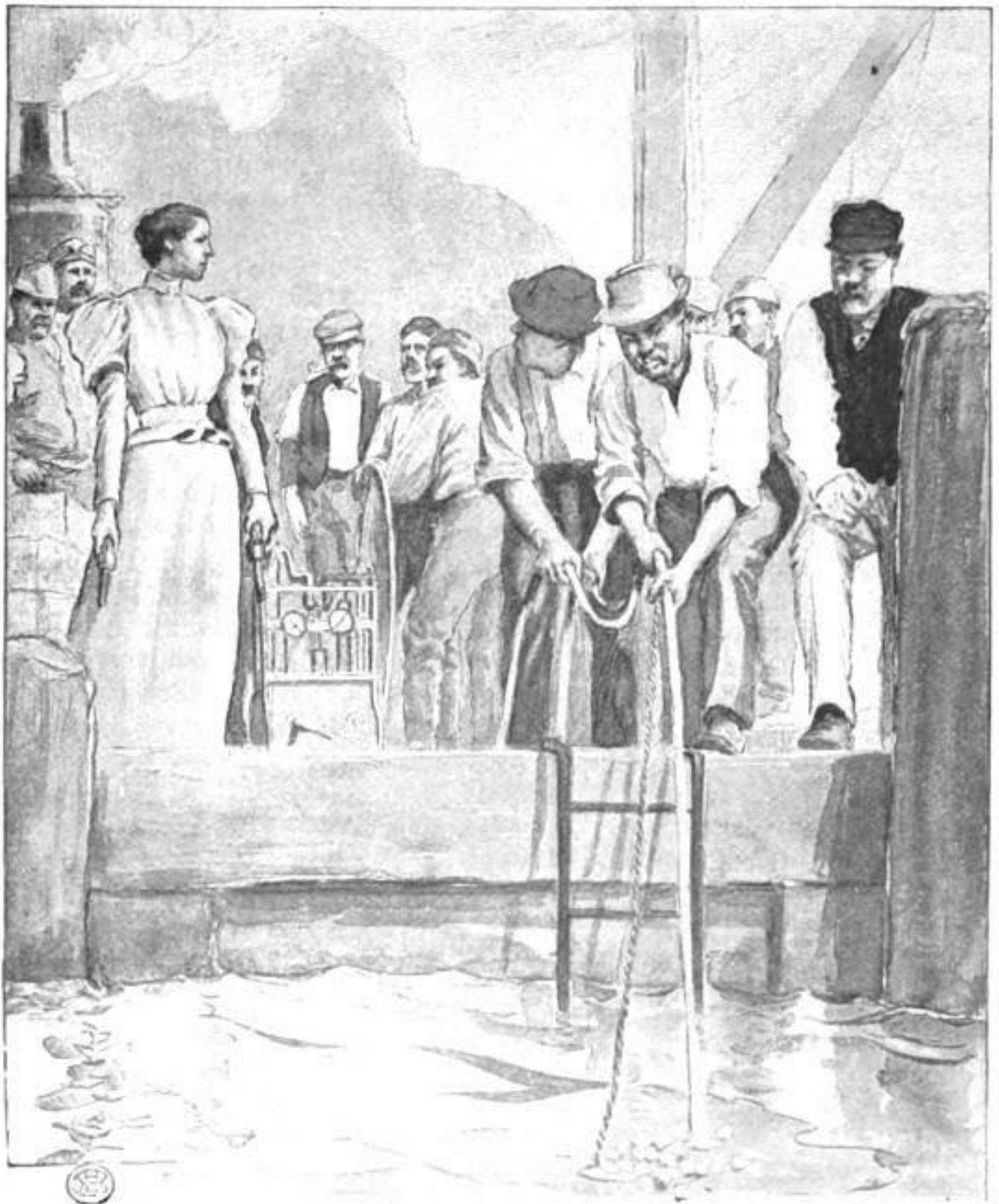
"Take the lines, Noonan,"

she cried, breathlessly. "Dyce! pull him up!"

When the great blank-eyed helmet appeared, she watched it as though hypnotized. When, dragging his leaden feet, Lee stumbled to the dock and flung one of the two missing cash-boxes at Dyce's feet, she grew dizzy and her little hands ached with their grip on the heavy weapons.

Sawyer, stupid, clutching his shattered forearm, never removed his eyes from her face; Dyce unscrewed the helmet, shaking with fright.

"There, you lying blackguard!" gasped Lee, pointing to the recovered cash-box, "take them all to my office, where I'll settle



"... she found herself clutching both of Lee's revolvers"

with you once and for all! I'll find the other to-morrow."

Nobody replied. Lee, flushed with excitement and triumph, stripped off his diving dress before he became aware that something beside his own episode had occurred. Then he saw Lefty Sawyer, bedabbled with blood, staring with sick, surprised eyes at somebody—a woman, who sat huddled on a heap of sun-dried sleepers, sunbonnet fallen back, cocked revolver in either hand, and, in her dark eyes, tears that flowed silently over her colorless cheeks.

He glared at Dyce.

"Ask her," muttered Dyce, doggedly.

He turned toward Helen, but Farrelly, behind his engine, shouted: "Faith she stood off th' gang or the breathin' below wud ha' choked ye! Thank the lass, lad, an' mind she's a gun whin ye go worritin' the fishes for the Coompany's cash-box!"

That night Lee made a speech at the quarry. The men listened placidly. Dyce, amazed that he was not discharged, went back to nurse Sawyer, a thoroughly cowed man. Noonan, Farrelly, and Phelan retired to their shanty and got fighting drunk to the health of the "colleen wid' the gun;" the rest of the men went away with wholesome convictions concerning their Superintendent that promised better things.

"Didn't fire Dyce—no, he didn't," was the whispered comment.

Lee's policy had done its work.

As for the murderous mover of the plot, the plausible foreman, Finn, he had shown the white feather under fire and he knew the men might kill him on sight. It's

an Irish characteristic under such circumstances.

Lee walked back from the quarry, realizing his triumph, recognizing that he owed it neither to his foolhardy impulse, nor yet to his mercy to Dyce and Sawyer. He went to the house and knocked at Helen's door. She was not there. He sat alone in his office, absently playing with pen and ruler until the June moon rose over the ocean and yellow sparkles flashed among the waves. An hour later he went to the dock, and found her sitting there alone in the moonlight.

She did not repulse him. Her innocent hour had come and she knew it, for she had read such things in romance. It came. But she was too much in love, too sincere, to use a setting so dramatic. She told him she loved him; she told him why she had come to the Porte-of-Waves, why she had remembered the kiss and the promise. She rested her head on his shoulder and looked out at the moon, smaller and more silvery now. She was contented.

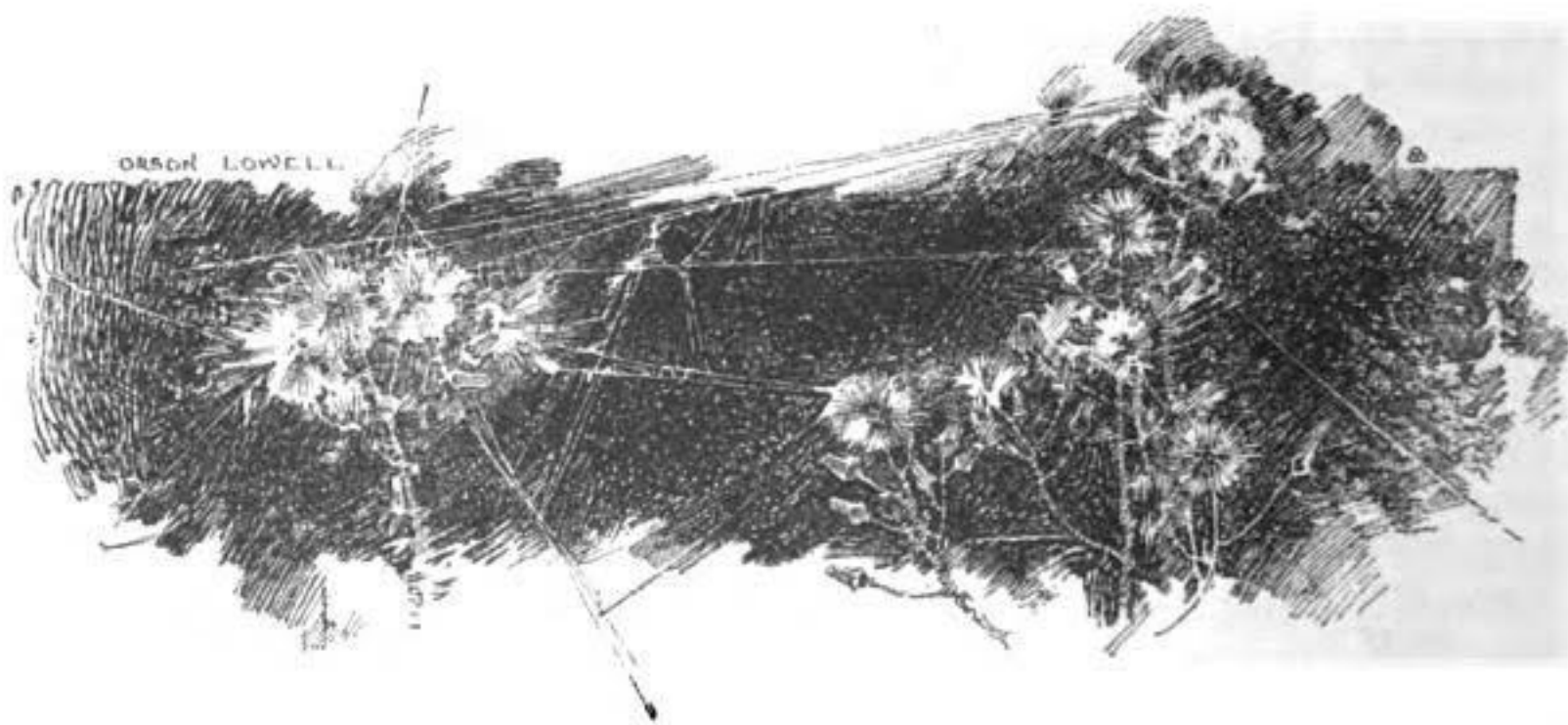
Under the dock the dark waves lapped musically. Under the dock Finn, stripped to the skin, plunged silently downward for the last cash-box, trusting to sense of touch to find the safe.

But what he found was too horrible for words.

"Hark," whispered Helen; "did you hear something splash?"

Lee looked out into the moonlight; a shadow, a black triangular fin, cut the silvery surface, steered hither and thither—circled, sheered seaward, and was lost. Then came another splash, far out among the waves.

"The Collector of the Porte," said Lee; "he is making merry in the moonlight."





From a photograph by Rinehart, Omaha ; copyright, 1898.

THE LAGOON, OMAHA EXPOSITION.

AN APPRECIATION OF THE WEST.

APROPOS OF THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Author of "What's the Matter with Kansas?" "The Real Issue," and the Boyville Stories.

OUT West, beyond the Mississippi, in the open country where men grew famous fighting Indians a generation ago, there is a modern civilization. Wanting a better term, we call this civilization Anglo-Saxon. Democracy built it, and it is holding a festival in a bend of the Missouri, just outside of Omaha. A few hundred acres of land are covered with gay architecture. There is a lagoon half a mile long. In its water perhaps half a score of festive white staff buildings are reflected. Near by are the State buildings, constructed in varying tastes from tolerable to very bad; and then, of course, there is the Midway; there is an Indian camping ground, whereon a thousand Indians, of "every kindred, every tribe," from Alaska to Florida, are quartered. There are the pens and the stalls for a live-stock show and the incorporeal hereditaments thereunto appertaining. Of course the Trans-Mississippi Exposition is not so magnificent as the World's Fair at Chicago. And yet the half-mile vista down the lagoon at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition discloses nearly perfect examples of staff architecture. Nothing at Chicago surpassed it as a picture. Several million dollars have been expended. Private and corporate capital has helped the national government to make this show in a small measure worthy of the civilization which produced it. So, the ideals of the promoters of the Exposition were set high. For this is no new civilization, this civilization of the new western country. It was conceived thousands of years ago. Its leaven was working among men when Ariovistus crossed the Rhine and fought with Cæsar. Perhaps the germs of the force which bound the Helvetians together lives in the soul of

the Anglo-Saxon to-day. Some sentient power has wrought a marvelous change in the prairie lands in the span of years that measures a man's life. Where the Indian's council-fires burned in the days of Jackson, the Caucasian's dream of beauty has found a fleeting shape in the white city that rises out on the plains to-day.

At night, twenty thousand electric lights paint a scene from fairyland upon the waters of the lagoon. The temples that stand there are erected to appease the gods of the latter days, the gods of machinery, electricity, the liberal arts, and all their kith and kin. What name that power shall take which has wrought this wonder; whether man shall worship the sentient force as Democracy, Destiny, or God, is a theme for philosophers to discuss and to settle if they can. But with the manifestations of its works before him, no one can deny the presence here of something wise and mighty. At the very least the miracle of this Omaha Exposition, rising in what but yesterday seemed one of the earth's waste places, should strengthen the faith of Anglo-Saxons in the potency of their race and its institutions, even as the apostles of the Christ were filled with faith, seeing the signs and wonders of old.

This civilization is not crumbling. Popular education has crystallized the mortar in this edifice which Democracy is building. It is a house built upon a rock. The child of the farmer has the same number of years' schooling, and exactly the same schooling, that the banker's child has. The two youths start in life with equal opportunities. When the recent call came from the President for volunteers for the army, every man who offered to enlist in one western State could read and write. Democracy builds the school-house, and the school-house perpetuates Democracy. Fifty cents of every dollar paid by the citizens of the West in direct taxation goes to maintain schools. The other half-dollar is divided into little piles to promote the general welfare in other departments of government. Monarchies, principalities, and powers tax their citizens to the verge of revolution, and prime ministers are proud if the King's treasure is large enough to buy guns and iron ships and drilled men and powder and lead to hold an armed peace and avert famine in a land civilized for centuries, flowing with milk and honey. Democracy buys a blackboard and a hickory pointer, and hires a soft-voiced girl to handle them. With these arms and accoutrements, Democracy goes into the camp

of the savage and establishes peace and proclaims a feast in the midst of a land lately taken from the desert. And the school-house is the holy of holies whence the high priest of Democracy shall come, clad in the habiliments of grace and power, to work the marvels and to fulfil the prophecy made to mankind by this prairie vision of Omaha.

Every June leaves the standard of popular intelligence higher than the preceding September found it. This Trans-Mississippi is a growing country in more ways than one. And this quickening is not directed chiefly toward material things. Something more than a "building boom" has made this West. The school-house is not a commercial temple. It is turning men's minds toward "reason and the will of God." It is the sign by which Democracy shall conquer.

Scholars who have spent much time in research say that 350 years ago Coronado came up from Mexico through this Trans-Mississippi land, looking for gold, as be-hooved a good Spaniard. The scholars say that he halted in central Kansas, on one of three hillocks at the junction of the Kansas and the Blue River. Agents of the Smithsonian Institution have located the exact spot where Coronado planted the great wooden cross and took possession of all the land for the King of Spain. It is on a rise of ground that overlooks to-day a peaceful, prosperous valley. The cross has been mold these three centuries. Democracy was attracted, as perhaps the Spaniard was attracted, by the thrilling beauty of the scene. And near the spot where Spain's cross stood, Democracy has put its emblem, the little, low, white school-house with green blinds. Coronado and his men were a greedy pack, looking for the Seven Cities of Cibola. They were blinded by their lust for gold, and they juggled with the cross. The love of gold was not strong enough to break down this wilderness. They who came three centuries later and brought the school-house, came "to make the West the homestead of the free," came to put His word Who sanctified the cross into the legal conscience of the people. The lagoon at Omaha is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual beauty of that high endeavor.

Therefore the dweller in the Trans-Mississippi country should keep ever in mind the image of what might have been if Spain had not ceded Louisiana to France. That image might inspire the American heart to the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom. For the Spanish idea, that indefinable

principle that governs the course of nations of the Spanish race, is a worm in the bud. Under Spanish rule, or following even in a remote parallel the way of Spanish peoples, what a wretched destiny would have been waiting for this generation of men in the Mississippi Basin! In the fertile angles of the streams the placita would huddle about some imposing pile of mud, the home of the grandee. Peons would roam the barren hills following their flocks. The rich valleys probably would be left to the blue-stem. If by chance some farmer, braver than his kinsmen, should for a time disturb the sod, the gay sunflower would soon spring up to mock the folly of his daring. The ox and the ass, trudging over rutty, unkempt roads, would set pace for the traffic in the land, and the sun-dial would mark the passing of the "impracticable hours." Superstition, bereft of all that was noble in the symbolism of the Aztec rites, yet clinging to many Aztec absurdities and holding tightly to the most fantastic delusions of the dark ages, would bind a people to paganism who boasted of their Christianity. Instead of the splendid monuments to agriculture, to the applied sciences, to the arts, and to the unknown goddess Beauty, which stand at Omaha today—the Mecca of Anglo-Saxon pilgrims; under the influence of Spain, barbaric processions would file out of adobe cathedrals in the dry seasons and would duck holy images in adjacent creeks, chanting the while modified supplications of the sun-worshippers for rain. The Spanish idea seems to have lethargy for its principle. It is sleepy, but not dreamy enough to be poetic. Here in this western land, a people thrall'd by the Spanish hypnosis would not be ambitious enough to grow, yet they would be too favorably situated to die. Even a vagrant fancy sketch of what might have been if Napoleon had not taken Louisiana from the King of Spain should put every citizen of the West on his marrow bones in humble thanksgiving for the blessings he enjoys. If Anglo-Saxons were a pious race, like the Jews or the Arabs, they would put prayer rooms in the buildings at the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, and visitors would be called—very likely by the most worshipful school-bell—to retire an hour each day to meditate upon the good fortune which brought this mid-continental empire from the rule of the sons of Cæsar into the dominion of Ariovistus.

Spain held this Trans-Mississippi country for three centuries. How strange it is that

in this festival, now holding in the heart of what might have been New Spain, there is not one thing in all the show to remind the visitor to the Exposition of western American history in that three hundred years. The utter annihilation of everything Spanish in all the West seems almost sad. In the new world's mind, Spain's pioneers, who tramped so valiantly across the swamps, the prairies, the desert, and the mountains, seeking the Seven Cities of Gold, are of less consequence than the black leaders of the war-boys in the Matabeleland. Cabeça de Vaca was a great explorer, but the fair-skinned people have forgotten him. In all the miles of rolling prairie which furnishes the wealth that has produced this stirring spectacle on the Missouri not one ruin, not one mound is there to mark the resting place of the men who ruled the land for fifteen score of years. Only in the mountain States is the Spaniard's grave kept green. And there is a tragedy in the slow, inevitable decay of the Spanish principle; for, beside it, making an unavoidable contrast, is the virile growth of the Anglo-Saxon. It has been gradual—this Spanish decay; and down there in the southern mountain States, where four centuries have passed as quietly as they do in tombs, one may look down the corridors of time and see the Spaniard passing, see him dying by inches—after all, a melancholy sight, for he was a good fellow in his day, and served God well. At Santa Fé, the capital of Yankee Spain, there is an old bell hanging in San Miguel church. The church has been there 300 years, and the date upon the bell says that it was moulded in Spain in 1356. On the bell crown are these words in Latin: "Saint Joseph, pray for us." That old bell should be brought North—alas! brought as a captive—to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition, to make an Anglo-Saxon holiday. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," rang out the old bell before Columbus left Genoa. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," it clanged as Spain's glory rose with the second Philip and sank with the Armada. "Saint Joseph, pray for us," sang the bell in its quaint Latin tongue when the world's scholars thought that the English language was a jargon, and before Luther, the heretic, swung the hammer that nailed the Theses to the door to the time of the grand old hymn, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott." "Saint Joseph, pray for us," tinkled the bell as it crossed the sea, to ring for the glory of Spain and the preservation of the faith. "Saint Joseph, pray for us—pray for us,"

sobbed the rusty voice in the lusty throat for poor Carlotta, the hapless, and for Maximilian; and again, "Pray for us" it wailed as the sea-birds brought the news of the crumbling of the sunny land that had sent so many strong arms over the world to defend the ancient faith. And now the letters, "Saint Joseph, pray for us," stare into the blue eyes of the Northerner, warning him to reflect upon the sparks that fly upward.

At Omaha, in the center of the festive scene, surrounded by the toys of modern science—the electric fountain spouting its colored jets, the resistless motors, the labor-saving engines; in the shadow of the classic sanctuary made for the fine arts, this old mud church of San Miguel should stand, and its jangling bell should be heard sometimes above the blare of brass and of tinkling cymbals, with its "Saint Joseph, pray for us." Perhaps we may need his prayers when the Slav shall find in our noblest achievement only the inspiration for a sigh.

The managers of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition have given more attention to the North American Indian than they have given to the Spaniard. The Indian has left his mark all over the Mississippi Valley. He has named the rivers. He has christened many of the towns and most of the Western States. Doubtless Spain named all these rivers and valleys and high places, after her own heroes and according to her own ideals. Why did not Spain's names stick? Why did the Indian's meaningless and unmusical nomenclature impress things so deeply? Did he not have a vigor in his very death that commanded the white man's respect? Surely there must have been some good in the red man for so much to live after him. His spirit seems to hover over the Western land. Although the plow has scarred it and the railroad scratched it, and commerce has stripped the trees away that fringed its rivers, it is still the Indian country out here on the plains. At Omaha, where the bluffs of the Missouri mark their heavy brown lines on the northern horizon, and where the green of the upland stretches away into a glorious vista southward, there is a largeness and a savage freedom about the great curves and angles in the landscape that seem to give the Indian a natural right to ownership of the soil. Indeed, so lately did the Indian leave that the people of the new West still cherish traditions of the fighting days. Hundreds of well-dressed business men hurry through tiled corridors in Omaha, and scoot up and down the heights of brown-stone

buildings in elevators, who in the decade of the seventies operated the business end of a rifle against the aborigines. Red Cloud, whose war-path lay but a night's ride in a sleeper from Omaha, still lives. Sitting Bull and his braves lately terrorized the land where the Trans-Mississippi country will find its heartiest support. Spotted Tail and American Horse, chiefs of plains Indians, are heroes of but yesterday. And today the land over which they rode to glory knows them no more. The men who conquered the Cheyennes, the Shoshones, the Omahas, the Blackfeet, and the Crows fought this spring, hand to hand, knee to knee, eye to eye with the Philistines to prevent them from putting red paint on the white staff columns and arches and façades around the Court of Honor at Omaha.

It is only fair, therefore, that the Indian, who has played so important a part—even if it was a losing part—in the civilization of the new West, should have an important place in this Trans-Mississippi Exposition. It will be a kind of first inventory of stock on hand in the Louisiana Purchase, and it is gratifying to the lovers of poetic justice to find that the red man, who furnished the raw material for so much of the recent history of the Mississippi States, should have a place in the invoice-book. The Government of the United States has appropriated considerable money to bring the Indian to Omaha this summer. The Indian exhibit is one of the most interesting parts of the Exposition. By contrast, the exhibit of the savage makes the show of the civilized man more significant. The representatives from each of the existing tribes exemplify its manner of aboriginal life, its savage customs, its barbaric industries. Probably at no other place in the world will there be so admirable a living picture of the red man as this one at Omaha. A pitiable tragic accompaniment to this picture will be the serious exhibit made by the Indian schools of the United States. It shows the Indian trying vainly to make the jump of forty centuries from the chipped stone age to the day of the clearing-house, all in one wild hopeless leap. The Indian school exhibit prescribes the boundaries of the power of Democracy. It can work wonders with the men of the north countries of Europe. It can transform a wilderness into a State in the passing of a generation, using Anglo-Saxons, Celts, Teutons, or Slavs. But Democracy cannot civilize the Indian. In barren soil the mustard-seed dies. A man may not become a

participant in the blessings of Democracy by education alone. Neither can he change his complexion by proclamation, nor his disposition by legislation. Democracy is a birthright. The race has been bargaining for the blessings of Democracy for untold centuries. War was the commerce of our fathers of old. Their lives were the mediums of exchange. Our liberties were the savings of their earnings, and this Democracy is our inheritance. The Indian cannot acquire a taste for the fruits of these victories. To him—even as they are to men of the Latin race—they must ever be apples of Sodom.

So this, the life that exists here in this Trans-Mississippi country, must be a strange life save to the kinsmen of the old Angles and the Saxons. To Frenchmen, to the Spaniard, to the Arab, it must seem odd to find several millions of people working six days in the week on farms, in offices, at benches, on railroads, in stores, and to know that in the whole domain, covering more territory than the half of Europe, is no place where class lines are drawn, where either the prince or the pauper abides. Here the little brother of the rich and the little sister of the poor may meet upon terms arranged by their own inclinations. In this Trans-Mississippi country there is no family of distinction. The grandfather does not enter into the social equation, and he is not considered valuable collateral in financial or political transactions. Every tub stands on its own bottom, and if there is any caste, the spendthrift is the only outcast, and the dishonest debtor is the only man from whom the people flee as from the unclean.

From that civilization the Trans-Mississippi Exposition was called, out of a fancy through a hope, into being. An executive committee used to meet regularly at the luncheon hour while its work progressed, to discuss growth of certain Exposition plans. There were no gentlemen in the luncheon room whose names are blazoned where there is a "boast of heraldry and pomp of power." The chairman of one of the most important sub-committees was a telegraph messenger boy a generation ago. His friend on the right was a farm-hand then. The young man near the window was an office boy during the panic of seventy-three. One of his associates on the finance committee used to twist brakes out of Denver on a cattle train. There were the lawyer, doctor, merchant, chief, rich man, poor man, and probably the other two classes in the group. It was absolutely democratic. The men around the

luncheon table made no pretensions to academic culture. Here and there was a college-bred man, but he had forgotten who Phidias was, and the other men didn't care who he was. These men have built the lagoon, with its Court of Honor. It is as surely a part and a fruit of the civilization that has grown in the Trans-Mississippi country as the cable car, the town library, the demagogue, or canned beef.

Democracy is vital. Perhaps it is the only growing idea. No one has defined it. Great minds have expressed something of its meaning. Their thoughts tally with some rhythm that pulses through the soul of things. Heaven that directs it only knows what it is, this Democracy. Men know that it makes nations virile, tunes their songs in a major key, makes men fight with their hands instead of with knives and poison. And more than these things, Democracy impels men, whether they are building highways or universities, or whether they are forming international policies or circumscribing the peregrinations of the town cow, to transact business through the agency of committees. This much is palpable about Democracy. It can fight; it is potent to win an empire where the Latin civilization failed and where the Indian's institutions fell to pieces. Surely the potency which can win empire will bring out all this beauty that Democracy is now holding up to fleeting view.

And yet one is accustomed to think of Democracy as a principle that has no beauty in it. Scholars have persuaded the world that beauty passed from activity when Greece decayed. Philosophers seem to have concluded that Democracy cannot rise from a dead level of monotonous ugliness. Because Democracy has waged wars, has built railroads, has made cities, has founded governments, and has elected presidents, the most reckless speculator in political probabilities has not dared to invest in the theory that Democracy may hold in its essence the vital element which may spread beauty over the world as widely as Democracy has spread commerce. But out here in the corn and steer country, in a State known on the stock exchange as one of those frightful "granger" States—here is the Court of Honor at Omaha, a really beautiful thing, and it is thoroughly what the "boomer" calls "a home product." And, therefore, although the spectacle rising on the field west of Omaha is beautiful, it is marvelous for something more than its beauty. It is for this that, while so much

beauty is to be found there, no one is vain-glorious about it. Every one accepts it as a matter of course. This beauty has sprung from the germ of Democracy, which has brought forth all the gross richness of the West. The bauble that men have made for a holiday out here on the plains may vanish as the mirage vanishes. But whatever beauty there was in the minds of the makers—in the soul of Democracy—will stay, will grow, will form itself into hard realities, will pass into shapes of stone and brick and mortar, into city avenues, into public buildings, into dwelling-places, for time to gnaw it. It is

not phantasmagoria to imagine that when Democracy has conquered all the continents it can subdue, and the islands of the eastern and western seas, it will spend its energy making these domains things of beauty.

May be, while the Latin, old and wasted, sits under the Apennines and the Alps, and dreams dreams of the glory that has been—the young man, the Anglo-Saxon, rejoicing in his Democracy, is seeing visions. The Court of Honor out here on the prairie land may be one of the visions that is flitting through his mind, a vision that by God's grace and the Saxon's courage some day shall come true.

DIARY OF THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO DURING HOSTILITIES.

FROM MAY 18, 1898, THE DAY BEFORE THE ARRIVAL OF THE SPANISH FLEET, TO JULY 18, THE DAY AFTER THE AMERICANS TOOK POSSESSION OF THE CITY.

BY FREDERICK W. RAMSDEN.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When, in the course of the war with Spain, United States warships began to appear off the harbor of Santiago de Cuba, the late Frederick W. Ramsden, British Consul at Santiago, began to keep a diary. It was for the benefit of his sons, one of whom is an American railroad man, and it was not intended for publication. It tells with remarkable clearness and interest what a close, dispassionate observer, with unusual sources of information, saw and heard of the invading army and navy from within the beleaguered city. It is also a most valuable contribution to history, for it supplements and corrects the accounts of the Santiago campaign written from the American point of view. No man could have been better fitted to write of the extraordinary events within the city of Santiago during the American investment than Mr. Ramsden, regarding whose extraordinary career some further information will be found in a note at the end of the article. When a mere boy, he was sent to Cuba as the representative of an English firm of exporters. Within two years he had been appointed secretary to the British Consul at Santiago, and he soon rose to the full consulship, which he held for nearly forty years.



WEDNESDAY, 18th May, 1898.

At daybreak three American steamers were signaled off the port, and turned out to be a large sailboat fitted out for fighting and two gun-boats. Two of them approached, and some shots were exchanged with the forts. They were seen to be dragging with a line in front

of the harbor, probably trying to hook the cables which go from here to Jamaica and to Havana. They have evidently come to ascertain if the Spanish fleet is in the harbor, the latter having been known to have been here on Sunday evening; else to get possession of the guns of the forts here. One of the guns of the Punta Gorda Battery. The Spanish fleet went away in the afternoon,

and the "Addie" sailed for Kingston with 199 passengers.

Thursday, 19th May. The Spanish fleet appeared at daybreak, and came in. It consists of the "Infanta Maria Teresa," the "Vizcaya," the "Almirante Oquendo," the "Cristobal Colon," and the torpedo-boat destroyers "Pluton" and "Furor." Their coal is almost finished, and they have only had just enough to get them here. The other destroyer, the "Terror," has remained at Martinique for repairs. The American ships which were here yesterday are this morning at Guantanamo, and have been firing at Playa del Este, or the temporary fort there. Our Governor, Capriles, who is a naval man, much to the regret of everyone, resigned to-day, and has joined the fleet.

Saturday, 21st May. One American war ship appeared off the harbor, remaining all day. At six P.M. three shots were heard. The

the enemy is probably an English steamer, bringing 3,000 tons of coal for the Spanish navy. The battleship "Cristobal Colon" got under way, and it was supposed that she would go out and prevent her capture by the Americans, probably an easy matter, since her speed is over eighteen knots and the American ships are said to be simply mail steamers fitted with guns. The "Colon," however, simply went down the bay and anchored near the entrance. The two destroyers are also down near the entrance. The flagship at midday went down to Cajuma Bay, and has anchored there, and another iron-clad, either the "Vizcaya" or the "Oquendo," has taken her place at the Juragua wharf, and is taking in water. It is said that the Americans have taken their prize, whatever it is, and have carried her off. It seems incredible that this should have been allowed right in front of the port, and the squadron inside with steam up. It looks as if the fleet did not intend to move from this port, as it is evidently taking up a position nearer the entrance, so as to command it in case of an attack. We shall now see whether the American fleet decides to come down this way to attack the Spaniards, in which case it will have a tough job to get in; or whether it will send a few ships to prevent the Spanish leaving this port, and then attack Havana. Meat was to-day advanced to sixty cents a pound in the market, and it is difficult to get any vegetables there, as the fleet buys nearly all. This food business is going to become very serious, and there will now be little hope of getting in food supplies from abroad.

FLOUR BEGINS TO RUN SHORT IN THE CITY.

Thursday, May 26th. Raining until the afternoon and thick. At first only one ship was signaled, but when it cleared there were three. We hear that the two American squadrons have crossed each other off Cienfuegos, Commodore Schley going to Cape San Antonio, and Admiral Sampson coming down here to Santiago de Cuba, to look after the Spanish squadron. We may expect him, then, to-morrow, and shall now see if he will content himself with blockading the port and shutting the Spaniards in, or whether he will try to force the port. If he blockades us for any time, there will be nothing but rice to eat. If he attacks, we are likely to get it pretty hot. The Spanish ships have taken up their positions near the entrance of the harbor, the

"Cristobal Colon" and the two destroyers at the entrance of Nispero, and between that and Socapa and Smith Cay the flagship "Maria Teresa," and the "Oquendo" in Cajuma, and the "Vizcaya" close to the red buoy on the colonnades below Punta Limetas. We can see only the last three from here, and they are moored on to the entrance of the harbor. Therefore any shots exchanged with vessels outside will not come our way, but will cross at about right angles from us. It is now known that yesterday they allowed the coal steamer to be taken without even an effort to save her. To-day the military have taken possession of all the flour in town, and none will be left for the public; therefore, in another week, there will be no bread to be had, and the bakeries will be closed. At home, here, we laid in a small stock of biscuits, and also some flour, and shall make our own bread as long as the latter lasts. I now hear that the Spanish squadron never intended to go from here to Havana the other day when it prepared for sea, but to Porto Rico. It is probably safer here, but it is useless as a fleet. The provision cargo from Halifax has fallen through; the people there charged a big price, and also refused to take the blockade risk.

Friday, 27th May. A little before eleven o'clock this morning the American fleet was signaled, and remained off the port all day, disappearing in the evening. They reported twelve ships, but in the afternoon I went down to Cinco Reales and up to the signal station of Vigia, and could make out only nine ships, about fifteen miles off shore. There were two large battleships, probably the "Indiana" and the "Iowa," and another large steamer with three funnels, but it did not look like a battleship; the rest appeared to be smaller vessels, but they were too far off to distinguish clearly. The man on the lookout told me that the coal steamer they took the day before yesterday was still there with them, so probably they have retained it in order to supply themselves with coal therefrom. The Halifax people have now made another offer, which we have accepted, but it is hardly likely that a vessel with provisions will be able to get through the blockade. I was able to-day to see better the positions of the Spanish ships, which are not visible from here, and I find that the "Colon" is in Gaspar Inlet, that is, between Punta Gorda and the south side of that inlet. One of the destroyers is placed well inside the outer bay of the Nispero, just in front of the entrance to the second bay, or larger

one, where the cable is stowed in the water. If the Americans try to enter, they will have a pretty hard job to do so.

Saturday, 28th May. This morning the American fleet had disappeared, and only one ship was visible. By five in the afternoon they had all come back, and remained during the night.

GOING DOWN TO SEE THE AMERICAN SHIPS.

Sunday, 29th May. This morning the whole fleet was signaled at daybreak, and soon after the signal of "approaching" was run up. I called out to Mason by the telephone, and we agreed to go down to the Vigia hill, whence you get a good view of the Morro and outside, as we expected they would attack. We remained there until nearly midday. The American fleet was lying about three miles from shore, and to the east of Morro. By taking a careful note of the different ships, and afterwards comparing them with the pictures we have of the American navy, we made out the following, commencing with the one most to the eastward: The "Montgomery," or a ship very like her; the "Brooklyn," with the admiral's flag at the main; vessel of the description of the "Iowa," although her chimneys are too high for the "Iowa"; the "Indiana" or the "Massachusetts"; the "Texas"; and a merchant steamer with a yacht alongside of her. There was also another one, which went away to the eastward, of enormous size, and evidently a transatlantic boat, either the "St. Paul" or the "St. Louis." Therefore, there were only five actual warships, and it looks as if they were not the ships of Admiral Sampson, but those of Schley. They remained about all day, and did nothing, but in the evening, at half past nine, we could see over the lower hills in front of our house the reflection of their electric search-lights, which they were evidently throwing along the coast between the Morro and Aguadores.

Monday, 30th May. The fleet was signaled again this morning, and at midday an English man-of-war appeared to the southward, and immediately afterwards they signaled her as having gone off again to the south. I now find out that she sent a boat to the American flagship and then went away again, probably to return to Jamaica. I hear that Sampson's squadron is off Havana, and therefore the one here is that of Schley. Instead of the "Montgomery," it is the "Marblehead," and the one like the "Iowa" but with higher chimneys is probably the

"Amazon," bought in Brazil, and rechristened the "New Orleans."

Tuesday, 31st May. Eleven ships signaled this morning, and at midday another joined them from the westward. Dora went down to the Vigia with L. Brooks's daughter and the boys to see the squadron. It is a pity they did not stop till later, for at 2.30 P.M. firing began, and we began to see shells falling around the "Maria Teresa," "Oquendo," and "Vizcaya," moored in Cajuma Bay. None touched the ships, but on falling into the bay they raised a column of water about forty feet high, just like a water-spout. Firing lasted from half past two until ten minutes past three, when it ceased. It seems that five of the American ships came up to the entrance of the harbor, with another transatlantic boat accompanying them, the other vessels remaining a mile or so further off. They fired through the entrance at the "Cristobal Colon," which was lying in Gaspar Inlet and was visible, and also fired shells over the hills at the outer ships, which they could not see, but they did no damage to anyone or anything beyond knocking off a piece of staircase of the Morro. The "Colon" replied with several broadsides, and they tell me she fired 180 shots, and they claim to have hit the transatlantic boat. Punta Gorda fort and the Socapa one, and the Morro also returned the fire, and that of the Socapa, which has two Hontoria guns taken from the "Reina Mercedes," the only guns good for anything in all the forts, they claim put two shells on the stern, perhaps astern, of the "Iowa." I do not believe the "Iowa" is there, and that it is the "Amazon." They say she reeled to one side, and the others sent off their boats to her. Anyhow, the ships hauled off after that shot, and fired no more. This little event broke the monotony of the blockading business, and aroused the people, who flocked down to see it. No one seemed to be the least alarmed, but took it rather as a joke.

Wednesday, 1st June. Thirteen vessels signaled this morning, and they have remained off all day, and have done nothing. We have news that they meant to attack this place, landing troops at Guantanamo, and I suppose that they will do all they can to get at the Spanish squadron. The latter has bought up all the oil in town, besides lots of provisions and other things, and all the surgical bandages they could get hold of. It is said that they came away from Spain very badly supplied. One shell fell yesterday

near the powder magazine at Ratones Cay. Had it fallen on the latter there would have been a good explosion, although I hear there is but little powder there now. The Spanish squadron had its fighting standard out, but it did not attempt to go out. To-day the "Vizcaya" has moved up to a point between Punta Limetas and Ratones Cay, and the "Oquendo" and "Colon" to between Punta de Sal and the Juragua wharf, the flagship remaining where she was. They have put a boom with chain across from Smith Cay to Ernest Brooks's land opposite, leaving open the channel round Smith Cay, and they have sunk two of Ros' lighters full of stone somewhere near the entrance, in order to narrow the channel, but I don't know exactly where.

Thursday, 2d June. Nineteen ships are signaled this morning, some of which are tugboats, and others are said to be transports. Therefore, probably they do intend to try to land troops and attack.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "MERRIMAC."

Friday, 3d June. This morning at a quarter to four we were awakened by rapid and continuous firing towards the Morro; no very big guns, but without ceasing. The Spanish ships began to get up steam, but after forty minutes it was all over. At daybreak I ascertained that they had sunk a steamer between Churruca Point and Smith Cay, and that it was close on to the former, and therefore did not close the channel. Later on, we found that it was the American steamer "Merrimac," which had tried to force the entrance, and had succeeded in reaching that far after passing the first two lines of torpedoes. They took eight men in the water dressed as for a swim and with life belts on; one turned out to be a lieutenant in the navy, and the rest seamen or stokers, and they are now in the Morro as prisoners of war. I sent them down a hammock each and blankets, and for the officer a bed, table, washstand, etc. Accounts are very conflicting, but it appears that this vessel came running for the port just before daybreak with another behind her firing, as if she was pursuing her, in order to convey the idea that she was trying to escape from the blockading squadron, and on arriving in front of Socapa, after three torpedoes had exploded behind her after she had passed, she opened fire on the "Reina Mercedes" anchored between Smith Cay and Socapa. The forts on shore, the "Reina Mercedes," the torpedo-boat destroyer "Pluton," which

was in the Nispero Inlet, and even the soldiers on shore, all let drive as hard as they could, and they assure me that the lower battery at Socapa, which is of quick-firing guns, fired 180 shots. Anyhow, the firing was terrific, but I believe she was sunk by a Whitehead torpedo from the "Mercedes" or "Pluton," each of which discharged two. From private sources I hear that a long narrow boat pulling six oars got away, passing close under the fort, which at first took the sailors for friends and then did not succeed in hitting them. There may have been other boats for what we know. The captain's name was Pearson, and I fancy he must have got away, and that probably the men caught in the water were the stokers, who were below and had no time to get to the boats. They were evidently prepared for this sort of thing to judge by their dress, and their pluck has been admired even by the most rabid Spaniards. The prisoners are treated well, and I know that the officer was bathing himself and getting into clothes of the first lieutenant of the "Mercedes," in his cabin, when a friend of mine went on board. They are now in the Morro. The sailors of the "Mercedes" were feasting the other men with coffee and biscuits while they got into clothes of the former on the deck of the "Mercedes." In fact, although they had been doing their best to kill them two minutes before, they did not know how to do enough for them. The people here think this ship was sent in in order to sink her in the channel and obstruct the passage, thus shutting in the Spanish squadron. I do not think so. They would be only too glad to see the squadron outside, and failing that, want to get in themselves. Again, they must know that the obstruction would soon be removed with dynamite. Also, had that been the intention, they would have remained in front of the Diamante, the narrowest part of the channel, and would not have come so far in. I myself think that they either came to lay down countermines, or an exploding cable across those of the present torpedoes, or perhaps they intended to run the ship among the three battleships, and explode her there after taking to their boats. When they examine the cargo, supposed to be coal, they will know more about this. The officer will, of course, say nothing. With this commencement we had expected a lively day, and felt good at the prospect, but nothing more happened, and the old monotony was resumed. In the afternoon the admiral sent off his chief of staff in a tugboat and with

a white flag, to tell the American admiral that he had eight prisoners and that they would be well taken care of. There is no doubt that Sampson's squadron is also here, as besides the "Brooklyn" we can see the "New York," both with broad pennants. There are eight battleships, and nineteen vessels in all.

IN COMMUNICATION WITH HOBSON.

Saturday, 4th June. Last night, just as I was going to bed, heavy firing began again, and lasted until twenty minutes past eleven, when an extra heavy report was heard, more like an explosion, and after that all was still. My wife had already gone to bed, and was sleepy, and would not get up, saying there would be plenty of time when they got nearer. This time the firing was not rapid like that before daybreak, but more regular, and there were no quick-firing guns. It extended from Baiquiri to the Morro, and the localities varied between those two, backwards and forwards, and at times it seemed as if there were guns on the hills between here and the Lagunas. There were the usual cannon reports, and sometimes those of very heavy guns, and also those sharp metallic reports made by steel guns, which we had not heard on previous occasions. The later shots were nearer to the Morro. It was a splendid moonlight night, full moon, and we supposed the firing was to cover landing parties. This morning I could get no news as to the cause of the firing, and now, though I have seen the general in command, the Military Governor, and the Port Captain, I know no more about it: nor do they. They assure me that along the coast, though the flashes could be plainly seen, no shells nor shot fell on the coast. It looks to me very much as if the destroyer, "Terror," which was at Porto Rico, had been trying to get in here, and that the American fleet was pummeling her, and perhaps finished her up, but this is only my conjecture. There are nineteen ships outside. No one knows the reason of last night's firing, but they are running the story that it was an attempt to bombard the town, which most certainly it was not. The American squadron stretched from in front of the Morro to Baiquiri, and this afternoon they placed themselves from Punta Cabrera to Baiquiri. After the firing and exploding of torpedoes yesterday morning, they tell me that the number of dead fish of all sorts was incredible, and everybody round there ate fish that day. It

is supposed that the "Merrimac" was sent in to be sunk in the channel, but if so, they made a failure of it, and brought her too far in, and the channel remains clear. To-day I wrote to the officer prisoner from her, and told him that the General was desirous of making things as comfortable as possible for him and had told me that I could send him anything he might want, and that therefore I should be very happy to help him all I could. His name is Richmond Pearson Hobson, twenty-six years old.

Sunday, 5th June. Twenty-four vessels outside to-day, but nothing has been done. It appears to me just possible that the intention might have been to close the port and prevent the Spanish fleet from getting out, because it is reported that the other division of the Spanish squadron is on its way, and, if so, Admiral Sampson must know it and may want to prevent the junction of the two.

A TERRIFIC BOMBARDMENT BY THE AMERICANS.

Monday, 6th June. After the calm comes the storm: yesterday we had an uneventful day, but it has been somewhat livelier, and promises to be still more so. Though the Government has said nothing about it, I understand that yesterday the American Admiral sent in a flag of truce with an ultimatum asking the surrender of the town within twenty-four hours or he would bombard. They replied, "Not in ten years." This morning at eight o'clock firing began and soon became terrific, lasting until 10.45, and since then there have been occasional shots, even now when I write at three o'clock. Many shells fell into the bay, one about three quarters of a mile distant from our office, and Nicanor, who has just come in from the Guao, tells me that one fell where we had the iron target for gun practice, and another at the Cruz. I saw one fall just behind the big hill of the Guao, and it must have fallen about the Y of the Juragua railway. They said they had landed forces at Aguadores, and the firing seemed to indicate this, and the volunteers were called out and troops sent, but so far I can't make out that any landing has been effected, though I don't see what is to prevent it. If they do land, we shall have a nice time here, and especially so if they attack from the Aguadores side. I can't pretend to say how many shots have been fired, but firing was continuous from eight to half-past ten, and a lot of powder has been wasted. I now know that the first

lieutenant of the "Reina Mercedes," Acosta, a first-rate fellow, has been killed. A shell took off his right leg, but he continued to give orders for the care of the other wounded until he died. Five seamen of that ship have been killed, and three dangerously wounded, inclusive of a sub-lieutenant, and many otherwise wounded. Eleven have been brought in already. That ship was moored between Socapa and Smith Bay, and caught fire three times. At the Morro two soldiers have been killed and four wounded, and they say several houses have been destroyed also at Smith Bay. There were ten American ships operating in two divisions: one in front of the Morro, and the other in front of Aguadones. Emma wanted to know what the sound like a railway moving in the air was, and was considerably surprised to find it proceeded from the shells flying about. We don't know why they have stopped now; but they have certainly made no progress so far. At one o'clock they began again, this time from the Aguadones, where no harm was done. It was pouring with rain during this morning's bombardment.

Tuesday, 7th June. To-day we have buried poor Acosta. Hobson, the American officer prisoner of war, and his associates, were brought up from the Morro this morning and placed at the Cuartel Reina Mercedes. I had a long talk with him this afternoon and took a list of a few things he wanted. They are treating him very well, and give him everything he wants. He feeds better than we can, and though only entitled to the regulation they will not charge him for anything extra. On entering the barracks the first room on the left is the guard room, and this is a continuation of that, and therefore opens into it. It has a window looking out on where they used to play baseball and towards Cayey. He is an exceedingly pleasant fellow, quite a young man, and everyone likes him. His daring act has caused all to respect him, and he has won the hearts of his captors. The General gave me a message for him to the effect that they are proud to have such a brave man among them, and they are really treating him more as a guest than a prisoner. He was much affected when I told him of the death of Acosta, and said, "Why, he gave me his own cabin and bath to wash in when I got on board, and even lent me his clothes, but if I could get my own." I can hear that no notification was given of the Reina Mercedes. They riddled several houses at Socapa Bay, and a shell burst in

that of Miguel Lopez. I have here a lot of pieces from it—an eight-inch shell. Neither the Buenos nor Estengers' houses were hurt. That of Arnax had a wall knocked down. The inhabitants rushed out to the other side of the island, and got under the high land there.

Wednesday, 8th June. Yesterday there were only thirteen ships outside, and we now hear, privately, that four ships were at Guantanamo and were firing there. The cable communication then became interrupted, and still is so. What they have done there we don't know, or what they may be doing. I had a cable message from there just before the interruption, saying that the soldiers had fagots ready to set fire to the Caimanera stores on approach of the Americans, but I don't know if they have done so. I should think it likely that they will make Guantanamo their base of operation and go on landing troops there to advance on this place. In reply to a cable of mine, the Commodore says he can send me a ship whenever I want to convey away British subjects. I cannot get these latter to make up their minds, and again I fear that yellow fever here, and consequent quarantine in Jamaica, will prevent their going. I have also cabled for the SS. "Adula" from Jamaica, but fear the same cause will prevent her coming. They ask £100 per day for her, with a minimum of £500.

EFFECT OF THE BOMBARDMENT ON PEOPLE AND TOWN.

Thursday, 9th June. Yesterday there were twenty ships outside, so perhaps they may begin bombarding again; we shall see. The civil government is now embargoing all the provisions, but as the military had already taken most of them, they won't have much to embargo. Willie now makes our bread and his own every three days, and very good bread it is now that he has got the hang of it. We have flour at home for six weeks, besides some biscuit. Yesterday the public nearly drove me mad. Some one had run a report that a flag of truce had been sent in the day before to say that if the Spanish squadron did not go out within forty-eight hours they would bombard the town itself. I knew there was nothing of the kind, and also I knew that the flag of truce was with reference to an exchange of prisoners, but I could not tell them so. I did my best to assure them it was all nonsense, and promised to go to the Military Governor to find out:

which I did, of course with the anticipated result. All kinds of people had come to me, including judges and military. To-day the panic seems to be over. The news telegrams say that Sampson reports having silenced the forts here without losing a man, although he put his ships at 2,000 meters distant. The Socapa battery fired twenty-seven shots and that of Punta Gorda three. They did not fire more because, between the heavy rain and the smoke from the tremendous fire of the Americans, they could not see; and I myself happened to see the three shots fired from the Punta Gorda battery, two of which were towards the end, and the third was the last shot fired, as I remarked at the time. Moderate people estimate the number of shots fired by the Americans to have been at least 1,500, and others put it at 2,000 or 3,000. Juragua iron bridge was damaged, and at the water-tank, a little further on, the line was obstructed with shells and the rails torn up in part. It seems they fired on the train coming up, but did not stop it. All the ground between here and the Morro and Aguadores is said to be strewn with remains of shell. These were principally six and eight inch, and I have sample pieces here. The majority of British subjects have finally decided to hold on for the present, and I have cabled the Comodore in that sense. Later, they may not get the chance to go. In the panic yesterday a woman came to me with a girl some sixteen years old, and said that the latter was a British subject. There were two more sisters, who happened to have been born in Jamaica during the last war. I told them that probably a ship of war would soon be here to take away British subjects and that then the girls could go. The old lady said she would have to go too, with an aunt or something. I told her that if they were British subjects they could do so, but that otherwise they might be sure the captain would not admit them. She did not like that, and said the girls could not go alone, but finally she said they could go "if the consul responds for them, because they are already señoritas." I told her that I should be uncommonly sorry to have to respond for them or for any other girls of their age, and certainly would not undertake it. This afternoon I went again to see Lieutenant Hobson. He and General Linares had received cables from the "Herald" and the "World" asking after him. The latter did not care about replying, and Hobson could not, on account of the rules of his service. Therefore, we agreed that I should do so, which I did, saying that they were well cared

for and that I had just seen them. No reply yet from Jamaica about the steamer "Adula," and still no communication with Guantanamo. Now that there is a little moon, we can see from home the electric search-lights from the American ships, constantly thrown on the coast.

DEATHS FROM STARVATION.

Friday, 10th June. Yesterday there were only thirteen ships outside, but to-day there are twenty-one. About midday they were firing on the shore near Baiquiri, probably on some of the troops moving round there. We are still in treaty for the "Adula," but I fear quarantine will stop her coming. We hear from Martinique that at Guantanamo the telegraph clerk was going to Playa del Este to see if he could fix the cable, but we can get no news and have still no communication with Guantanamo; therefore we do not know what may have happened there. Yesterday any quantity of people left for the country, fearing the town bombardment to-day. Provisions are each day scarcer, and very soon there will be no meat, which to-day is at seventy cents per pound, eggs ten cents each, etc. Nearly all the bakeries have now closed, for want of flour, and they are giving the troops a kind of bread made out of corn meal and flour, but they do not make it properly, and it is as hard as stone, and if they continue to feed them with this they will all very soon be ill. Already there have been some cases of deaths in the streets from starvation. It is reported that the other division of the Spanish fleet is well on its way from Spain, and that as soon as it appears the ships here in the port will go out and meet it, but it is not likely that Admiral Sampson will allow them to join. We are all hoping that the squadron may go, as it is the immediate cause of all our troubles, and it is also eating us out. The military to-day bought 4,000 bags of rice of the "Polaria's" cargo stored here, in consequence of the ship having been unable to continue to Havana. A steamer from Halifax with provisions is now due here, but it is hardly to be expected she can get through this blockade. The forts here are really not forts: the Morro has a lot of very ancient guns, and I believe none of them is of any use. Also they may have two or three Krupp guns of small size, of under 2,000 yards range. The only good guns they have are the two six-inch Hontorias on the Socapa earthwork battery, and another Hontoria

mounted after the bombardment on the Punta Gorda battery. They have three mortars of eight hundred yards range on this battery, and they also have another Hontoria not yet taken up the hill, and, of course, not mounted. These Hontorias were taken out of the "Reina Mercedes." Therefore, the only guns of any good to oppose to the attacking squadron were the two on Socapa battery. There is also another battery of small calibre, quick-firing guns lower down on Socapa Hill.

Saturday, 11th June. Either eighteen or twenty-one ships off to-day. This afternoon six of the largest were seen to go far off at full steam towards the east, but how far they went we do not know. The "Adula," from Jamaica, to take passengers, has fallen through, owing to quarantine difficulties in Jamaica, and because the Spanish Consul at Kingston refuses to clear any vessel for Santiago de Cuba. No man of war will come either.

Sunday, 12th June. Yesterday the Alcalde published a bando as to what people must do in case of an attack on the town. It reminds one of the siege of Saragossa, and is adapted for that period. All persons not already belonging to armed corporations will present themselves to the Alcalde to serve to carry stores and ammunition and wounded, to put out fires, to run carts and conduct cattle or cargo loads, etc., wanted for the defense of the place. Last night the electric lights thrown on the coast and the Morro were stronger than ever. I have now ascertained that the "Merrimac" is sunk in twelve fathoms, half way between Juan Estenger's bath on Smith Cay and Soldados Point, which latter is the one opposite to Churraca Point, just across the entrance of Nispero Bay. Jemmy will know the place, because it is just where he emptied out of the net that big conger eel he caught one day at the old wreck. Between the ship and the shoal, on the Smith Cay side, there are forty-five meters of channel, and thirty-five between her and the shoal on the other side; therefore, there is plenty of room for a vessel to pass on either side of her. Again, there are six fathoms of water over her bridge and roundhouse or chart-room roof, and, therefore, blowing away her chimney and masts, the channel will be clear right over her. The Americans evidently won't have her touched, and keep a constant watch, and fire on anyone exploring her either day or night.

Monday, 13th June. Everyone expected a renewal of bombardment to-day, but the

day passed quietly until half past eleven at night, when, just as I was getting into bed, shots were heard. There were only eight fired, and we went to sleep. It seems that some ship came in near, and they fired at her, and she answered. The Spaniards expect the second division of the Spanish fleet in a day or two; I cannot say that I myself see much chance of it.

THE BOMBARDMENT RENEWED.

Tuesday, 14th June. At half past five this morning the bombardment again began, but only lasted for a quarter of an hour, though about two hundred shots were fired in that time. Many shells fell in the bay around the flagship between Punta Limeta and Ratones Cay, where the powder magazine is, and an alferéz, a cabo de cañon, and a seaman were wounded at the Socapa battery. Otherwise nobody seemed much the worse; and people did not bother their heads much about it. Your mother was up already, and it did not prevent her from going to market as usual. Did she not go to market, we should probably get nothing to eat, as there is now hardly any meat to be had.

Thursday, 16th June. To-day they began bombarding again at half past five in the morning, and continued pretty strong for forty-five minutes. Two shells fell in the bay in line with the public wharf, and a great many lower down and all around on shore. One in particular fell near the flagship, and raised a column of water as high as her masts. Of the men serving the guns at the Socapa battery, three were killed and four wounded, and at the Morro one was killed and six wounded, say one officer and five men. Of the three at Socapa killed, only part of the body of one of them could be found, the rest of it having disappeared or having been carried away by the shell. The ships bombarding were the "Iowa," "Massachusetts," "Oregon," "Texas," "New Orleans," "New York," "Brooklyn," with a yacht firing at the Aguadores. There were also half a dozen shots the previous night. To-day we counted at times, by minutes, and found thirty-two, forty-four, fifty-three, and fifty-five per minute; therefore, we may safely take forty per minute, which, multiplied by forty-five, gives 1,800 shots, and these at an average of \$150 per shot make a value of \$270,000. I am now convinced that on the 6th at least five thousand shots must have been fired. To-day, one of the guns at Socapa was com-

pletely covered up by a big shell striking a heap of earth close by and just putting it right over the gun. They cable us from Halifax that our provision cargo had been here, but was not allowed to enter, and had gone to Mayaguez. To-day we have despatched the messenger for Guantanamo. Hardly any meat in the market now, and within two days the one or two bakeries still open will close. For the troops they are making bread of barley and rice, out of the "Polaria," with fifteen per cent. of flour. It does not look particularly inviting, and is difficult to swallow.

Friday, 17th June. At a quarter past five in the morning the firing began again; this time it seemed to be further off, and to the westward. It lasted until six o'clock, and about one hundred shots or more were fired. It seems that a yacht of the newspapers, or other yacht, approached Punta Cabrera and got out two steam launches and made for shore, but the Spanish troops there began to fire on them, and one launch had to get away with oars. The "Texas" then approached, and threw from sixty to eighty shells at the spot the fire of the troops seemed to come from, but no one was hurt, and there the matter ended. Meat eighty cents per pound to-day, and no bakeries open; therefore, no bread. To-day people hardly got up to see what the firing was, and those that did, went to bed again. They are getting used to it. I hear the Spanish government refuses to exchange Hobson, as they consider him too dangerous.

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR THE "PLUTON."

Saturday, 18th June. At night on the 15th we heard a few shots, and one very loud one. An officer of the "Pluton" told me last night that a big shell, which looked like a comet as it came, somewhat slowly, through the air, fell near them, between Smith Cay, and then came traveling in the water by means of a screw, and burst just in front of their ship. He says that had theirs been a heavy ship it would have burst it up, but the little "Pluton," which only draws seven and a half feet, was just lifted out of the water, and everyone on board was thrown off his feet, but no one really hurt. The water round was strewn with dead fish, and the concussion was also felt by the "Mercedes," which was behind the "Pluton." He says it was a dynamite shell from the pneumatic gun of the "Vesuvius," which had arrived on that day. Just now, 11 P.M., we heard

half a dozen cannon shot some way off. Miguel Lopez tells me that some of the soldiers stationed on the lower part of the Morro have seen people paddling about in the harbor entrance in tubs (tinas.) These evidently must be india-rubber duck-shooting punts, in which you sit and have a bag for each leg, with a paddle at the bottom in order to move you in the water. They must be trying to get at the torpedoes in the bay, or reconnoitering. Telegrams say that the Spanish government refuses to exchange Hobson and his men. He will be disappointed. People are now beginning to die in the streets of hunger, and the misery is frightful in spite of so many having gone to the woods. There is no bread, and, what is worse, there are no plantains or sweet potatoes nor yams, and of course no foreign potatoes. There is plenty of rice, owing to the fortunate chance of the "Polaria" having been obliged to leave here her Havana cargo. Were it not for that, the troops must starve. This latter is what the civilians will have to do, because, of course, there will be no giving in as long as the troops have something to eat. There are no onions, red beans, lard, pork, or anything that comes from abroad, except the "Polaria's" rice and barley (this latter intended for the beer manufactory in Havana). Orders have been issued not to give any maize to horses or pigs, but to keep it for the people. The military in command at San Luis Cristo and other country places will allow nothing to go into town, as they want to keep it all for themselves. The streets are full of beggars going round begging for what formerly was given to the pigs, but now there is nothing over for the pigs. I saw a thirteen-inch shell which must have been from the "Massachusetts." Any quantity of shell of all calibers are being picked up, intact.

THINGS LIKELY TO BECOME VERY HOT.

Sunday, 19th June. So far, 4 o'clock, we are having a quiet time of it, and beyond two or three cannon shot this morning at the divers who were examining the "Merrimac," nothing has happened. From the country we hear that at the Dejade there is a big insurgent commission ready to convey to the interior any families who may wish to go, as they say they are soon going to attack this place. The Americans may do so as soon as they have troops to land. If so, then there will be a scrimmage, and it will not be pleasant. Telegrams say that the "Talbot"

is going to Havana to take away British subjects, and that Gollan, the Consul-General, is going on leave. Happy man. I just hear that two ships arrived to-day from the southward, and that a salute was fired, and a boat from each of the other ships got out and sent on board the new arrivals. This looks as if some commanding officer had arrived. Perhaps it may be the general commanding a party of troops to land here or at Guantanamo, as it is hardly to be supposed that this fleet is going to remain here for an indefinite time without doing something to get at the Spanish squadron, which won't and, indeed, cannot now move.

Monday, 20th June. Yesterday there were seventeen ships after the two mentioned had arrived. This morning there were twenty-one at daybreak, and at eleven o'clock thirty-nine more appeared, making sixty vessels of all kinds. This looks like business, and now there is no doubt that they mean to land and take this place. Things are likely to become very hot, and God knows who will come through it. I have cabled to the Commodore, telling him of the situation, but I can't get British subjects, the principal ones, to say positively whether they wish a ship or not,

and whether they will go if one comes. Had they said yes, I would to-day have seen the General again and ascertained if he still sustained his prohibition of any ship coming, and would have cabled the Commodore accordingly, to ask him for a ship if it could still be had. The events of the next few days will become matters of history, but we don't know who may be left to relate them. No answer yet from Guantanamo. There must, however, have been some fighting there, as there is a telegram saying that Sagasta had indignantly denied in Cortes that the corpses of the American marines killed at Guantanamo had been mutilated. At midday there was an explosion at the wharf, on board the schooner "Trafalgar," belonging to Estenger Messa. Two of the sailors were busy in the hold taking powder out of one of the unexploded American shells, and a friend of theirs, a sailor of the SS. "San Juan," was looking on. As the powder was hard, they took a piece of iron to loosen it with, with the result that it went off, or rather it went through the bottom of the schooner and sank her, killed the "San Juan" man, and badly wounded the other two.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—During much of his residence at Santiago, Mr. Ramsden was actively engaged as a partner in the firm of Brooks & Co., so that he became thoroughly familiar with Spanish business and social affairs. He was a thorough Spanish scholar, and he knew every motive of the Spanish character. He passed through the miseries of the Ten Years' Rebellion, and played a part in the "Virginus" affair that placed the entire American nation in his debt. Captain Fry and fifty-two of his associates of the "Virginus" were massacred by the Spanish in spite of Mr. Ramsden's protests. But when ninety-three others, Americans, were condemned to death, Mr. Ramsden resolutely demanded, in the face of the most violent public clamor, that the execution be delayed until he could learn whether the prisoners were American or English subjects. When the Spanish authorities hesitated, he sent to Jamaica for a British warship to enforce his demands. A day later the "Niobe" ran into Santiago harbor, ready to bombard the town, and the Americans were saved. Mr. Ramsden was also a man of scientific reputation. His hydrographic and weather reports won him a medal from Spain, and have been highly commended by the United States Signal Service. His collection of Cuban butterflies and beetles occupies an important place in the British Museum. A few days after the surrender of Santiago, he was taken suddenly ill with Cuban fever, and went to Kingston, Jamaica, where he died early in August. The following letter is of interest in this connection :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "HERALD" :

With profound regret and sorrow I read in your paper this morning the announcement of the death, at Kingston, Jamaica, W. I., of F. W. Ramsden, British Consul at Santiago de Cuba. While United States Consul at

Santiago de Cuba from 1884 to 1892 I had the honor to win Mr. Ramsden's personal friendship. It is now my duty to pay tribute to his memory, and tell your readers of the great loss, not alone his countrymen, but also we Americans, have suffered through his untimely end. I believe that if our commanding officer at Santiago were asked, he could tell of Mr. Ramsden's heroic and noble efforts before Santiago capitulated, of the work he did in bringing about the surrender, and of his good and generous deeds all through the sufferings and privations incident to the Santiago campaign.

Mr. Ramsden's long residence in Cuba, respected by both Cuban and Spaniard ; his intimate knowledge of affairs and conditions, would have been, had God spared his life, of invaluable help to our government in the final adjustment of affairs in Cuba. Mr. Ramsden was a scientist, and had made a thorough and exhaustive study of the agricultural and mining resources of eastern Cuba. He was always ready to give the result of his own ceaseless work and research to whoever asked for it, and has done much to develop the country. His services in connection with our Weather Bureau were considerable. He was the friend of everyone who spoke our language, and many will remember his charming hospitality. Americans and Englishmen, Cubans and Spaniards, have suffered an irreparable loss through his death.

OTTO E. REIMER.

The present instalment includes only about one-half of Mr. Ramsden's diary ; the remainder, covering the period of the complete investment of Santiago by land as well as sea, and of the surrender and the taking possession, will appear in the November number of the Magazine.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE—A LOOK FORWARD.

THE year just closing has been, from both a material and a moral point of view, the most prosperous in the history of this magazine. The magazine has gained in influence and prestige, and a hundred thousand new subscribers have been added to a circulation already enormous. We enter the new magazine year with a solid army of nearly 400,000 subscribers behind us.

Of course the first interest of such a fact is for the editor: to him it means a command of ample resources and a proof that his magazine is read. But, in the case of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, it has a certain general or public interest: for McCLURE'S has been edited on no novel or sensational lines. Its plan of procedure has been very simple and direct. It has always published the best literature of contemporary production, and its contributions in the fields of science, biography, adventure, and current activities have been usually the work of skilled writers; so that the literary and also the art standards of the magazine have always been the highest; and its prosperity is a gratifying proof—at an hour when many are disposed to question the fact—that the good thing pays, and pays, too, simply by virtue of being good. McCLURE'S has been the medium for most of the stories and poems published by Mr. Kipling during its lifetime. The same is true of the writings of Anthony Hope and Robert Louis Stevenson. And these are only examples of a policy which must be by now perfectly familiar to our friends.

It is more interesting, however, to look ahead and talk about what we are going to do. We give herewith a brief description of some of the articles and stories which we hope will not only retain the support of our present friends, but bring us new allies.

A SERIAL BY RUDYARD KIPLING.—As in previous years, all, or nearly all, of Mr. Kipling's stories will be published in this magazine. Speaking of his story "In Ambush," published in our August number, the "Brooklyn Eagle" said: "If he were to write a continued story of school life on the line indicated in this sketch, it would be as successful a book as 'Tom Brown' or 'Huckleberry Finn.'" Such a book Mr. Kipling is now writing for us, and we expect to begin the publication of it in January. It will consist of six stories, each complete in itself, but all dealing with the same charac-

ters, and thus giving it a continuous interest.

MISS TARBELL'S LINCOLN.—Three years ago Miss Tarbell began the publication of her articles dealing with the early life of Lincoln. The series ended with the nomination of Mr. Lincoln at Chicago in 1860 for the Presidency. It can be truthfully said that no biography ever achieved such a success as this one. Within a few weeks after the publication began, over a hundred thousand new subscribers were added to the magazine. In the December number Miss Tarbell will begin a series of articles on Lincoln's later life. The new series will begin with a description of the formal notification of Lincoln of his nomination, by the committee appointed by the Chicago Convention, and will tell the story of his career from that moment until the closing scenes at Springfield, Illinois, when the body of the most beloved man of the century was laid to rest. We are sure these later articles by Miss Tarbell will be followed with the most intense interest; and any American who fails to read them will be poorer thereby.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN ON THE WAR.—Captain Mahan, who acted throughout the war with Spain as a member of the Board of Strategy, is recognized everywhere as the foremost living authority on naval power and warfare. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has secured the exclusive use of whatever he may write on the subject of the war; and he will contribute to the magazine an exposition and interpretation of the war, particularly in its naval engagements and aspects. It is safe to say that there will be nothing produced in all the literature of the war of higher interest and significance than Captain Mahan's contribution.

KIPLING'S NEW VOLUME OF STORIES.

A new volume of stories by Mr. Rudyard Kipling is about as big a literary event as the times can give us, and its announcement is unquestionably a matter of deep personal interest to a larger number of English-speaking people than any other such announcement could be. Now most able critics would take the ground that this dual statement is somewhat paradoxical: that the biggest literary event has not been in the past the one

most likely at any one time to interest the largest number of people; yet few indeed would dispute its truth in this case. And right here lies one of the most marvelous points to be found in considering Mr. Kipling's work. It is the literary fruit of democracy. Nothing like his popularity with the average man has been known before in literary history, except in the case of Burns, whom Scotland, intellectually the most democratic country that ever existed, took and holds to her heart in similar fashion.

In a wider world, where the democratic idea in a far more sweeping form is on trial, two new and especially striking phenomena rise to demonstrate its worth as no theorizing could ever do: one is Mr. Kipling's popularity, the first-hand joy of enriched millions in a rising and genuine literary light; and the other, newer still (and Mr. Kipling is the very man who could put before us all the significance of this) is the charging of our raw volunteers up the bloody hill of San Juan without orders—a deed such as subject peasants never did and never would perform.

"The Day's Work" is the title of Mr. Kipling's new book, and in it are collected for the first time the fruits of his maturest day, of the richest period of his life so far as he has yet lived it. It records an extraordinary sweep of sympathies. In "The Ship

that Found Herself" throbs the machinery-loving heart of McAndrew himself, and in ".007" steam-engines live for us like men of our time. "The Tomb of His Ancestors" brings us the wild romance of a strange and ancient people; "The Brushwood Boy," exquisite in its poetic spirituality, moves the heart with the old love-song of the race, while "The Devil and the Deep Sea" strikes with rollicking force a more familiar note, and joys shamelessly in the doings of strong men whose code of honor happens to differ from the law's demands. "William, the Conqueror," a novelette rather than a short story, is one of the finest things Mr. Kipling has ever done, and bears the old rare hall-mark of first-class work, inasmuch as it gratifies by not one merit but by a dozen, and may be prized by as many people for as many different reasons; perhaps, for instance, because it gives us such a knowledge of famine experiences in India as the best special correspondent has failed to faintly convey, or because William herself is the dearest of her creator's heroines since Dinah Shadd was young.

It is proper that the publishers who have presented so much of Mr. Kipling's greatest work in the pages of this magazine should also bring out his latest book. It will be published in a few days by the Doubleday and McClure Company.

RECESSIONAL.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have been requested a great many times of late to republish Mr. Kipling's poem "Recessional," and we gladly reproduce it herewith in compliance with these requests.

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

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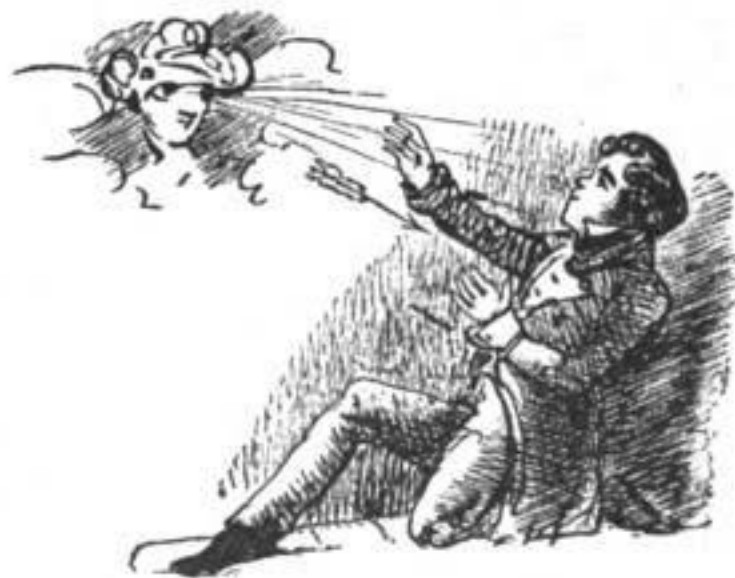
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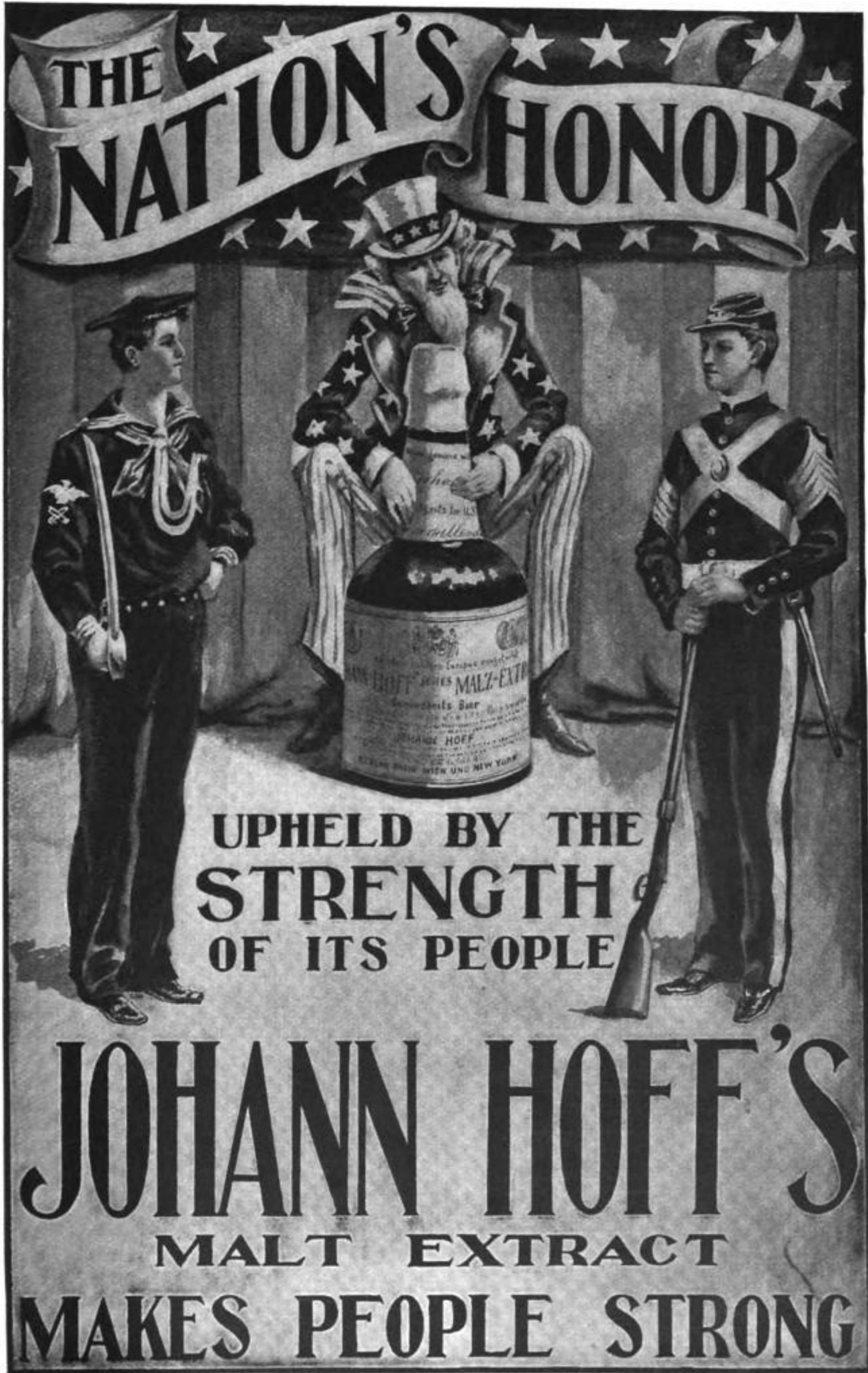
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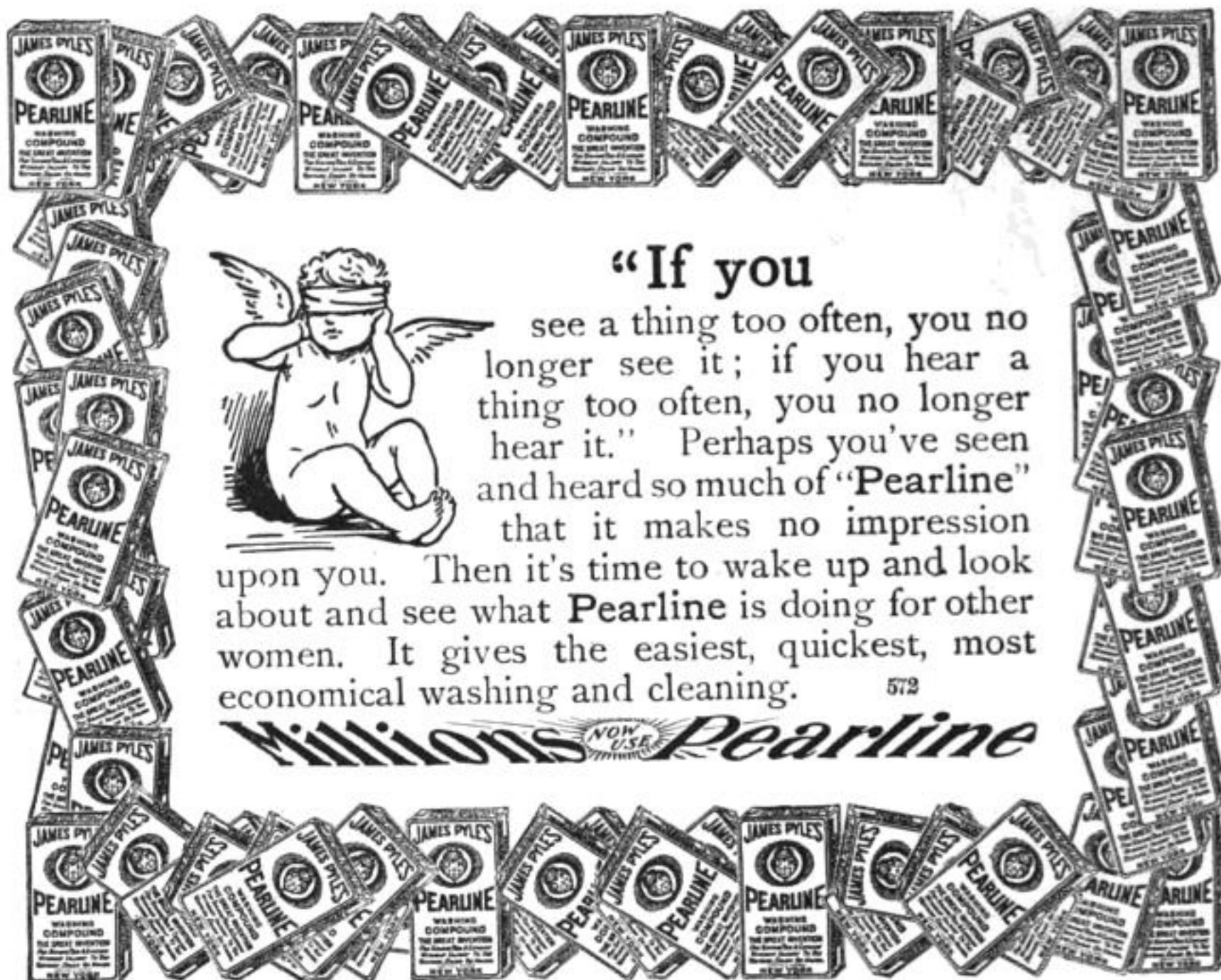



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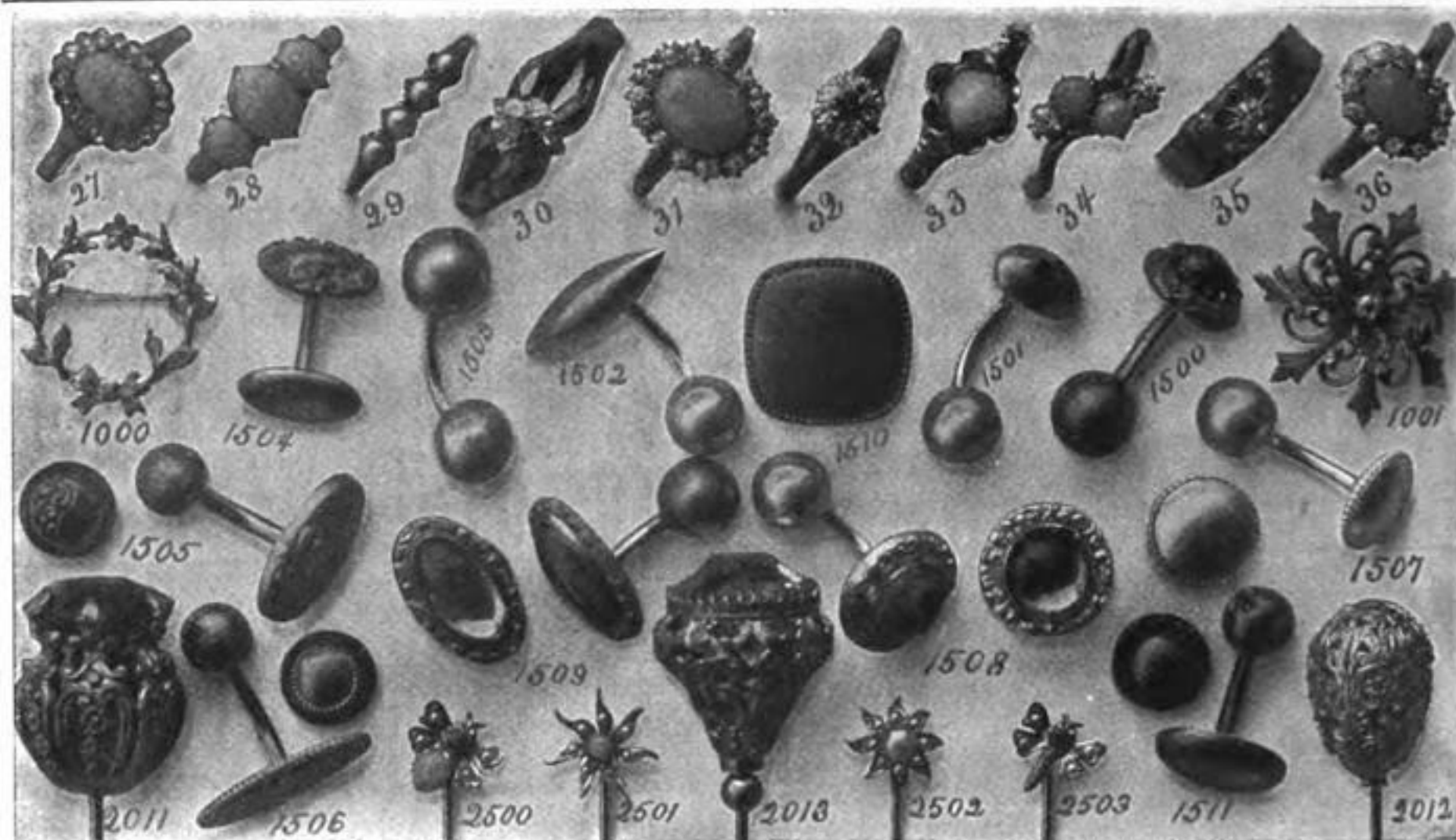
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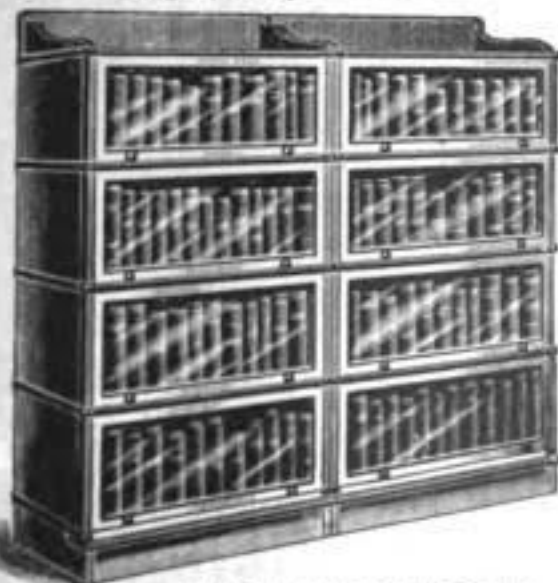
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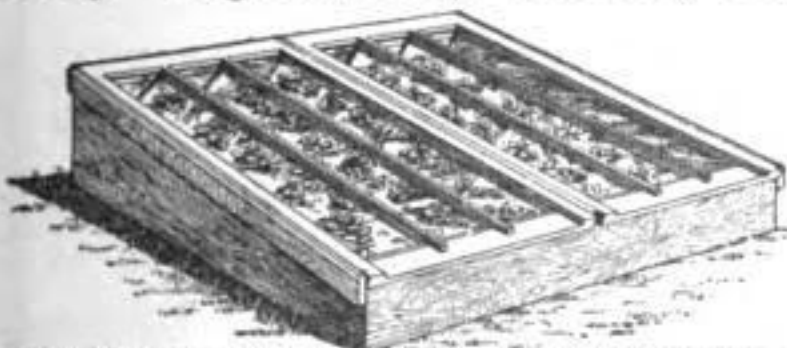
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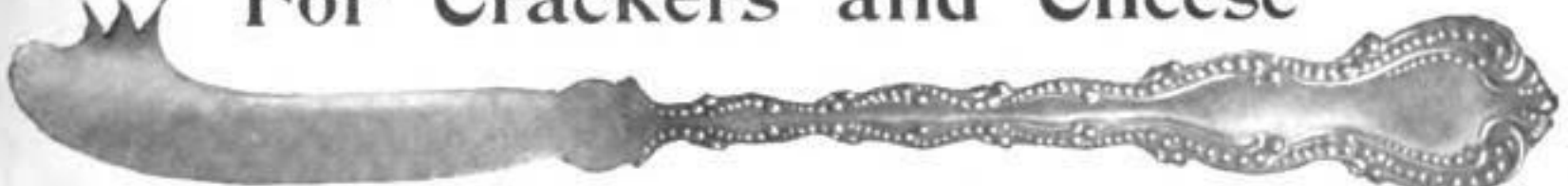
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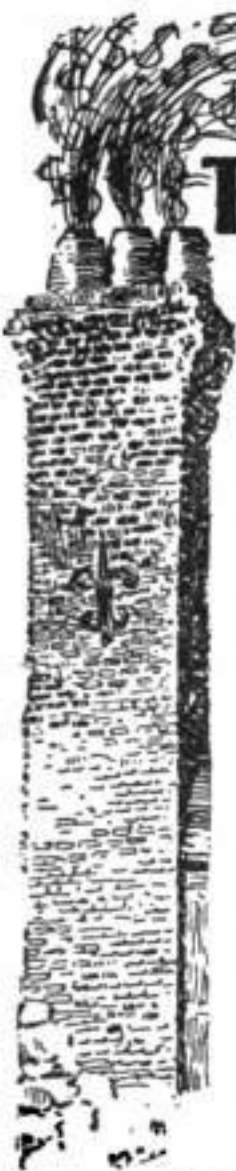
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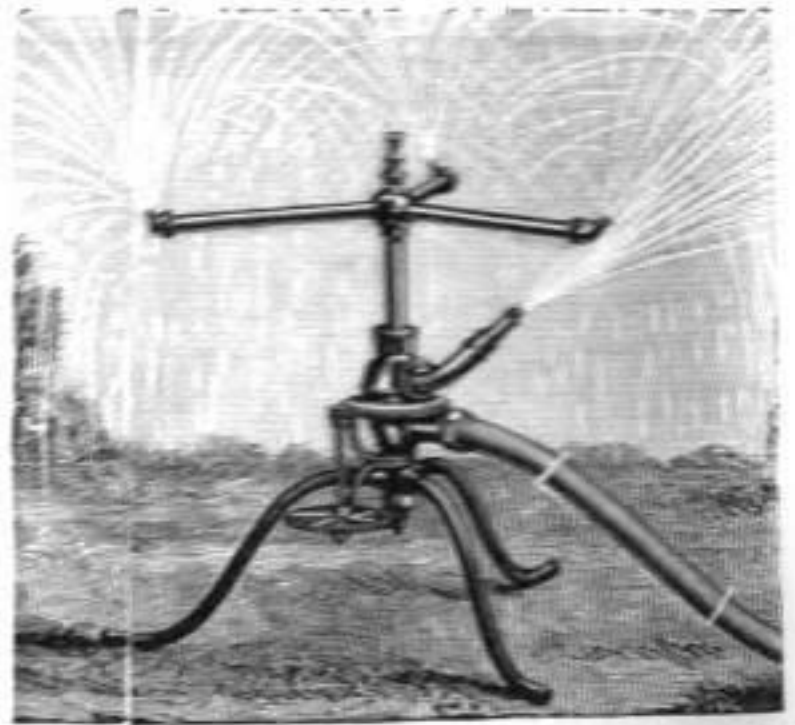
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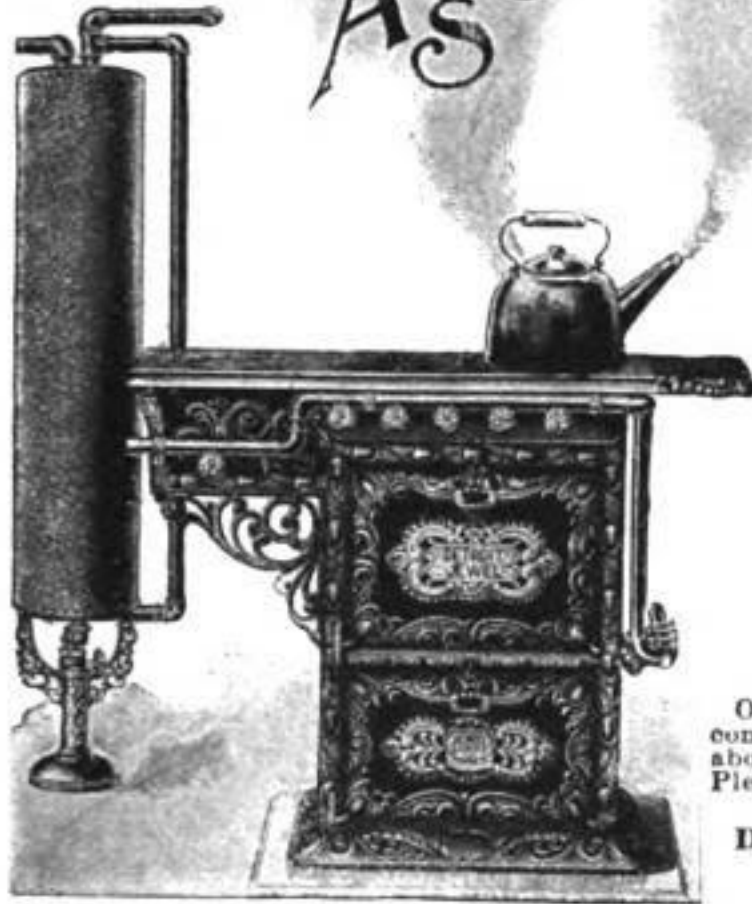
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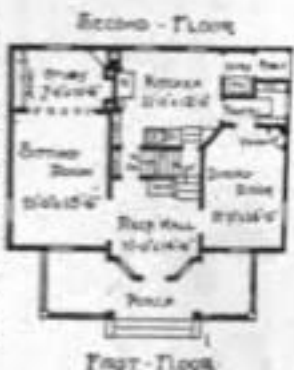
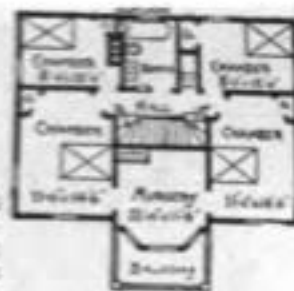


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McClure's Announcements

MAGAZINE AND BOOKS

RUDYARD KIPLING

The New Serial

We shall begin publishing a series of six short stories by Rudyard Kipling in our December or January number. The details of Mr. Kipling's most interesting plan are given in an editorial note in the present number of this magazine. The stories will be illustrated by Raven-Hill, the great artist, whose work in "Punch" stamps him as the foremost exponent of English character delineation, and who has special fitness for this work because of his intimate knowledge of the school life which Mr. Kipling depicts.

DIARY OF THE BRITISH CONSUL AT SANTIAGO

Mr. Ramsden's diary, the first part of which appears in this number, will be completed in the November issue of the magazine. It is one of the most remarkable documents produced by the War, giving in the most vivid and complete manner the picture of conditions in Santiago during the operation of the American forces there. Through his devotion to duty and his self-sacrificing spirit during these trying times, Mr. Ramsden fell a prey to fever and died a short time after the surrender of Santiago.

CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U. S. N.

There will appear shortly the first of several articles by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. Navy (retired), the author of the "Influence of Sea Power Upon History," and related works upon naval history and naval warfare. Captain Mahan's works are well known and esteemed abroad, as well as in this country; the value placed on them by foreign naval officers being evidenced by translations of them made into French, German, Russian, and Japanese. These articles will have for their subject the recent hostilities with Spain, which will be treated both in general outline, and specifically with regard to particular conditions or particular incidents. In accordance with the plans of the magazine, previously announced, the design of these papers will not be to present a detailed and consecutive history of the war, the time for which cannot be considered yet to have arrived, even did the space in our pages admit it. The aim will be to present and analyze the general conduct of the war as it has been familiar in its course to our readers, through their reading of the daily papers; to bring it, both in its antecedent conditions and during its continuance, in its movements and in their results, into relation with the past experiences of warfare in general and with the theory of war thence deduced and hitherto accepted. The effort will be to suggest directions for thought which may be practically useful to readers in application to the many accounts, official or personal, which are sure to be given to the public in the future, whether in magazines or in more formal histories. It is hoped, also, that deductions made from these experiences, both of the recent and the remote past, may help to give a correct direction to public opinion on the question of the future increase of the navy, which has become inevitable in consequence of our acquisition of over-sea territory.

TRUE RAILROAD STORIES

By John A. Hill

The author of "Jim Wainwright's Kid," in the present issue of the magazine, will continue his series of real railroad tales for several months to come.

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Experiences in Egypt

Last spring, Mr. Gibson visited Egypt in the interests of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE. He studied the country not only from the point of view of the artist, but from the point of view of a keen American observer who could not fail to remark the present condition of the Egyptians and to notice also the influence and effects of the control of the English in Egypt. The fall of Khartoum, which seals the destiny of Egypt as an English colony, adds a peculiarly timely interest to Mr. Gibson's work. The illustrations will be most elaborate, and the articles will show Mr. Gibson as a writer of very unusual qualities.

LIEUT. R. E. PEARY His Plans to Reach the North Pole

Before sailing on his last expedition, Lieut. Peary prepared for the magazine an article describing his hopes and his purposes in making the arduous and daring expedition upon which he is now engaged and by which he expects in some years to reach the Pole.

HAMLIN GARLAND'S STORIES OF INDIAN FIGHTS

Mr. Garland, who contributed the story of Two Moon's fight with Custer to the September number of the magazine, has secured from the Indians the real history of "Rising Wolf, Ghost Dancer" and "Sitting Bull's Defiance," told in the very words of the Indians.

SUBMARINE NAVIGATION

By Simon Lake

Few people realize the practical advances that have been made in submarine navigation. Mr. Lake, inventor of the Lake Submarine Boat, has prepared an interesting article on his successful cruises on the bottom of the sea. He has traveled on the bottom of the sea over 1200 miles all told, and has made the first practical submarine boat. It has remained submerged for ten hours, and from it, while at the bottom of Chesapeake Bay, telephone communications were carried on with Washington, Baltimore, and New York.

UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN ASTRONOMY

By Simon Newcomb

is the title of a remarkable article by the eminent astronomer, who also writes a paper on "How Planets are Weighed."

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

More Stories of Boyville

The author of the Boyville stories, those most refreshing and delightful tales of real boy life, will be a frequent contributor to the magazine during the coming year. He is now engaged upon a literary effort of unusual importance, which will reveal his powers in an entirely new field and which we hope soon to be able to describe to our readers.

TELEGRAPH STORIES

By Captain Jasper E. Brady

Captain Brady, before he entered the army, was a commercial and railroad operator, and in this series relates extraordinary adventures in connection with the telegraph.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

By Ray S. Baker

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MISS TARBELL'S LATER LIFE OF LINCOLN

The "later life" series, on which Miss Tarbell has been long at work, begins in the December number, and will contain much unpublished matter of exceptional interest, such as the story of the writing of the First Inaugural; some remarkable and recently discovered letters written by Lincoln to Major David Hunter, and stories told by soldiers who acted as Lincoln's body guard at the White House.

Four Hundred Telegrams Sent by Lincoln

This collection reveals in a very remarkable manner Lincoln's dealings with the soldiers, and includes some new and almost sensational material dealing with Lincoln's fear that General Grant might be the nominee for the Presidency in 1864. These are simply some hints of the new material which has been obtained. The series will be fully illustrated.

LIFE MASKS OF GREAT AMERICANS

This is the title of a second article by Charles Henry Hart, giving the living images of Dolly Madison, DeWitt Clinton, Gilbert Stuart, Martin Van Buren, Commodore David Porter, Attorney General Rush, Charles Francis Adams, and John Quincy Adams. This collection of Browere life masks is of equal human and historical importance with the collection published a year ago in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

SHORT STORIES

There will be good short stories by Robert Barr, Sarah Orne Jewett, Hamlin Garland, Stephen Crane, Shan F. Bullock, Ellen Glasgow, Frank Norris, Octave Thanet, and many other well known authors; and in addition the editors have in their possession several short stories of genuinely novel interest by new writers.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA, BY EYE-WITNESSES

It has been the chief purpose of the magazine in treating the recent war to give carefully prepared and dramatic accounts of its principal events written by actual participants. It now offers for its November number a vivid description of the battle of Manila as it was seen by John T. McCutcheon and E. W. Harden, both of whom were with the invading fleet. They are both trained writers, and Mr. McCutcheon is also an artist of unusual talent. They tell the story with the thrill of reality and the stirring human interest which only eye-witnesses and sharers in the famous action could impart. Mr. McCutcheon drew many pictures of the fight, of the ruined Spanish ships after the battle, and of scenes during the looting of Cavité by the insurgents. In addition to these he took more than one hundred photographs, all of which will be drawn upon for illustrative material, making the article in all respects a most graphic and complete record of Admiral Dewey's achievement.

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RUDYARD KIPLING

THE DAY'S WORK

Mr. Kipling's new book has been making for three or four years, and contains his most mature and powerful work. It includes his stories of ships and machinery, in which he makes the inanimate live and the huge organism of the marine engine as well as the American locomotive speak—a field absolutely new and one in which only a man of genius could be successful. Among the contents are: "The Ship that Found Herself," "Bread upon the Waters," "The Devil and the Deep Sea," "oo7," "The Bridge Builders," "My Sunday at Home," "The Tomb of His Ancestors," "In the Black Pastures," "The Maltese Cat," "A Brushwood Boy," "William the Conqueror," etc.

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This story is a remarkably fresh and original one, and has to do with the adventures of a Norwegian girl who has followed the sea with her father and knew no other life.

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LIFE AND CHARACTER OF U. S. GRANT

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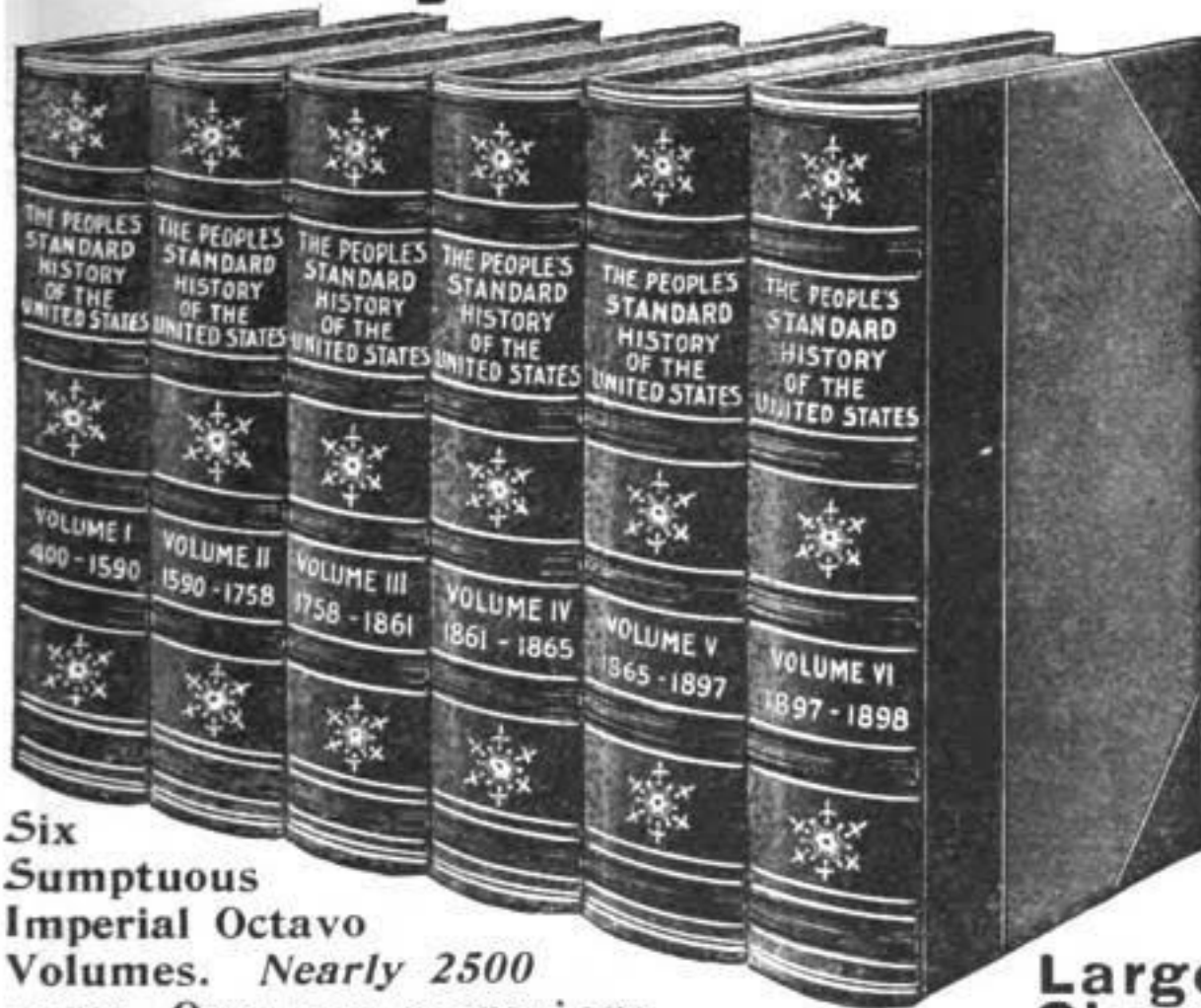
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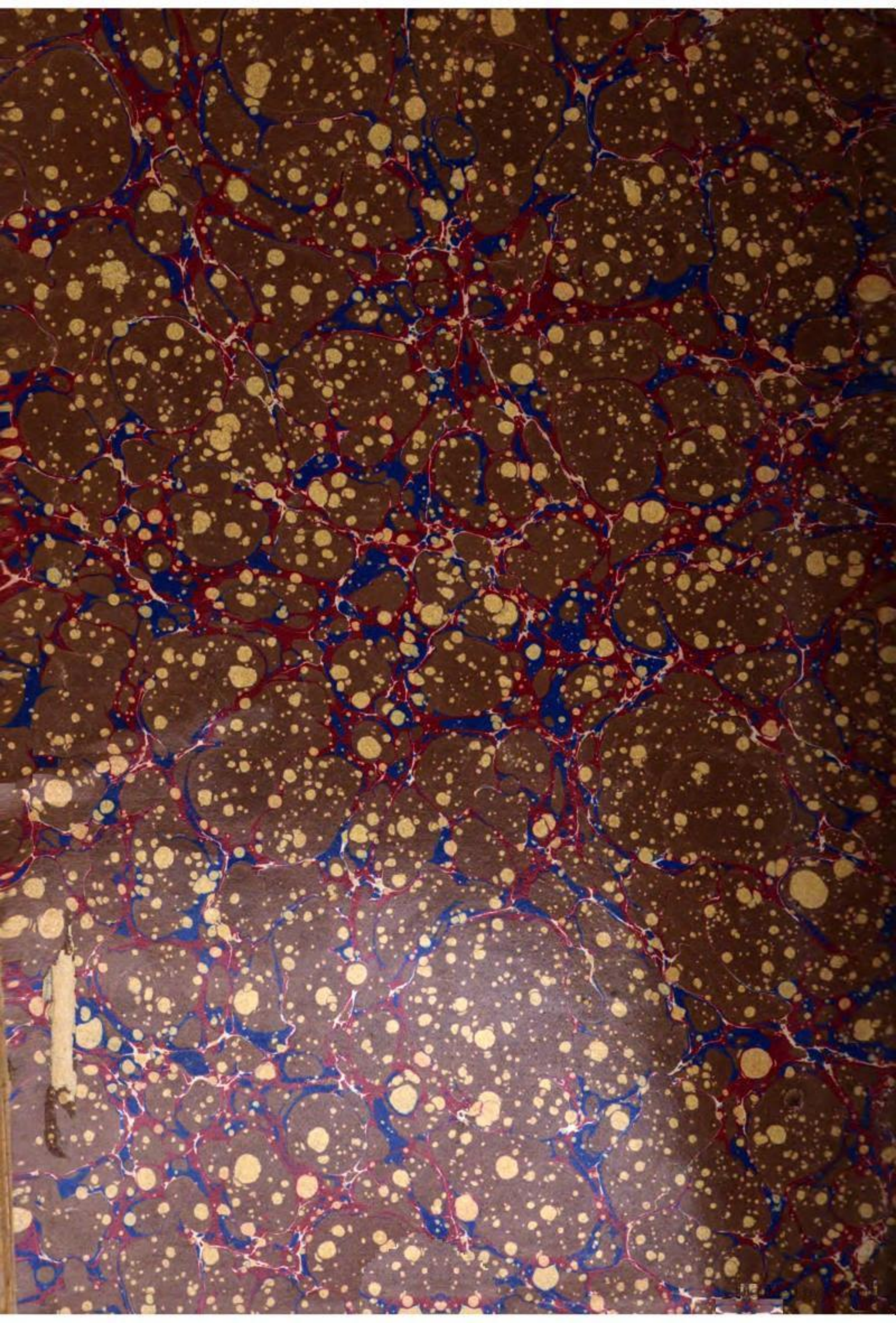
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